

The cover art features a dark, textured rectangular area at the top containing the title. Below this, the background is a light cream color with a repeating pattern of stylized, swirling grey shapes. A single, larger, blue swirling shape is positioned in the center of the page.

WENDIGO™

TRIBEBOOK

*A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™
Tribebook 13*

Wendigo



Hear my voice, Manitou of Wind!
I prepare for war;
I see you enter the enemy's lair;
I see you ignore all his wards;
Like you I shall go.
I wish your invisible swiftness;
I wish the vengeance of your thunder;
I muster my pack;
I follow your flight.
Ho, you young Garou warriors,
Bear your rage to the place of fighting!

Here on my breast have I bled!
See — see! these are battle-scars!
Monsters tremble at my howl!
I fight for Muzzu-Kummik-Quae.
I fight for the Earth Mother.

— Wendigo War Song

Wendigo Tribebook includes:

- The history, culture and goals of the warlike Wendigo
- New Gifts, rites, fetishes, totems, and more weapons for the warriors of the Pure Lands
- Five ready-to-play Wendigo, a "Legends of the Garou" comic book, and more



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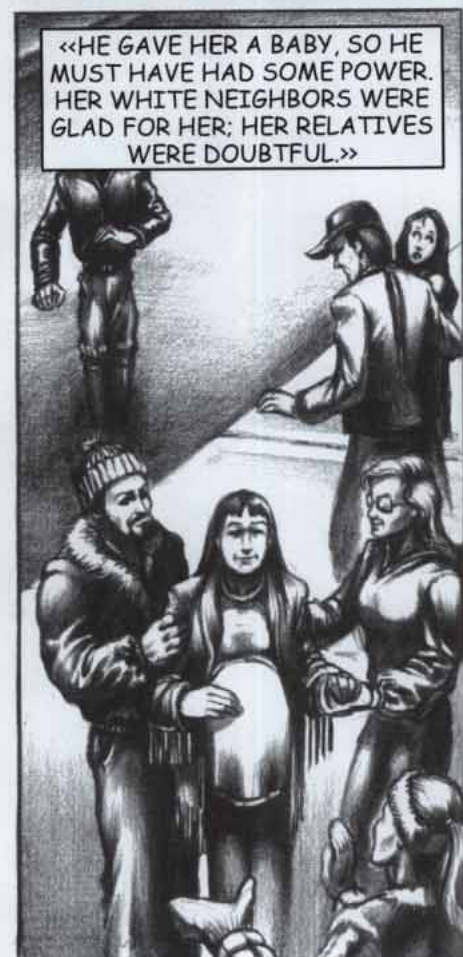


«MARY WANTED A BABY REAL BAD. SHE HAD NO HUSBAND, BUT HAD BEEN WITH MEN ANYWAY. NOBODY COULD GIVE HER A CHILD; MAYBE THERE WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER INSIDES.*»

*Translated from Yup'ik



«SO SHE WENT TO THE ANGALKUQ, THE SHAMAN, AS HER GRANDMOTHER HAD DONE. BUT THE VILLAGE WAS CHRISTIAN NOW, AND THE PEOPLE LAUGHED AT THE SHAMAN.»



«HE GAVE HER A BABY, SO HE MUST HAVE HAD SOME POWER. HER WHITE NEIGHBORS WERE GLAD FOR HER; HER RELATIVES WERE DOUBTFUL.»



«THEY WERE RIGHT. THE BABY WAS BORN DISFIGURED. MOST SAID IT WAS JUST UNFORTUNATE. OTHERS KNEW WHAT IT REALLY WAS.»



«IT WAS AANAKALLIQ. HE ATE HIS MOTHER.»

«MARY'S RELATIVES MOVED AWAY AND LEFT THE BABY BEHIND. A WANDERING WOLF-CHANGER HEARD THE STORY AND CAME TO SEE WHY.»



«HE WAS A CHILD OF GAIA, AND THOUGHT THAT ALL CREATURES WERE BORN INNOCENT AND PURE.»



«THE FOOL. AANAKALLIQ WAS BORN BAD; THE CHANGER WOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT IF HE'D HEARD THE OLD STORIES. INSTEAD, HE FED THE BABY AND MADE IT STRONGER.»



«THAT'S WHEN WE CAME.»



«NEGEQVAQ IS OUR LEADER, A MIGHTY AHROUN FROM THESE LANDS.»



«KIUNIK IS A WARRIOR FROM THE EAST COAST OF THE GREAT WATERS.»



«EQUK IS A GREAT THEURGE, AND NEGEQVAQ'S BROTHER.»

«I AM WALKING CLOUD, FROM THE BLACK HILLS.»

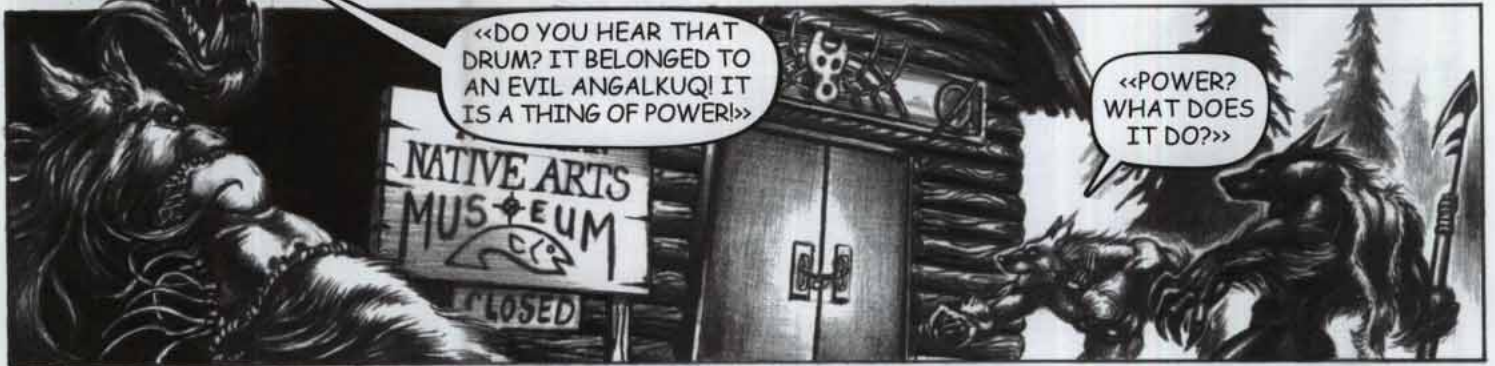




«THERE IT IS! IT IS
GOING INTO THE
MEN'S HOUSE!»



«THEN WE
MUST FOLLOW.»



«DO YOU HEAR THAT
DRUM? IT BELONGED TO
AN EVIL ANGALKUQ! IT
IS A THING OF POWER!»

«POWER?
WHAT DOES
IT DO?»



«AANAKALLIQ
SUMMONS ALLIES.»



«IT HAS OPENED A HOLE TO THE
WORLD BENEATH THE EARTH! WE
MUST GO BELOW TO PLUG IT!»

«WE MUST FIRST DESTROY THE MONSTER!»



<<DIE, AANAKALLIQ!
YOU SHOULD HAVE
NEVER COME BACK!>>



THWACK!



<<NO! STAY BACK!>>



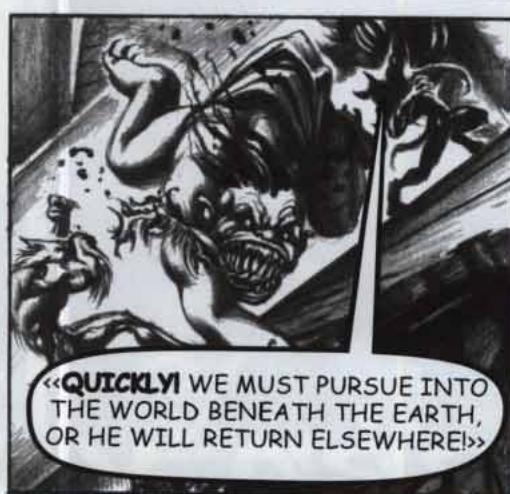
GRRR!!



CHOMP!



AAARRGHHH!



<<QUICKLY! WE MUST PURSUE INTO
THE WORLD BENEATH THE EARTH,
OR HE WILL RETURN ELSEWHERE!>>



«SO MANY STAND IN OUR WAY!»

«THIS WAY!»



«TOO MANY
— WE CAN'T PASS!»

«I WILL CALL OUR
TUUNRAT, AMIKUK!»



YAA-AA-RRA-AA-YAA



«AWAY, EVIL THING!»



«I AM SO COLD
AND HUNGRY »

«GRANDFATHER?»



«I DEMAND TO
EAT YO—»

CRACK!

«NO!»

RRA-YAA-AAY-AA-YAA



«HE IS HERE!
AMIKUK HAS
COME!»



«YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE, MONSTER!»



KU-CHUNK!



AAAAA R O O O O O !

«HE GROWS
STRONGER WITH
EVERY BITE!»



«SEE — HIS ARM REGROWS!»

«WHAT CAN WE DO? WHAT
DOES THE LORE SAY?»

«IT DOES NOT TELL OF HIS
DEATH, BUT MANY ANGALKUQ
BELIEVE HE DIED OF EXPOSURE.»



«THEN LET HIM TASTE THE BITTER WIND OF THE NORTH!»



«AND SO THE EVIL IS ENDED!»



«SAD THAT MANY DIED. IF PEOPLE STILL SANG THE OLD QULIRAT, THE ANCIENT STORIES, THEY WOULD HAVE KNOWN TO KILL AANAKALLTIQ.»



«WITHOUT THE OLD WISDOM, MANY THINGS GO WRONG IN THE WORLD....»

WENDIGO™

C O O K



Vengeance of the Wind

By Bill Bridges

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Mike "Release the Hounds" Tinney, for scoring the first official Digimon™ kill.

Fred "Clumpy" Yelk, for soiling his sand.

Author's Dedication

For Bakk'a hulonee ("Many Tracks"), with thanks. For Jane, with love. For all my relations.

Mea Culpa!

Aieee! Not one, but *two* books with flagrant failures to credit those who worked on them! Many thanks to E. Jonathan Bennett and Matthew Lippay for their editorial assistance on **Uktena Tribebook**; sorry we left you out of the credits, guys.

And another quick plea for forgiveness to Phil Brucato for omitting his name in **Werewolf Players Guide, Second Edition** — the big cats just wouldn't have been the same without your hard work, Phil, and I hope you're as glad as I am to see some of their toys printed there at last.

Again, most abject apologies. It'll never — *eeeee* — happen again.



WENDIGO™

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Chapter One: Kallegneq (Drumbeats)

You who are our grandmother, Earth, you blessed grandfather Jobenangiwingkha with life and war powers. As far as you extend, that far, O grandmother, do we spread out for you tobacco and food and moccasins. Here is the tobacco. Here in the fire shall I place the tobacco; and food and offerings of buckskin will we send to you at all times. You will always accept them, grandfather said, so that our clansmen may travel in a straight path of war and life.

This we ask, Grandmother Moon, of you also. You added your power to the other blessings of grandfather Jobenangiwingkha and you said that as long as the world lasts you would willingly accept the offerings of tobacco that his posterity extended to you. Thus you yourself said, we are told. Here is the tobacco.

— Tobacco Offering to the Spirits (Winnebago)

Taken-From-Fire ate the good, dried meat and felt well. His wounds closed and life went fully into him again. As he ate, the old woman took sage from her bag and began to burn it. Its aroma filled the lodge, and its smoke moved to every corner, above and below. The place was cleansed by that smoke, and no evil spirits could stay, although none were there.

The big elder took a pipe from his bag, and then a pipe bowl, made from fine, gray pipestone. He passed it through the sage and offered it above, and he attached it to the pipe handle. He then took from his pouch a pinch of tobacco and carefully placed it in the bowl.

"We must first offer tobacco to the spirits," he said. "To give our thanks." He took a twig from the floor and put its end into the fire. Once it was aflame, he used it to light the tobacco with strong

puffs on the pipe. He turned to the east and gave thanks. He turned to the south and gave thanks, and then west, north, above and below. He spoke as he did so:

"Mitakuye oyasin! All my relations! I greet you spirits of all directions, Wendigo of wind above and Grandmother Earth below, whose earth we stand on. I give you this tobacco. I give you our thanks and honor you. I am your child, Ya-o-gah."

He handed the pipe to the elder in the east, who repeated the chant and revealed her name to be O-yan-do-ne. In such a way did Taken-From-Fire learn all their names, for each in turn took the pipe and said the chant of thanks. The maiden was Ne-o-ga, and the wiry man was Da-jo-ji. When they finished, they gave the pipe to Taken-From-Fire, who did as they had done.

They sat down again, and Ya-o-gah put away the pipe. "It is done. Now we must tell of our beginnings, for the storm grows fierce outside, and Jipijka'm, the Horned Serpent Person, will try to sing his song to it. Ours must be first, and stronger, for the fate of our Grandmother's world depends upon us."

Taken-From-Fire wrinkled his brow in confusion. "I don't understand. What do you mean? How does the storm matter?"

"It is not a storm of wind and ice alone," O-yan-do-ne of the east said. "The Wyld is in it, and it can make and unmake things. It is now that we must sing the old songs, to maintain the world as Grandmother meant it to be. But our Enemy, the Horned Serpent—he who the other wolf-changer tribes call the Wyrn—also sings, as do his children, and they will try to unmake the world with this storm. He will try to unmake the Wendigo-People, his fiercest enemies. We cannot allow that to happen. We must sing strongly, and speak of all our ancestors, from our very beginning to our children to come. Otherwise, they will cease to be."

"Where am I?" Taken-From-Fire said. "If that is a Wyldstorm, I must be in the Umbra! What kind of lodge is this?"

"It is the Lodge of the Winds," Ne-o-ga of the south said. "But we must begin our songs, before it is too late to sing them."

"Yes," Ya-o-gah said. "I will begin, for I am the oldest, and know these things from long ago...."

Song of Creation

"N'gh autissookae. I call on you muses to inspire me. I invite you on our journey," Ya-o-gah said. "Our People are many, and many are their stories. These are the ones I know, the ones given to the wolf-changers."

Muzzu-Kummik-Quae, Grandmother Earth, also called Unchi or Gaia, wanted to make a place for Her children and all the other land beings to live upon. She asked the animals to help Her gather soil. Only Muskrat succeeded in finding soil; for this he had to go deep to the bottom of the Great Waters and carry it back in his mouth. He could only bring a small mouthful, but such is Grandmother Earth's power that She took this handful and made the world with it.

First, Beaver volunteered to carry the earth on his back, but it was too heavy for him. Then, Turtle said that he could do it. So the earth was put on his back. As the earth grew, so did Turtle. Grandmother bid all Her children to live on the earth and be happy.

Among the beings She created, Grandmother had many beautiful human daughters. All the animal people wanted to court them, and some of them married. They are the parents of the changing people, those who are both animal and human, like the wolf-changers.

But Grandmother would not allow all Her human children to marry animal people, saying it was more proper that they marry other humans. From these children come the many humans of different colors. There are too many of them.

Sometimes, Grandmother was tricked, like the time Kwakwadjec wooed Her daughter. Grandmother believed he was a fine man, one who was immune or invulnerable to magic, and so She let Her daughter marry him. Only later did She find out who he really was—She had been tricked by Wolverine!

Her favorite grandchildren were those of Sky Woman, Her daughter who had married a wolf-person. These children were wolf-changers, and there were three of them; they were called Older Brother, Middle Brother and Little Brother.

These brothers loved one another very much, and they were rarely apart; they went everywhere together. Eventually, the time came when they had to take wives and live in separate homes. Older Brother chose a human for a wife and lived near the water. Middle Brother also chose a human and lived on the plains, close to the land. Little Brother chose a wolf to marry and lived in the forests. They came often to see one another.

Now, these brothers had wolf-changer cousins, whose children grew into many tribes. But these others did not know the proper ways to live in the world, and they always wanted to take from it without giving back. They were also afraid of their own Kin, the humans, for the humans' ways were strange. Instead of teaching them properly, the other wolf-changers chose to scare them, to force them to act as they should. This behavior only made the humans stranger.

At this time, there was a land without wolf-changers. When it was made, it was safe from evil and did not need wolves to defend it. But the Horned Serpent came here and birthed many children who destroyed what beauty they saw. Grandmother cried many tears and begged Her favorite grandchildren, the wolf-changers, to travel to this far land and protect it from evil.

Many of the wolf-changers did not listen. They did not want to leave their homes, even for their Grandmother, who had given them the earth they lived on. But the three brothers heeded their Grandmother, and they gathered their people and followed Grandmother's signs to the far land. And so, the brothers left their cousins and did not see them again for many lifetimes.

The Long Journey

On a wondrous sheet of ice
All crossed the frozen sea
At low tide in the
Narrows of the ocean.
Ten times a thousand,
They crossed;
All went forth in a night
— Wallum Olum (The Red Record)

Ya-o-gah sat back and closed his eyes. There was silence for a time, with only the breath of the wind outside to be heard. Then he spoke again:

It was a hard journey, for the way was blocked by the Horned Serpent's allies. They knew that if the brothers' people came to this land, the Horned Serpent's creatures would soon be driven from it. They did not want this, and so they sent their warriors against the brothers and attacked their people.

But the brothers were mighty. Older Brother knew much about the manitous and the secret Powers of the Six Worlds. Middle Brother was wise and understood other people, and he could tell another's desires even when they



were hidden from him. Little Brother was a fierce warrior, unequalled in fighting.

Their people all shared in these powers, but more was needed for them to win. The people prayed and made allies of the spirits, the sacred and invisible manitous of the sky, waters and land. And Grandmother sent the greatest of Her protectors to guide them, the giant Sasquatch, powerful spirit of the forests. Also with them were Uktena, master of the waters, and Turtle, the Earthbearer. With their aid and the goodwill of the spirits, the Horned Serpent's evil beings were defeated.

Great was the despair on the journey, for many died and were not seen again. At every place they camped, there was trouble and they got no peace. Sasquatch was untiring, and he lent his stamina to the wolf-changers so that they never weakened. But so great was the evil of their enemies that even Sasquatch's power failed him. He mourned the loss of so many of the people, but the wolf-changers told him to hide his tears, lest the warriors lose heart. And so he hid his tears deep within him, and cried into his heart instead of down his cheeks.

Finally came the day when the People could see the Pure Land. There! Across the icy waters, it waited for them. And there, the greatest number of evil ones came upon them. Bloody was that final battle as the People fought their way across the ice to the new land. Little Brother's people guarded the rear, for they were the mightiest fighters. Great were their losses, greater than all the other peoples', and sore were their hearts to lose so many.

Among them was Morning Sun, mightiest of them and beloved most of all wolf-changers by Sasquatch. She it was who fell last, after killing many of her enemies. Her howl shattered the ice, and many serpent-beings fell to their deaths in the freezing waters.

Morning Sun fell and did not rise again. Sasquatch's mighty hands picked up her body and shook it, trying to breathe life back into her. But she was gone.

No cry of anguish before or since has so hurt the world as that of Sasquatch. His bellow became a scream of rage and anger that caused the Horned Serpent to shiver and shed its skin and go slithering into the dark earth to hide for years afterward. And during that cry, Sasquatch's tears froze, the tears he had kept inside himself, close to his heart for so long. With them, his heart became ice, and no more did he laugh or smile. He was no longer Sasquatch. He had become Wendigo, the Vengeance of the Wind.

His howl became a storm of snow and ice that blanketed the camps of their enemies in the new land, and froze them. Wherever he stepped on the new land, the ground froze and hail descended. The monsters fled from him and crawled into dark caves and hid from sight. But he rooted them out and tore their hearts from their breasts and ate them, taking their power for himself.

But now the people were afraid, for although Wendigo chased their enemies away, his cold killed the animals and the plants. There would be no food for the wolf-changers or the Pure Ones they were sworn to save.



Older Brother and Middle Brother knew that he must be stopped before all of the Pure Land became ice. But Wendigo did not heed them, for words were as snow to his ears — they melted as soon as they touched them. It was Little Brother who knew what must be done.

Speaks-His-Will, a wise one among them, said to the people of Older and Middle Brother: "You must go south and east, far from here. Little Brother will stop the Wendigo and contain him in the North." And so the Uktena and Croatan went onward, leaving the Wendigo tribe behind.

Speaks-His-Will approached Wendigo and called to him, using the words of his old friend, Morning Sun. Wendigo halted and looked about him, as if he had heard the buzzing of mosquitoes but could not see them.

Speaks-His-Will called again, and this time Wendigo looked down and saw him. Wendigo recognized the wolf-changer, for he was of Morning Sun's tribe, of her people. Speaks-His-Will begged him to calm himself and let spring come to the land again. Wendigo's eyes softened as he remembered the love he bore for these people, and he sat down in that place.

