



*A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse[™]
Tribebook 6*

GLASS WALKERS

TRIBE BOOK



To: All sept members

From: Susan "CEO" Scapelli

Re: Recent city-wide security breaches

It has come to my attention that the bruhaha with the fomori last week (Saturday, 12:05 am) was due entirely to a lack of alertness among our membership. The signs of their buildup were woefully apparent after the fact. If proper security protocols had been observed, none of the Banes would have infiltrated the zone and captured so many residents.

I am calling for an overall review of city-wide security procedures. All Garou are to report to their pack leaders for proper instructions. All House leaders are to report to the Don. All allied spirits are to be notified of this activity and asked to help out however possible. Don't screw this one up, folks. The last thing we need is an irate building or street.

I want the results of this review on my desk by next Friday, 9:00 am sharp.

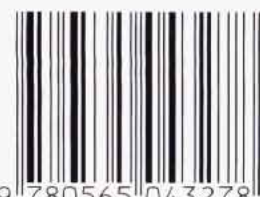
Glass Walkers Tribebook includes:

- The history and culture of the Glass Walkers
- A "Legends of the Garou" comic book
- Five ready-to-play character templates



150 PARK NORTH BOULEVARD
SUITE 100
YARLINGTON, VIRGINIA 22134
USA

ISBN 1-56504-327-8
WW 3056 \$10.00/ \$14.50 can.



9 780565 043278



HAZARDS IN THE WORKPLACE

Story by: Emery Barnes

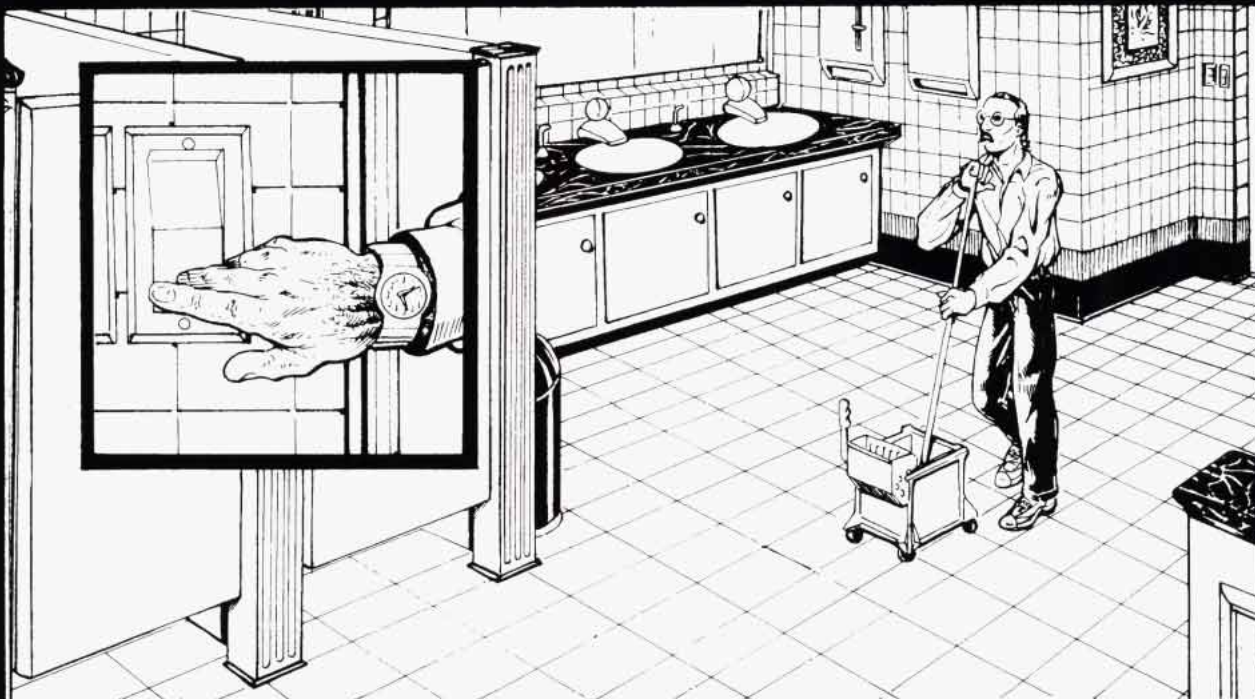
Art by: Brent Trammel

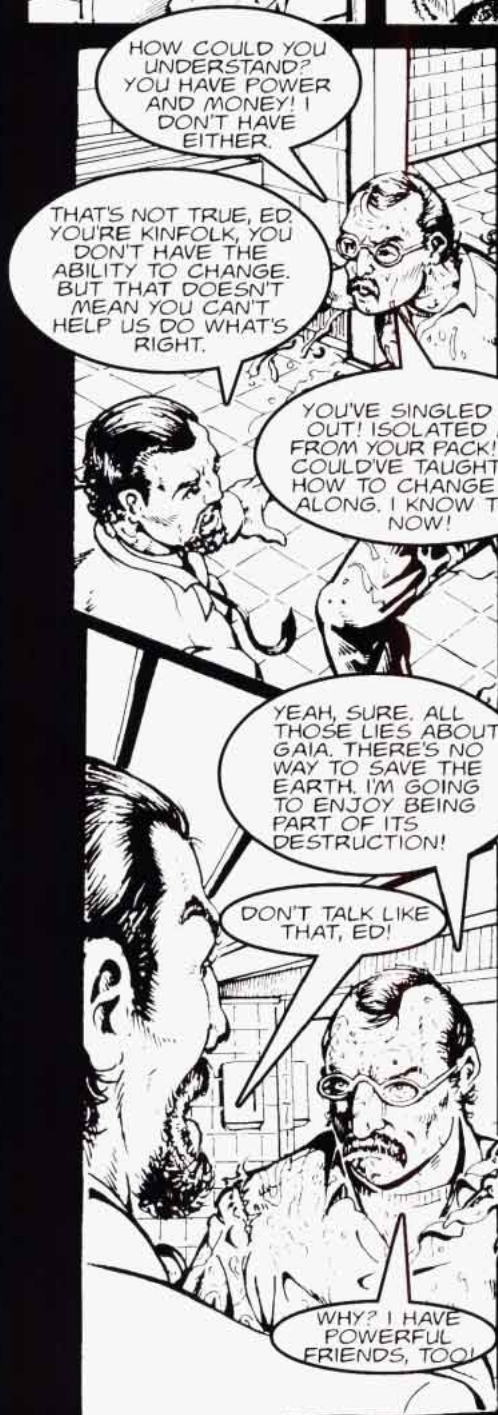




LATER...









BY THE POWER OF GAIA AND
THE WEAVER'S ENERGIES THAT
RUN THROUGH ME, I EXORCISE
YOU, EVIL SPIRITS OF THE WYRM!
BE GONE FROM THIS PLACE,
NEVER TO RETURN!

CHAKA-CHAKA-CHAKA!

CHAKA-CHAKA-CHAKA!

Yurgh!

BRAP-APP-APP!

CHAKA-CHAKA-CHAK!

YES! I'LL TEAR OUT
YOUR HEART AND
EAT IT!



END

CLASS WALKERS

Wolves at the Gate

By Emrey Barnes

Credits

Written by: Emrey Barnes
Developed by: Bill Bridges
Editing: Annie Schultz
Art Director: Richard Thomas
Comic Book Art: Brent Trammel
Interior Art: Brian LeBlanc and Mike Chaney
Back Cover Art: Joshua Gabriel Timbrook
Front and Back Cover Design: Lawrence Snelly
Typesetting & Layout: Kathleen Ryan

White Wolf, Inc. Execs

Mark Rein•Hagen and Stewart Wieck, Owners
Stephan Wieck, President
Wes Harris, Vice President of Marketing
Michael Krause, Vice President of Sales
Richard Thomas, Vice President of Production and Design
Ken Cliffe, Director of Development and Editing
Benjamin T. Monk, Jr., Controller
Rebecca Schaefer, Warehouse Manager
Call (404) 292-1819

Special Thanks

Andrew "Antedeluvian" Greenberg for the hordes of neonates slaving for his position.
Phil "Hassan chop!" Brucato for his gift to future generations.
Mike "Thumbilina" Tinney for being a girly man who can't lift a desk.
Ian "The Fisher King" Lemke for suffering Rob's Dolorous Stroke.
Jennifer "Goth girl" Hartshorn for her nocturnal singing.
Ken "Ralidium poisoning" Cliffe for his big buy at the miniatures convention.
Cynthia "Invisible Girl" Summers for hiding away in her office.
Laura "Zipped" Perkinson for her cool outfit at the World Horror Con.
Ethan "Home on the range" Skemp for placing his desk where the tumbleweeds blow.



SUITE 100
780 PARK NORTH BLVD.
CLARKSTON, GA 30021

©1995 by White Wolf, Inc.. All rights reserved. Reproduction without the written permission of the publisher is expressly forbidden, except for the purpose of reviews. **Werewolf: The Apocalypse** and **Glass Walkers Tribebook** are trademarks of White Wolf, Inc.. All characters, names places and text herein are copyrighted by White Wolf, Inc..

The mention of, or reference to any company or product in these pages is not a challenge to the trademark or copyright concerned.

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

Author's Dedication

To the machines that realize that a couple of humans have respect for them. To the co-workers and relatives who died during the writing of this book: Henry, Todd Smith, Grandma Pease and Phyllis Kutner. Thanks to the guys at the Sunday night game: Chris, Rick, Brad, Steve, John and Russ. Thanks to my parents for never telling me that trying to be a writer is a foolish maneuver. Don't let the media pull the wool over your eyes. Live life the way that you think it should be lived. Long live liberty. Fight for freedom.

GLASS WALKERS

<i>Introduction: Metal Organism</i>	13
<i>Chapter One: The March of History</i> The history of the Glass Walkers.	15
<i>Chapter Two: High Society</i> The culture of the Glass Walkers.	29
<i>Chapter Three: Worldly Contacts</i> The Glass Walkers around the world.	43
<i>Appendix One: Powers of the City</i> New Gifts, rites, fetishes and totems.	51
<i>Appendix Two: Residents of the Naked City</i> Five ready-to-play characters.	55
<i>Appendix Three: If We Built Statues....</i> Famous Glass Walkers of the past and present.	66



Introduction: Metal Organism

In the city, the quiet city, the lion sleeps tonight.
— Weiss/Peretti/Creatori, "The Lion Sleeps Tonight"

Watch the new life grow. Look at it. The long wires are seeking outward. The pulse is throbbing at 60 hertz. Its mouth is broadcasting information and its eyes and ears are absorbing it. A metal organism. Humans befriend it and steward its children — new models with stylish improvements and add-on gadgets. A symbiotic relationship of give and take. So goes the cycle of mechanical evolution. The ecosystem of the City. The City grows and changes, just like the wilderness. If only the other Garou would take the time to look, they might understand — this world needs both cities and forests! They are both of Gaia!