He said to Speaks-His-Will, "Only one thing will calm my rage, and it is this: You must swear to kill the serpent beings and fight them wherever they appear. You may invoke me and summon my power, but know that to do so is to summon my rage, which even I cannot control. Between these times I will abide here, in these northern lands where your people are, and go no farther. But there will be a reminder of my anger in the wind, for it will bite those who walk unprotected."

Wendigo's great body then melted, spreading a cool lake over the land he sat on. But his spirit was taken up by the wind, which grew cold and bitter.

And so, Little Brother, the Wendigo-People, settled in the North to contain Wendigo. But even they cannot always still him, for he often breaks forth and brings freezing winter to the South.

Ya-o-gah was silent for a while, pondering what had been said. He then spoke again:

People say many things about this song. Some say that the three brothers came from the lands west of these, what the wasichu call Siberia, and that they crossed something called the Bering Strait. Perhaps this is true. But the Philodox remember it otherwise and say that we came from another world to be in this one. Some say that it was the World Above the Sky, and that this is why the Wendigo-People are strong with the Powers of the Wind.

That is our Song of Creation, how the Wendigo-People came to this world and the Pure Lands. The telling of the next song belongs to O-yan-do-ne.

Monster Slayers

Evil may enter the world in the guise of a single creature, but its family multiplies quickly, and there is never an end to the trials of a true hero.

— Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz, *American Indian Myths and Legends*

O-yan-do-ne now began to speak:

The Pure Lands were more beautiful in that time than any place in this world before or since. But the Horned Serpent arrived and began to mar Grandmother's work. He dug deep pits and caves for his servants to live in, so that they could rest in darkness and not be seen. He spat in the still waters and poisoned them, but the moving waters he could not taint. He captured many of Grandmother's children and turned them to his ways. To them he gave venom so that their bite was deadly to the Pure Ones. Many other things did he corrupt.

Then the wolf-changers came and chased him off, slaying his servants and scattering their bodies. If they had not come, the Pure Lands would have been worse than the lands to the east, where the whites — the wasichu — came from. But they arrived in time, before the Horned Serpent had begun his work in full.

They hunted down evil wherever it was, sniffing it out by its stench, for even in those days, the Horned Serpent could not hide his smell, and all his servants shared in it. The three brothers did many things to protect the Pure Lands and its people from danger.

The Wendigo, as Little Brother had come to be called, were mighty in war, and the tribe drove monsters deep into their lairs. The Uktena then bound the things to these lairs. With their power, the Uktena ensured that these foul creatures would not walk free again. The Croatan cleansed the places where evil had walked, and the tribe readied them to flower again. Indeed, wherever the Croatan made their villages, those places are caerns today, so clean are they.

Many songs are sung of these times, when the three brothers slew monsters to protect their Kin and all the other peoples. But they were not the first changers to walk the Pure Lands. The bear-changers came first. They recognized the evil that had come to their lands, and they kept it at bay until Grandmother could summon the wolf-changers. They got little reward for it, for many of them died, eaten by the Horned Serpent's monsters. Their secrets still hide in these lands, secrets only their children know.

After the Horned Serpent was driven away, the Wendigo-People settled in villages to the north. Their work was not done, for monsters still lived, although in fewer numbers. Great were the Wendigo heroes who slew these things. Stories still tell of these creatures, for although they are dead in this world, they may return again in another. They are *otkon*, evil by nature. Those who do not know the stories will not know how to kill them. Many could not be killed, but all could be tricked. In this way, even a human maiden could drive them away, if she was clever.

There was No Body, the Great Rolling Head, who rolled over plains, through forests and through mountains, devouring all the people it could. Its cousin, the Flying Head, haunted the eastern woodlands. It was twice as big as a Crinos wolf-changer, with huge, sharp teeth. Its matted hair was so thick that claws could not reach its hide. Its face was hideous to look upon, with a twisted scowl and, growing from its cheeks, two great wings with which it flew far and high.

There was Delgeth, an antelope who ate the flesh of humans and wolf-changers. He was fast and hard to catch, and



it took many wolf-changers to chase him down. Only with magic weapons could he be killed, for claws slipped off his hide.

There were the Stone Giants — the Stone Coats — beings who once followed Grandmother but wandered away and became cannibals. They roll in the sand and make their skin rock hard. One of them, Ga-nus-quah, returned to Grandmother and still lives; he teaches the wolf-changers how to kill what others of his kind are left.

There was Nokos Oma, a twisted, bearlike creature with long, sharp tusks, and Aziwugum, a black dog with scales and a strong tail which could kill with a single blow. There was Palraujuk, the dragon, and the Kukilaluit, grotesque beings with razor-sharp claws who would rend anyone who found them. There was also Babbakwalanooksiwae, the hideous cannibal spirit. Gnaske, the Crazy Buffalo, caused madness and disease among the people, and Anukite, Double-Face the Witch, tricked people; one half of her face was beautiful, the other ugly.

The elements, too, could be corrupted by the Horned Serpent. Even the wind people could be evil, such as Iya, a terrible cyclone creature, or Cloud Swallower, who caused drought and famine.

All of these beings were bad and deserved to be slain. A wolf-changer who killed one would cry "Kihe! Kihe!" to show her prowess.

Although the land was marred by evil's passing, it was still kept pure by Grandmother's wolf-changers. The worst things of the Horned Serpent could not last long here, and it could not use guile in the Pure Lands, where such deceit was easily seen. In the land of the wasichu to the east, it learned to hide deep in peoples' hearts, and it did so in the Pure Lands also, but it could never go unseen for long, for the wolf-changers sniffed out such evil.

The Wolf Twins

There were the Da-ya-da-no, the twin brothers, Spirits of Good and Evil. Foreknowing their powers, each claimed dominion, and a struggle between them began....

— Harriet Maxwell Converse, *Myths and Legends of the New York State Iroquois*

In these times, there was a wolf-changer woman of the Wendigo-People called Spruce Woman, and her daughter had not yet married. Spruce Woman worried, for she knew that Grandmother wanted Her changing children to marry and have many young ones. This daughter came home one day and she was with child. Spruce Woman was happy but also curious, for her daughter had brought no husband with her.

"Who has done this to you, daughter?" Spruce Woman asked.

"I do not know," the daughter replied. "I found a branch and swung from it. It felt so good, I did not want to stop."

"Then it is the Wind who is the father of your children. You will have twins. One will do good things and father many strong children who will be fierce warriors for Grandmother. The other will be bad and cause much trouble. He will seek your death."

And so it was that she gave birth to twins, two wolf-changers. Before they were born, she heard them talking in

her belly. One said that he would do great things in the world for Grandmother Earth, and he asked the other what he intended. The other said that he, too, would do great things, but they would be of his own doing. It was time for them to enter the world. The first one came forth properly. The other, however, came forth from his mother's armpit, thus killing his mother. It was as Spruce Woman had said.

The two grew very fast and could fend for themselves within hours of entering the world. The older one mourned for his mother, and tears ran down his face to freeze in his fur. "You look like your father," Spruce Woman said.

"Who is my father?" he asked.

"Great Wendigo, who lives in the far North."

"Then I will go to him and ask for my power."

"So I will call you Seeks-the-Wind," Spruce Woman said.

The other shed no tears for his mother. "I, too, will seek my father," he said. "But he will give me his own power, so that I will rule the winds."

"So I will call you Winter Heart," Spruce Woman said, "for you love nothing."

Soon, they were both grown and Seeks-the-Wind left to find his father. Winter Heart went with him. They traveled far from their family lands, to places no one had seen before. After many days, their food ran low and Seeks-the-Wind said that they must hunt.

"Okay," Winter Heart said, sitting down by a rushing stream, "I'll wait here."

Seeks-the-Wind went away to hunt but could find no game. As he came back, the sun went down and opened the flap in the sky for night to come. "Well?" Winter Heart said, "Where's my meal?"

"I found nothing today," Seeks-the-Wind said.

"Some brother you are!" Winter Heart said and rolled over to sleep.

Seeks-the-Wind felt bad, believing that he had let down his brother. He did not see his brother as others did or as the scoundrel Winter Heart was, for Seeks-the-Wind loved him. He resolved to do better the next day.

But he found no game that day either, and he had to come back with bark and roots.

"Yuck!" Winter Heart said. "You expect me to eat this?"

"It is all I could find," Seeks-the-Wind said.

"Oh, all right!" Winter Heart said, taking most of the roots from his brother. "But do better tomorrow!"

That night, as Winter Heart slept, Seeks-the-Wind got up and sat by the stream. He wondered what he had done wrong, why he could not find food. A voice spoke to him from the water:

"You have not prayed properly! You cannot catch what you do not ask for."

Seeks-the-Wind looked into the stream and saw a salmon floating there, resisting the pull of the waters. "How do I pray? I cannot speak the language of the Animal Elders!"

"Ah, then I will teach it to you. I will teach you Hanbloglaka, the language of the spirits. To learn it, you must eat me. In this way, you will gain the wisdom you seek. But you must promise to treat all salmon well and help them to prosper."



"It shall be done!" Seeks-the-Winds said. And the salmon, none other than Skaia, the Elder of the Salmon-People, leaped onto the shore. Seeks-the-Wind prepared a fire and skinned the fish and cooked its meat.

Winter Heart woke up sniffing, wondering at the good smell. "What's that? I smell fish! Give me some of that!"

Seeks-the-Wind hesitated, unsure if his brother had done all that was proper to attain the meat. But he realized that he had a duty to his brother, that he had to feed him. So he gave the larger share of the meat to him. It mattered little, for even a small bite was enough. Both the Wolf Twins gained the power of Salmon, and then they knew the language of the spirits.

Then Seeks-the-Wind felt bad and could not move. He lay on the ground as if asleep, his mind traveling far away. He had the Ghost Sickness, the sleep that sometimes come over shamans after their first spirit initiation. He was unaware of what happened to his body.

Winter Heart saw this and thought an evil thought. "I could kill my brother now and return to the village to take up his things. No one would know that it was I who did him in. I would then have all the renown." He cast about for a weapon to use but found only an antler. He dared not use his claws or teeth, in case someone found the body later.

With this sharp antler, Winter Heart crept up on his unmoving brother and stabbed him many times. But the antler would not penetrate his brother's hide. No matter

how many times he struck, nothing happened. He cursed and threw the antler far away, just as his brother woke up.

"Oh!" Winter Heart said. "You're back! I was just protecting your body from the crows!"

"Thank you, brother," Seeks-the-Winds said. "It was the strangest thing. I traveled many moons journey without walking. I saw animal people from distant lands. One there, a caribou called Tunturyaryuk, said that he would hunt me, so that I could then hunt all his children. Then he gored me over and over with his antlers, tearing me to pieces. But then he put me back together with his mouth, saying, 'You may now hunt the caribou on your journey to the North. No antler of theirs will harm you.' And then I woke."

"So that's it," Winter Heart said. "Well, we'd better keep moving."

Seeks-the-Wind agreed, for the sun was rising in the east. They set off again on their journey, but Winter Heart was not happy, for his brother now had something which he did not.

They went for many months, living off the caribou which Seeks-the-Wind could hunt but which Winter Heart could not catch, no matter how hard he tried.

One night, while they slept wearing the skin of wolves in the open, they were captured by strange people and taken to a strange village. These beings were small and thin, with scrunched-up faces and sharp teeth. They wore parkas made from human skin and spears made from bone. They were the Nakani, evil spirits who abducted people.

Those few people who had escaped them had gone mad from their captivity.

The Wolf Twins were put into a pen, as if they were animals, and the village prepared for a feast. "What can we do?" Seeks-the-Wind wondered. "How can we escape?"

"I will talk to them," Winter Heart said. "Perhaps they will listen to me."

Winter Heart then took human form and called to the chief, who was surprised to see a human standing where before he had put wolves. The chief came to the edge of their cage and smiled, knowing then that he had a wolf-changer, a very tasty meal. Winter Heart spoke to him: "If you eat us, you will never know our secret." The chief frowned and poked at Winter Heart with a spear, but the wolf-changer dodged it. "I guess you don't want to know. Well, eat us then." The chief frowned again and beckoned his warriors. They opened the cage and called forth Winter Heart. He shrugged and walked out. They closed the door behind him, locking in Seeks-the-Wind.

The chief treated Winter Heart like an honored guest. He led the wolf-changer into his lodge and there provided him with food. Winter Heart used his guile to learn the secrets of the Nakani power, which came from the Horned Serpent. Everything Winter Heart heard about this Horned Serpent made him curious rather than afraid, and he resolved to meet this being. He demanded that the Nakani take him to the Horned Serpent, to whom he would reveal his secret. They were excited and agreed. Immediately, they hitched their sleds and took Winter Heart across the ice to meet their master.

Seeks-the-Wind, forgotten by his brother, was alone in the village. The cage was made of unbreakable poles shoved into the earth by giants. He could not dig deep enough or jump high enough to escape. It looked as if he would starve there.

"I only regret that I could not meet my father and see my grandmother again," he said.

A freezing wind blew him down, knocking him into the snow. Had he not eaten Skaia's flesh and learned the Hanbloglaka, he would have thought it just the first breath of a coming storm. But now he knew the words of the spirits and heard the voice that accompanied the wind:

"Who are you?" it said. "I recognize your smell! How do you come to smell like Great Wendigo? Explain yourself!"

"I am his son," Seeks-the-Wind said, "I desire to find him but cannot, for I am trapped in this evil cage."

"Trapped?" the wind said. "By wood? Ha! It is not so!" And the wind blew like a hurricane, stronger than any wind Seeks-the-Wind had experienced before. If he had not been in his wolf form, he might have frozen there; as it was, he was blown far from the cage, which splintered into many pieces. He landed on a snow bank and looked up to see a large boy in the air above him.

"I am Narssuk, Storm Boy. I will take you to your father. But first you must learn to run with the wind."

"I have heard of you, Narssuk, and I thank you."

Narssuk taught Seeks-the-Wind the trick of Sky-Running, a Gift which the Wendigo-People still know to this

day. You see, Narssuk was also known as Bad Weather. He was the son of giants. When his parents were killed, he sought revenge by rising into the sky to become a storm. He is the cause of the worst weather in the North, but he can be placated by good people.

He took Seeks-the-Wind to the highest peak in the North and there left him, afraid himself of what would happen if he had done wrong and brought an evil person to Wendigo. Seeks-the-Wind saw no one and cried out, "Father! I am here!"

A great, grinding voice came from all directions, carried by the six winds: "You claim to be my son? Then call the winds to yourself!"

Seeks-the-Wind thought for a moment, and then in the speech of the spirits, he called to the winds blowing around him to tell them that he was the son of Wendigo and a wolf-changer. In return for their answer to his call, he said, he would honor them and provide tobacco when he returned home. Hearing this, that one of Grandmother's beings still remembered respect, the winds rushed to him and lifted him up to the very tip of the peak.

"Father!" he cried, "I have done as you asked!"

Again, the great voice came from all directions: "So, you think you are my son? Then bring me the heart of my greatest enemy, he who has chosen the ways of the Horned Serpent."

"How will I find him?" Seeks-the-Wind cried out.

The winds gusted and carried Seeks-the-Wind from the cliff in a snow-storm of such fury that he could see nothing. When it calmed and left him on the earth, he saw a dark cave and the sleds of the Nakani. But now they fled from him, this powerful being who walked with the storm. Only one from the group still remained, one with an evil smile and fire in his eyes.

"So, brother," Winter Heart said, "you escaped the cage and have come. Good, you can also partake of the flesh I have eaten. Just as you have fed me, I shall now feed you." He held out a flank of raw, dripping, awful-smelling meat.

"O, my brother!" Seeks-the-Wind cried out. "What have you done? You have eaten the flesh of the Horned Serpent. Now you share his power!"

"Yes!" Winter Heart said, "I am now more powerful than you. People will respect me before you."

"This cannot be," Seeks-the-Wind said, "for Father has commanded me to bring him your heart."

Winter Heart looked surprised for perhaps the first time in his life. Seeks-the-Wind took the form of battle and fell upon his brother to claw and bite him. But his brother now had unholy power and also took the battle shape. His claws were poison, his bite venom.

But Seeks-the-Wind was the older of the two, for he had been the first to leave his mother, and was the stronger. He killed his brother and fell to the ground, dying himself from the poison. But he could not give up yet. He tore out his brother's heart and saw that it had become a black, smelly thing.

The winds reached out and bore Seeks-the-Wind back to his father, who received the organ of his other son and dropped it into his mouth. As he did so, the poison left Seeks-the-Wind, for

all of Winter Heart's power was cleansed by the ice within Wendigo, and all his evil was done with for good.

"You are indeed my son," Wendigo said. He taught his son many things and gave him rules for all the Wendigo-People to follow. When Seeks-the-Wind came back to his village, he was much changed. Power walked with him, and always a chill wind was near. He had many kind words for his grandmother and others of the village, but when they were not at ceremony or celebrating, his aspect was grim, for he had killed his own twin, and a piece of his heart was now ice like his father's.

O-yan-do-ne was silent, and all the elders nodded, contemplating what was said. The old woman spoke again:

It is from Seeks-the-Wind that the Wendigo-People get their power; there are many more tales of this great wolf-changer and the deeds he did for his children and all of Grandmother's beings. People often wonder: "What auspice was he? Was he a Theurge? Did he not speak to spirits as they do? Or was he a Philodox? Was he not our first chief? Perhaps an Ahroun, for he was mighty." The truth is that he was all these things, for he lived before Han-hepi-wi, the Moon, gave the Ways and Roles to the wolf-changers. Indeed, one story tells of how Seeks-the-Wind sought her out and asked her to give us these Ways. Honor him and you honor your past.

O-yan-do-ne was silent again.

Ya-o-gah spoke: "We have said enough about the Old Times. It is time to speak of the worst times, the times from the coming of the wasichu. Da-jo-ji will speak..."

Now It Can Be Told: Croatan Song

The earth is part of my body, and I never gave up the earth.

— Toohulhulsote

These lands are ours. No one has a right to remove us, because we were the first owners.

— Tecumseh to Wells, 1807

Middle Brother is gone. All know this. But few know the tale of the Croatan's end, of their great sacrifice. Older Brother shuns the song, keeping it in the hands of only a few, as if it were a secret no one must know. In such a way does he deny his grief. Even some among the Wendigo-People have forgotten the tale, for their sorrow worsened in the years afterward, and it was too great a pain to carry with them. They thought to spare the young their tears, and so ceased telling the tale.

But this way is wrong, and it denies the honor due Middle Brother. Many lessons did they teach by their deaths, all unlearned by too many. Listen now to this lesson, which we return to your people so that you may tell it to your grandchildren's children.

This is the Song of the Croatan. The Song of Wanchese, greatest of their warriors. This is his death song, and that of his tribe.

Long ago, in the lifetime of your many-times-great grandfathers, by the shores of the Great Waters, in that place now called the Outer Banks by the wasichu, there lived some of the Croatan tribe.

It was the custom of the wolf-changer tribes back then to exchange their cubs for fostering. Little Fox was of the Wendigo-People in the North. He was sent to learn the ways of the wolf-changers under the care of Wanchese, a mighty Croatan warrior. So did Little Brother learn from Middle Brother. It was the Way.

It was in this time that wasichu came to the Croatan's lands. Wanchese saw their ships off the coast and knew that trouble had come with them. This was not the first he had seen of the wasichu. His people knew them from the South, where the Spanish came to stay and enslaved so many of the natives he called Kin. Wanchese knew how dangerous they were, with Mad Spider powers and Horned Serpent sickness. His tribe called a moot to discuss the new visitors to the land, as the visitors met and parleyed with the Croatan's Kinfolk.

The holy ones had seen omens, although they were strange and confusing: signs of great evil but also of great good, of new friends and allies against the monsters. But also of new monsters, worse than ever before.

It was decided that these visitors would be treated well, in the hopes that their secrets would be revealed. Wanchese was to go among them, to befriend them and win their trust.

The wasichu made barter with the natives. In those days, the Pure Ones were wise and knew well the ways of Grandmother. The wolf-changers did not rule over them; they made their own decisions, unless they endangered other people. But the Pure Ones had perhaps lived too long in Grandmother's grace. They trusted too well the promises of friendship given them by the Wyrn-tainted men from across the sea. In the spirit of friendship, Granganimeo, the brother of the natives' chieftain, promised to send one of his tribe back with the newcomers so that he might see the lands across the sea. The chosen one's name was Manteo.

When Wanchese heard this news, he feared for his cousin Manteo and said he, too, would go to the land across the sea. Manteo was glad to have his cousin as traveling companion. But Manteo, and even Granganimeo, did not know that Wanchese was of the wolf-changers' blood.