We are the Glass Walkers, the lions of the City. We have always dealt with the young spirits of mechanism. These young spirits bring the greatest returns on our

spiritual investment. Don't listen to the other Garou who say we are of the Wyrms. We guard the City from the corruption of the Wyrms.

Don't listen to the lies proclaiming that the Wyrms thrive within technology. The user perverts technology. Sure, Wyrms-tainted technology exists; however, the use of a tool makes all the difference in the world. Metal doesn't lust or yearn. The flesh is weak. We are closer to our human side than any of the other tribes. Sure, the wolf is weak within us, but this only makes our connection to the new life stronger! Yes, we know that the Wyrms hide in the hearts of humans. Through them, it seeks to dominate and subvert the world. We won't let it. We're going to win this war. Not through claw and fang, but with cunning and strategy.



BRIAN
LEBLANC
95

Chapter One: The March of History

Even a crude tool is powerful because it can be used to make other tools. Later, the bow and arrow gave an advantage, as did metal and the wheel. In each case, the tribe interested in mechanical manipulation survived, while those less interested declined. This leaves us in today's paradoxical state. We are bio-technophiliacs; we are lovers of the Wild Earth and of technology. Today, we have both elements in our genetic heritage; we love the natural world and we love machines, so we flit back and forth between the two realms, never quite sure where our allegiance lies.

—Frank Waters, "Strange Mindfellows: Can Biophilia and Technophilia Co-exist?", *Wild Earth*

My bones ache and my muscles atrophy. Even the cyber-fetishes implanted within me long ago have begun to rust. The spirits inside of them taunt me. "You're lazy!", they say. "You are old!" It is true. I am only a shambling corpse of what I once was. But I can still howl and rush into battle.

Procrastination — Lethargg, the Urge of Apathy — drags me down and warps my being. Yet I must continue. There are things I must tell you before I die. But what of procrastination? What can be done to kill this beast? It haunts us all. You lie when you say you have never fallen under its evil spell. It is a curse of those who live within the City!

I am Samuel Carlos Scapini. My Garou name is "Vacuum Tube" (shows you how old I am!). Sammy "Vacuum Tube" Scapini. I've never run with the crowd. I've always been somewhat of a monkeywrench among monkeywrenchers, and I've got something to tell you about the Glass Walkers. I've been inside and outside of the tribe, so I've gotten a pretty good view.

Listen and take heed to this information. I can only hope that you're smart enough to learn from the mistakes of others. Our tribe has the most complete, written documentation of historical events of any of the Garou. But I haven't read all of it. I'm no expert on history. But listen well. Listen, and I will tell you what I know of being a Glass Walker.

Before the City

...It seems possible that the traditional relationship [between stone flakes and cores in the tool-making process] might be reversed: the flakes may have been the primary tools and the cores often — although not always — simply the byproduct of manufacture... and therefore indicative of neither the maker's purpose nor the artifact's function.

—Nick Toth, "Ape at the Brink", *Discover*

Sometime during the unrecorded days of history, the Silver Fangs ordered a group of Garou to form a pack to watch over humanity, ensuring that the little troublemakers wouldn't get too dangerous. They were called the Warders of Apes.



In these days, humans were hardly a threat to us, but we watched them anyway. Their antics had always seemed strange. There was another pack set to watch over wolves as well, but the wolves didn't do much.

Now, the Warders, after watching the humans for a while, realized the humans were on to something — something big. They used wood and stone tools to make up for their lack of natural weaponry. The Warders thought this was clever. They also realized, after watching the human medicine men, that humans didn't figure all of this out on their own. They received help from the tools themselves. The Warders went into the Spirit World to meet with the spirits of rock and stone, to learn the Gifts they were teaching to the humans.

The story goes something like this:

The pack leader spoke to the gathered rocks. "Listen to me, spirits of stone and rock. We have watched you and the apes. You have taught them powerful Gifts. Will you teach these Gifts to us?"

A large, speckled rock moved forward from the others and spoke with a voice sounding like shifting gravel. "Yes, but you must make a promise to us. The apes began to lose respect for us because of our abundance. Humans use our children and then toss them aside. You must swear to always respect us." A rumbling like an avalanche followed as the others mumbled amongst themselves.

The pack leader replied, "Are we not Garou? Do we not always keep our promises? I vow to respect you and to call upon your strength to aid me. I will not discard you as do the apes. My kind and I will carry you with us and make your kind grow even stronger!"

"If what you say is true, we will always aid you. Call upon us, and we will break your opponents' bones and draw forth blood in raging torrents!" Several rocks and stones began bumping into the speaking spirit. "But there is one more thing. To prove your truthfulness to us, you must grant us one favor."

The pack leader's chest swelled with pride. "Name the favor you wish, and it shall be yours!"

"Help us to fly like the birds," the spirit said. The pack leader's gaze fell to the earth. "We have always dreamed of soaring through the air as they do. The most we ever get to do is fall from a cliff. This works fine as a means of reproduction, but it is not the same as flying through the air."

"I think this favor is going to take a little while," the disgruntled pack leader said, and he traveled back to the world.

And so an oath was sworn to the rock spirits. The Warders struggled for a long time to figure out how to make the rocks fly like birds. The spirits of the air would not deign to help them lift the rocks so they always fell quickly, even when tossed by the strongest Garou among them.

One day, they saw a human chip a small piece of stone and tie it to a stick. He placed bird feathers on the other end of the stick. Then he picked up the stick and fit it to another stick that had animal gut tied tightly to the ends, making the stick curve. The human pulled back the gut and let go. Zoom! The stick and stone flew through the air, farther than any Garou had been able to throw!

The Warders then discovered the answer. They all began using bows and arrows soon after that. Their vow to the rock spirits was accomplished; in return, the spirits ensured that their arrows always struck with great might.

Word of the Warders new magic soon spread, and other Garou began to use bows and arrows. The Warders became very popular and they continued to watch the humans for new tricks. Many Ragabash found it great fun to follow the humans and steal their secrets. The Warders watched the humans summon forth sharp, cutting edges out of stone. But the humans would use them and then haphazardly discard them. The abandoned rock spirits would call to the Warders; thus, their supply of tools grew.

Then the humans figured out that fire spirits hid within rocks and wood. The Warders watched them carry out their spirit-calling, in awe of their cunning. They began to fear the human Theurges who we now call mages. Garou feared fire, for they had no control over its power to consume things. Fire is of the Wyld.

Around that time, the rock spirits said that the humans were calling upon them to assemble into new shapes, in much the same manner that the spirits of mountains called lesser spirits to them. These new shapes were odd, but fascinating; like caves, but without a mountain to host them. The mountain spirits threatened to rise in anger at the imitation of their power. The surface of Gaia shook with their anger, but the Warders went into the Umbra and coaxed them into complacency.

Lurking in the shadows, the Warders watched the apes create their artificial caverns and hillsides, living in fear of everything else. The building did not stop with these few simple houses. The next thing the Warders knew, there was a City.

The First City

In case you haven't guessed, the Warders were the first Glass Walkers. As the years passed, more and more Garou began following them, until they were no longer a pack, but something like a multi-tribal faction. It wasn't until after the Impergium that they became an actual tribe of their own. But that story's still a way off.

The Warders of Apes never dared to go within a stone's throw of the First City. They sensed something wrong within those walls. Later legends say that it was full of the vampires. We — the Warders, that is — were content to



sit back and to marvel at these structures the humans had created. Though odd, this city of theirs held the shining beauty of newness within it. The First City burned to the ground. We saw its destruction, and — Gaia help us — we secretly mourned its loss.

The Impergium

We willingly shared our human-based knowledge with other Garou. Many Garou feared the human ideas, listening more to the wolf in their hearts than to the human. You see, most other Garou even to this day forget that they — most of them, at least — were born human. Only later did they become Garou. But we have never forgotten. Why give up our birth heritage for drums in the woods when we can have screaming amps on stage?

The Silver Fangs saw the human's new ideas and ways as a threat. They declared that the humans were too close to the Weaver and that we had coddled them when we were supposed to be warding them from such evil ways. The tribes called a Grand Moot and the decision was made. Impergium. You all know what that was.

In the beginning, the Impergium worked to eradicate the creative urges of the humans (mainly by killing their mages) and to trim their herds (by killing the old, the weak and sick and the unprotected young.). Slowly, the methods of enforcing the Impergium mutated. Garou corralled humans and killed selectively killed them.

We knew something had to be done, but our small numbers held no sway among the tribes. Our neo-tribe puzzled over the problem for many turnings of Luna. Eventually, a plan came to us. In order to stop the rampant killings, we bred freely with as many humans as we could, then claimed them for Kinfolk. Kinfolk were spared the cullings, so we were able to save whole tribes of humans from the jealous claws of our fellows.

We also took time to explain the Impergium to our Kinfolk. We taught the humans to "sacrifice" troublemakers to the other Garou. These sacrifices went over so well that several nomad tribes managed to survive the Impergium just by giving sacrifices to the Garou! Who knows, maybe this is where the old saying "throw him to the dogs" came from.

We also went to our respective tribes for help. The Children of Gaia and Stargazer elders agreed with our pack. So did the Black Furies, who I guess still had enough motherly instinct to realize that the culling was wrong. But it would take a long time before they could act.

Coming to Grips with the City

We understood that the City was a new type of spirit struggling through its birth. We could hear it crying like an infant in the Umbra. It drew humans away from the dangerous animals and offered them a place to live in peace. We told stories to the humans about the First City

and helped to nurture the idea of new cities within their minds. Eventually, we talked them into building a second city.

Of course, the other Garou rose up in rage. The Silver Fangs called in the tribes once again. They wished us to be punished. The Get of Fenris asked for the right to slay us. The Shadow Lords requested that we disband, for we had grown too large. The Children of Gaia, Black Furies and Stargazers voiced their opposition to the Impergium. The Bone Gnawers agreed, but would not come forward. As the days of the Grand Moot grew to a close, the Silver Fangs ordered the destruction of the second city.

The Shadow Lords responded first, followed by the Get of Fenris. The other tribes followed to witness the destruction. An army of Get of Fenris and Shadow Lords swept down nearby hillsides and rushed into the city. Neither its walls nor gates could hold back the raging Garou. Humans fled in terror as the two tribes destroyed everything in their path. The fury drew to a close as the city burst into flames.

Spent in both body and rage, the two tribes regrouped with the watching Garou. We sat and watched as the city burned and crumbled to the ground. We heard the last of the human's screams end as they suffered an agonizing death. The city smoldered for days. The Garou maintained a vigil until the fire spirits could be completely banished. Now they began to feel the sorrow of its destruction.

Before the Garou assembly disbanded, the Children of Gaia stepped forward to challenge for an end to the Impergium. Their Stargazer allies won the challenge with gamecraft, outsmarting the Silver Fang king who was forced to end the centuries-long practice. In many ways, we were also finally free. It was sometime after this that we became our own tribe.