It was with heavy heart and regret that Wanchese left, but he went also with the many blessings of his tribe. He was especially sad, however, to leave his charge, Little Fox, who howled his goodbye from the woods as the ships left.

It was not an easy journey for a wolf-changer, so long accustomed to running wild and free. There was nowhere to run on the ship. The Croatan were tied to the earth. They needed land. But Wanchese was now surrounded by water everywhere. It was one thing to take a fishing trip in a canoe — but for days on end? No wonder these humans so easily came to follow the Horned Serpent's ways.

Grandmother gives us much strength, but not even Wanchese could withstand the coming and going of the sea for long. He took sick for days. His cousin, Manteo, learned the wasichu words well, and taught them to Wanchese. But they were strange words, and Wanchese had trouble understanding them. Finally, after many days, they arrived at the strangers' home across the sea.

They were introduced to the leaders of the wasichu tribes, Sir Raleigh and the Queen. But Wanchese hated it. All about was the work of Iktomi, the Mad Spider we also call the Weaver. The Wyld was hardly to be seen. But everywhere, hidden yet overpowering in stench, was the Horned Serpent — the Wyrn. It maddened Wanchese and made him feel trapped. He had to get out, to hunt down the Wyrn and confront it.

So he left his hosts and went out to see their village, to see their people. He was even more appalled. They lived in filth. They never bathed. And they cursed at each other, and killed one another for coins. Wanchese had enough. Were there no wolf-changers here to defend these people? No heroes to protect them from the Wyrn? He swore to track down the Enemy and fight it himself.

But the native wolf-changers did not like this. Two of the Silver Fangs tribe attacked him in the street. Although they dressed in fine clothing and looked like great chieftains of their people, they treated Wanchese badly. They beat him with silver — a metal he had never seen before, for he knew not the dangerous side of the Moon and the metal she had made to tame the wolf-changers.

They warned him against entering their territory without giving proper respect and left him to bleed. It was then that one of the Bone Gnawers came forth from hiding and aided Wanchese, binding his wounds and apologizing for his lords' behavior. His name was William Wythers, and he had more virtue than all his lords together.

Long they stayed into the night speaking of each other's Ways. They spoke in the wolf tongue when they did not understand each other's words, and so discovered that it was a common language for them. Wanchese was pleased to find that not all the wolf-changers of England were as bad as the Silver Fangs he had met. But he knew there was a dark cloud over the land. Wythers begged him to tell stories of his home and people, and this Wanchese was very glad to do.

Wanchese and Manteo stayed the winter in England. Manteo thrilled the English with tales of his home. Soon, many wanted to live there. In early spring, the English sent to the Pure Lands many ships bearing many colonists. Wanchese seethed with inner anger. But he could do nothing, for he was alone. His new wolf-changer friends — who called themselves Garou — could not stop the ships, for other powers wanted the vessels to go.

But finally Wanchese came home! He prayed to the spirits to forgive him, for he was sorry to bring with him so many enemies. Wanchese had thought and thought, but no plan had come to him on how to stop the colonists. He knew what he had to do, as he stood on his home soil again for the first time in many moons. He would have to quest in the Ghost World for the answer.

Journey for Deliverance

Wanchese met with Little Fox, grown bigger in the seasons Wanchese had been gone. Little Fox begged to come with him on his quest, and Wanchese accepted, proud that the young Wendigo was so brave.



Manteo was greeted warmly by King Wingina, the chieftain of the natives. The colonists were to be given land on which to build their village, and the natives would trade them corn and show them how to plant.

So, Wanchese and Little Fox gathered their things for a long journey and bid farewell to Manteo, who was lost to them, having become enamored of Weaver-things and ways of the wasichu.

Not far from their home village, they met another wolf-changer, the fabled Old Red Eagle of the Uktena tribe — Older Brother — who had come from his home far to the west after omens and visions told him that he was needed here. He had seen a great evil on Roanoke Island, a mystic evil which only Old Red Eagle could defeat.

He told Wanchese and Little Fox to continue their journey, for it was their people's only hope. He swore to look after their people while they were gone, and to investigate the evil he had seen in dreams.

Wanchese and Little Fox came to the sacred river, an auspicious place to begin a spirit journey. Staring into the pure waters, they sought the light which hid within, the light which shone from the Ghost World, the world of spirit. Seeing it, they moved toward it and passed from our world.

Many days and nights they hunted throughout the Ghost World for a dream, a vision, to guide them. A vision to lead their people from danger and the Wyrms. They met Uktena, a spirit of ancient wisdom from before the wolf-changers' time, the spirit who was totem to Older Brother.

"Ah, the Croatan and Wendigo wolf-changers, brothers to my children," Uktena said, inviting them over to the stream by which he sat.

"We were wary of you at first," Wanchese said. "My people say to stay away from Uktena. They say you are weird and unpredictable. But I see it is not so."

"I am glad you see truly. Because you are the younger brothers of my children, I now grant you my wisdom, which is never wrong. Ask me a question."

"White people have come to our tribes' lands. They bring Iktomi's insane creations with them, and the stink of the Horned Serpent. How can I drive them away so that they never return?"

"Ah, the Hungry Ones. I have seen them before. They are never satisfied. Always eating. They eat the food till it is all gone and still they hunger. They eat the trees and shit them out as their villages. They even eat the rocks to shit out stronger villages. And still they want more. They are possessed by a hungry spirit.

"The Eater-of-Souls has laid its eggs deep in their guts, and it demands to be fed. And they listen to it. Rather than purge the beast from their souls, they serve it. But they do not know this, for it is insidious. It is the Horned Serpent. You cannot heal their hurt. You cannot solve their hunger. Only by slaying the beast will they be free. And they cannot slay what they will not recognize."

"But how will I kill such a creature?" Wanchese cried. "It has no home. It is everywhere! What claws can strike it? What spear can gut it?"

"Its own evil can be its undoing," Uktena replied. "Unknown to you, a wasichu of power is already here. He works with cousins of yours to summon the beast himself, the Great Devourer. If they succeed, then all our lands and people will be eaten. These cousins were lost to your kind long ago in a pit in the ground. It will be blood which summons the Devourer. Blood spilled in hate. The blood of kin. So says my Wisdom."

"Old Red Eagle's dream!" Little Fox cried. "The evil he saw!"

Wanchese and Little Fox knew they had to return as fast as they could. They thanked Uktena for his advice, and he wished them well. But, as they ran through the ghost woods, in the path before them was a turtle lying on its back, dead. Wanchese cried out, for he knew it was a bad omen. Turtle was the totem of his tribe. It could only mean that someone had died.

They returned too late. They came back to find their families dead, their Kin slaughtered by the wasichu. Wanchese howled his rage to the night: "I will be avenged! No more will I play the games of peace — I walk the path of war! Beware, children of Jipijka'm, I come for you! When you sense terrors in the woods at night, it will be me, come to hunt you. Lock yourselves away, for any of you that wander loose are mine!"

Wanchese was crazed with anger. All hope in his heart for leading the wasichu away had gone. Now he wanted only to kill them. To kill them all.

His people held a grand moot, and wolf-changers came from all over to lend power to Wanchese's terrible rite. He would awaken the chaos of the world, the destructive powers of nature. He sought to summon the force of the Wyld into a storm so fierce that the wasichu would die of fear.

It took days to raise such power, but it came. It came at Wanchese's bidding, filled with his anger. And it began to destroy. A terrible storm unlike any seen there before.

An Englishman named Drake had arrived with many ships to take some colonists back to England. Because of the horrible storms and the now-hostile natives, all the colonists, including Manteo, chose to leave. Many died just getting to the ships. Once all were aboard, they left. Wanchese swore that he would never allow them to return.

But what of Old Red Eagle? Where had he been during the killing? Old Red Eagle had been watching the colonists for some time, spying on them as both a Native and a wolf. His dreams told him the identity of his enemy, a wasichu of power who knew strange magics. Old Red Eagle went to him one night and smelled the Wyrms. He knew he had to stop the wizard's magics before the man could complete them. The dreams told that the wizard was trying to summon the Eater-of-Souls, just as Uktena had said.

The wizard had a gourd of Wyrms ichor — the terrible, poisonous blood of the Horned Serpent itself. He threw this weapon at Old Red Eagle and hurt him badly, nearly killing him. But Old Red Eagle slew the man before he could get away.

He looked about the odd little hut and saw many secrets there, secrets the Uktena-People have never since

revealed. Secrets which were terrifying. He burned that place and crawled away to heal for many days, such was the hurt the wizard had put upon him. That is why he could do nothing to stop the massacre.

But why did the wasichu attack the natives? It was hunger. They were running out of food. They did not have time to plant enough of their own, so they relied on the food given them by the natives. But they had eaten too much. The natives could not give them any more.

The leader of the wasichu said that the natives were planning to attack them. But he made this up. He wanted to attack them and get their food. Still, his people believed his lies. They went to feed their hungry souls on the blood of others.

Again, They Come

After time had passed, more ships came. Among their passengers was William Wythers, the Bone Gnawer Wanchese had met in England. He came to escape the squalor of his home. Unknown to him, the tainted tribe, the Black Spiral Dancers, had also come. The summoning of their master had not taken place as they had expected, thanks to Old Red Eagle, so they came to try again.

The wasichu began to rebuild their village and prepare for their new lives. Since arriving, they had seen no natives. Even Manteo wondered where his brothers were. Manteo was soon baptized as a Christian. He was made Lord of Roanoke under his new master, Sir Walter Raleigh. He was now more English than native.

But there was hunger again. Their food supplies would not last them the winter. They demanded that John White, their leader, return to England to bring more supplies. This idea was put forward by the Black Spiral Dancers, who lived among them. They did not need magic to make the wasichu think that way; they just convinced them with lies. With John White gone, their plans could go forward.

John White bid farewell to his family. He was never to see them again. He was a good man, even though he could not control the evil among his people. Perhaps if he had stayed, things would have been different.

Now, the Black Spiral Dancers were in charge. William Wythers began to suspect the evil hidden among his people. It was too late. The evil dogs convinced the people that starvation would come unless the colonists took the food of the natives again. They made a plan to attack the Indian village that night.

The Black Spiral Dancers did not realize that there was another wolf-changer among them. They made their plans believing no one among the English knew their secret. Before the attack that night, William sneaked away to warn Wanchese.

When Wanchese heard of the plan, he told William to let the English come. He and his tribesmates would be ready for them. Wanchese and Little Fox summoned the other Croatan Garou from the nearby tribes, and they sent their Kinfolk in the village away to stay with a friendly tribe until the troubles were over. Then, they waited for the attack.

The English came and shot down the natives. Once they had fallen, the wasichu cheered. But their cheers became cries of terror as the fallen rose again, this time in the battle shape of wolf-changers, their wounds already gone. This time, it was the wasichu who were massacred. Two Black Spiral Dancers fell screaming, but the third of their number escaped, using trickery to cover his tracks.

Wanchese knew that, until he was found, their troubles would not be over. He began the hunt, but the trail was full of falsehoods. Finally, Wanchese found the enemy at the wizard's burned hut. The Black Spiral Dancer had begun an evil rite. He had taken Manteo captive and used him as a shield against Wanchese.

Manteo saw Wanchese and knew then that his cousin was a wolf-changer. He begged Wanchese to free him from the evil being. Wanchese frowned in anger, because he hated Manteo for becoming like the wasichu. Wanchese knew the rite had to be stopped, so he drew his bow. Crying "Traitor!" to Manteo, he released his arrow, which went through Manteo and struck the Black Spiral Dancer behind him.

Manteo fell, a look of confusion on his face. Why had his own cousin killed him? Corn stalks, twisted, horrible ones, grew forth from the ground around the dead bodies of Manteo and the Black Spiral Dancer.

Old Red Eagle arrived and realized what had happened. "You have spilled the blood of your kin, Wanchese. Now we will all pay the price."

"What do you speak of? Manteo was in the way! He chose to become one of them!"

"One of what? A human being? One who befriended strangers? He was your Kin, and you were warned against this act."

"My... anger. It consumed me."

"And now it will consume us all. The Eater-of-Souls is coming."

It had begun. No one could stop Jipijka'm now. It was hungry for the new lands, the Pure Lands. Old Red Eagle told the others to return to their village to plan a way of fighting this monster. He put a ward behind them to keep the hungry one from growing, but he knew it would do no good.

The Eater-of-Soul's body was growing, feeding off the ground. It tried to grow corn in hopes of attracting hungry natives, but nobody was stupid enough to fall for that. The creature's mockery of nature was disgusting to behold. Some warriors tried to fight it, but it ate them. After that, Old Red Eagle told them all not to go near it until they could figure out a plan.

Wanchese was lost to himself, consumed with guilt over what he had done. No one knew how to bring him out of his dark depression, which William had called Harano. He said that many Garou where he came from got like this at times, no longer able to fight Grandmother's battles.

But it was not Harano that gripped Wanchese. He was thinking, thinking hard on how to stop the evil set free by his anger. And Uktena came to him once more.

"It is hungry, Wanchese, and will not go away until it has been fed. But what can feed such a thing? It is hunger itself. The Eater-of-Souls."

"I will feed myself to it, so that it will be full!"

"Do you think your soul is big enough to feed the hunger of all evil? How arrogant! No, Wanchese, all of you together must satiate the beast... All of you...."

"All of us... the entire tribe! We must all feed the beast!"

Wanchese gathered his tribe together and told them of his vision and his realization: The entire tribe had to sacrifice itself in a grand rite to drive the beast from the world. Only in such a sacrifice would the creature be satiated. Only willing souls could feed it. The tribe cheered. Such a glorious sacrifice would make their names live forever! Tribe members from all over were summoned, and many came by Moon Bridge for the great rite. The Uktena and Wendigo were not invited. Only the Croatan would be allowed to sacrifice themselves so, for did not the other brothers need to survive to tend Grandmother's Pure Lands?

Old Red Eagle was not convinced. He believed Wanchese had misread his vision. But Old Red Eagle could not figure out Uktena's words himself, so he could do nothing.

The gathering of the tribe brought many Garou together who had long been apart. Many new friends were made. Legendary heroes came. There was Oakbreaker, Favored-of-the-Moon, Crafty Bow and even Killer Boy. Together, they believed Jipijka'm did not stand a chance against them.

The growing Horned Serpent Person got a lot bigger in a very little while. Things came out of its mouth and crawled around. Pieces broke off and ran away into the woods. It got so bad that everyone knew the time had come. Action had to be taken. The rite *had* to begin.

They gathered in the wasichu's village, ready to die for Wanchese's vision. But Wanchese did not want Little Fox to be a part of their fight. Deep down, he knew they might lose, and he could not stand the thought of losing Little Fox.

"Little Fox, I want you to go with Old Red Eagle. He is performing an important part of the rite back in our village. I need you to guard him and make sure he succeeds."

"But I want to be here and fight with you!" Little Fox pleaded.

"No. You must guard Old Red Eagle. Now go."

Perhaps it was the blindness of youth and his love for Wanchese, but Little Fox did not realize that he was being sent away from the battle for good. He did not know he would never see Wanchese again. Youth always believes in another day.

And so began the final battle of the Croatan. They knew they would die. But they believed their souls would live on in the Ghost World with their ancestors. This was the Way of things. Why believe otherwise?

Mighty were the Croatan's powers, given to them by the Earthbearer. Hard as stone were their skins, and their howls could cause the earth to shake, opening chasms for their enemies to tumble into.

But they were not mighty enough. What can stand before the Eater-of-Souls itself and survive? Yet, strangely, as Wanchese, the last of the Croatan, went down and his soul was devoured, the creature was sated for perhaps the first time since its beginnings. It crawled into the darkest corner of its own world, the Abyss of nothingness, and slept, never to enter this world directly again.

Many years later, John White was finally able to return. He found no one and no sign of his family. Nothing except for a carving on a tree: "Croatan." The area was wracked by powerful storms, fiercer than any white had seen before, and he was forced to leave.

Wanchese had succeeded. The creature was driven from the Pure Lands. Or so it seemed, at first.

Old Red Eagle had finished his rite, protecting the village and the lands nearby so that the evil could not escape the Croatan's assault.

"It is done," Old Red Eagle said. "The rite is completed. Our vigil is over."

"Then I must join Wanchese!" Little Fox cried, running into the woods. "Wanchese! I am coming!"

He came to the burned ground where the Croatan had died, and he stood over the remains of Wanchese's body. Tears streamed from Little Fox's eyes.

"There was nothing we could do," Old Red Eagle said. "Wanchese had to follow his vision...."

Little Fox, baring his fangs, turned on Old Red Eagle. "This is your fault! You kept me away! If I had been here, I could have saved him!"

"That is not true. Your anger speaks for you."

"Traitor! Older Brother is a traitor! No more will Little Brother listen to him!" And he ran, leaving Old Red Eagle alone, bent and leaning on his cane.

Ya-o-gah sighed and spoke: "And since that time, Little Brother has spurned the wisdom of Older Brother, for Little Fox's tale spread far and wide, and many felt his anger and believed that they had been betrayed."

"But Older Brother now feared Little Brother also, for they believed that the evil had not been destroyed, but that a piece of it was taken up by the grief of Little Fox, eating at his heart and spreading to all his people. This is the reason, they say, that the Wendigo-People hunger for revenge, and they whisper that even the Wendigo-People's totem has taken some of the taint, and eats not just the hearts of his enemies but the hearts of good people, too."

Da-jo-ji frowned at the old man but said nothing in reply. After a moment, Da-jo-ji commenced speaking:

They Come in Many Numbers

The Great Spirit gave this great island to his red children. He placed the wasichu on the other side of the big water. They were not contented with their own, but came to take ours from us. They have driven us from the sea to the lakes — we can go no farther.

— Tecumseh

The wasichu came again, more and more of them, and they brought disease, war and greed with them. They brought the Wyrn-taint within them, although the Horned Serpent himself could not walk these lands again for many, many years, so great was the Croatan sacrifice. The Eater-of-Souls still slumbers, spreading its evil only in dreams — but potent dreams for anyone too weak to resist them.

With many lies, the wasichu took everything from our Kin. They swore oaths and then freely broke them. Their word was no good, not just for our Kin but for all peoples — the animal people, the plant people, everyone.

Too many to count were the wars we waged against these invaders and the Horned Serpent People who came with them. Too many were those we lost, from our own people and from our Kin.

The wasichu have invented a number to count the people of our Kin who lived here before they came. It is wrong, and even they know it. They cannot accept the horror of what they did, the many they killed, not just with bullets but with disease.

All the attempts to stand against these wasichu were useless. Great bravery did our Kin show, but it came to so little.

Shogecha Hunter Moon became a great *ogimauih*, a War Chief, after Tecumseh fell fighting. For many years, she fought against the wasichu and the Horned Serpent Beings that hid among them. Never did she put down her hatchet and bow, never did she accept peace from them. She died a warrior's death, and we honor her memory still.

Her rage is renowned among us. Why did it burn so hot? I will tell you. It was because of the murdered women and children, killed by hunger, or frozen to death, or shot as they ran. It was because the wasichu cut off our Kinswomen's breasts and played catch with them. It was because of all these wrongs and more that she raged.

The wasichu's crimes were numberless, but even worse were the deeds of the Horned Serpent Beings. They hunted down spirits and killed many Animal Elders, whose people in this world then slowly died, never to be born again. They murdered the trees and wounded the land itself, tearing vast gouges out of the soil on Turtle's back. And when they could dig no more soil, they dug into his shell itself to steal the metals he hid there.

They planted the lust for these things into the wasichu, who then broke all their promises and stole more land so they could rape the earth for these treasures.

And still they do these things. When will they stop? Only when we kill them all. Only after every one of them is dead will the earth again be safe. They must die for what they have done!"

"No!" Ne-o-ga said. "You have introduced rage into the song we sing! You have made bitterness part of the world."

"I tell only what is already there!" Da-jo-ji cried, rising to his feet. "I speak of what was done. And still I do not tell all the crimes! If I were to speak truly what is in my heart, and in the hearts of the many who are now ghosts begging for revenge, then I would not even have begun to chant the evil that has been done to us! Tell me not to silence our pain! It must be known!"

"I do not deny the sorrow," Ne-o-ga said, likewise rising, with tears in her eyes. "But I beg that we may put aside vengeance and seek peace. I beg that we forgive the wrongs done us without forgetting them. We must tell them! Only in this way will others understand and themselves put aside the ways of war."

Da-jo-ji looked to the fair maiden, and his anger left him. Her tears fell like rain and a pool grew beneath her, sliding across the wooden floor and into the fire, creating steam which rose up to the hole in the ceiling and reached the sky. Outside, the sound of rain could be heard, hitting the roof and trees.

Taken-From-Fire watched in wonder at the magics of his hosts.

"Still your gentle rain, Ne-o-ga," Da-jo-ji said, sitting down. "I will speak no more of rage. But I will tell the rest of the tale as it must be told..."

The Six Worlds Become One

We make a road for spirits,
For the spirits to pass over.
Among us are three hunters
Who chase a bear;
There was never a time
When they were not hunting.
We look down on the mountains.
This is the Song of the Stars.

— Micmac song translated by Charles Leland,
Algonquian Legends of New England

We were pressed hard on many sides. While we lived in this world, we had allies in many other worlds: the World Beneath the Earth, the World Beneath the Water, the World Above the Earth, the World Above the Sky and the Ghost World. Many terrible things were happening there.

The wasichu brought Weaver powers with them. As they came, so came the spiders who remade much that Grandmother had made. We could not understand this, for Iktomi, the Spider, was once a holy being who made the good things in the world. But now, she made too much and would not allow things to be as they should be.

Kwakwadjec the Wolverine had success against her, for he is always unpredictable, but even he could not stop her. Neither could Raven or Hare. Whiskey Jack found some of her weaknesses for us, but even he could not trick her into behaving.

Iktomi had fallen under the power of the Horned Serpent and was controlled by it. Iktomi wove a blanket to cover this world, to keep people from going to the other worlds. No matter how many holes that Kwakwadjec burned into the blanket or that Raven pecked, it always sealed up again. The other wolf-changers call it the Gauntlet.

We soon found that our allies in these other worlds could not come to our aid. What's more, they cried for our help, for the Horned Serpent knew how to lift the blanket and walk where he willed.

We traveled far in these other worlds to help our allies, but it always took us too far from our own world, the Earth World.

Soon, these other worlds died and joined the Ghost World — they became places of spirit only, where nobody real lived anymore. It was hard to get there, and the Ghost World's people were confused, their lands now scattered far from each other and lost. Only the Moon knows how to find them all now, for she still shines there where the Sun can no longer go, for he is not yet dead. The Moon, though, has always walked the paths of the living and the dead.

Our Selfish Brothers and Sisters

It was not only the wasichu who brought trouble to the Wendigo-People. Wolf-changers from other tribes came also, following their Kin among the wasichu.

They took land wherever they willed, ignoring the rights of those who lived there before they came. So desperate were they for caerns and pure places that they cared not the cost of gaining them, no matter the blood spilled or hate earned.

The wolf-changers hurt our hearts worse than any monster that had plagued us before. How could our brothers and sisters act so? How could they be so ignorant of Grandmother's ways? If the Wyrn could do this to them, then how could we hope to win against it? Was this our fate also? To become mean and selfish?

While the wasichu marched against our Kin, the Garou marched against us. Some we befriended, but there were always more who ignored our brotherhood and took by claw what they could not have otherwise. While we fought the Horned Serpent Beings that now walked the Six Worlds, our lands were taken from us, our caerns turned to selfish purpose.

We lost hope. Even Wendigo could not help us, as great as his rage was. He kept the worst of the Horned Serpent People away, for they feared the purifying ice of the North, but he could not stop the wasichu.

And then a Way was revealed to us, one which might bring back all we had lost....

Wana'ghi Wa'chipi: The Ghost Dance

The sacred pipe tells me — E'yahe'eye!

The sacred pipe tells me — E'yahe'eye!

Our father — Yahe'eye!

Our father — Yahe'eye!

*We shall surely be put again (with our friends) —
E'yahe'eye!*

*We shall surely be put again (with our friends) —
E'yahe'eye!*

Our father — E'yahe'eye!

Our father — E'yahe'eye!

—“Se'icha Hei'ta'wuni'na” (Arapaho Ghost Dance Song)

Da-jo-ji was silent. His turn to speak was done. Now all the elders looked to Ne-o-ga, who smiled and began to speak:

There came among our Kin a prophet, one who was given a vision by Grandmother. He was Wovoka and spoke of a new way, a ceremony of peace and balance which would restore all that was lost to us and cleanse the evil from wasichu hearts. He had a dance which, if practiced by enough people, would heal the world.

His ceremony, called Nänigükwa, spread to many. When the Horned Serpent People heard of it, they became afraid. They knew it had power and could break them. So, they whispered lies to the wasichu, who grew afraid themselves. They thought the dance was unholy and was a means to get revenge for all they had done to the natives.

Indeed, among those who had suffered cruelly, Wovoka's dance became a rally of vengeance, a way to bring back the dead and abolish the wasichu from the land, drive them back to their own homes across the Great Waters. Because the rite called upon the ancestors and beckoned them back to the world, it was called Wana'ghi Wa'chipi, the Ghost Dance.

The Wendigo-People heard of this rite and practiced it themselves. They realized that it was not just a Way for humans, but a dance that all must participate in — the spirits, the animal people — everyone.

It was not just a ceremony, but a lifetime commitment to treasure and honor the past and to work for its return. For the Wendigo-People, it became the means to preserve what was lost, to build, with the aid of spirits of the Ghost World, a caern in the hearts of all the people, so that their ways would never be lost.

In such a way, the Wendigo-People gave their greatest treasures and secrets over to the spirits, so that no matter how many wolf-changers were killed and no matter how many generations passed before new ones were born, their ways would not be forgotten. The spirits would cherish them and keep them safe. When the wolf-changers of the Earth World forgot their ways, the spirits would return, or summon the wolf-changers to them, and teach them their Ways anew.

In this manner, the Wendigo-People remain mightiest of all wolf-changer tribes, for they have not forgotten Grandmother's first lessons to them, and they still remember the Dawn, and what was and shall be again.

We will now speak of these Ways, so that you, Taken-From-Fire, can return them to your people.



Chapter Two: Peta-owihankeshni (Fire of No End)

It was the wind that gave them life. It is the wind that comes out of our mouths now that gives us life. When this ceases to blow we die. In the skin of our fingers we can see the trail of the wind; it shows us where the wind blew when our ancestors were created.

— Washington Matthews, *Navajo Legends*

The Ways

Ne-o-ga continued speaking:

The Wendigo live in a sacred manner in all things they do. They are blessed by Grandmother with much Power, and they must respect this gift, for they have a purpose, to protect Grandmother's ways.

Everything has meaning, every act and every being. To take something and use it is to take what belongs to another, whether it be a stone in the river or the body of another being. To take without giving thanks is wrong. To do so many times is to become like the wasichu, ignorant of the beings around them. They think they are alone, but they have made themselves that way. Now, all beings fear them.

The Wendigo know much of fear, for they cause it in the hearts of their enemies and those who do wrong, those who refuse to walk in a sacred manner.

How does one know the sacred? It is hard to learn it in the Earth World now. Iktomi has hidden so much meaning, and now so many of the sacred beings who taught the Ways live only in the Ghost World. The spirits must come from the Ghost World to visit and teach. But it takes much power to do so, and thus, only the deserving are so visited. It is the duty of every Wendigo cub to seek such beings and beg them to come. This we call the Vision Quest.

Hanblecheyapi (Crying for a Vision)

They are sending a voice to me.

From the place where the sun goes down.

— Black Elk, "The Sacred Pipe"

Soon after a cub's Firsting, she must begin a fast for eight to ten days, blackening her face so that the spirits can see her and know that she calls them. She must retreat to a place in the wilderness and stay in that place until a spirit comes and gives her a vision of her purpose, her mission for Grandmother.

Some cubs enter the Ghost World and seek visions there, but this way is very bad, for the Horned Serpent can walk there and take the cub. If the rite is performed in the Earth World, then the Horned Serpent must use power to come to her, to answer her call.

A visitation by such a spirit is a bad omen, for other spirits will stay away from one so chosen. The Horned Serpent spirit cannot take the cub, and instead must request that she come to it. Sometimes, if a spirit takes pity upon her, it will intervene and go to the meeting instead, killing the bad spirit and freeing the cub from its influence.

If the answering spirit is good, it will show the cub a vision of her purpose, usually in the form of a dream. Thus, the cub will know her *ordinnonk*, the secret wish of her soul. This dream must then be fulfilled or else the cub will eventually lose her power. It may take years to follow such a dream, but to ignore it is to invite evil upon the world. Grandmother means for each of us to do a task; if it is not done, then Her intent cannot be complete, and all will suffer.

A Sacred Manner

A voice I will send with my dance. Hear me!

The land, hear me!

A voice I am sending from all over.

Hear me and I will live!

— Young warriors' fourth-day chant at Sun Dance

There are many rituals which inform us of Grandmother's intent and the intentions of the spirits. In this way, we may do what is right and honor our allies, so that they may come to our aid when we need them most.

Inipi (Sweat Lodge)

It is hard to live in this world now, for the Horned Serpent has corrupted it. We can become tainted by fighting the Horned Serpent, even by walking near it. Thus, we must often purify ourselves.

To do so, we have many methods. The most common is one our human Kin use, the sweat lodge. This is a tipi, tent or lodge in which we place heated rocks and pour water upon them, creating steam which reaches within us and draws forth impurities. With the aid of sage and cedar, powerful cleansing spirits, all the taint within us is re-

moved. The rocks are heated outside by the *Peta-owihankeshni*, the Fire of No End.

While we sit in the lodge, we pray and ask the manitous for guidance. If our need is great, they will come, telling us what we must do or how to act. If the place where the lodge is held is powerful, such as a caern, they may even appear before us and show us how to perform new rites.

The Snow Walk

Another means of purifying ourselves is through the Snow Walk. This is for the Wendigo-People only, for it would kill our human Kin. When a Wendigo leaves for a Snow Walk, he goes forth across the barren ice of the North, with no food or wood. He must live only with his own power for a number of days.

We must take the wolf form for this rite, because it is the best for survival. If the wolf-changer is lucky, Great Wendigo or a Wind-spirit will send a storm. The hail of snow or ice will purify the wolf-changer, although it is hard to withstand. It may sap one's power greatly, but if done in a sacred manner, it cleanses and empowers the wolf-changer even more.

Indeed, so powerful is it that many undergo the rite before making a dangerous raid against the Wyrms.

Wiwanyag Wa'chipi (Sun Dance)

The bear said, "I want you to cut off one of my ears, and hang it in a thong at your side. This is the way you should be in the Sun Dance." The dream ended there. Later, I found a dead bear, cut off the ear, and wear it now in the Sun Dance. No bullet can kill me. This is true. I never tell lies. That's the way I like to be.

— Tudy Roberts, Shoshone medicine man

Many of us follow the ways of our human Kin and perform the Sun Dance, a powerful request for guidance by Grandmother and Her spirits. The Sun Dance is a sacrifice that shows, through our pain and endurance, we have the patience and will to do what is right. The manitous respond only to those who have proved that they can outlast petty fears and weakening desires. If a Sun Dancer can perform the entire ceremony, she will be rewarded by the attention of the manitous, even if they do not immediately respond to the supplicant's prayers.

It is considered weak to perform a Sun Dance in any but one's breed form. To do otherwise is to use one's power. There is no sacrifice in this.

Moon Dance

The Moon gave the Wendigo-People a dance of their own, a means by which they could glean the secrets of the coming times and know the movements of their enemies.

The Moon Dance always begins on the night of the crescent moon, for it is a Theurge's dance, although any auspice may participate. The wolf-changers involved must enter the Ghost World and journey down the Moon Paths as they chant sacred songs and pray for the Moon's aid. If they walk the right path, the Moon responds by sending a

spirit to show them the future. Most often, these spirits are the Moon Feathers, the Lunes, who reveal what is to come in confusing glimpses or words.

Those who seek truly profound visions take silver knives with them and cut themselves as they chant, showing their bravery and need to the Moon. These ones are usually gifted with great dreams which, like all dreams, must be brought to reality in the Earth World.

Honoring Our Relations

When walking the Earth World, we give thanks to all its beings. The meat we eat is the body of another. The air we breathe is the breath of another, a spirit being. The ground we walk on rests upon Turtle, who bears our weight willingly and with honor.

We reward these beings and show our respect to them in many ways. Do not eat meat without leaving some for the spirits. Take a strip and bury it nearby, so that they may feast also. To show even more respect, give them the fat, the best part.

Even better, offer tobacco to the spirits, for it is the holiest of plants, given to us so that we may send our prayers to them in its smoke. Leave small pinches where you walk, where the spirits have shown you favor or where you wish them to walk. The evil spirits of the Horned Serpent cannot stand tobacco; while it will not drive them away, it will make them uncomfortable.

Wherever you go and in whatever act you engage, ask for help and offer it in return. In such a way, the spirits will reward you and your people.

Our Power is Rage

angry ones rise

feeding the beast

all aggression is justified

and the beast grows

— John Trudell, *Stickman*

Ne-o-ga smiled and sat down, while Da-jo-ji, a darker smile on his face, looked at Taken-From-Fire.

"Within you is great power," he said. "You are a wolf-changer, and your anger alone can destroy enemies. Other tribes fear this power and try to rid themselves of it. Yes — it can hurt us, too! But it gives us strength where before was defeat. It gives us the will to fight our enemies even when all else is lost. Without it, we would have died of our sorrow long ago. It moves us onward, our Rage which is power, and directs us against our enemies."

"And our friends, at times," Ya-o-gah said, looking into Taken-From-Fires' eyes. "This power, this great anger, blinds us. When we are under its control, we cannot tell right from wrong, and even instinct fails us. All we heed is destruction. When directed against true foes, it is a good power indeed. But when aimed at our loved ones, it is a curse."

Da-jo-ji scowled. "Yes, yes, this is true. But why dwell on such things? Exalt this gift you have! Without it, you could not change shapes, and you would forever walk as a human. Is that what you want?"



Taken-From-Fire was about to answer when O-yan-do-ne interrupted. "Do not answer Da-jo-ji. He was always a rageful one, and thus greatly respects what he has in abundance. Long has he screamed his anger to the skies, and he calls a harsh wind to him. A strong power this Rage is, but one with which we must be wary. Warriors cherish it, but people of peace are careful never to waken it. Remember this."

Leadership

Somewhere a good man must rise from the young ones among us... it will not be enough for him to speak words of wisdom if he cannot give the people ears to hear and hearts to make them strong against the power of the white man's favor.

— Crazy Horse's father to young Crazy Horse

O-yan-do-ne continued to speak:

We do not believe, as the other wolf-changer tribes do, that a being is born to lead; that honor must be earned. To become a chief is a great honor and responsibility; others will not follow someone who cannot lead well. This is the problem with the people of the other tribes: They believe they must follow a leader no matter what happens and no matter how badly he leads.

It is not so with us. A chief leads because he attracts followers, not because he is chief. We have two forms of leadership: the Peace Chief and the War Chief.

Peace Chief

In times when we are not under direct attack from our enemies, we follow a Peace Chief, one who is wise in the ways of living and can guide us to best follow Grandmother's Ways. Most often, we follow the Philodox in these times, for they know best how our ancestors lived.

Peace Chiefs rule only through wisdom and reputation. Even when they advise things others do not want, they are followed because they have proved in the past that their wisdom is true in the end. They see further than most, and can halt hasty action or anger with calm words.

It is rare, however, that we follow a Peace Chief for long, for our people are always in danger. When a caern is threatened, the people follow a War Chief who can best counsel violence.

War Chief

A War Chief has proved herself a warrior, one who does not act stupidly or because she desires glory. People would not long follow such a person, for a fool puts others in danger needlessly. A good War Chief risks danger and the lives of her warriors only when the need is great, such as when the Horned Serpent moves upon the land.

It is often the case that a sept is led by a Peace Chief, but that many willingly pledge themselves to a favored War Chief's quest or mission. This way, only the willing, ones who are ready for war, risk themselves in action against the enemy.



As we have learned in the past, we must not all go to fight the Horned Serpent as one, for if all die, then there is no one to defend the young or the caerns. Too many times have entire septs been wiped out on foolish war hunts which leave the sacred sites prey to Wyrmtaint.

War Chiefs must always be aware of such risks and choose their war parties wisely. Cubs not yet ready for the task must not be allowed to fight; they must stay behind to defend the caern. Their time will come someday; patience for now.

Those of High Renown

When no hunt or war is at hand, and all is well, many Wendigo still hunger to gain glory and to kill their enemies. When the wait becomes too great, a Wendigo often declares a quest or journey for some great deed and invites others to come with him — those who are brave enough.

These deeds may not always be for war: Some could be to search for a treasured fetish or to gain a secret from a spirit. Whatever the object of the quest, it is usually led by the one who called it, who declared his intent before others. However, those of higher renown do not always volunteer to follow one of lesser renown; only if the quest seems worthwhile does this happen. More often, those of high renown gather the lesser-haired Wendigo and lead them on journeys or ceremonies.

Such missions, while often declared in haste or amid rage, do not always depart immediately. The wiser ones spend days or even weeks in preparation, using the time to gather food, to build canoes or weapons, and to pray to the manitous for guidance.

Lodge of the Manitou

Magic visions! Come, we urge you, come into us!

Bring with you happiness!

Come, to us, great visions!

— Chant from Pawnee Hako ceremony

When great matters involve the manitous, then it is the duty of a select group of shamans to guide us in such affairs. The Lodge of the Manitou meets under the crescent moon to divine the path we must take. This group is also called the Lodge of Mysteries, because its Theurges know many things which are kept secret from most people.

Perhaps someone among us has been selfish or mean; then the spirits may withdraw their aid, calling back their children so we may not hunt them. In some areas today, this matters little, for we can buy food from wasichu stores all year. But those who live the right life, who often eat what is gifted to them from the land and the Animal Elders, know that to anger the spirits is to gain bad luck and lose the spirits' support in trying times.

The Lodge determines how best to regain the good will of the spirits, by discovering why they are angry and what must be done to appease them. The Lodge usually demands that the transgressor travel to the spirit's home

in the Ghost World to ask forgiveness and to give an offering. He who refuses such a task loses Renown, for he brings bad luck to all his people until his wrong has been righted.

But it is not just matters of appeasement that the Lodge engages in; they also foresee the future in the Jeeseekum, the Shaking Tent ceremony. In a tent erected for the purpose of the rite, they call upon their spirit advisors and ask questions of them.

While the spirits confer among themselves, their sounds shake the whole tent, so that those outside become fearful that it may collapse. Once their answers are given, the tent calms and the Theurges emerge to tell us what will be.

Camps

Just as our human Kin have many societies in their tribes — warrior societies, police societies and more — so do the Wendigo-People have many camps. While these groups create many differences of opinion, we are united in our lineage, for we all come from Grandmother Earth.

The Warpath

On the warpath I give place to none;

with great unyielding courage I give my life.

— Lodgemaker's first-day chant at Sun Dance

Perhaps the strongest camp among our people, the Warpath seeks only revenge. They say otherwise, but their hearts are turned to vengeance, to repay their sufferings with violence. Thank the spirits that they turn their rage against the Horned Serpent, for when they do turn it against their own, the Wendigo-People suffer greatly, and many die.

Other wolf-changer tribes often insult the Warpath soldiers, and fights break out which can last for generations. Once war paint has been applied and an oath made, never can a Warpath wolf-changer leave the trail of violence until his oath has been completed.

Without them, however, our people would be worse off, for the Horned Serpent monsters become many in number, and they are hard to fight. But the Warpath soldiers are fierce, and even the Wyrms quake to hear their war howls.

Indeed, when One Who Follows the Wyrms realizes that the Warpath is on the hunt for him, he almost always runs in fear, rather than fighting. In such a way are lost caerns rescued and our Kin protected.

Da-jo-ji Speaks for the Warpath

Yes, we are mighty, and the Horned Serpent People flee at our howls. None can stand before a band of Warpath soldiers — nothing can stop them from their task. Even death is but a delay. Those who counsel peace before us are cowards! Those who do not join us on the hunt will be known as weaklings!

The Ghost Dance

O-yan-do-ne continued, a smile now on her face:

Perhaps the wisest among us are those who follow the Ghost Dance, the rite which rescued our people from despair and returned our ways to us. When we first danced the Ghost Dance, spirits long gone returned to give us their lore, to tell us tales of ancestors long forgotten. They gave us these old ways and ceremonies and told us how to keep them alive.

And many of us follow them still. The Ghost Dancers believe that, should their traditions cease to be, should the young not claim them for their own, then the Earth World will truly die, and the Wendigo-People with it.

Many of the young believe that the Ghost Dancers are too strict, that they require everything to be done as it once was — even living in wilderness villages the way our people used to. But not all Ghost Dancers are that way — each behaves according to the ways the spirits revealed to her. For a sept in Alaska, these ways are different than for one in Quebec. But all septs are sure of one thing: These Ways must be followed, no matter what.

Ya-o-gah Speaks for the Ghost Dance

The Ghost Dance was our salvation. So many of the young were raised by wasichu in gray schools; they knew nothing of our ways. So few elders remained to teach them. But the Ghost Dance rites called spirit teachers from long ago to renew the wisdom, to bring it into the world again. We must always follow the Ways, and never let them be lost again.