We Built This City

We struggled for what seemed an eternity to get the humans to build a third city, but once it was built, it stood for a long time. It eventually burned and crumpled to the ground. At least they built another city on top of it! When they needed strong bodies to build new cities, we happily helped them and learned the Gift of City Building. (This Gift is now forgotten. It may have never existed in the first place.)

Once the cities were built and began to grow — like saplings in the forest — we moved within their walls and claimed them as our territory and dared any Garou to take them from us. None did. They didn't care — but they would later, when it was too late and we were too strong to be pulled from our homes. We felt the strength of the cities, in the same way that we feel the power of mountains and roaring rivers. Our tribe expanded along with the cities. We broke into multiple septs, which we began to call families, just to be different from the others. Each

family retained their original sept leader's name. Without other Garou to contend with, we continued to dramatically increase our numbers.

The Bone Gnawers realized that city predators left more excess than those of the Wyld. They, too, came into the city and began to follow the humans. Before long, the Bone Gnawers learned to live happily in the cities with us. Well, okay, so it wasn't that simple. It was our territory and we tried to kick them out at first. But have you ever tried to rid a city of rats? It's almost impossible. They just keep coming back. So, we just let them stay. They were far more useful as friends than enemies.

The Shadow Lords complained to the Silver Fangs about our sudden surge to tribal status and accused us of being Wyrms tainted. The Silver Fangs sent mixed packs into the cities to check us out. This marked the beginning of our treatment as scapegoats by the Silver Fangs and their cohorts, the Shadow Lords and the Get of Fenris.

The Coming of Commerce

We took time to observe skilled humans and kept their secrets to ourselves. We shared this knowledge only within our families, for we had grown untrusting of the other Garou. We loved using human knowledge and did so constantly. Certain members of humanity (mages) began to realize this fact and persuaded us into doing their work for them. It started as barter, but beautiful, shining metal spirits were soon used as reward. Mages thought of this as a method to control us, but we were no old dogs! We had plenty of time to learn a few good tricks. Several families turned to the spirits of metal for guidance. Soon, humanity did our work for us.

It wasn't long until a faction of metal spirits broke away from their brethren to become the coin spirits, worth far more to humans than their simple metal. This was a revolution of sorts; the idea that something was worth more than it seemed simply because a king or official said so. The Weaver's Pattern was spreading. I mean, these objects were just hunks of bronze or copper at first, but people killed for them anyway. Those damn coin spirits loved it when people fought over them. Damn it, we loved them, too.

As cities grew, so did the Weaver's influence. Humanity strayed from the path of animals, who followed the Wyld, and labored to mold the world into a pattern of their choosing. They had learned to create tools to mimic the abilities of the animals and, most importantly of all, they learned how to leave markings that conveyed a certain meaning. We were quick to jump on this idea and we crafted all sorts of symbols. Soon we were making lists of the spirits. We began to chart our travels and, more importantly, our adventures within the Spirit World.

Burning Down the House

The City is our territory, and as such, we are its caretakers. We have to ensure there is always room for new growth by clearing out the old, so we sometimes burn cities down. This enables new buildings to go up, like fresh saplings in the wake of a forest fire. It's an old concept, really. Native peoples all over the world have long used controlled burning to ensure the healthy growth of their lands. The difference is that they burn trees; we burn buildings.

Some of the great city fires were set by us, all for the greater good of the city. San Francisco was ours. So were the recent Los Angeles brush fires (alas, not enough was done). Chicago wasn't us; vampires did that. Same with Atlanta, although we were not sure who was behind that one.

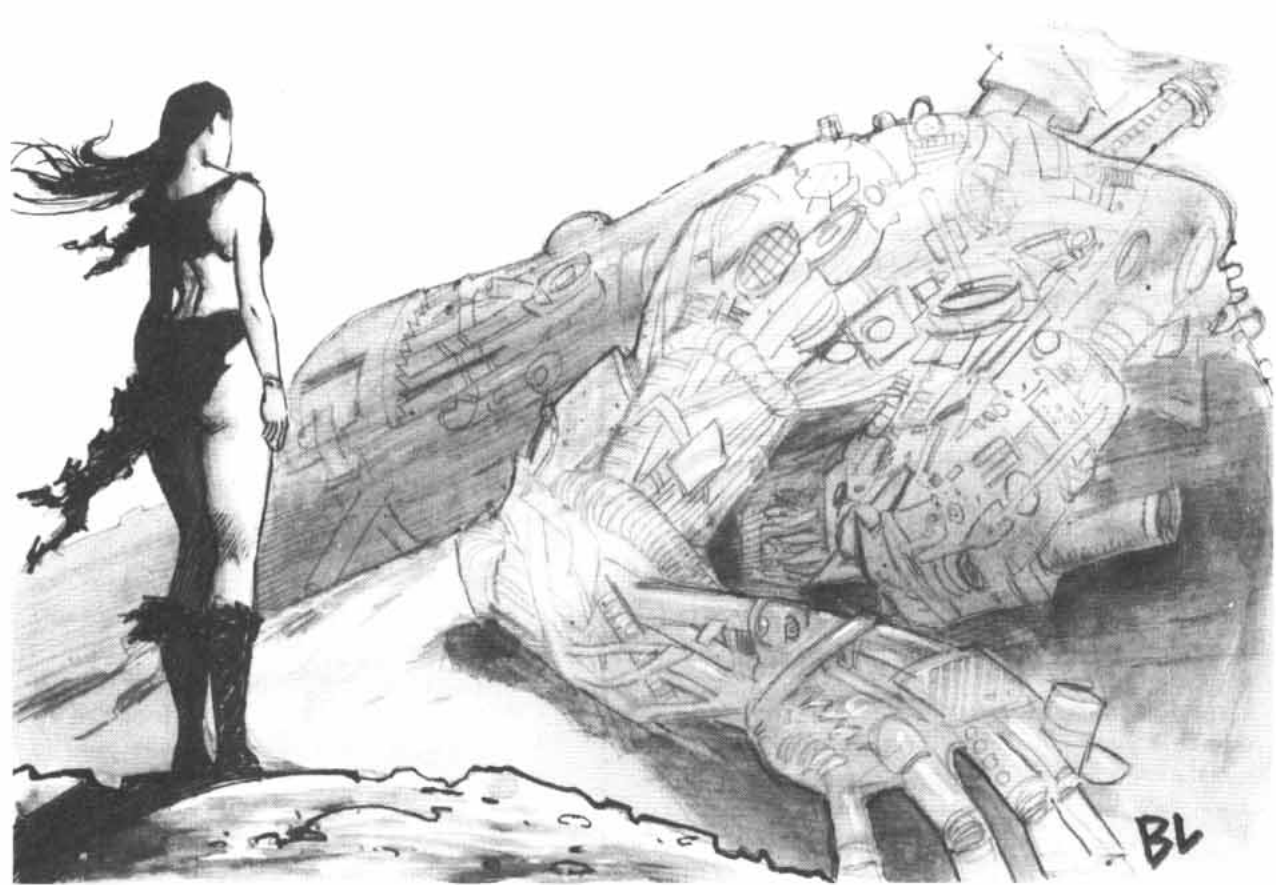
When next you see a city burn, don't cry. It's only the old giving birth to the new. Of course, if we didn't set the fire, then we're damn sure going to find out who did and teach him how to really play with matches!

The Machine

One of our great Theurges, Sheba Arrow-of-Gaia, traveled into the Realm of Dreams. She found a giant, mechanical human whose body was formed of all manner of tools. The being grew larger as more tools appeared to attach themselves to the sleeping giant. She traveled within the giant's mind to find its dream within a dream. This conglomeration spoke to her. She sensed that this was the dreaming image of a sleeping Incarna, not yet born. Sheba learned many secrets before leaving it to peacefully rest. She could feel the Gnosis slowly seeping from the spirit, bleeding into the physical world in strange ways.

Sheba returned to us and told us of her vision of the sleeping giant who would one day awaken. She told us to prepare for it, to steward its way into the world. It would take years and many generations, but her vision was so powerful that many of us followed her.

While watching the early human inventors from the Umbra, we began to learn how they influenced spirits. These were secrets of the Weaver Way. Animals couldn't follow this way because they couldn't think. But the humans could, and so could we. We also learned that these human inventors were tapping into the dreams of the sleeping giant, later to be called the Machine. This slumbering Incarna-to-be and its Jagglings and Gafflings minions were unlike other spirits. They were Weaver spirits, built



of the dreams of humans interacting with the Pattern Web. The humans were actually changing the Web through their dreams and visions! We realized our great secret. The Weaver was not mad, simply unguided. She needed beings like us to guide her in the right direction.

Some humans caught onto this idea later, like the Sons of Ether mages and the Technocracy, but they don't understand it on the primal level that we do. And we don't care for the kind of guidance the Technocracy prefers. No matter how enamored of the Weaver you are, you can't forget Gaia.

What the Machine taught us is that technology is alive. It's an organism. It exists on a different level than most, a level of pattern and abstraction, part in the spirit world and part in the physical world. Quite possibly, the most important aspect of the Machine manifested itself in the early days. The true power of the Machine grew from its ability to store information within itself. Information recording became an important part of human existence. It helped humanity remember its mistakes and how problems had been solved in the past. But the Machine... well, it's the ultimate recorder. We believe that records dealing with just about every subject ever in existence are hidden within it. It just takes a lot of wits to get to this information. But until recently, the Machine slept without knowledge of its own existence.

The Golden Age of Growth

The tribe soon decided that keeping abreast of the technological advancements of humanity should take precedence on a tribal level. We sent our tribe out across the world to discover the secrets of the burgeoning technology.

The Silent Striders held the Egyptian delta and told us that we weren't welcome. They didn't trust us, even though their Kinfolk excelled in science. They held fast to the land and blocked all Moon Bridges. We were unable to make contact with the technological spirits who lived there. So much of that early race's technology has been lost. By 1500 B.C., we moved into the Greek city-states, then into Black Fury territory. The Black Furies did not live inside the cities and rarely attempted to learn the skills of humanity. We gained a shaky alliance with them, swearing to ensure that women were treated well within the cities. One of our families fled from Troy to Italy with a large contingent of humans. Two Kinfolk brothers, Romulus and Remus, later contested for rulership of the new land. Romulus won and named the new city Rome. As our tribe came into Italy, our family leaders took control of organizing the new cities. Our Kinfolk held places of great honor. Rome was built from the sweat of our brow.

Our tribe had also awakened to the arts of war. Clashing Boom-Boom's voice broke out of the sleeping Machine's dreams and cried out to us through all manner of armament and weaponry. We quickly organized ourselves, our Kinfolk and the humans into an armored force. We sent our youngest off on travels for conquest and wealth. In return, those who survived gained great wisdom and glory.