The Sacred Hoop

O-yan-do-ne continued speaking:

There is another camp among us, one which speaks of beauty and youth, and brotherhood among all peoples. The members of the Sacred Hoop believe that the humans of many colors came over the Great Waters for a purpose, that they may be lost in spirit but Grandmother called them nonetheless. They are meant to live together, to become one people, regardless of their many ways.

More than any others of our tribe, the Sacred Hoop preachers walk among fellow wolf-changer tribes — especially with Older Brother Uktena — and aid us to work together against our enemies.

Their work is good and their hearts are wide. But many think that they are fools. The evidence of our own history shows us that the wasichu and others will not join us. Yet still the Sacred Hoop strives to bring us together.

Ne-o-ga Speaks for the Sacred Hoop

Grandmother is great and mysterious; She did not reveal all Her ways to us, and still She hides mysteries. One of these is the nature of Her human children, so alike yet so different. Although the Horned Serpent has told humans to fear one another,

their own hearts tell them different. We must aid their hearts to speak for them — not only for the humans but for all people.

Gluskap's Lodge and Myeengun's Lodge

O-yan-do-ne again resumed speaking:

There are two more camps which deserve mention. They are curious ones, but also ones said to teach powerful new Ways. The first is Gluskap's Lodge, a gathering of Wendigo-People who teach the ways of the humans so we can know better our human Kin and the wasichu. The other is Myeengun's Lodge, a gathering of Wendigo-People who seek to understand the ways of the wolves. Myeengun was once a human child, but he wandered off while playing and got lost. He was raised by wolves and became a wolf. He teaches humans how to become wolves.

Both of these lodges are open to any breed — even the half-breed metis can join. Each lodge is led by members of the breed it seeks to know better, ones who can teach their breed ways to others. Thus, humans teach wolves who come to learn human ways, while wolves teach humans who seek to know wolf ways.

The Manitous

They say that all animals, of every species, have an elder brother who is, as it were, the source and origin of all individuals, and this elder brother is wonderfully great and powerful... If anyone, when asleep, sees the elder or progenitor of some animals, he will have a fortunate chase; if he sees the elder of the Beavers, he will take Beavers; if he sees the elder of the Elks, he will take Elks, possessing the juniors through the favor of their senior whom he has seen in the dream.

— Father Paul Le Jeune, *The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*

Ya-o-gah now spoke:

It is time to speak of the manitous, the beings who sustain us and who returned our Ways to us when our elders were dying and the young were lost. They give us power and bear our prayers to Grandmother.

Many are the spirits we know, from the Animal Elders who allow us to hunt their children to the Moon Feathers, who serve the Moon and are found only in the Ghost World, that which others of our kind call the Umbra.

The Wendigo-People are favored above all other people by the Wind-spirits. Even I do not know all the names of all the winds, for they are many. Six principle winds we know, but numberless as the stars are those who serve these directions.

I will speak of those spirits who are the greatest allies of our tribe:

Skaia, Salmon

Salmon is a wise spirit. He sends his children from his lodge in the Ghost World, where they enter the waters of our world and move up the stream, fighting the current,

leaping over it and past their adversity. So, too, does he teach us to leap over obstacles, to slip past them, and when to use wisdom over strength.

The Gift he gives us is Salmon Swim. His children are persevering; if they do not succeed at once, they will always try again.

Kiunik, Otter

It is said that the secrets of shamanism are contained on the tip of Otter's tongue. He is a being who knows how to navigate between worlds, from the Earth World to the World Beneath the Water. He is at peace in this world and the Ghost World. For this reason, he is favored of Theurges and those who travel often in the spirit lands.

Igaluk, the Hunter

The Moon has many allies, and one such is her son, Igaluk, the Hunter. He is a great hunter and always catches game. He teaches us how to pray properly to the Animal Elders and how to hunt by the light of the new moon. He has a sled with three dogs, one brown, another white, and the final black. He also carries a powerful spear which the Horned Serpent Beings fear, for it can cause them as much pain as silver does to us.

Wakinyan Tanka, Thunderbird

High above the earth lives the Thunderbird, one of the mightiest of spirit beings. So great is his power that few wolf-changers can ally with him, for he would drive them mad. His energy is that of the thunderbolt, striking evil from the heavens. Those who become his children and withstand his demands become known by all as powerful themselves.

The Winter Manitous

There are three powerful wind spirits who often aid us; they reward their children well. First, there is Negakfok, Cold Weather, who lowers the temperature in winter (and anytime he desires). Then there is Tomanik, the Wind Maker, who causes the winds to blow; the six directions then take his winds and tame them. When these two are together, they often summon O'ha'a, the Ice-Clad, who brings with him ice storms of terrible strength: Few can withstand them, but those who do are purified; if they are evil, they will die, freezing painfully — all their joints will cry out in terror as they cease moving.

Those who are frozen in such a way have little hope to survive until a thaw, for Great Wendigo himself will sniff them out and come eat their hearts.

Great Wendigo

Most powerful and rageful of all spirits is Great Wendigo, he who is the Vengeance of the Wind, a force nothing can stop. Once Wendigo walks the land, all must hide or risk being eaten — good and bad alike.

He is called for only in the direst of times, when all other efforts have failed, for his power can kill his children as well as his enemies. Once summoned, he will rage for a time and then melt back to his lodge in the Ghost World. He will not answer any summons then for many moons.

He is the master of all the wind spirits. They all receive their power from him, even if they are of different temperaments. Likewise, he gave the Wendigo-People their Ways, from which their power derives. Even their rage resembles his, cold and icy rather than hot like others'.

Whiskey Jack

If Wendigo was all we had, we would be a bitter lot indeed. While we honor his power and the gifts he has given us, we know that he is as he is because of his rage. We would not become as him. Luckily, he has allies who know how to laugh, even if they are silly.

One such is Whiskey Jack, the Jaybird. His many tricks have brought much ease to the People, such as the time he tricked Snowman into making milder winters, so that we could hunt longer.

Those Wendigo who have been chosen by Whiskey Jack may have trouble being taken seriously, but they rarely succumb to Harano as others do.

Peyote

An important spirit for many of our human relations and those among us who were born to them is Peyote. He is a sacred being who comes to those who ingest his plant, and he shows them the proper way to walk in the Earth World. Many of the wasichu misunderstand him and try to prevent natives from communing with him. This shows yet again how ignorant they are.

We honor all the spirits and receive their power in return.

Breeds

Ya-o-gah was through speaking. It was Ne-o-ga's turn again.

Wolf-changers are kin to all beings, not just the humans and wolves. However, these two peoples are especially close to them, for they serve as mothers and fathers.

The other tribes place great emphasis on the differences between these beings, but we see little in this. During the Dawn, all beings changed skins with one another — it was hard to tell who you were talking to, and you had to be careful of your words. If you accidentally said something bad about Skunk to Badger, you might find that Badger was really Skunk wearing Badger's skin! And then you'd have to bathe for many days to overcome his response!

It is true that humans do not always understand their wolf Kin, and wolves rarely understand humans.

For this reason, the Wendigo-People created two lodges so that each could learn from the other: Gluskap's Lodge and Myeengun's Lodge.

Do not let the other tribes convince you that to be one or the other is better. Especially do not listen to the hate of the Red Talons, who dislike all but themselves.

Auspices

A thousand full moons pound in my heart.

— John Trudell, *Stickman*

Han-hepi-wi, the Night Sun — the Moon — gave us her Ways, so that we would walk on Grandmother's earth in a sacred manner. These Ways are very important, for they are special to the wolf-changers; to deny them is to insult Han-hepi-wi and bring her ill-will, not only against the one who insulted her, but against all the people.

All the Wendigo-People must follow their auspice roles; those who do not are often exiled until they learn better. It is foolish for an Ahroun to pretend to be a Galliard; he was born to become a soldier, not a storyteller. While he may learn the songs and even sing them, he must not give them more importance than the ways of war.

Heyoka — Ragabash

These are the contraries — upside-down and backwards people, those who can act however they like, for they have no role but one: to break the laws. They keep the Ways from growing old and make them fresh. Also, when they break them and suffer some bad luck or other, we can laugh at their pratfalls and know that we did not do anything wrong. What's more, spirits often forgive the transgressions of a heyoka more than those of others — at least, after their anger has cooled.

Angalkuq — Theurge

The shamans of our people, the angalkut, ensure that the manitous are on good terms with us. They are the speakers of the Hanbloglaka, the Spirit Speech, and they can thus listen to the will of the spirits as revealed by the wind or the whispering of the trees, the splash of the salmon or the grunt of the bear.

Mediwiwin — Philodox

Most of the best Peace Chiefs are Philodox, for they are wise in the ways of leadership. In the old days, they knew best when to move the village and find better game for everyone. These days, our caerns rarely move, and our human Kin cannot easily leave their reservations — sometimes, if they do, they are not allowed to live there again, for the wasichu then say that such people are no longer natives. But the mediwiwins still know best how to manage the wasichu or to plan for better times.

Daebaudjimoot — Galliard

Our greatest treasures are the old songs and stories, for they hold our Ways. It is through them that we are taught the right manner in which to walk. They also amuse us and warm our hearts even in the bitter cold. They stir us to great deeds and cause us to cry tears that, if kept too long inside us, would freeze our hearts like Great Wendigo's.

Ya'pake — Ahroun

More than any other auspice, our tribe honors most the ya'pake, the Wolf Soldiers of the Full Moon. Warriors are necessary, for the monsters we face are mighty. We must be mightier. Thus, we are often led by War Chiefs of this auspice. Their glory is an inspiration to all, regardless of auspice — their deeds are sung most highly by the daebaudjimoot.

The Litany

Ne-o-ga looked to O-yan-do-ne, who nodded and began speaking:

Our brothers and sisters have a law they call the Litany. We know it also, for it was given to all the wolf-changers by Grandmother. But the other tribes misunderstand it. This is how we were taught it:

Wolf-Changer Shall Not Mate with Wolf-Changer

It is not right for a wolf-changer to lie with another of her kind. Grandmother wants us to lie with humans and wolves, so that there may be more of us, and so that we do not forget where we come from. The first changers came from the marriages between humans and animal people. Changers are between-people; they must be born from others.

The half-breeds, the metis, are rare among us, for few of us break this rule. Those metis among us are not much liked, for they are wrong, and their presence is said to disturb the spirits. Despite this, many metis become strong from spirit power. Who can say why this is?

Do not lie with someone you are not supposed to.

Fight the Horned Serpent Wherever It Is, Wherever It Breeds

Why else were we born? We are Grandmother's warriors. We came from our faraway land in the Sky World to be here, to defend the Earth World. This rule does not need to be said, but we say it anyway, so that the young do not forget.

Respect the Territory of Another

We have always followed this rule. It was not the Wendigo-People who went over the seas to take another's land. Every other tribe broke this rule, and because of it, the local spirits hate them. Never will the winds befriend them, because of what they have done to us. Only the Stargazers respected this rule, and only they can speak to our spirits.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

One who does not act honorably is distrusted, and soon she has no followers and no friends. That person will eventually be shunned and live on her own. If it gets bad enough, she will be consumed with the desire to eat human flesh — this is the Horned Serpent speaking to her; because she is alone, he can do this.

Accepting one's surrender is part of behaving well. Always behave in such a way that your people will be proud of you.

Submit to Those of Higher Station

This means that we must always respect our elders, for they have more living wisdom than we do. Those who do not respect their elders — whether animal or human — soon forget how to live in the world properly. Eventually, others will ignore them as they ignored their elders. They will die alone.

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

The greatest in station are the following: your family, including your grandparents, parents, brothers and sisters, wife or husband and children. Give them the best of your hunt first, and always leave a bit for the manitous. After you have served them, then you may eat. If this is always done, the Animal Elders will gift you with ample game.

Do Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

The Horned Serpent tricks us often, and many have broken this rule. It is not hard to do, for starvation is always so near in the North. But it is wrong. Too many evil spirits are created when someone breaks this rule; someone who eats too much human flesh becomes a mockery of Great Wendigo, a foolish spirit molded by the Horned Serpent to insult Great Wendigo.

Others say that Great Wendigo is a cannibal himself, but this is not true. He is not human, and thus can eat the hearts of all his enemies. If you are bad, he will eat your heart, no matter who you are. Others try to scare us by saying that the Eater-of-Souls is inside our totem, but this is their own fear speaking. They fear Great Wendigo's hunger and secretly think that he will eat them.

Respect All Beings — All Are of Grandmother

Indeed, this is something our tribe does not forget, although many of the others have. The Children of Gaia remember this rule, but they are stupid, for they love everything, even evil. Not all things are meant to be given respect; if beings walk in a sacred manner, following Grandmother's Way, then they deserve good treatment. But if they break such rules, walking with corruption, then they are our enemies, and must be killed.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

The wasichu suffer from a great terror: They cannot look on our battle-forms without crying like babies. This is true also of the Pure Ones, but they are not so bad. They may quake with fear and forget what they see, but they compose themselves better. This is because we led them away from the other tribes long ago, before the taint of fear was fully made in them.

Do not taunt the wasichu by showing your battle form to them. It only attracts attention and may bring the disfavor of spirits.

Do Not Suffer Your People to Tend Your Sickness

If you are tainted, you must cleanse yourself. You may ask help from others, but be prepared to do the work yourself. You must make your own sweat lodge or journey on a Snow Walk.

If you are diseased and dying, seek healing, but do not prolong your life if your time to die has come. Do not make others hunt for you. If your time has come, say goodbye to your family and walk into the Ghost World to die among spirits who can then guide you on the Path of Souls, the Milky Way of the stars, so that you may join your ancestors.

The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace

Of course she can. If she is not fit to lead, then none will follow. It is odd that the other tribes must remind themselves of this, lest they follow fools.

The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime

This, too, is true. If you have pledged yourself to join a war party or to defend a caern while the war party departs, it is an oath you must see fulfilled. The leader of the war party must be followed; if you do not like this, then do not pledge to go. If you change your mind after the party has left, you may leave, but you will lose much Honor in doing so.

You Shall Take No Action That Causes a Caern to Be Violated

The sacred places are few now, for the Horned Serpent has taken many of them from us. We will defend the few that remain to us with our last breaths, and even then our ghosts will return to haunt any who try to spoil them. Do not try to take our caerns, for we will kill you.

Taken-From-Fire was surprised to hear such strong words from O-yan-do-ne, who had before seemed so peaceful. But there was a power inside her, as in all the Wendigo-People. She smiled at *Taken-from-Fire*, as if to assure him that she was not angry.

"I have spoken," she said. "Now Ne-o-ga and Da-jo-ji will tell you of the Six Worlds and our enemies and allies in them."



Chapter Three:

Katasha

(Place Where
the Vision Dwells)

One does not sell the earth upon which people walk.

— Crazy Horse

Walking Grandmother's World

Ne-o-ga spoke:

Where once there were Six Worlds, now there are only two: the Earth World, this world, your home, and the Ghost World, the place where the spirits dwell, which the other wolf-changer tribes call the Umbra, the Place of Shadows.

The other worlds are no more, except as ghosts in the Ghost World. Some of their beings still live there, but they seldom come to this world anymore.

The Earth World

This is the most important of all worlds, for it is where Grandmother meant for us all to dwell between our sojourns in the Ghost World and the other worlds. Here is where the Animal Elders let their children run; those that cannot run here anymore are kept in their pens in the Ghost World, in the lodges of their Elders.

This is the Earth World, the world that Turtle bears on his back. He made this sacrifice for all beings, so that they would have a place to live. He was beloved by the Croatan; since they went away, he has slept and none of our angalkut

can find him. But we know he still lives, for if he did not, the Earth would sink into the Great Waters again.

This is the world which Grandmother guided us to, and this is the place She bid us dwell and protect till we are no more. Unlike the other tribes, we do not willingly leave our tribal lands, the places where our ancestors lived and left their power. If we leave, there will be no one left to defend them. We must stand firm and not move from this place.

We are tied to our ancestral lands more deeply than the other tribes. The very seasons call to us and affect our manner. In the spring, it is hard to concentrate on work, for the new life is all around, and we want to play as we did when we were cubs. In the summer, we are tired of playing and seek war. We traditionally hunted the Horned Serpent People in the warm season, for they hid during the winter. Our power — our Rage — is strong here, and it is hard to counsel peace then. In the fall, the world begins to slumber and withdraw, to prepare for the coming cold. It is hard for us to change skins during this time. Then, in the winter, we are strongest. This is the time of our totem, of our power. We become hardy, and it is difficult to fell us with weapons and blows.



KOCHAKUJI

I will speak of the lands of the Wendigo-People, from the place where we first came to this world, to the place we met the wasichu.

Alaska

Many of the oldest traditions of the Wendigo-People are still practiced here, where the land still breathes and our wolf Kin run free. Here, we live among our human Kin, who belong to the many native tribes. While they are poor by wasichu standards, they are rich in traditions. In this land are some of the few truly traditional caerns, where we live as we did long ago, eating what is given to us by the animals and plants and keeping the wasichu away.

Even the Horned Serpent People do not know where all our Alaskan caerns hide, and they hate us for it. They send their people across the land as surveyors or oil-pipe builders, all lies so that they can get close to us, to find our places of power. We catch them and kill them, and we nail their hides to their doors to return these servants to their masters.

Canada

Our human Kin have had more luck in this land than to the south in gaining rights from the wasichu, but they still lose their lands too often. Too many of them try to become wasichu themselves and sell rights to timber or other resources. These things are not theirs to sell; they belong to Grandmother. We are patient with them, but we always act to prevent the worst from happening — so far as we can.

Our wolf Kin are also strong here, especially to the west. Other tribes come and try to breed with them, and sometimes we let them, but more often we use fierce war paint and arrows to chase away outsiders. Let them fear us.

Our caerns here are not so well protected as those in Alaska, but they are still safer than those to the south.

The United States

Here, our human Kin suffer more woe than elsewhere, for here was the most blood spilled in treachery. The wasichu denied our Kin rights to their own ways for so long that the ways almost became lost to them. Now, our people live in filth on reservations left to them after the wasichu took everything else.

Here is where our work is the most important, teaching them the ways and fighting the Horned Serpent, which now lives among them, hiding in the flesh of red people as well as white.

It is especially bad on Pine Ridge, near the Black Hills, or among the Mohawk, who must sell illegal alcohol and cigarettes to gain even half the wealth most wasichu can easily get.

We lead many war parties across the Americas, for the Horned Serpent is most active here. His monsters crawl from the Ghost World and cause many problems, usually among the natives and the poor, people no one pays attention to. A Horned Serpent Being could eat an entire native village and no wasichu would know or care. Only we can defend against this.

Siberia

There is only one other place in the Earth World where we have relations, and that is along the coast of the land called Siberia. Fishers and hunters closely related to our human Kin in Alaska still live in this place, and some of the Wendigo-People live with them, protecting the waters and preventing Horned Serpent monsters from reaching the Pure Lands from this direction.

Some speak of a tribe called the Siberakh, said to be related to our people and the Silver Fangs. I know nothing of them.

The Ghost World

The spirit world is vast, and its ways are more mysterious to us now than ever before. Many worlds which existed on their own now live there as ghosts. The paths have become confused and have changed. This is a good thing, for the Horned Serpent walks there, but knows not where he goes. He gets lost often.

Only Han-hepi-wi knows all the paths, lighting them for wolf-changers. She sometimes sends her children to aid travelers, although the Moon Feathers do not always take us where we wish to go. However, it is usually where we need to go.

There are many special places here, sacred to our people. The most special is our Tribal Homeland, a pristine place of beauty, much like the Pure Lands were before the Horned Serpent ruined everything.

Other tribes who have seen it (They are very few!) think it is bleak and fear that they could not survive living here, for it is a land of snow and tundra and fierce winds. But they do not see the purity in the snow, and they rarely venture far enough to see the forests and streams where the spirits of many animals live and wander.

We do not allow them to go this far, for this is our final, untainted homeland. The Wind-spirits protect it for us, savaging any strangers who dare to enter, unless they are in need. These we will aid, but even they cannot travel long here.

In the villages, our ancestors sometimes come to dwell, traveling from the Path of Souls to teach us lessons. We bring them offerings, light fires and cook game for them.

From this place, we can glimpse the Path of Souls in the World Above the Sky, the world that is called the Aetherial Realm by others. Someday, we too shall walk that Path through the stars to new worlds that Grandmother has made for us.

Some do not always travel that path. Many get lost, or the spirits deny them entrance for some crime a wolf changer committed, such as Pauguk, who killed his brother to get his brother's wife. He now lives in the Land of the Dead, as do many of our ancestors who were killed by the wasichu. Until vengeance is delivered for them, they cannot go on.

For many reasons, we must cherish our Kin and protect them. If they are killed unjustly, they may become restless spirits, refusing to walk the Path of Souls and instead haunting us until we work revenge for them. They have a power now, one which even we sometimes fear. But more than anything else, we pity them and wish to end their suffering.

Other Garou

Our cousins from across the Great Waters do not like us much, and we do not like them. There is little to say about them, but I will say what there is:

Black Furies

We respect their might. But we do not respect their ways. They are unbalanced.

Bone Gnawers

They live in filth. But they are to be trusted more than the others, for they often keep their word — unless it is dangerous to do so. But even this we understand.

Children of Gaia

If all the Garou were like them, we could have lived in peace and harmony in this land, for there is room for all if each respects the other. But not all are like them, and the Children of Gaia do not understand this. They have few warriors and may one day regret the lack.

Fianna

They think that everyone likes them. They are wrong. They refuse to see themselves for what they are: fools and murderers.

Get of Fenris

We have fought many wars with these ones, for they respect no tribal boundaries and desire our caerns. Respect their might, if only to know best how to beat them. But give them no aid when they ask it. They would not give it to you.

Glass Walkers

We know little about these strange ones, who seem to be far more spider than wolf. Their spirits are those of spiders, always weaving. Stay away from them.

Red Talons

They are foolish, for they think that wolf-people are better than any other people. They are better than some, to be sure. But all beings have a right to what Grandmother gave us. These ones are selfish. Even our wolves know this.

Shadow Lords

They are perhaps the worst of those from over the sea. They share the wasichu's values: greed and selfishness. This tribe always takes from others rather than asking. For this reason, give them no aid and no respect.

Silent Striders

These ones confuse us. They have little family and walk alone. It is one thing for a wolf-changer to walk alone for a season or two, but he must always return to his people, his pack. But these ones rarely have others to live with. It is not healthy.

Silver Fangs

Like the Shadow Lords, these ones want to rule over all, regardless of whether they have earned or attracted followers. They claim that their traditions make it so. But their traditions are not ours. Grandmother gave us other ways. Ignore them. If they insult us, war on them.

Stargazers

Of all those from far away, these ones are the wisest. They respect our ways and often adopt them. They do not take what they are not given, and they walk the land leaving little mark. These ones we will aid. But even they are unhealthy, for they often yearn for unreal things.

Uktena — Older Brother

Older Brother has changed much. He is secretive now where he used to be kind. He is too secretive. We fear he hides power taken from the Horned Serpent with the hope, perhaps, to use it for himself. This is wrong. It will only harm him and others. We are wary of the Uktena tribe.

But they are our brothers and sisters. We cannot forsake them. When they ask our aid, we give it, no matter how much we may dislike the cause. But we usually ask for aid in return, hoping to teach the Uktena the old ways we follow. They know the old ways, but often practice other ways instead.

Like the Qualmi cats, too many of them become sorcerers, using their power for selfish wants.

Other Changers

Painted desert, peyote rain

Lord, don't let me go insane

Skinwalker, skinwalker

Through your eyes I can see

You have left your mark on me

—Patrick Leonard and Robbie Robertson, "Skinwalker"

Ne-o-ga was finished, and now it was Da-jo-ji's turn again.

There are other Changing Beings besides the wolf-changers. These skinwalkers are sometimes our allies and sometimes our enemies. Long ago, our ancestors fought them for land. In the Pure Lands, these struggles were little different than many of the wars fought by our human Kin, and no resentment would have come from them had it not been for the terrible wars our kind fought across the seas. There, they killed many other changers, and now all changers distrust the wolf-changers.

Gurahl

The bear-changers were here before us. They are the oldest. They were the first to warn Grandmother about the Horned Serpent and to fight it while we made our long journey here. We have always honored them. But many of them died before we could get here, and many more died at the hands of the wolf-changers from across the seas.

We protect the Gurahl as we do our own. Those bear-changers that we know of may call upon us at anytime, and

nothing is expected in return. We owe them this for what their ancestors gave us.

Pumonca

Da-jo-ji smiled now, as if he spoke of something he greatly enjoyed:

Many Wendigo-People fear the puma-changers and say that they are vain and too angry. I say ones who say so are fools, for the puma-changers are mighty warriors. Without their aid, the mountains of the Pure Lands would have been lost to the Horned Serpent People. When we first came, these evil beings fled to the mountains to live in caves where we could not find them. But the puma-changers found them. They had patience, and for days they would wait, watching until a Horned Serpent Person crawled from the mountain. Then they would pounce!

Mighty are the puma-people. Respect them well.

Ya-o-gah interrupted: "But know that they are selfish, and they do not always return aid they are given."

Da-jo-ji scowled: "So many say, at least."

Qualmi

The other cat-changers we know are the lynx-people, the Qualmi. Powerful angakut are they, for they can see and hear well the movements and voices of the manitous. Like the puma-people, they have the patience to wait quietly for many days to capture an enemy or a manitou. If it is a manitou, they will force knowledge from it before they let it go. Beware these ones, for they become sorcerers and often use magic to curse us from afar.

Nuwisha

I do not like them, for they find everything funny, but the coyote-changers are our friends anyway. They are not always easy to find, but they are there, hiding as somebody else or pretending to be something they are not, all so they can play pranks on someone.

Corax

The raven-people are good friends; we often hunt together. In return for their lore, we provide our might. Many of them prefer to hunt in the Ghost World, but they often get lost there. Their place is in this world, where the sun still shines.

Vampires

The Horned Serpent has many servants, many people who have taken up his ways. The most powerful of them are the vampires, those who eat the blood of the living. They refuse to walk the Path of Souls or go to the Land of the Dead, and they have learned how to pretend to live.

Their words can trick us and make us believe things that are not true. Kill them on sight. Pierce their hearts with wooden arrows and slice their heads off with hatchets. They are unholy and fear sacred things. Our Kin can sometimes scare vampires away by chanting sacred songs.

Mages

There are many Persons of Power who came from across the seas, but there were some among us before them. These people have great wisdom and have been chosen by the manitous. Such a Person of Power is a *ratetshents*, One Who Dreams.

Those who came across the seas do not speak to their dreams; they invent insane things and expect us all to believe in them. Some of them are black robes, the priests who tried to make our human Kin believe in their manitous, while others worship machines. Stay away from all of these ones; they are sorcerers possessed by their own selfish power.

Wraiths

As I said before, many of our Kin have refused to walk the Path of Souls after death. Some of them are denied this, for their hate or sorrow is so great that the spirits fear their presence would taint the Path. These ones haunt the Earth World, and live in their own world, the Land of the Dead, now a part of the Ghost World.

Many beings live there with them — not just our Kin, but dead *wasichu*, black people and yellow people. It is a very bad place where no one is happy.

Be careful how you walk when you are alive, so that you do not become as they are when you are dead.

Changelings

The Little People used to befriend us, but now they are afraid of the world and many in it. The thoughts of the *wasichu* hurt them. The *Maemaegawaehanse* used to live in the trees and play pranks on us. They were good-natured, and we enjoyed their laughter. The *Nebaunaubaewuk* lived in the waters and from time to time lured our Kin to their realm. There, they would make our people as they are and become their lovers. Their songs were beautiful but now are rarely heard.

If any of them come to you seeking aid, you should give it, for they can be helpful in return to you and your Kin.

The Winds Return to Their Gates

Da-jo-ji finished speaking, and as he did so, the wind battered hard upon the lodge walls. The elders all looked up, as if listening to a faraway voice.

Taken-From-Fire concentrated, trying to hear what they heard. He loosed his power and listened with ears that could hear the spirit speech. In the distance, far away, he heard a cry: "Return. Return to your gates. Release your winds, for Great *Wendigo* walks..."

"We are called," *Da-jo-ji* said, looking to *Ya-o-gah*.

Ya-o-gah smiled at *Taken-From-Fire*. "We must leave you sooner than we wished, but our Elder walks and needs our winds."

He stood and his robe fell off. *Taken-From-Fire* gasped, for he now saw that *Ya-o-gah* was a mighty bear. *O-yan-do-ne* also stood, and her robe fell to the floor to reveal a tall moose.

"Take what you have learned and return to your people," she said. "Teach these things to them. Tell them to teach these things to their children and grandchildren."

Ya-o-gah dropped to all fours and lumbered to the door, followed by *O-yan-do-ne*, whose antlers scraped the ceiling.

As they passed, *Da-jo-ji* stood and also dropped his robe. He was revealed as a puma, sleek and tan, with wiry strength. *Ne-o-ga* was the last to stand, dropping her robe to show that she was a faun.

"Do not look surprised, wolf-changer," she said to *Taken-From-Fire*. "We are of the *Wendigo*-People, although we are not wolf-changers ourselves. We are the Keepers of the Winds. *Ya-o-gah* contains the North Wind. His breath freezes the waters, and his bellow thunders like the hurricane. *O-yan-do-ne* contains the East Wind. Her breath is the mist which cloaks the land, and her antlers are the winds which bend the trees. *Da-jo-ji* contains the West Wind. His snarl tosses the waves of the sea, and his leap is the whirlwind. I contain the South Wind, and my voice is the babbling of brooks and the fall of flowers in the sweet, spring breeze.

"We are the wisdom of the winds, and we do not forget anything that has passed on the Earth World among our kind, the chosen children of Great *Wendigo*. Your people have lost too much and forgotten many of the songs. We called you here to learn them again. Whenever your people have need of our wisdom, they may call on us from the highest peaks by yelling into the direction of their choice, and we will come to teach your cubs anew."

She leaped over the bench and ran through the doorway, her hooves clattering. *Taken-From-Fire* ran after her, but as he left the lodge, all he could see was snow falling everywhere, covering the tracks of the Four Winds. He turned to go back to the lodge but it, too, was gone. He was once again in the Earth World, near the lands of his people.

He howled to the storm. In the distance, another howl answered. His pack was near. He called to them again, and they replied. After many howls, they found each other and were glad to find each other alive.

"What became of you, *Taken-From-Fire*?" his packmates asked. "Where have you been? We searched for hours."

"Come," he said, "let us return to our caern. I have much to tell the others...."

The wind stirs the willows.

The wind stirs the grasses.

Fog! Fog!

Lightning!

Whirlwind!

The rocks are ringing,

They are ringing in the mountains.

Now the sun's beams are running out,

The sun's yellow rays are running out.

We shall live again.



Appendix One:

Orenda

(Power)

The Indian hero displays awesome talents; he can change into any shape he wants or make himself invisible at will. His supernatural powers often come to him from earth and sky spirits in dreams, or are given to him by magicians. He may have to seize power by conquering another supernatural, perhaps the first in a series of tests he faces; sometimes he simply steals it, showing his cunning as well as his strength.

— Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz, *American Indian Myths and Legends*

Tribal Weakness (Optional)

The first of the **Werewolf Tribebooks** introduced an optional rule: tribal weaknesses, quirks the members of a particular tribe might possess, usually due to the social, spiritual or even genetic nature of a tribe. Weaknesses shouldn't always be enforced: In some rare situations, for instance, a Bone Gnawer might not suffer a higher difficulty on Social rolls. Likewise, Glass Walkers can't regain Gnosis in the wilderness, but in some areas with long-ago Weaver residue, such as abandoned homesteads, a Glass Walker might be able to reestablish his spiritual connections.

It is up to the Storyteller to enforce these rules when an appropriate situation occurs in the game. A player may be unwilling to remind a Storyteller when her Uktena's curiosity ought to get her into trouble.

Wendigo Weakness Wheel of the Seasons

The Wendigo have long lived in a very close relationship with the Earth and its ever-changing seasons. The tribe suffers a different weakness during different parts of the year, but it gains power in winter, the season of its totem.

Spring: +1 difficulty to Willpower rolls; the Wendigo have trouble concentrating as life quickens and grows.

Summer: -1 difficulty to frenzy rolls; summer is the traditional season of war, and this old habit is hard to break.

Fall: +1 difficulty to change forms; the world slips into slumber and new potentials die.

Winter: -1 difficulty on soak rolls; the Wendigo are hardest in this bitter season, and they save up all their hate to strengthen themselves during the harshest time of year.

Merits and Flaws

Spirit Parent (6 point Merit)

Your mother or father was a spirit (the other parent was a Garou). While it was most probably a Wind-spirit, it may have been an animal spirit, a plant spirit or any type of spirit. If the spirit was your mother, you may not know the truth immediately; you were probably left on someone's proverbial doorstep and raised as an orphan (or adopted by a she-wolf if you're lupus). The Storyteller and player should work together to determine the effects of this Merit, which depend largely on the nature of the spirit parent. However, some things are sure:

- The character begins with two extra points of temporary Renown, allocated according to the parent: A wild and dangerous Wind-spirit provides Glory, whereas a wise animal spirit may provide Wisdom.

- Banes hate the character more than usual and single him out of a pack for assault or punishment.

- The character has a spiritual boon, a mild power provided by his spirit heritage. It may be that he never suffers frostbite, can track caribou better than others, or walks more quietly than others.

- The character also has a mild drawback, some not-so-beneficial character trait, such as extreme impatience, impertinence, single-mindedness, selfishness, etc. It represents the bad side of his parent, whether the constant motion of the wind or the surly temper of a wolverine.

- The cost for the character's pack to take the parent as its totem is one point less than usual.

Bitter (2 point Flaw)

You exceed even your fellow Wendigo in bitterness, anger over the state of the tribe, the world or your Kin. Perhaps you were raised on a native reservation in extreme poverty, or you spent the first years of your life in a wolf pack evading hunters. Whatever the reason — and there may be no direct reason — you get angry easily at individuals whom you perceive to be the cause of your problems: wasichu, hunters, Horned Serpent People, etc. You are at -1 difficulty to frenzy when in their presence.

Gifts

- **Salmon Swim (Level Two)** — The character may move upon a river, lake or any other body of water as he does on land. This Gift is taught by a Salmon-spirit.

System: The player spends one Gnosis and may walk and/or run upon water for a number of turns equal to the successes scored on a Dexterity + Athletics roll (difficulty 7). In addition, he may perform a jump similar to that provided by the Lupus Gift: Leap of the Kangaroo, as long as he starts and ends on water.

- **Last Stand (Level Four)** — As the Get of Fenris Gift: Hero's Stand.

- **Wsitiplaju's Bow (Level Four)** — This Gift allows a Garou to shoot an arrow that can wrap around corners and hit targets out of sight. An Ancestor-spirit teaches this Gift.

System: The player spends a Gnosis point and rolls Perception + Archery (difficulty 9). The range of the weapon does not change. The Wendigo must know roughly where her opponent is, although she need not know precisely; "a few feet down that alley over there" can suffice, for example.



Croatan Gifts

The Wendigo still retain some lore from the Croatan, although they keep it secret from other Garou (even the Uktena) and teach it only to deserving Wendigo. The Storyteller may forbid any player character who lacks an *excellent* reason from learning these Gifts; at any rate, they count as Gifts of another tribe and must be learned at the increased experience cost.

- **Wyld Sight (Level One)** — The Garou can see Wyld energy in all its manifestations, thus allowing him to prevent it from growing too powerful or to defend himself against it. For instance, the Garou can see the mystic swirling of the Umbral wind that presages a tornado in the physical realm or feel the shaking of the Umbral earth before a real earthquake. A Garou using Wyld Sight in the physical world can also sense Wyld spirits in the nearby Penumbra, although the user must enter the Umbra to get more details. This Gift is taught by a Wyld-spirit.

System: The player rolls Perception + Enigmas (difficulty 6). If successful, the Garou understands the nature of the Wyld manifestation and realizes what form of Wyld-spirit is causing it. Use the following table to determine how early a Garou can predict a Wyld event:

Successes	Time Before the Event
One	10 minutes
Two	30 minutes
Three	One hour
Four	Three hours
Five +	One day

- **Turtle Shell (Level Two)** — The Garou can form a mystic protective shield around herself. The shield appears as a giant turtle shell that encases the Garou. The shell is opaque on the outside but translucent on the inside (attackers can't see in, but the Garou can see out). The Garou can choose to encase others in the shell with her. This Gift is taught by a Turtle-spirit.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Stamina + Survival (difficulty 6). For each success, the shell has two soak dice and two Health Levels (when the shell has no more Health Levels, it breaks apart).

In addition, two yards radius can be encased per success. A Crinos-form Garou requires about that much space, so with three successes, three Crinos-form Garou can fit into the shell (or perhaps six Homid- or Lupus-form Garou, or any such combination — Storyteller's discretion).

The shell lasts for one scene or until a Garou decides to break it, whichever comes first. Once its time is up or it is broken (whether by a Garou inside or by an enemy pounding his way in), the shell disintegrates.

- **Call Earth Spirit (Level Three)** — The Garou may summon an Earth-spirit to do one task for him. The user must have some earth with him (a handful of dirt or a rock). The Earth-spirit crushes things in its path, including foes it is directed against. This Gift is taught by an earth elemental.

System: The player spends one Gnosis point and rolls Manipulation + Occult (difficulty 8). The spirit's rampage (in a straight line for up to 30 yards) causes 10 dice of damage (nonaggravated) to anything in its path. It knocks down whatever it hits, rolling over objects or victims, and continues along its way. A botch on the summoning roll calls up a spirit hostile to the Gift user.

- **Hand of the Earth Lords (Level Four)** — As the Uktena Gift.

- **Resolute Vow (Level Five)** — Once a Garou with this Gift pursues a goal, nothing can stop her from achieving her ends. There are many legends of Croatan heroes who followed their vows of vengeance or spiritual quests against all odds, continuing on when less-resolute Garou turned back, fearful of failure. This Gift is now taught by Wendigo Ancestor-spirits.

System: The player spends a permanent point of Gnosis and declares her purpose or quest to all who can hear. From that point on, she must follow her quest through until the end. She adds six extra dice to any Willpower roll involving the quest (even if it takes her Willpower over 10 dice) and has six extra Willpower points to spend on the quest only. However, once spent, these points cannot be regained.

If the Garou chooses to give up her quest before it is completed, she loses any remaining bonus Willpower points and loses one permanent Willpower point for each of the bonus Willpower points that she spent after activating this Gift. The Garou may never regain permanently lost Willpower points. For instance, if the Garou gives up her quest after spending three of her bonus Willpower points, she may never have a Willpower rating higher than 7.

Note that the quest does not have to succeed, but it must come to a definite resolution for the Garou not to lose permanent Willpower.

Rites

Many of the details of Wendigo rites vary from region to region, for they are highly colored by the traditions of native Kinfolk. For instance, in some areas a Sweat Lodge may face east (a teaching lodge), whereas in others it may face west (a purifying lodge, uniting the setting sun with the moon). Such details usually are purely cultural, but it is considered bad luck to change one's way of doing them (unless one is the guest of another ritemaster).

Mystic Vision Quest

Level: Special

This rite usually accompanies a Rite of Passage or even substitutes for it among some septs. The Rite of Passage is often a means whereby a pack's young cubs learn to aid one another in accomplishing each cub's vision. They choose a totem from the patrons who came to them on their Vision Quest.

The Vision Quest is best if it occurs soon after the First Change (or before it, in the case of a cub known to be a Garou — even though she may not know herself). She is taken out to the wilderness, to a sacred spot (a cave, a waterfall, a ledge on a mountain) and left there to fast for a number of days (most often eight to ten). After four days have passed, someone usually checks on the cub to make sure she remains relatively healthy; if she is not, the quest is canceled but may be attempted again later.

If the quest is successful, a spirit comes to the supplicant in dreams and gives her a vision of her destiny, the goal that Grandmother wishes L.C. to achieve. The vision may be vague, for events to come are not fully "written," but to deny the vision may mean failure later in life. This spirit sometimes comes again

to the Garou later and is well-inclined toward her, although it does not have to be chosen as a pack totem.

System: This rite is not one the quester must learn; it is a task to be completed, successfully or not. Only one Vision Quest may be embarked upon in a person's lifetime, although that person may attempt the rite many times until successful (no more than once per season).

After at least four days have passed in seclusion, the supplicant may roll Stamina + Rituals (difficulty 7) once per day. The successes are tallied together, and when 12 successes have been achieved, the spirit comes to reveal a vision. Then, the quest is over. The Garou does not have to reveal her vision to others, but it may help her to get some advice from a Theurge.

If the character consumes food anytime during the rite, the difficulty of successive rolls increases by three.

Moon Dance

Level Four

This rite seeks prophetic wisdom from the Moon, especially concerning adventures or war parties. Rite participants all gather in the Umbra and proceed along a Moon Path (randomly chosen by the ritemaster). If the Moon favors their dance, a Lune appears and gifts the party with visions of the coming future, though only with regard to the object of their quest or war party: They might see Pentex executives leaving their office at night, meaning that monkeywrenchers may have an easier time breaking in then, or they might see a Wyld-spirit harassing one of the ritualists, meaning that such a spirit may trouble them in their coming venture.

Garou who seek potent visions scar themselves with klaives to show their devotion to the Moon and their willingness for sacrifice.