Our tribe expanded once again as we continued our policy of frequent mating with humans. Even then, we started to feel the lack of the wolf within our blood. Our young felt the pull of humanity and often feared darkness like a human child. The power we maintained over human society began to dwindle as the human population increased. We fought hard for positions in political circles, but there were too many against us. We organized our own underground governments and manipulated trade from behind the scenes.

We felt the wanderlust — the Wyld yearning — and traveled with our Kinfolk on great quests and adventures, seeking new lands and lore. We voyaged together on great journeys, calling upon the spirits of the stars and planets for the secrets of navigation. We calmed the spirits of the seas and rivers. We communed with the odd spirits of commerce from foreign lands. With the land travels of the Greeks and Romans, we managed to travel far and spread wide. We forged trade routes in order to maintain a smooth flow of goods on a regular basis. Moon Bridges became our secret trade routes. We became rich and the tribe rose in status once again. Some families, like the Glass Walkers of China, disappeared into far lands and we didn't see them again until modern times.

The Glass Walkers of Ancient China

The Glass Walker household in China often consisted of multiple wives, many children, nannies for the children, grounds keepers, cooks, manservants, concubines, night watchmen and often their extended family as well. Only merchant status or government position could insure the wealth necessary to keep such a household going. With the help of spirits, our tribe had gained merchant status in every civilization it entered. Merchant status allowed our tribe not only the time needed to battle the Wyrms but also the money to buy supplies and pay retainers. Those who were capable of passing written examinations based on classic writings and philosophical ideals were given positions as Public Officials. Galliards often read the minds of examiners as a means of improving their exam results and insuring a government position. Among our tribe, the position of Magistrate was most coveted. The Magistrate decided criminal punishment and oversaw the execution of his judgments before an assembly of city folk. All knew the crime and all witnessed the punishment. This taught the people the value of living righteous lives.

There's Always a Hitch

It was a glorious time, but it was not without its problems. The cities hid many Wyrms beasts and Banes loved to feed on the hearts of humans. The most dangerous threat to us was the vampires. The vampires lorded over the humans. They attempted to run us out of many cities. But this was our territory, damn it! We fought hard for it. We could walk around in the sun and our spirit eyes could find many havens... Soon enough, we came to a rough truce with most of the vampires in our cities. A sort of mutual ignorance pact. We would pretend they didn't exist, so as not to get blamed for an alliance with the Wyrms; they would leave our Kinfolk alone and let them prosper. Needless to say, this unwritten pact is broken all the time.

The Roman Republic and Empire

Veni, Vidi, Vici

(I came, I saw, I conquered.)

— Julius Caesar

Greek culture surpassed the fledgling country, but the Romans soon invaded Greece and seized control of it. Those of us among the Roman army took advantage of anything useful: technology, religion and culture. We often commandeered any technological items we could find.

The Greek people ruled themselves by forming democratic councils composed of adult males. This seemed to be a reasonable method of weakening the behind the scenes power of the Silver Fangs, whose Kinfolk often ruled through the nobility. We spread the democratic idea among the merchant class. Eventually the Roman government reformed into a Republic that was controlled mainly by rich land-owners. Candidates for election often bribed the populous with sporting events and huge feasts. The Wyrms slowly snaked its way into Roman government. The plan we originally had thought would wrest the vampires and Silver Fangs from politics had backfired. There was little we could do to fight the corruption. The other tribes were unwilling to help us; they hated us for helping to strengthen the humans. We tried to pay them for their services, but they had no respect for coinage.

Knowing that nothing could be done to save Rome, we convinced Constantine to move the seat of the Empire to Byzantium (later renamed Constantinople and much later Istanbul). Much like the original cities, Rome was left to crumble. Barbarians began to sweep down from the North. First the Visigoths came on horseback to trample Rome. Next came Attila the Hun with his elephants. This was the end of the Roman Empire and most of European culture.

The Dark Ages

In hoc signo vincas

(In this sign, we will conquer)

— Constantine, A.D. 313

The northern barbarians, among them the Get of Fenris and their Kinfolk, systematically destroyed the centers of science that helped to evolve human culture over the centuries of Greco-Roman rule. The burning of the Library of Alexandria marked the end of humanity's technological progress and the beginning of scientific decline.

The mages declared war among themselves and those who followed the One God rose in power. The vampires took advantage of the chaos caused by the mages to gain control in many political circles. Our elders began squabbling with the Bone Gnawers over beggars guilds and public sanitation. The combination of these problems led to society's fall on the ladder of civilization and cultural advancement.

The Umbral Fire

Sometime during the Dark Ages, our tribe witnessed a huge Wyld fire streaking through the Umbra. Reports conflict on just when this happened; some say 550 A.D., others say 700 A.D..

By that time, the Machine was no longer just a conglomeration of physical and mechanical contraptions; it had evolved into political, legal and economic "thought machines" as well. The Umbral fire swept through the Machine and destroyed large sections of its enormous form. Reality trembled with the repercussions. Many tools ceased to function. Human culture staggered backwards. Scientists hid within monasteries and subjected themselves to the censure of the Christian church rather than expose themselves to the raging mobs of the common people. The church would often destroy their works, but at least the scientists were still alive. Eventually, with our help, the Machine slowly began to grow anew and filled the void that the Umbral fire had created.

The Plague

Humans released dogs into the sewers beneath their cities in order to kill rats. The Bone Gnawers went into a frenzy and infested the cities with fleas. During this time, the Wyrms spewed its toxins into the cities. As a result, the hygienic practices of the humans suffered and disease ran rampant. We were also partly to blame for this. We pushed hard for trade development with foreign lands. It seems that some diseased rats which made their way from China wound up in Italy. You see, some big river over there had overflowed and killed a lot of people. Lots of disease popped up, due to the rotting bodies floating in the water.

When these rats came over, they brought the disease. Just goes to show you that everything is connected. A disaster in China leads to a disaster in Europe.

Cities closed their gates to keep out plague-ridden people. Beggars were driven from cities. Rich people were locking their doors and hoarding their food. The Bone Gnawers were beside themselves with anger and hatred for the suffering that surrounded them. Scientists and Glass Walkers alike found themselves falsely accused of being witches and were burned, drowned or tortured to death. We narrowly survived by begging the Bone Gnawers for help. The vampires, immune to the sicknesses of the living, took the opportunity to regain their power over much of the European populous. Utilizing our trade routes, they struck quickly from city to city.

The Plague died down by the 1400's. We managed to reclaim the trade routes throughout Europe. Through all this, the central base of our power continued to reside in the coastal lands to the north of the Mediterranean Sea. The Garou said that the cities made the plague worse than it would have been otherwise. They're right. But that's no reason to give up on cities. The trick was to learn from misfortune, then figure out a way to keep it from happening again.

Other bad things also happened here. During the rise of Christianity, the vampires managed to convince the Europeans that evil personified as the Devil, Satan and/or Lucifer created the spirit religions and that worship of nature would lead to eternal damnation. Vampires puppeteered rulers and prayed upon humanity's superstitious fears.

Of course, they were taught a big lesson when it backfired on them during the Inquisition. But the Burning Times, as the Black Furies called those days, hurt us too. The rich often were accused by the poor of being devil-worshippers. Therefore, we lost a few to the screaming mobs.

Duty Beyond Death

We performed as many favors as we could for the other tribes during these dark days and struck deals with them for future returns. We figured out that if we made honor-bound obligations with some Garou, and these Garou wound up getting killed before they could pay it off, they'd have to pay it off after death. In other words, the past lives of other Garou owed us, and we planned on collecting the favor later on. Of course, not every dead Garou still felt bound to the deal, but that's why we built up the importance of honor in our pacts. A Garou who broke the pact was lower than dirt. We even learned a Gift to ensure it. On the other hand, our departed spirits never stick around. They go somewhere else. We can't find them after death, so we are free of the post-mortem obligations created by our same pacts.



Renaissance

It's alive! It's alive!

— Dr. Frankenstein, *Bride of Frankenstein*

We worked hard to foster the idea of an organized, logical science. It was a stabilizing force. The City once again gained strength. The Machine finally broke through the dream barriers and began to mold reality. Meanwhile, we made deals with a multitude of new technological spirits born around ingenious human inventors. Like I said before, humans seemed able to actually change the Pattern Web, whether they knew it or not. One of the effects of this was the birth of a host of science spirits. Few humans are aware that their science is alive.

Status quo scientists chose to ignore many scientific advancements, labeling them as idiotic and blights against God. But we didn't allow these resources to go untapped and we took these ideas into the Umbra where we could do some tinkering of our own. We built Umbral flying machines based on human designs. While the humans had problems with their versions staying aloft, we called on spirits to aid us in our flights. We easily took to the Umbral sky and sailed into many realms.

In the Middle Ages, craftsman guilds formed with an idea in mind: Knowledge yields money; money is power. We agreed. We spread trade information only among our Kinfolk and kept it a secret from others. We had a meeting with the vampires of Italy and organized contracts regarding property ownership and acceptable business practices. Private papers were signed to insure compliance and agreements were enforced by well-armed families who orchestrated the illegal business activities within a given city. Of course, this was kept hush-hush from the other Garou who wouldn't understand.

Houses

The other tribes finally grew accustomed to the cities and many new cities were built without the high, stone walls once necessary for protection. We set up houses to aid Garou during their travels through cities. This allowed us to take advantage of their lack of city knowledge and money smarts. Soon, these houses rose in power and lorded this strength over nearby houses, eventually leading to the world-wide network we have today.

The Black Furies continued to stay in hiding in the forests and avoided the cities. Our businesses transactions with them had to be done through the females of our tribe, but we did our best to stay on their good side as both our tribes considered the northern Mediterranean area as our homelands.

The Advancement of the Machine

The Renaissance marked the reawakening of humanity's connection to the Machine. Instead of making a tool to do a job the way it had been done for hundreds of years, human mages began to look closely at the forms and processes of nature and worked to construct tools based on their findings. Now humanity created machines to reach their dreams rather than simply assembling tools to ensure their food supply. Italian scientists formed colleges in the manner of ancient Greece and Rome, but only scientists who bought into the status quo of the early colleges had their works recorded for future generations. A lucky few had rich patrons (us) who coveted their cunning achievements. It wasn't until the next growth spurt of the Machine that we began to realize what was really happening. Without past-life experiences to lead us, we weren't fully aware of the Machine's phases of advancement. The next surge caught us by surprise.

Industrial Revolution

Suddenly, humans began creating devices that worked independently. Using horses and windmills to grind grains into flour began the process, but the invention of the cotton gin marked the real start of humanity's ability to

mutate the environment with ever-faster methods. It made sense that the quicker and easier something could be done, the greater the profit margin.

As our power grew, the Wyrms reared its ugly head to break down efficiency and belch forth the smog of burning coal. Children were forced to work in factories full of hazards and death. The Countess of Desire and the Chamberlain of Lies mated to secrete Collum, Lord of Sludge and Lady Yul, Mistress of Toxins. We feared that the Apocalypse had come to claim our tribe as it had the White Howlers.

Death ran rampant and eventually humanity understood that coal pollution was choking everyone to death. The Garou, of course, blame us for the corruption of the cities, but we had a long list of favors due us from their ancestors; therefore, we escaped punishment. Okay, we had been lax. We were so enamored with the wonder of the New Life, we had forgotten that the Wyrms can corrupt anything, no matter how pure. The Wyrms rose in the Penumbra like a perverted storybook dragon breathing its toxic sludge and smog. Banes frolicked. We knew what had to be done... what sacrifices had to be made. And we were the only ones who could do it.

We took the battle to the front. We, the predators of the City, set upon the economic supports that stabilized industry. With quick blows of reason, we halted the downward spiral of the Machine. We revealed the foul Wyrms taint



for what it was and set the stage for workplace and work practice reforms. We always defend profit, but not at the cost of Gaia. The Industrial Revolution had taught us that much.

Progress

August 16, 1807 marked the start of gaslight use in London. England lead the rush forward into a new age and learned to work into the night. The world followed closely on England's technological tail. While we were strong in parts of France and England, the majority of us stayed firmly entrenched in the banking system and colleges of Italy. We flexed our muscles in the streets and took control of the local gangs. Businesses were built upon the idea of capital and dividing up capital assets among multiple individuals. These agreements on paper were known as stocks, and new Pattern Spirits were born of these relationships. We made deals with these stock spirits as we had done with the coin spirits. No one believed — and most still don't — that money is alive. It's an organism, a sort of parasite, but one that can work for you as easily as against you.

Communication technology once again surged forward with the invention of the electronic telegraph, the telephone and the phonograph. In 1851, transatlantic cables connected telegraph lines from America to Europe. After the 1870's, electricity began to replace gas as a source of lighting. With safer and brighter lighting, factories extend their hours of operation to generate higher profit. In 1881, the First International Electric Congress in Paris set down the formula of $I = V/R$ (one amp = one volt/one ohm), calcifying the laws of electricity.

We took technology into the Umbra once again and crafted devices to explore the depths of the oceans and inner reaches of the planet. To this day, our houses have huge Penumbral storage rooms with some of this old equipment. But today's youth would rather explore the world inside a computer than go on adventures to the center of the earth.

The Ones Who Walk Among the Glass

The Garou who helped us turn back the Wyrms tide of the Industrial Revolution came from the forests. Some of them had never been to the larger cities before this. For most of them, the truly astounding feature of the cities was the abundance of a transparent material known as glass. When these Garou returned to their tribes in the wilderness, they took with them the legend of our tribe, "the ones who walk among the glass." They started calling us by this title at every moot we went to, but it sounded stuffy to us. So, we took the name and made it our own. From then on, we were the Glass Walkers.

World War I

Most wars sprout for economic reasons. They stimulate the economy. Nobody can argue that fact. They decrease the population and steal the riches from those who fight. Some tribes split on which side to follow in the war, but it usually came to Kinfolk. If the krauts were bashing your flock, then you bashed them back. If it was the Yanks bashing, you bashed them instead.

Clashing Boom Boom was born anew amid the clatter of modern weapons of destruction: machine guns, trench shotguns, grenades and mortars. We could see her in the tanks, but she mostly filled the aircraft.

Most of the war took place in mud-bottomed trenches. Chemical warfare (mustard gas), used for the first time in 1915, appalled many nations and was made illegal at the Geneva Convention. By 1918, the fighting drew to a close. Formed in 1919, the League of Nations attempted to ally the nations of the world, but, given no power to insure balance, it was doomed to failure from the start.

The shock of World War I brought America out of prepubescence and into adolescence. Many of our houses migrated to the big American cities where the Machine surged with power and commerce was king. We began making deals with O' Mighty Dolla', the totem of American currency.

World War Two

The Germans once again made their move to improve their cash flow the old fashioned way. Many Get of Fenris joined their ranks. We hated the Nazi treatment of humans (it reminded us of the Impergium) and saw the Beast of War behind the Nazi's actions. Many of us, and a good many Bone Gnawers, joined the allied forces to wage war against the Axis. We didn't like the war. It disrupted our kind of commerce, although it did help some others. But we didn't want it to end the way it did. There's a rumor that some of us helped build the A-bomb. I hope that's not true. But if the Machine could be fooled, so could we.

The Self-Aware Machine

The internet is nothing like a super-highway. It's an organism.

— John Perry Barlow, *US News & World Report* (Jan. 23, 1995)

The Machine had its greatest growth spurts when the Wyrms took direct action in the physical world, forcing the Weaver to urge the Machine to stop the Wyrms' progress. As the Beast of War slithered through the trenches and foxholes of the World War II battlefields, the Machine kicked into full gear. The Machine went into a frenzy of blind flailing at the hideous creature and tensed its newly realized muscles. Cities fell. Nations toppled. Metal rose



from the earth to move about as if alive! Then, in an instant — 9:15 A.M.; August 6, 1945 — half of Hiroshima ceased to exist. Another blitz three days later and Nagasaki crumbled into blackened ruins. Humanity was in shock. The Machine stopped. It tried to comprehend itself. It struggled to find understanding. The Beast of War laughed and prepared for the return of the Eater of Souls and the turning point of the Apocalypse.

The Machine sent questions outside of and within itself. The responses it received puzzled it. Each answer held differences, though many had mutual points of agreement. The Machine, sorely used by the Wyrms for its own ends, rationalized the need for a focused vision in its existence and sought to eliminate confusion. It fought to achieve consciousness. Soon after, the computer age was born. Thinking machines came into existence from the new consciousness of the Machine. Its consciousness helped Gafflings become Jagglings, and the power of these technological Jagglings in turn allowed humans to create thinking machines.

New Tactics

[Virtual Reality] is making training simulations more realistic than ever, turning financial managers into masters of the universe, endowing surgeons with x-ray vision, reducing the national debt by letting soldiers blow up virtual tanks instead of real ones...

— Michael Antonoff, "Living in a Virtual World", *Popular Science*

We no longer feared the other tribes. We used humanity as a buffer and called upon the aid of the Machine if that buffer was breached. However, we needed the other tribes; we could not protect the whole of the City, the Machine and the Weaver from the Wyrms. We maneuvered to convince the Silver Fangs that we needed their help — not as leaders, which we let them believe, but as soldiers in our war against the Wyrms. We pointed out targets to the Silver Fangs so that the other tribes would do the fighting for us. We asked the Bone Gnawers to add their on-the-street information network to our already extensive one. In return, we gave them our outdated technology; you know, the old cars, toasters and TVs. They seem to appreciate used things more than new things. Ridding ourselves of it helped keep us on the cutting edge.

During the World Wars, the Machine seemed to constrict the planet. In 1946, the United Nations brought together the nations of the earth in peace, but Clashing Boom-Boom gained more power daily and yearned to be released. We tried to redirect humanity's war-like tendencies toward space travel, but this seems to have failed miserably. Lesser wars continued to spring up, but we finally began to understand them. Like forest fires, they serve to destroy stagnation so that new technology and ideals can have a chance to grow.

Today

Outlaw freedom, and only the outlaws will be free.

— Unsigned wall scrawl, 1985

The Machine makes it increasingly easier to communicate. Computers and telephones link together to span the surface of the planet. Humanity turns inward and away from the exploration of space. The Information Revolution is here. Our tribe plunges daily into the raging thrall of a new virtual world... the Digital Web.

But don't think that we're not in big trouble. Yeah, this is the Apocalypse. Pollution is increasing everyday; useless junk filling our mail boxes and ever-increasing numbers

of toxic chemicals are being created. Gaia's tortured soul screams in pain! You can't let it get to you like it has the other tribes. We have a purpose. We've got progress on our side. The upper hand of evolution is ours! The trick is to guide the Weaver, not fight her. Never forget that everything is alive. The trees, the rocks and the toasters. It's all of Gaia. It's one giant ecosystem. And it's our responsibility to run it. For Her sake.

Nature's voice can also be heard in the city, on the highway, in airports and in slums, in hospitals and schools, in Disneyland and shopping malls. The weave of nature excludes nothing from its fabric, not even the crazy and destructive, creative and inspiring ideas of human beings.

— Joan Halifax, *The Fruitful Darkness*



Chapter Two: High Society

Obsessed with technology, especially technology that is just beyond their reach... the cyberpunks are future-oriented to a fault. They already have one foot in the 21st century and time is on their side. In the long run, we will all be cyberpunks.

— Philip Elmer-Dewitt, "Cyberpunk!" *Time*

If you've seen one city werewolf, you've seen 'em all. Yeah, and I own some Mokolé-guarded swampland in Florida, too. Ya wanna buy some? Sure, many of us follow the standards of our tribe, but a lot of us have different agendas. Glass Walkers are known by their pack, family, house and by the camp they claim to follow (if they follow any at all). We also have our totems. I, myself, follow the Monkey King — Totem of Freedom — and I don't fit into any of these categories. I am Glass Walker and Garou; these titles alone do I need to be forever linked to Gaia. We build our own cages, but we gotta make sure that our cages are big and that we've got the key. There are enough cages built around us by others; let's not lock ourselves in those of our own making.

The Prime Directive: Co-existence

Even in the days of the Impergium, we strove to live with humans in order to protect Gaia as best we could. Now humans are in control of Gaia's delicate balance and we must direct them into battle against the Wyrms. The humans' strength rises from their numbers and their ability to cooperate. Their cunning, like ours, gives them power over many of Gaia's creatures. But, unlike ourselves, they must link with the Machine to gain any physical advantage, using tools because they don't have fangs, or clothes because they don't have fur.



Except the outright ravages of the Wyrms, humankind's abuse of the Machine threatens Gaia more than anything else today. Humans unknowingly allow the Wyrms to enter their machines and then use them for corrupt causes. They must learn to love the Machine; too many of them hate and fear it. We don't have the strength to destroy the Wyrms completely. We must learn to co-exist with many evils, great and small. Everything has its place. Once the Garou battled the Wyrms in nature, but now the Wyrms gather strength and fester within the City. Most Garou hate the City and hatred gives the Wyrms great power.

The City has become too big for only two tribes to protect. The Bone Gnawers guard the streets and wastes and we watch over the buildings and technology. But in addition to this, we've got to battle the other Garou just to get anything done outside the City. If we can't co-exist with our own, how can we save Gaia?

The Camps

MOBILE, Ala. —A howling, snarling werewolf escaped from a foreign freighter, savagely bit seven cops and turned a police cruiser over before he was captured in a darkened alley near the docks.

— Weekly World News

Long before the Industrial Revolution, we knew that we could accomplish more through specializing than by trying to learn all of Gaia's Gifts. Luna taught us this with the five Auspices. Why shouldn't we take advantage of this principle? Camps help us find our area of expertise and link us to others with similar interests. To us, they're sort of like guilds.

Wise Guys

These guys are Sicilian throwbacks with an attitude and, unfortunately, they pull the strings of our tribe. If you want guns and people who can use them, who you gonna call? They're gun totin' maniacs who want to rule as much as the Silver Fangs, but at least the Silver Fangs haven't figured out that money is king. That's right. Money is power and the Wise Guys take the cake and eat it when it comes to controlling the flow of money. That's why they're still in command of the Glass Walkers. Money talks; bullshit walks.

When the whole banking system got started way back yesteryear, people were already manipulating its flow. Of course, members of our tribe were onto the idea like debutantes on caviar. The various organized crime families of the world grew from that seed. The Wise Guys still lock into that power base today, but they can see the corruption that runs rampant within those organizations. They know that the control and manipulation of society in order to increase money-making potential can easily become a Wym-tainted activity. Wise Guys strive hard not to fall prey to the Urge Wyrms who pursue them, but they've been skating on thin ice for a long time. This is a lesson that all city Garou should pay heed to.

A Wise Guy Spills the Beans

I have to admit, I like the set-up Lefty had rollin' with the gambling casino. Lure the Banes in to taunt the humans and then nix 'em out — the Banes, I mean. What I love most is getting paid by one Wyrms-fetid jerk to assassinate another Wyrms flunky. Now that makes my day! And ya just can't beat the money. Oh yeah, sure, some of the money is Wyrms-tainted. What did you think the Rite of Cleansing was for anyway?

City Farmers

The City Farmers can make plants grow in the city as if it were wilderness. Nobody else can do that; most people can't get anything to grow. The Farmers think plant life should take over the city from within and live in peaceful co-existence. Or maybe they're just trying to protect the green parts of Gaia within the hard, protective shell of the City.

It doesn't make sense. If you don't want to live outside, then why drag nature inside? It's retro and pointless. I mean, plants don't exist in the Cyber Realm, do they?

City Farmer Spiel

Let us bring the Wyld into the City. Face it: We will always be dependent upon nature as long as we are animals — even the humans are animals. The best defense of Gaia is for us to go on the attack. What once was nature is now the Machine. I do not wish to destroy the Machine; I merely believe that we should bring nature into our lives and our homes. Here in the city, we can protect nature from humanity by buying into their system and using it for our own means. The rest of our tribe is too concerned with the Machine. Nature is the important thing. This is the lesson we were meant to teach.

Urban Primitives

These guys believe that Gaia has allowed the forest to grow into a new form of life — the City. The Urban Primitives struggle to unlock the feral side of the City and to gain power from the technological spirits. A lot of them pierce their bodies, tattoo themselves and sport weird hairstyles in order to remind themselves of their dedication to Gaia.

Urban Primitive Rant

We must strive to connect deeper into the beat of the City. We are here to defend Gaia, not solely to destroy the Wyrms. It is also our part to nurture and study the world about us. Our connection to the spirits of technology will give us the power we need to thwart the Wyrms.

Late at night, when I'm in my artificial cave, I hear the voice of the Machine through its whining hum. I feel the pulse of the electrical and water spirits rushing through the walls. Everything about me is alive, and I'm at peace. What surrounds me is not my enemy, but my ally. I revel in the power that surges and wishes to be free. I want to run wild with them in the Umbra, and I do — every chance I get!

Random Interrupts

Some would call them Luddites for their wanton destruction of machinery, but they're really working to free the Machine of Wyrms-taint and for the freedom of information. If you want to get in tight with the Cyberwolves, these guys are the way to go. They know the ins and outs of the Net here, in the Penumbra and beyond. Computer access codes and security cameras mean nothing to them. They're beyond all that. I, however, think these guys spend too much time with the Machine and not enough time interfacing with flesh and blood beings.

Random Interrupt E-mail

Information wants to be free; the Wyrms is stagnation. We must learn better methods to disseminate information among our race. We take too much pride in hoarding it. We as a people must learn to share with one another.

Enough of that.

Tomorrow night we hit the toy factory on 8th and Parson. Last Wednesday's excursion into the Penumbra was fruitful. We've got some info on the Wyrms-generator they're using to inject Banes into an action figure toy line. This info is courtesy of Wonder Hacker, Hexachrome and their House O' Wyld cards! Same deal as usual. The Clean-Cuts go in as janitors, security guards and temporary workers. The Wyld Boys hit the systems through the Penumbra. Coordinate and send me back info — pronto.

Corporate Wolves

This is some kind of cabal of big business types, the Glass Walkers who really go for the suits and stocks line of work. A bunch of them are owners and CEOs of environmentally aware corporations. They tend to get involved in caern politics as well, serving in caern positions.

A Corporate Wolves Meeting

I have found it necessary to call a central operations meeting with the board of trustees. I need your help preparing for this. It seems that a financing group trying to buy stock in one of our corporate arms is tainted with the Wyrms. As of yet, we are unsure if they realize that Garou own enough stock to manipulate the company. We will need several charts and graphs on how a buy-in might affect us if we allow them to go through with it. I do not see this as being a major problem, and we do not need an intensive stock analysis at the present time. Of course, any buy-in on their part would simply bring them into our trap.

I've already begun the process of juggling the internal paperwork and employees. Nothing has been done on the corporate level that can be traced through the computer networks or banking transactions. By the time they sign the contract, we will have already begun restructuring for bankruptcy. Please take time to duplicate copies of all keys used in that branch's facilities. Make sure that our techs wire in

security bypass systems that we can control through spirits. I don't want any traces of our tampering left. All this information should be stored at the local caem until we need it or we are ready to begin Phase A of our counter-seizure.

Umbral Pilots

These freaks are hyped on exploration of the farthest fringes. They're always off on jaunts to the Umbral Hollow Earth or the dangerous void of the Deep Umbra. I think they've got some allies among the Sons of Ether, some like-minded mages. It's hard to say much about them because a lot of them never come back from their journeys.

An Umbral Pilot Orates

While exploring one of the back rooms in the warehouse, I discovered the drilling device our ancestors had modified from the designs of an early Renaissance inventor. It seemed in good condition but for the lack of several Gafflings and Jagglings necessary to operate it properly. I must say that our ancestors did quite a good job crafting these devices and making sure they were stored properly for our future use.

At any rate, I am interested in bringing this device back-up to full potential and using it to explore the earth's crust, thereby locating Black Spiral hives. I have already pulled several of the guidance and sensing fetishes out of the atom rocket we used to travel into the Deep Umbra two years ago — I can only hope that the disasters associated with that journey will not dissuade you from joining me on this expedition. We'll need help moving the craft about once we're inside the warehouse. It seems that part of it has begun to meld with the fins of a diving craft. I am unsure of how common this state is, but the books I found in the debris of an abandoned storage building mentioned the effects generated by exposure to Wyld winds. More and more curious, I dare say.

The Mechanical Awakening

I'm not sure what these guys want. They're a bunch of ranters. I think they're fighting for the independence of the Machine from humankind. But I'm not sure that's the Weaver Way. It seems like this would break the pattern to me, but these guys claim otherwise.

The Mechanical Awakening Shouts

How can we bear to sit back and watch humanity force our spirit brethren into servitude? Must the Machine awaken only to find it is chained? What will happen when it breaks free? The Machine will fall back, for it is locked into humanity and humanity into it. They cling to one another for survival and we stumble into the same trap. We must break the cycle of dependence!

Once we hunted and killed animals for food. Now we pay others to make machines to do our hunting for us. The media tells us how to act and what is expected of us, but the media sleepwalks in its responsibility. Humans can't burp or fart without shame; they don't want to be regarded as animals. They think they have transcended nature to become one with the



sterility of the machine. Is this what the machine wants? What is enjoyable to a machine? Surely not to be broken to pieces by abuse or driven into the ground by lack of maintenance!

Totems of the City

Humans rely on the power of the City and the Machine, but they neglect both. Humans run from one feeding ground to the next like sheep lead by a ram. Look at the sorry state of the city! Urban decay and collapse of the infrastructure are the result. We are Garou. We can feel the pull of the spirits, and we know their power. We know why it takes money to make money — it takes the respect of one spirit to gain the support of another. Do not forget the totem you follow, or it will forget you. And as you are forgotten, so will your Gifts dissolve away, your spirit will become insubstantial and your life will become dull and dreary until your final days are done.

Cockroach

The cockroach knows a good thing when it sees it. When humans began to store food, the cockroach was there to take part in the abundance. Let it not be said that its earthly children don't know how to evolve. Cockroaches can feel the hum of the Machine and know that where the Machine exists, so do humans and their food supply. This is how the cockroach became linked to the Machine. Humans have left offerings for the cockroach for countless centuries without even realizing it. This has given the Cockroach great power. As Glass Walkers, it was only natural for us to link our efforts toward co-existence with such a hearty and resilient force of nature as cockroach.

Clashing Boom-Boom

I like anchor sandwich

Served on aluminum side

I like rusty fences

Locomotive pie

— Pete Townshend, "I Eat Heavy Metal"

Clashing Boom-Boom is a weird totem of the Weaver and the Wyld. She rules over weapons of all types, from simple axes to mortar shells. No one knows where she came from, but some Theurges say she's a dream sprung forth from the interaction of human anger and the Machine's productivity. She was once raw and ugly in her primal form of animalistic tendencies. Look at her now, embodying the strong graceful beauty of a stealth bomber — wow. She's not my totem, but I saw her once while I was in WWII. She came screaming out of the sky, her long metal wings swept back. The earth rumbled as she raced over it. Her lips cried out with metal resonance, "Fall before me!" Human bodies flew like flies. The field glowed with the fiery glory of her after-presence. I'll never forget that day. I'll never forget how I trembled in awe of her power.

I could understand why some of the other Garou in the squad prayed to her every night. She prevented their rifles from jamming and kept their aim true. She even fouled up the enemy's tools of destruction from time to time. If you're a warrior or a Wise Guy, she's a good one to have on your side. If she's against you, your goose is as good as basting in the pan.

Monkey King

Who is that splendid young ape that ridicules both Heaven and Earth?

— Milo Manara and Silverio Pisu, *The Ape*

Born a mortal child of Gaia, the Monkey King struggled and studied until he refined his being and rose above this plane of existence to become a Totem Spirit. He respects the hairy primates most of all. He doesn't hold much compassion for humans. He's a totem of freedom and knowledge as well as being a trickster.

The legend holds that he went around beating up older, lazy Incarna to steal their powers for himself. He has some items of power: the staff used to level out the Milky Way, which can become any length and any weight; a pair of boots for cloud treading; a hat of invisibility and a jacket of invulnerability. He is a master of the 108 Taoist magicks — the 72 transformations and 36 form changes. What can I say? Whenever I've been in a tight spot, he's always gotten me out in one piece... well, more or less.

O' Mighty Dolla'

When you were broke you would come to me

And I would always pull you 'round

Now I call your office on the telephone

And your secretary tells me that she's sorry,

But you've gone out of town.

— The Kinks, "Catch Me Now, I'm Falling."

The Glass Walkers began their dealings with this totem after World War I. O' Mighty Dolla' existed before then but possessed only limited power. He was once a coin spirit, but grew from a little Gaffling (a nickel's worth) into a Jaggling (a whole quarter) and finally into the big, bruising totem spirit he is today — the all-mighty dollar.

When we first met him, he took the form of a hefty man with a 10 gallon hat, expensive suit and a big, smoke-belching cigar full of Banes. I'm told that he constantly complains of aches and pains and that his bum knee is infested with Wurm cancer. He called upon our aid to cut the Wurm-taint from him and his children have been struggling to do so ever since. O' Mighty Dolla' used to hang out with the Bone Gnawer totem, the American Dream, but O' Mighty Dolla's left him behind to pursue other goals.

There are other totems like him overseas, but they don't get along with each other too well. They're always trying to one up the other. I guess when they learn to get along, we'll finally have a one-world economy. Yikes! Who wants that? Keep fighting, O' Mighty Dolla'!

Sex and Cubs in the Modern World

... Lycanthropes are actually genetic variants of basic human stock. The genes that make you a werewolf are scattered throughout the human species. Not everyone has them, of course — fewer than one in thirty thousand these days, according to computer analyses.

— Brad Strickland, "And the Moon Shines Full and Bright"

It's not like the old days. Child support puts a damper on the old "love 'em and leave 'em." Media hype stops a lot of Kinfolk women from mating and losing their girlish figures. Daycare centers, run by humans, insist that we medicate our children because they're hyperactive.

If we continue with our current rate of reproduction, the Garou will die out as a race within the next few decades. One fact becomes increasingly clear: Although few of our children turn out to be Garou, the rest possess our blood and understand our plight. This resource must not be forgotten. I've heard it said that we have too much human in our bloodline and not enough wolf. We smell so much like humans that wolves don't want to be around us. But we don't like mating with wolves anyway. The wolves in the City are mostly dog. The bottom line is this: Humans make better sexual partners.

The Breeds

Do your best to bring about the birth of as many Garou as you possibly can. That means breeding with Kinfolk. I'm not saying don't mate with non-Kinfolk, but they're less likely to understand why you need to fight for Gaia.

Homid

We're 98% human stock. Being homid Garou allows us to travel the City without revealing ourselves to lesser Wyrms minions. It also makes it easier to gain the support of human allies. Without their help, we fight a futile battle against the Wym.

As homid Garou, we sometimes find ourselves bound by the values of human society. We strictly adhere to schedules controlled by calendars and mechanical time pieces. We undeniably rely upon money for our existence. Even though we fight against it, the media quietly seduces and sedates us until we follow the hype. We like to dress well and we like to have the newest, coolest things. Deal with it.

Metis

Nature curses us. We should be able to breed with one another. It's not right that the Litany holds us back from breeding with our own and forces us to take mates from races that do not and cannot understand what we are. Maybe this part of the Litany has been Wym tainted all along. The Wym must laugh at this cruel joke. Maybe the Wym tainted us long ago — corrupted our line so that we must breed with humans and wolves.

Listen to me! Metis are Garou, maybe more so than any of us. Isn't their natural form Crinos? Keep them in your care. Hold them close and show them love and truth. Let them live in the Garou community, since they must be kept separate from humans and wolves until they can control the change. They must not be lost to the Wym. We must help them to be strong.

Lupus

We love our lupus Kin with all our being. They don't know the pressures of city life. What a joy it is to introduce them to technology; to show them that the box with flashing pictures is actually a television and that it does make sense!

To wolves, we often stink of the City and humanity. They disdain that. They're right, of course. Wherever we go, the spirits of the City follow us, even in the wilderness. Our lupus Kinfolk tend to be overly docile and they have a hard time gripping the Rage that should be instinctual to them. More often than not, they grow-up in captivity in a zoo or live as pets in someone's home. We need them, for they are very strong in the spirit. Soon, humans will kill the remaining wolves, just as they have eradicated so many other races. When they vanish, we might quickly follow.

Organization: The Four Houses

Our tribe has a structure composed of four main "houses." Houses only take up part of our position in the tribe. We usually join together in houses independent of these groups as well, but we are all duty bound to join or lend aid to the appropriate house as requested by the local Don. In each locality, there is a Don who runs the local houses and a bunch of leaders in each house. But each house also has a Head House; the one house to which all of the local houses are answerable. The leader of the Head House (there is one for each of the four houses) is called the Lord or sometimes Godfather.

The Central House

The elders of our tribe all hold a seat within the Central House, as do all house leaders. The Central House forms the primary leadership of our tribe on a city level. The Central House votes upon the position of Don. He usually controls the biggest hunk of turf, runs the most action and takes the local City Father as a totem. Anyone who wishes to challenge the Don's authority must do so at a moot held at the Central House. The Don heads the Central House and sets the status quo of all the houses within his city. Those who break the Don's mandates will find punishment swift and harsh, while those who follow him find their needs fulfilled.

The Central House's major purpose is to keep track of Wyrms-taint within the city by use of Gifts and investigations through both the physical world and the Umbra. Since this house has traditionally been run by Wise Guys, the Head House is in Italy. It tends to shift with different elections to either Venice or Rome.

House of Technological Advancement

As we depend upon new spirits for our source of future allies, the House of Technological Advancement is important in every city. It tends to be populated by Corporate Wolves, Random Interrupts and the tribe's Theurges. Its functions include: handling initial contact with newly birthed technological spirits, maintaining the awakened state of technological spirits within a city and monitoring scientists who are responsible for the potential birth of technological spirits. The Head House tends to shift location with each successive Lord, but it is currently in San Jose (Silicon Valley), California.

House of Urban Defense

The Theurges and Galliards of our tribe meet weekly at the House of Urban Defense to teach and perform the rituals and rites of our forebears. This work house is open to anyone who wants to learn the secret ways of our tribe. The applicant must swear loyalty to a Garou mentor of this house, who will then lead the applicant down the path of spiritual development. In addition, this house works in a preventative manner to cleanse and maintain the city and keep the Wyrms at bay. The Head House is in Rome, where it has been for many years.

House of Rightful Justice

The Central House appoints and removes individuals from the ranks of the House of Rightful Justice as it sees fit. Once the Central House has chosen a Wyrms-tainted target to be removed, they devise a plan of attack and then



issue orders to the House of Rightful Justice. The house takes responsibility for the eradication of the targeted Wyrms infestation. Members of this work house rely upon their combat abilities and street smarts in order to survive. The local caern warder is also the chairperson of the House of Rightful Justice. Ahrouns see placement in this house as either a chance for immense glory or a death sentence. The Head House is in New York, where many worldwide Glass Walker assassinations are contracted.

Moots: Big Throwdowns

By electronic culture, I suppose we mean a certain cybernetic swipe at metaphysics. To a large extent, cybernetics have been superseded by the more sophisticated discipline of artificial intelligence.

— Gary Wolf, "Avital Ronell on Hallucinogenres," *Mondo* 2000

We follow the Weaver Way, yet the wolf still resides within us. Our allegiance to the Weaver must not overshadow our duty to protect Gaia. This dichotomy of our existence is clear to those who know us. Our moots and rituals tell the tale. They define our existence and focus our everyday lives. They align our spirits so that we become aware and stay true to our cause.

Most moots occur on the 23rd of each month. The location can change, depending upon the state of the sept, but conventions start exactly at 12:37 A.M. by the sept leader's watch. However, rigidly upholding this stance, has lead to stagnation within our tribe. Even the staunchest of elders agrees that half of our moots should be held as raves in order to maintain our link to the wolf.

Conventions: The Weaver's Rules of Order

We must be calm and resolute. We can't lose our heads when we battle the Wyrms. We can't give in to the raging beast and fly down its gaping maw. We find peace in structure, as do humans. Organization allows us to manipulate humans into battling the Wyrms for us. As we age, we tend to want everything to fall neatly into place. It makes things easier. I want to say it's wisdom, but I think laziness makes us think this way. I know that I don't have the strength in these old bones that I had as a pup — maybe that's part of it as well. Our meetings, presided over by the Philodox, might seem overly rigid, but the elders must use order to formulate plans insuring the safety of the City for today and tomorrow. We must have forethought in our planning. Once a course of action has been formalized, Theurges call upon the aid of the necessary spirits and the local Don assigns each house with its individual goals for the following two month period.

Follow the rules of order. Each house must select a single spokesperson. In moot, each spokesperson has a chance to express his or her viewpoint. House members are sometimes allowed to speak at open forums after requesting time via paperwork. If the elders don't want someone to speak, they make him travel a route of red tape to get permission, such as filling forms out in triplicate and getting certain signatures, etc. It's better to present your ideas to a sympathetic elder who can then use her influence to lend credibility to the idea.

Appeasing and gaining the aid of Weaver spirits takes precedent at our moots... expect rigid formality.

Raves: Reaffirming the Wyld

The wolf rages within us. The City cages us. The Wyrms tries to enshroud us.

Calling upon the power of the Wyld, the roaring music fills us with electronically augmented pulses of surging sound. Multicolored flashes of lighting shoot within our minds. Howling and screaming, bodies contort and change form as they slam into me, and I into them. The Galliards fill our minds with ancient tales and we fall into our roles. Forgotten beasts rise from the boiling steam of the past. The armies of corruption fall before our cleansing path as we tear through the City. Our souls scream pure with renewal. In the end, we collapse in piles about the dance floor. We are at peace, for the wolf has been sated and we have reaffirmed our bond to the Wyld. The night is done.

Elder's often find themselves standing back and trying to make sense out of these raging parties. Music and adrenaline take control. Between songs, the younger Garou, and often all Ahrouns present, are expected to make meaningful statements over the PA system.

Organization is secondary to the thrill of the moment. One slip of the tongue in drunken banter can often mean a jump in logic that would never come out otherwise. Everyone knows to ignore insult and to promote well being.

Seasonal Rites

All Machines Day

Many spirits are often rejected and ignored, but the servant spirits of machinery find themselves performing redundant labor on a daily basis forced upon them by humans. The humans drive them until they break or dissipate for lack of Gnosis. But we respect the spirits who thrive within technology.

All Machines Day celebrates our dependence on the Machine and our reverence toward technological spirits. The festival begins with Vulcans Day on the preceding Friday and ends with Sister Science Day on the following Saturday, although the moot itself takes place on the Ides of March, the 15th, each year. On this day, we clean and



repair our machinery from the early morning until the evening. This includes the cleansing of both home and office with rites and rituals. As the sun sets, we power up our machinery and invite the spirits to frolic with us through a festival of light and sound. The festivities go into the Penumbra where we commune with the technological spirits who aid us in our daily lives. When the celebration finally dies down, a peaceful calm settles within both the structure that houses the main festivities and the Penumbra that surrounds it.

All hail the Machine!

Promethean Daze

Filled with eating and communing, this week-long celebration, occurring between Christmas and New Year's Day, falls into two distinct parts.

The first phase clears the mind of delusional, self-imposed boundaries that were constructed during the course of the previous year. The individual seeks to break down her own boundaries, while the houses work to break down repressive structures they have erected. When this event occurs on a tribal level, the whole tribe works to remove the previous order and leave a clean slate for reorganization. The second stage works to predict the events of the new year. Drumming is used to call upon the harmony of the past and to welcome new spirits into existence. We hope to find the new spirits birthed from Gaia's womb and promise our allegiance to them. In turn for protection, we ask the spirits to aid us in future times. We try to expand our minds and find new direction and insight.

The Litany

I once helped catch a Shadow Lord who was trying to infiltrate our tribe and report breaches of the Litany to the Silver Fang hierarchy. We held him down and tattooed "Fink" on his chest. We made it clear that his treachery was not appreciated. We stare right at the Wym while the other tribes run around the woods having a good ol' time. Who are they to judge our battle against the Wym?

Enough of that. You need to know the Litany the way we see it. Straying from it could mean death. Pay attention.

Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou

Sometimes I wonder if this part of the Litany wasn't originally "It is the duty of all Garou to breed with another Garou at least twice during their lifetime in order to insure the existence of Garou in this generation, lest the Wym take advantage of our dwindled numbers (due to the fate of recessive genes) in any one generation or another." Makes too much sense, doesn't it? But don't tell the Silver Fangs this. They'll come after us with their flunky tribes.

Lingo of the Techno Wolf

Bionics — Mechanical devices designed to replicate the functions of biological organisms. Sometimes called "six million dollar ware."

Cipherware — Computer software that appears to be something other than what it actually does.

Conferencing — The linking of several different users to one another through any two-way communications device.

Cracking code — 1) Writing or breaking into another person's computer programs, 2) Writing programs in machine language.

Crowbar — Prying into something by use of something else. "I crowbarred my way into Pentex by dummyping up to a couple of Black Dog Games execs."

Cyberfetish — A technological fetish, usually implanted into a Garou's body.

Cyberpunk — Someone who carts technology around with them and integrates it into as many aspects of her life as possible.

Cyberware — Hardware that links directly to a living organism.

Family — A Glass Walker sept.

Flushing — 1) Removing everything from a computer system or IC chip, 2) Turning on all the fire sprinklers in a building, 3) Filling a given location with noise, smoke, water, etc. in order to force something out.

Hacker — One who hacks.

Hacking — 1) Breaking into computer systems, 2) Working through things by trial and error, 3) Programming [archaic].

Interface — 1) Setting up an equal connection between two parties, 2) Trading information, 3) Joining two things together.

House — The organizational structure of the tribe. There are four main houses and many sub houses.

Jack-in — 1) Plugging into a system, 2) Gaining control of a piece of machinery.

Lamer — 1) A computer user who does not program, 2) Someone who doesn't help out.

Linking-up — Sending and receiving information from another computer system or person.

Lurking — 1) Linking into other people's communications and not letting them know you're there, 2) Sneaking around in the Penumbra to observe people in the physical world.

Managing — 1) Getting other people to do your work, 2) Being the brains behind a plan.

Monkeywrench — To sabotage.

On-line — Being in a situation where one can send and receive information from an outside source.

Power out — 1) Getting out of a situation as fast as possible, 2) Temporarily banishing electrical spirits from a certain area.

Set date — 1) Planning an activity that is to occur at a certain time, 2) Synchronization of watches.

Spook — Coined off the nickname for CIA agents. 1) Someone who watches people from the Penumbra, 2) Someone who listens or looks into other places through mechanical means, 3) Someone who pulls information out of communications networks or computers from the Penumbra.

Spoon-bending — 1) Using electromagnetic spirits to destroy magnetic media, 2) Making a solid object take another shape.

Trojan horse — Making something appear to be something else, especially if it is where the other thing should be and it is used to trick people into a false sense of security.

Uplink — 1) Sending information from a communication's satellite, 2) Sending information to a larger computer system, 3) Sending and receiving information from an outside source with more information.

User — Someone who utilizes a piece of machinery.

Virtual reality — An artificially constructed environment.

Workaholic — A person who falls into work so deeply that she does not know when to stop working and feels she cannot rest until everything is done.

Other words for that piece of machinery over there: doo-hicky, gadget, gizmo, thing-a-ma-doodle, thing-a-ma-jig, what-cha-ma-call-it and widget

Combat the Wyrms Wherever It Dwells and Whenever It Breeds

The Wyrms fill the City with its stench. If we raged out at every Wyrms scent we smelled, we'd be in constant frenzy. Don't worry about the little Wyrms things unless they get in your way. If you do, the little ones'll wear you down until you're easy pickings for a big one. Select your targets carefully. Take time to plan all attacks. Take no prisoners. Destroy all Wyrms-tainted machinery.

Respect the Territory of Another

Follow this rule for land and property. Be careful; some Garou still mark what's theirs the old fashion way. Take time to make sure that you're not going to step on any toes when you make business dealings. Inside the Machine, nothing can truly be owned. Information wants to be free. No one owns the Cyber Realm. Data held prisoner should be freed if possible.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

There's too much killing among our race. Accept any surrender — except, of course, from the Black Spiral Dancers, who should be killed and the Shadow Lords, who should be made to grovel if at all possible. In any case, make sure you get something cool out of it.

Submission to Those of Higher Station

Look... you're going to go through your phases, but it's best to respect and to listen to those above you in any situation. Sometimes, if you have a good idea, you're going to have to speak up even if it is against the views of the elders. Just remember, if you are told to hold your tongue and don't, you're liable to get shot a time or two for speaking out of turn.





The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

Don't let the Wyrms get a hold of you if you're the "top dog." Remember, what you might want, someone else might need or know how to use better than you do.

Ye Shall Not Eat the Flesh of Humans

Chomping on someone is one thing, ripping a hunk out and swallowing it is another! If we catch you doing it, we're gonna skin you alive with our klaives — and you can post that on the BBS!

Respect for Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

Don't shove people around. Ask them to do things for you and explain to them why it's necessary if time allows. We ensure that our people, our allies and those individuals who we protect have their needs fulfilled. No one should go without food, shelter or decent entertainment (hey, it's a priority these days!).

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

Don't even joke about telling the tabloids about us. We'd be attacked both by Garou and humans. I know you could make a lot of money, but get a life! Take a hint from the vampires. If you have to say something about the Garou's existence, blow it out of proportion so no one will believe it.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

Medical science can help people live far longer than they should. Death's a natural process. Holding onto life too long is Wyrms fetid and without honor. When your time comes, turn to the woods. Live your final days as a tribute to the Wyld. I'm on my way there soon. Don't mourn me when I'm gone; I'll be back!

The Leader May Be Challenged at Any Time During Peace

The Leader May Not Be Challenged During Wartime

Do we really need to repeat ourselves in the Litany? Come on, make some sense already. Do we ever see peace in the City? Bottom line... don't fight among yourselves while fighting the Wyrms. Don't quarrel as a house in front of other houses. Don't defy our tribe in front of other tribes. Do your fighting for leadership in private. Try to solve things logically before regressing to tooth and talon. Save your strength for battling the Wyrms.

Ye Shall Take No Action that Causes a Caern to Be Violated

Be very careful with our secrets. Mages and Wyrms followers want to steal or destroy what we hold dear. If you violate this part of the Litany, you'd best just kill yourself. Your death will be long and painful if we have to do it for you.

Punishment

As a tribe, we understand that we're animals. We like to treat our kind justly, but when they have done wrong, it's necessary to punish them in a way that will have a lasting impact. Firearms have become the first line of punishment for the Glass Walker pups. Everyone knows what they do to a human. Garou in Crinos form will feel the pain, but they'll heal rapidly without lasting scars. Greater offenses usually lead a house to abandon a Garou deep in the wilderness without any technology: no television, no radio, no matches and of course, no clothing. The harsh environment and the lack of suitable entertainment usually lead to reform. Once you've been through it, I promise you won't forget it.

A repeat offender will find his money becoming useless. Any transaction, other than bartering, becomes unattainable. In addition, information about the offender will be removed from as many sources of documentation as the house or tribe can manage. Non-Garou will often become unable to verify his identity. These punishments will continue until the Garou has learned the error of his ways.

When a Glass Walker goes to the Wyrms, the tribe must do what is necessary. Death of the Garou takes precedence over all other actions. We leave no remains and purify the site of the Garou's death.



BRIAN
LEBLANC
95

Chapter Three: Worldly Contacts

*Walking on
Walking on
Broken glass*

— Annie Lenox, "Walking on Broken Glass"

Friends will help you better than any sidearm or weird doo-dilly-bob that you happen to find. You're hearing me right. Friends are better than money, too. Listen to what I'm saying. Make an ally of the spirit within the machines you use. Talk to the programmer who runs your database. Know who you can trust. Even better, know who you can't.

So I'm cynical. I've seen young punks come and go. I'll tell you right now, I've been throated by better than the likes of you. So you have a lot of raw power — I did too. So what's the big deal? Prove it to the Wyrms. I don't have time to fight with my own people. I'm too old to be wasting my time. Claw me up if you have to, then I can get on with my life. If you want my help, I'll give you something that you don't have: my knowledge. I have more in this chrome-plated skull than you'll ever get if you keep acting like a reckless cub.

The City

The City has been our shelter and provider since our tribe's beginnings. In return for maintaining urban caerns, the Weaver has been nice enough to help us make allies with the City spirits. This should be more than enough proof that the City fills an important niche in the whole of Gaia. For some reason, the other tribes insist on arguing against us and labeling us as Wyrms tainted. However, if we weren't here to fight against corruption, then every city would have been a hellhole long ago.

I know the other Garou find their roots in the Wyld while we have followed the Weaver. Maybe Gaia has reasons behind what she does. We fill a niche, helping to retain what remains of the fragile balance of the Triat. It is general practice for at least one house in a city to select the City Father or Mother as its totem. City totems are of

little or no power once you are outside of their limits, but while you are within their domain, their power reigns supreme. Houses must take care to tend to the local City spirit or risk having the whole City turn to the Wyrms and then against them.

It may seem hopeless, but we must fight 'til the end. Even through death, we return to protect the City. Just because we can't look into our past lives like other Garou doesn't mean that we don't reincarnate just as often.

The Machine

The human body will not evolve beyond its present state. Their mission is to give birth to the new life form that will replace them. That is why we cyberdroids have come into being. But humans are unwilling to turn the world over to us and so they have locked up our souls.

— Tony Takezaki, A.D. Police

Technology, like everything else, is a part of Gaia. How can the others be so blind? They look at nature and say "Nature is Gaia." How can their view be so narrow? There are spirits within the machines just as there are spirits within animals and plants. No matter. We are who we are and we know who we are. We know what we believe in and we will do our part to retain the Balance of Gaia.

The Weaver spawned the Machine just as she did the City. There's no question that parts of it smell like the Wyrms. But parts of nature stink of the Wyrms, too, but the