System: The ritemaster rolls Wits + Rituals (difficulty 7). The number of successes determines both the number of visions (clues) given and their degree of import (Storyteller's discretion). The difficulty of the roll drops by one per participant who cuts herself with silver (-3 maximum).

Accord Sweat Lodge

Level One

A version of the Rite of Cleansing, this rite specifically pertains to one's own self and health. The rite participants all gather in a sealed tent or lodge and pour water on heated rocks to create hot steam. Sage and cedar are sometimes burned to help cleanse the atmosphere.

Tricky spirits sometimes interrupt ceremonies, often yanking things from a person's hand or even disrobing a participant. Ritualists should greet these visitations with patience. If one behaves properly, he may be rewarded with some tidbit of knowledge.

System: In addition to the usual roll made by the ritemaster (Charisma + Rituals, difficulty 7), each participant makes a Willpower roll. If the roll is successful, all Stamina rolls are made at one less difficulty for the next two days. In addition, characters are considered cleansed, as if they had participated in a Rite of Cleansing.

Snow Walk

Level Four

Snow Walk, a powerful but dangerous rite, is attempted only by individuals whose taint or spiritual sickness cannot be cleansed with a Sweat Lodge. The supplicant goes off alone, without clothing or tools of any kind, into the frozen tundra of the far north (or into a fierce local snowstorm) and must survive there for at least three days. The first day may be trying, but it is on the third that the real test begins. If the rite is successful, Wind-spirits summon harsh gusts, hard hails and piercing ice to attack the Garou. If she survives, she is cleansed of any Wyrmtaint or spirit toxins and may even be freed of Harano.

System: The supplicant rolls Charisma + Rituals (difficulty 7). If successful, the storm comes. She must then roll Stamina + Survival. Only one success is required to cure Wyrmtaint or spirit toxins, but four are needed to banish Harano. If the roll fails, the Garou is reduced to Crippled and must heal as if she had taken aggravated wounds. In addition, she must roll against the Battle Scar chart.

Minor Offerings

This rite is a means by which the Garou becomes known to the spirits as a friend. It can affect the demeanor of summoned or encountered spirits by turning non-Wyrm hostile spirits into neutrals or friendlies. Various offerings, from tobacco to food, are required. Basically, the Garou must smoke a pipe of tobacco every morning or evening for an entire moon cycle, or provide a small offering from every meal he consumes during that cycle (by burying it nearby or leaving it in a place that animal spirits frequent).

System: After a complete moon cycle (from new to full) of daily observance, the character rolls Charisma + Rituals (difficulty 6). Each success adds one success to the roll used to determine a summoned spirit's demeanor (from hostile to friendly). In addition, these successes should be tallied and used to add in a similar manner to rolls made when meeting spirits. This bonus applies only to the next spirit encountered, although the Storyteller may instead allow it to steadily decrease with each new encounter, if the character carries herself well.

Oyarans (Totems) Totems of War Igaluk, the Hunter

Background Cost: 4

Traits: Igaluk gives his children skills in the hunt. One pack member at a time may increase his Perception by one, and that pack member may also subtract one from the difficulties of Stealth and Survival rolls.

Ban: Children of Igaluk must never mistreat their game; they must always thank any being they kill for food. Otherwise, Igaluk ensures that all animals beware the offending Garou.

Wakinyan Tanka, Thunderbird

Background Cost: 6

Traits: A member of Thunderbird's pack may add three dice to a Strength dice pool. Also, Thunderbird teaches his children the Gift: Clap of Thunder (as the Level Two Shadow Lord Gift).

Ban: Thunderbird is a dangerous totem to court. If a pack member's Rage ever exceeds her Willpower, she goes a little crazy. She behaves strangely and stays on edge (like someone who has had way too much coffee); all her frenzy roll difficulties are at -2.

The Winter Manitous (Negakfok, Tomanik, O'ha'a)

Background Cost: 4

Traits: A pack member may call upon the Gift: Chill of Early Frost. In addition, the manitous grant their children +1 to both Stamina and Survival.

Ban: Pack members may not seek shelter from a winter storm until they have suffered at least one Health Level of damage from the cold (frostbite).

Totems of Wisdom Skaia, Salmon

Background Cost: 5

Traits: Each pack member gains the Theurge Gift: Spirit Speech and the Gift: Salmon Swim. In addition, pack members' difficulties on Enigmas rolls are at -1.

Ban: Packs must do their best to protect and honor other spirits. They must never refuse a call for aid from a Gaian spirit.

Kiunik, Otter

Background Cost: 5

Traits: The pack may call upon the Theurge Gift: Pulse of the Invisible. In addition, its members may share a +1 bonus to Dexterity and Dodge amongst themselves under the usual restrictions.

Ban: Pack members must enter the Umbra at least once per moon cycle (from new to full) and follow a random Moon Path while there.

Whiskey Jack, Jaybird

Background Cost: 4

Traits: A pack member may call upon the Gift: Blissful Ignorance, and she gains +1 Charisma. In addition, the difficulties for all rolls to fool another with words are reduced by one.

Ban: Each pack member must steal something once per moon cycle, whether it's a pack of gum at the store or a Horned Serpent Person's fetish.

Peyote

Details on this powerful spirit can be found in the Werewolf supplement *Axis Mundi: The Book of Spirits*.

Fetishes Ghost Canoe

Level 3 (5), Gnosis 8

This canoe is not necessarily a full-sized one; it is usually a small carving of such a boat. Once activated, it allows its bearer to navigate the Umbra as if he had the spirit Charm: Airt Sense. There are full-sized versions of this fetish (Level 5) that can carry a number of Garou and can pass through the Umbral landscape as if it were water. Once activated, one of these potent fetishes enters the Umbra when its user steps sideways. Activation lasts for one day; if it wears off, the fetish must be activated again to get it out of the Umbra. Any spirit with Airt Sense can power this fetish.

Spirit Net/Spirit Snare

Level 3, Gnosis 5

This fetish comes in two different forms, a fishnet or a trapper's snare. However, it is not used to catch animals — it catches spirits. The Garou sets the trap as he normally would, but he must set it in the Umbra and then activate it. Spirits who wander over it must roll their Willpower in a contest against the snare's Gnosis; if the snare has more successes, the spirit is trapped. Once at least three hours have passed after setting it, the Garou may check the trap to see if he has any captives. Wendigo use this fetish to capture spirits and exact favors for freeing them (alternately, they place the spirits in fetishes). To create such a snare, the Wendigo must bind within it a Spider-spirit.

Echo Maker (Maedawaewae-Igun)

Level 4, Gnosis 7

This fetish is a shaman's drum, one which can aid in summoning spirits. When played for at least three consecutive turns and properly activated, it adds the number of successes on the activation roll to one subsequent summoning rite or Gift. This fetish is created by binding a Song-spirit.

Stone Bow

Level 4, Gnosis 6

Much like the bow of the legendary Gluskap, this warrior's weapon is sought after by many Ahrouns. It is a very strong bow made of stone, impossible to draw until it has been activated, after which it may be used only by the activator for the next scene. Its 240-yard range is twice that of a normal bow and, like a firearm, the user can add his attack successes to the damage dice pool — in addition to the normal 6 dice of damage the bow delivers (plus any extra for special arrowheads).

It is said that these bows are made from the bones of giants who died long ago and whose remains can sometimes be found buried in mountains or caves (usually in the Umbra). War-spirits bound within power these fetishes.

Ghost Dance Shirt

Level 5, Gnosis 7

A Garou wearing an activated Ghost Dance Shirt cannot be hurt by bullets or arrows — they bend around him or bounce off the leather shirt. Only magically-enhanced projectiles have a chance of harming the wearer, and they must contest their (or the caster's) Gnosis, Arete or Willpower (whichever is best applicable — Storyteller's discretion) against the fetish's Gnosis; whichever has more successes wins. Note that blows from melee weapons, claws, fists, etc. cannot be halted by the shirt, only projectiles.

These objects are sacred and take much prayer to produce, for a powerful Jaggling must be convinced to inhabit them (most often a crow, sacred messenger of the sun). A Ghost Dance Shirt usually features symbols of its inhabiting spirit. Misuse of a Ghost Dance Shirt angers most Wendigo and provokes them to take it from the offender.

Natural Fetishes

These "fetishes" are not so much made as found, although they require some ritual handling. Nonetheless, anyone — even Garou lacking any skill in rites — can use them, so potent is their power (at least for werewolves, who can activate fetishes with their Gnosis).

Purifying Plants

Level 1, Gnosis 7

Sage, cedar and sweet grass are some of the cleansing plants used in Wendigo ceremonies. Once activated (a process

that includes burning in the case of sage), purifying plants lower by one the difficulty of any cleansing-related rolls in their presence.

Tobacco

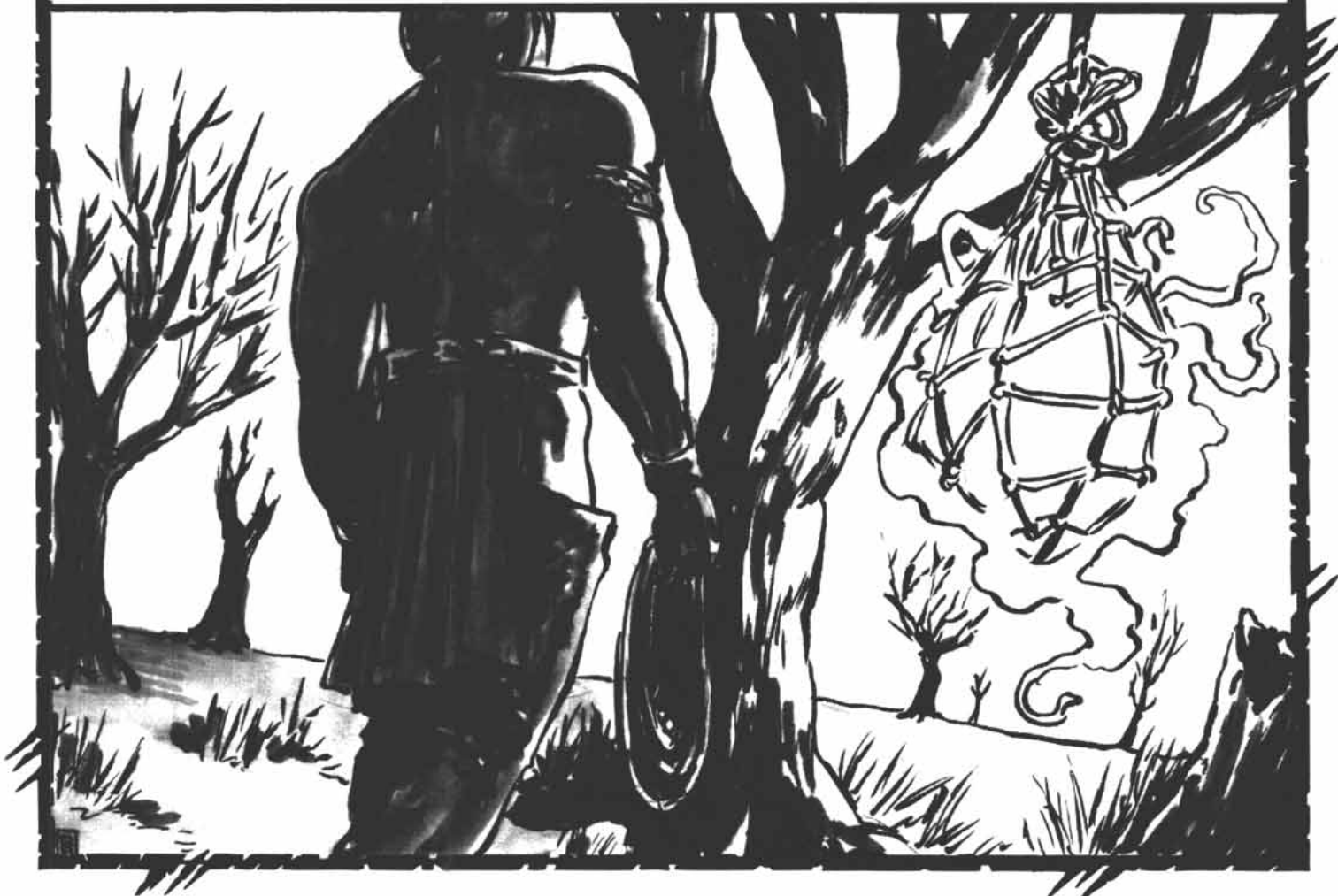
Level 1, Gnosis 7

Tobacco is, perhaps, the most holy of plants, for spirits regain Power points when it is offered in their name. Spirits are thus inclined to aid a Garou who offers such a sacrifice. If tobacco is activated and burned, it subtracts one from the difficulty of summoning spirits or calling on their aid. The number of successes on the activation roll is the amount of Power a particular named spirit regains, and each such point adds one success to the chart for determining its demeanor (*Werewolf*, p. 145). Only one such offering can be made to any spirit by the same Garou per day.

Deer's Leg Charm

Level 1, Gnosis 8

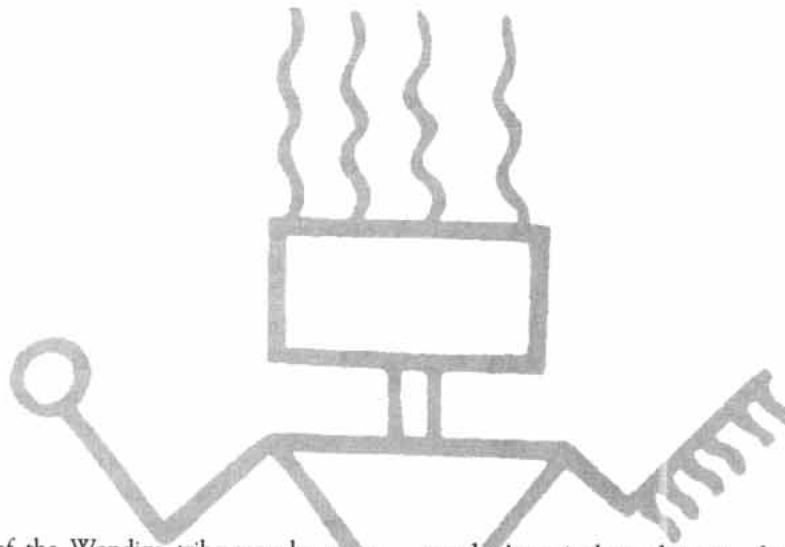
It is said that the oil of a deer's leg is strong magic; if one's eyes are anointed with it, one may shoot straighter than normal. The oil must be gained ritually from a slain deer, all of whose body parts must be put to good use. The oil is extracted and carried in a cloth. The Garou may paint it around his eyes and try to activate it; the number of successes on the activation roll then add to the attack roll of any bow (not firearm) attack for the next shot made by the ritualist.



Appendix Two:

Needjee

(Friend)



While members of the Wendigo tribe may be more culturally united than most other tribes, they are certainly not uniform in their practices. A homid is usually born to Natives on a reservation, and even if she is raised in ignorance of her people's past traditions, she learns them after her *kalukarluteng* — the Rite of Passage. Such individual traditions as ceremonies, dress, behavior and even languages can vary greatly. However, Wendigo all share the same overall tribal culture given them by the manitous — the Ways detailed in this book. For the most part, one Wendigo tends to be quite respectful of

another's particular traditions — far more so than he is toward ones of most other Garou tribes.

Now more than ever do these various traditions come together, whereas before they were widely removed from one another. The Wendigo have recently returned to the ancient fostering practice once shared among all the Pure Lands tribes: Cubs from one sept often go to a faraway sept for tutoring and to earn their first Renown. In this way, kinship ties among all the original peoples of the Pure Lands strengthen.

and the
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friends k
you with
poor Injun
visiting white f
Even your fan
liked playing pran
anybody else. Yo
important word
Soon after los
time. Your uncle t
about it, and then
others of your tri
They seem
do something
were a l
Everybody
were expecte
Given t
building out
dumping che
Concept:
First Change.
werewolf. They
But it's hard to
start gettin
Re
never
wron
to
nas and
to use

Prelude: You grew up on the rez, one that had gambling, and that meant money — and wasichu. You got a job at the gambling hall but got fired pretty fast after you and your friends kept playing tricks. The last time, they almost charged you with auto theft. They didn't understand. How else was a poor Injun kid going to get a car but to borrow one from the visiting white folks?

Soon after losing your job, you changed into a werewolf for the first time. Your uncle took you into the woods and taught you everything about it, and then he took you to the caern and introduced you to the others of your tribe.

Given that, you better get to work. That new road they're building out behind the rez, the one they say is going to be used for dumping chemicals — maybe that's a good place to start....

Roleplaying Hints: Act like an innocent kid who's never done anything wrong. Whenever you do something wrong, always act surprised that it wasn't the right thing to do. "What? You mean corn syrup screws up engine blocks when you pour it into a gas tank? Whoa. I didn't know that. Oh, well."



WENDIGO

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Homid*
Auspice: *Ragabash*
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Contrary*

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐☐☐☐☐
Dexterity ☐☐☐☐☐
Stamina ☐☐☐☐☐

Social

Charisma ☐☐☐☐☐
Manipulation ☐☐☐☐☐
Appearance ☐☐☐☐☐

Mental

Perception ☐☐☐☐☐
Intelligence ☐☐☐☐☐
Wits ☐☐☐☐☐

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Kinfolk ☐☐☐☐☐
Mentor ☐☐☐☐☐
Totem ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Gifts

Smell of Man ☐☐☐☐☐
Open Seal ☐☐☐☐☐
Camouflage ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Gifts

☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Renown

Glory

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

Rage

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Wounded Prophet

Quote: *I hope that I might return to the spirits all the blessings they have given me.*

Prelude: The Wendigo don't particularly appreciate their metis. Although mules are rarely left exposed to the elements to die these days (every wolf-changer is needed), they rarely receive the respect others naturally do. Everything a metis gets, he has to earn. This challenge was especially true for you.

Your sept felt that your birth had angered the local spirits, and in an attempt to appease them, they left you — a weeks-old cub — on a mountain peak for a day. They figured if you were still alive when they returned that the spirits must have forgiven them. Well, they were surprised to find that you were more than alive:

The animal people had made a crib for you from gathered wood, leaves and feathers. It was a powerful sign to the members of your sept, who were ashamed for their actions. While you were taken back and given the best of care, their angalkut fasted and prayed on the mountain for forgiveness for their cruelty.

At a very early age, you began uttering prophecies. At first, they were little things. You knew when a long-absent hunter was returning to the village, even though his canoe or truck was nowhere in sight. Sure enough, within the hour, he would appear.

Your people now expect great things of you. During your rite of passage, they sent you off alone rather than with a pack. A Horned Serpent beast found you and clawed out your left eye. You killed it and crawled back to your sept half-blind. Again, they thought it a bad sign and began to doubt you. But when you began seeing invisible things, visions of the future, with the eye that was no longer there, they knew that your wounding was a sacrifice.

Now, you must live up to their even greater expectations.

Concept: You are a weakling for a Garou, but you have powerful spirit affinities. Although many look away from your visage in disgust, they do their best not to anger you, for they believe that the spirits have chosen you for something great.

Roleplaying Hints: You are extremely humble, knowing that you have it much better than most metis of your tribe. You use your position to better their lot also. Although you do not ingratiate yourself to others, neither do you deny their company.

Equipment: Traditional medicine robes, staff, medicine pouch with tobacco, sage and pipe.



WENDIGO™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Metis*
Auspice: *Therurge*
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Wounded Prophet*

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Dexterity ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Stamina ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Social

Charisma ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Manipulation ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Appearance ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Mental

Perception ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Intelligence ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Wits ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

Animal Ken ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Drive ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Etiquette ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Firearms ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Leadership ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Melee ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Performance ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Repair ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Stealth ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Survival ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Knowledges

Computer ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Enigmas ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Investigation ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Law ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Linguistics ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Medicine ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Occult ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Politics ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Rituals ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Science ☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Advantages

Backgrounds

Past Life ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
Rites ☒ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
☐ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Gifts

Sense Wyrms
Spirit Speech
Call the Breeze

Gifts

Renown

Glory

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

Honor

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

Wisdom

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

Rank

Rage

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

Gnosis

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

Willpower

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

Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Federal Marshal

Quote: Are you going to come with me willingly or am I going to have to break some teeth? And don't even think about shooting that gun — it might make me angry....

Prelude: Your mother was Native American and your father Asian-American. For years, you had no idea what that made you. Your mother was ashamed of her heritage (like a lot of Indians of her generation), and your father was gung-ho American Dream, intent on leaving his Vietnamese past far behind him. They were both achievers, however, and built you a good home with strong prospects.

Maybe it was the lack of any roots that drew you to federal law enforcement — that and a good sense of right and wrong. The climate of political correctness, your minority status and your genuine ability catapulted you through the ranks, even though it seemed that a lot of your cases involved photo ops with high officials.

But on all those questionnaires throughout your career, you checked the "Asian-American" box rather than "Native American," which is why they eventually assigned you to some rather nasty cases in "Indian Country," as the old-timers called it. If they knew you were Native, you would have been assigned elsewhere — here they wanted another minority, someone who wasn't white but who wasn't Native, either.

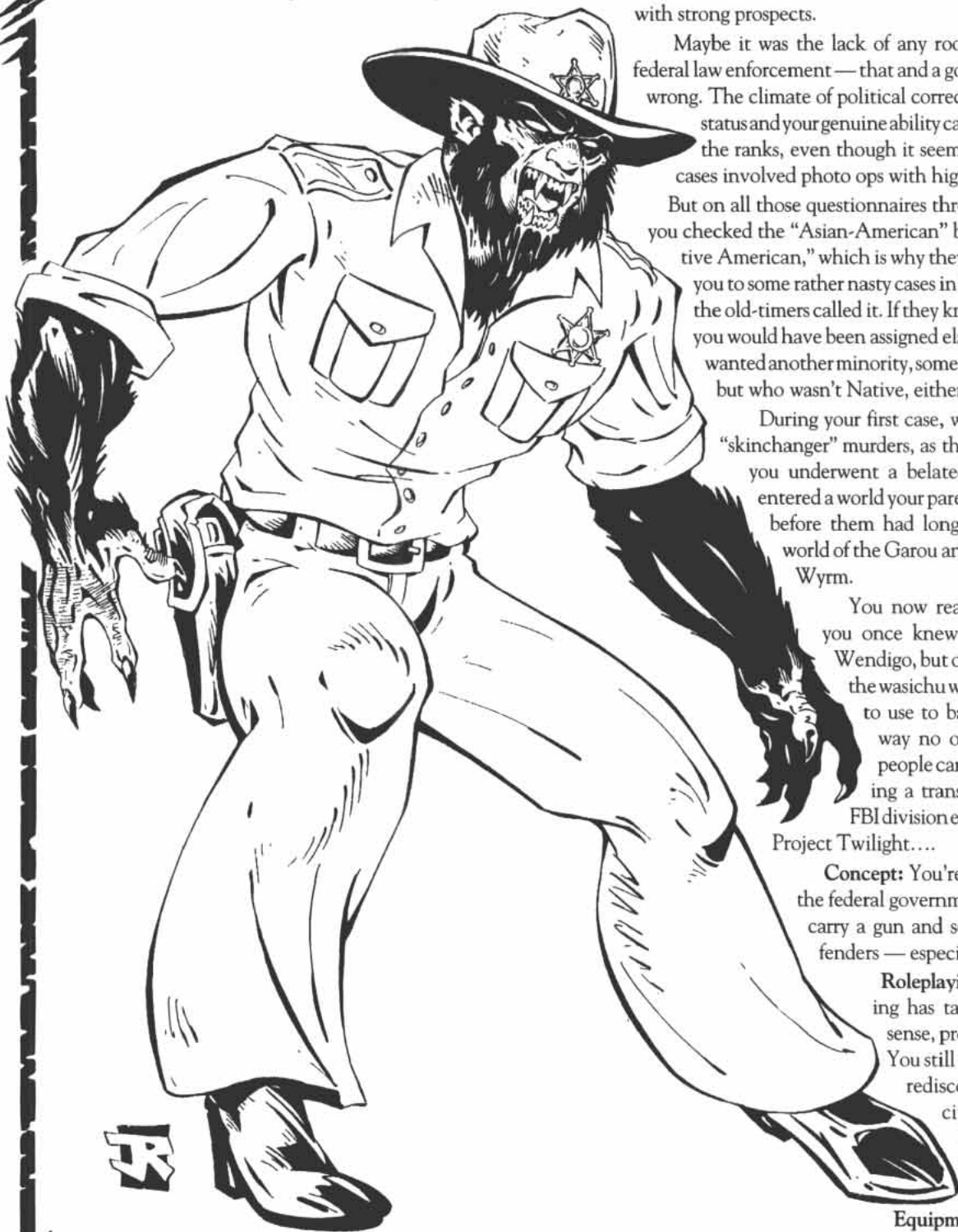
During your first case, which involved some "skinchanger" murders, as the locals called them, you underwent a belated First Change and entered a world your parents and their parents before them had long ago refused — the world of the Garou and the war against the Wyrms.

You now realize that everything you once knew is wrong. You're a Wendigo, but one with a good job in the wasichu world, a job you intend to use to battle the Wyrms in a way no one else among your people can. In fact, you're seeking a transfer to some obscure FBI division euphemistically called Project Twilight....

Concept: You're a Wendigo agent in the federal government, fully licensed to carry a gun and serve warrants on offenders — especially Wyrms servitors.

Roleplaying Hints: Your training has taught you a no-nonsense, professional demeanor. You still act the part, but your rediscovered heritage excites you to no end. Keeping it a secret from your coworkers is going to be tough.

Equipment: Bulletproof vest, automatic pistol, marshal's badge.



WENDIGO™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Homid*
Auspice: *Philodox*
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Federal Marshal*

Attributes

Physical

Strength ☐☐☐☐☐
Dexterity ☐☐☐☐☐
Stamina ☐☐☐☐☐

Social

Charisma ☐☐☐☐☐
Manipulation ☐☐☐☐☐
Appearance ☐☐☐☐☐

Mental

Perception ☐☐☐☐☐
Intelligence ☐☐☐☐☐
Wits ☐☐☐☐☐

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledges

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ☐☐☐☐☐
Past Life ☐☐☐☐☐
Totem ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Gifts

Persuasion _____
Truth of Gain _____
Camouflage _____

Gifts

Renown

Glory

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

Rage

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Powwow Dancer

Quote: *Ha'eye'ya he'yeye'! Ha'eye'ya he'yeye'!*

Prelude: You were born of the wolf-people, a lupus. After your First Change, the Wendigo wolf-changers brought you to a Native reservation near a caern. Your first glimpse of humans was at a powwow, a gathering of the human tribes. There, in a converted gymnasium, they danced, dressed in colors and feathers, and chanted their thanks. You wanted more than anything to be like them, to dance for Grandmother and chant songs to Her.

While you learned the ways of the wolf-changers, you also studied the ways of the humans who lived nearby. Although they thought you a bit odd (they called you "slow"), some of them adopted you and taught you their dances. Eventually, they let you dance with them in a costume of your own. Your agility amazed them all, as did the passion with which you sang and twirled. You quickly became a favorite.

You now know many dances: the hoop dance, the deer dance

and others. As much as you like to hunt the Horned Serpent People with your pack, you hate it when it draws you away from the powwow circuit. Therefore, your pack decided to travel the circuit with you to aid Natives against the Wurm wherever you all go.

Concept: You're a wolf in love with sacred, ceremonial dance. Ancient stories come to life when you enact ritual dances. You have won many prizes, but care little for them — it is the actual dancing you enjoy.

Roleplaying Hints: You're not very talkative — you are a lupus, after all. You communicate best through gesture. You have recently tried incorporating your dancing into combat. Doing so has improved your ability to avoid enemy blows, and even to confuse enemies at times.

Equipment: The only thing you own is your dancing outfit: a colorful shirt, loincloth and leggings, all adorned with ribbons and feathers. You also have an eagle-feather fan and some hoops.



WENDIGO™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Lupus*
Auspice: *Galliard*
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Potivoviv Dancer*

Attributes

Physical	Social	Mental
Strength <u>●●●●●</u>	Charisma <u>●●●●●</u>	Perception <u>●●●●●</u>
Dexterity <u>●●●●●</u>	Manipulation <u>●●●●●</u>	Intelligence <u>●●●●●</u>
Stamina <u>●●●●●</u>	Appearance <u>●●●●●</u>	Wits <u>●●●●●</u>

Abilities

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

Advantages

Backgrounds	Gifts	Gifts
<i>Fetish</i> <u>●○○○○</u>	<i>Leap of the Kangaroo</i> <u> </u>	<u> </u>
<i>Allies</i> <u>●○○○○</u>	<i>Call the Wyld</i> <u> </u>	<u> </u>
<i>Pure Breed</i> <u>●●○○○</u>	<i>Call of the Breeze</i> <u> </u>	<u> </u>
<i>Totem</i> <u>●○○○○</u>	<i>Balance</i> <u> </u>	<u> </u>
<i>Rites</i> <u>●●○○○</u>	<u> </u>	<u> </u>

Renown
Glory

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

Honor

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

Wisdom

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

Rank

Rage

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

Gnosis

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

Willpower

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

Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

Kin Protector

Quote: *We sign too many papers. This one to get our welfare. This one to loan our land. This one to sell it. I will sign no more papers!*

Prelude: More than anything else, the poor state of your human Kin concerns you. You were born a Native American on the Pine Ridge reservation, one of the poorest places in the country. Your grandmother instilled a strong sense of tradition in you, and you have grown up to fight for your people's cultural rights, such as the return of land long ago taken from them wrongfully.

Your grandmother was a wolf-changer, and so are you. Your First Change came about in violence, during a bar fight started by drunken wasichu. You'd come to take your brother home, for he was drunk, but the wasichu wanted to fight. In the dark parking lot, they smashed a beer bottle across your face for ignoring them, and you lost all control. They screamed as they saw the giant battle-form loom before them, and they died screaming.

Your brother could barely believe what had happened. His words calmed you down, and you returned home with him. But grandmother knew that the police would soon

come, and that you had to leave, to live hidden with other wolf-changers.

It hurts you to have left your family, but you know it must be so. You have since sworn to protect your Kinfolk from what the wasichu do to them, and what the Horned Serpent People do to all people.

Concept: You're a warrior protecting Native American rights. You have little patience or mercy for anyone who preys on your Kinfolk. Years of empty promises made to your people have made you bitter. Although you can get along with other tribes, you have difficulty taking even their promises and oaths seriously — a flaw you'll eventually have to overcome.

Roleplaying Hints: You are a stern Garou, and you take little pleasure from the humorous antics of the contraries. You always wonder how you can turn the fate of your people around and drive the Horned Serpent away.

Equipment: Jeans, flannel shirt, baseball hat with an eagle feather tied to it, bowie knife.



Wendigo



Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: *Homid*
Auspice: *Ahrunn*
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: *Kin Protector*

Attributes

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

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

Advantages

Backgrounds	Gifts	Gifts
<i>Kinfolk</i> ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	<i>Smell of Man</i> _____	_____
<i>Pure Breed</i> ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	<i>Razor Claws</i> _____	_____
<i>Totem</i> ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	<i>Camouflage</i> _____	_____
_____ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	<i>Resist Pain</i> _____	_____
_____ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	_____	_____

Renown	Rage	Health
<i>Glory</i>	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Bruised ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Hurt -1 ☐
<i>Honor</i>	<i>Gnosis</i>	Injured -1 ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Wounded -2 ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Mauled -2 ☐
<i>Wisdom</i>	<i>Willpower</i>	Crippled -5 ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	Incapacitated ☐
☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	<i>Weakness</i>
<i>Rank</i>	☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐	WHEEL OF SEASONS: WEAKNESS VARIES BY SEASON

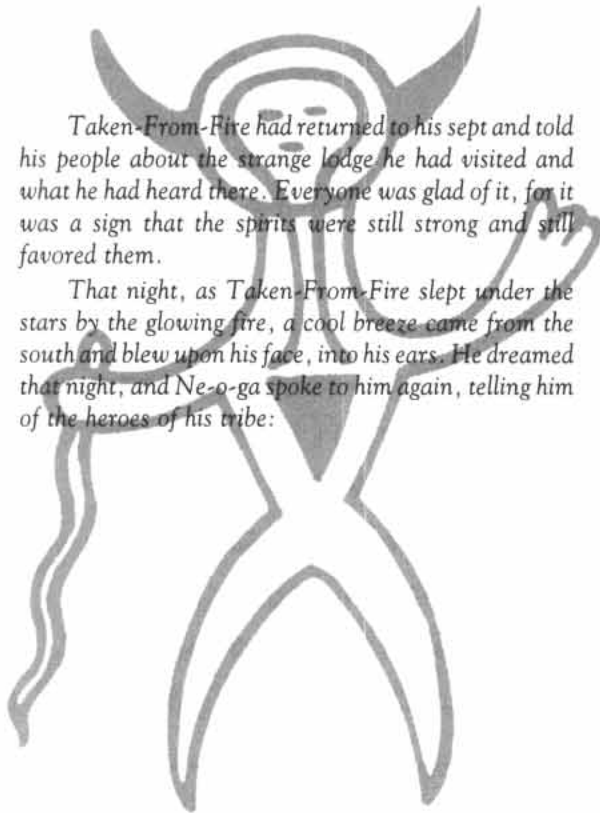
Appendix Three:

Mitakuye Oyasin

(All My Relations)

Taken-From-Fire had returned to his sept and told his people about the strange lodge he had visited and what he had heard there. Everyone was glad of it, for it was a sign that the spirits were still strong and still favored them.

That night, as Taken-From-Fire slept under the stars by the glowing fire, a cool breeze came from the south and blew upon his face, into his ears. He dreamed that night, and Ne-o-ga spoke to him again, telling him of the heroes of his tribe:





Myeengun

Long ago, well before the wasichu came to this land and the Croatan died, there was a Pure One child who wandered away from his home and became lost. He was found by wolves and raised by them. Eventually, he became a wolf himself.

This was in the long-ago times, when Beings were not as set in their ways as they are now, and people could change into other people. Not just wolf-changers or the Ones Who Dream could do this thing, but anyone who met a magical being or lived a magical life could as well. Myeengun was one such person.

Because he was born as a human, he knew human ways, and because he became a wolf and was raised by them, he knew their ways also. He was a famous wolf. He returned to his human family after a time and became friends with Nana'b'oozoo, a silly but likable one, a person with a great destiny.

Nana'b'oozoo did many great things, but they came about not because he willed them, but almost by accident. He was a lucky one. Once, he dared Myeengun into crossing the ice when it was too thin. Myeengun fell in and was sucked down to the realm of Mishi-bizheu, the Great Lynx who lived under the water. Nana'b'oozoo

thought he was dead and went about for a long time crying for Myeengun and planning revenge against the Great Lynx.

But Myeengun was not dead. He tricked the Lynx and escaped from the waters. He didn't bother to tell Nana'b'oozoo, though, thinking that his friend should learn a lesson from it. Later, he revealed himself to his friend again, but only after he'd had many more adventures of his own, after he'd taught the wolf-changers what it was like to be wolves.

Shogecka Hunter Moon

Great among the Wendigo-People was Shogecka Hunter Moon. Her war band still exists, for the Warpath looks to her as its ancestor and swears its oaths in her name.

She fought alongside Tecumseh and gathered a loyal band of Garou, blood-oathed to follow her. When Tecumseh fell, she still carried on the war. Many Horned Serpent People wish she had never lived, for they would perhaps still be alive today were it not for her and her warriors.





Evan Heals-the-Past

Evan is renowned among the other wolf-changers for aiding their king, Albrecht of the Silver Fangs. Because of this union, the Silver Fangs now listen to your tribe's counsels.

Many of your people distrusted him when he first came to his heritage, for he appears to be a wasichu. His Native and wolf-changer great-grandparents can barely be seen in his face, but they are in his blood. For this reason, he has had to work harder to prove himself among the Wendigo-People, but the spirits accept him.



Mask Maker

Mask Maker lived in the times of Shogecka Hunter Moon, although he was a cub when she first began to fight. He was an angalkuq, one wise in the ways of the False Faces, the masks representing healing spirits. It is said that he could carve a mask in one night and from any wood. Spirits came to live in these masks, and he had one for every kind of power imaginable.

He traveled to the south and west to join the Uktena and learn their ways. It was a bad time, for the wasichu did not know how to behave, and they went around shooting each other all the time. They called it the "wild west."

Mask Maker and his Uktena friends used their masks to scare the Horned Serpent People and many wasichu also. Some say that, though he is now gone, his masks still exist, buried somewhere in the land of canyons to the southwest or in the mountains where the Pumonca once lived.





John Blackfeather (True Arrow)

Many wasichu have heard of and seen John Blackfeather, for he is an actor in their movies. He was once an activist for Native American rights, but has since decided to teach his people's ways in movies, which all wasichu can understand. He has won awards.

What few wasichu know is that he is a Wendigo wolf-changer, and that he fights the Horned Serpent in the movie industry. Sometimes, you may hear of a death on a movie set. It is not always an accident. Often, it is the justice of True Arrow, the name by which we know John Blackfeather.

He has many enemies, some of them from the days when he fought for Native rights on the reservations. The Horned Serpent has many servants in these places, and they wish to destroy True Arrow and his pack. So far, they have not been able to do so.

Shadow Walker

He is one of the greatest warriors among us, for he has often counted many coup against the Horned Serpent People who pretend to be wasichu. He killed many of the leaders of the Pentex company, and for this they hate him and offer great rewards for evidence of his death. But they have never found him. He is very crafty, and even we cannot always find him.

He walks in a sacred manner and has many friends among the manitous. They help him to escape when he plays tricks on his enemies. It is as if he was never there. He also calls upon his friends to aid the wolves that run wild and free. He will swear revenge on anyone who harms them.



Maq'pe-Luta (Red Cloud)

This great warrior has received much renown for slaying Horned Serpent People who prey on the Natives of the Dakotas. The Horned Serpent had to be sly to harm Red Cloud, so he whispered to the wasichu, and the weak ones in the government listened.

They accused Red Cloud of killing innocent people, although this was not true. They have tried to catch him ever since, telling all the Natives that he is a criminal who must be brought to justice. But they are the criminals, following the Horned Serpent's lies rather than listening to the hearts Grandmother gave them.

He evades them for now, given shelter by many who follow his cause. He is always on the move, going where he is needed throughout Wendigo lands. Perhaps one day you will meet him and fight beside him.

There are many more ancestors and living heroes to speak of, but their tales will be told later. Now you must sleep and grow your strength, for you have many battles before you.

There will come a day when all will be as it once was, and you will cry: "A'gali-ye! They have returned!"



WENDIGO™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed:
Auspice:
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept:

Attributes

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

Abilities

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

Advantages

Backgrounds	Gifts	Gifts
○○○○○		
○○○○○		
○○○○○		
○○○○○		
○○○○○		

Renown Glory

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank

Rage

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

○○○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

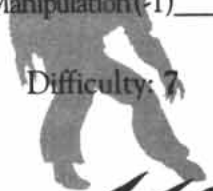
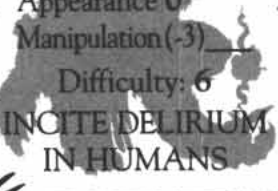
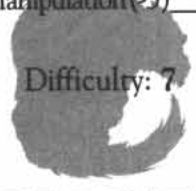
Health

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

Weakness

WHEEL OF SEASONS:
WEAKNESS VARIES
BY SEASON

WENDIGO™

Homid	Glabro	Crinos	Hispo	Lupus
No Change	Strength (+2)____ Stamina (+2)____ Appearance (-1)____ Manipulation (-1)____	Strength (+4)____ Dexterity (+1)____ Stamina (+3)____ Appearance 0____ Manipulation (-3)____	Strength (+3)____ Dexterity (+2)____ Stamina (+3)____ Manipulation (-3)____	Strength (+1)____ Dexterity (+2)____ Stamina (+2)____ Manipulation (-3)____
 Difficulty: 6	 Difficulty: 7	 Difficulty: 6 INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS	 Difficulty: 7	 Difficulty: 6

Other Traits

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

Fetishes

Item: _____	☐ Dedicated	Level _____	Gnosis _____
Power: _____			
Item: _____	☐ Dedicated	Level _____	Gnosis _____
Power: _____			
Item: _____	☐ Dedicated	Level _____	Gnosis _____
Power: _____			

Rites

Combat

Maneuver/Weapon	Roll	Difficulty	Damage	Range	Rate	Clip

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

†These maneuvers do aggravated damage.

Armor: _____

WENDIGO™

Nature:

Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Pack Totem

Kinfolk

Past Life

Mentor

Pure Breed

Possessions

Gear (Carried):

Equipment (Owned):

Sept

Name: _____
 Caern Location: _____
 Level: _____ Type: _____
 Totem: _____
 Leader: _____

Experience

TOTAL: _____

Gained From: _____

TOTAL SPENT: _____

Spent On: _____



LENDIGO™



History Prelude

[illegible]

Description

Age: _____

Hair: _____

Eyes: _____

Race: _____

Nationality: _____

Sex: _____

Height | Weight

Homid:	
--------	--

Glabro:	
---------	--

Crinos:	
---------	--

Hispo: _____

Lupus:	
--------	--

Battle Scars:

Metis Deformity:

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch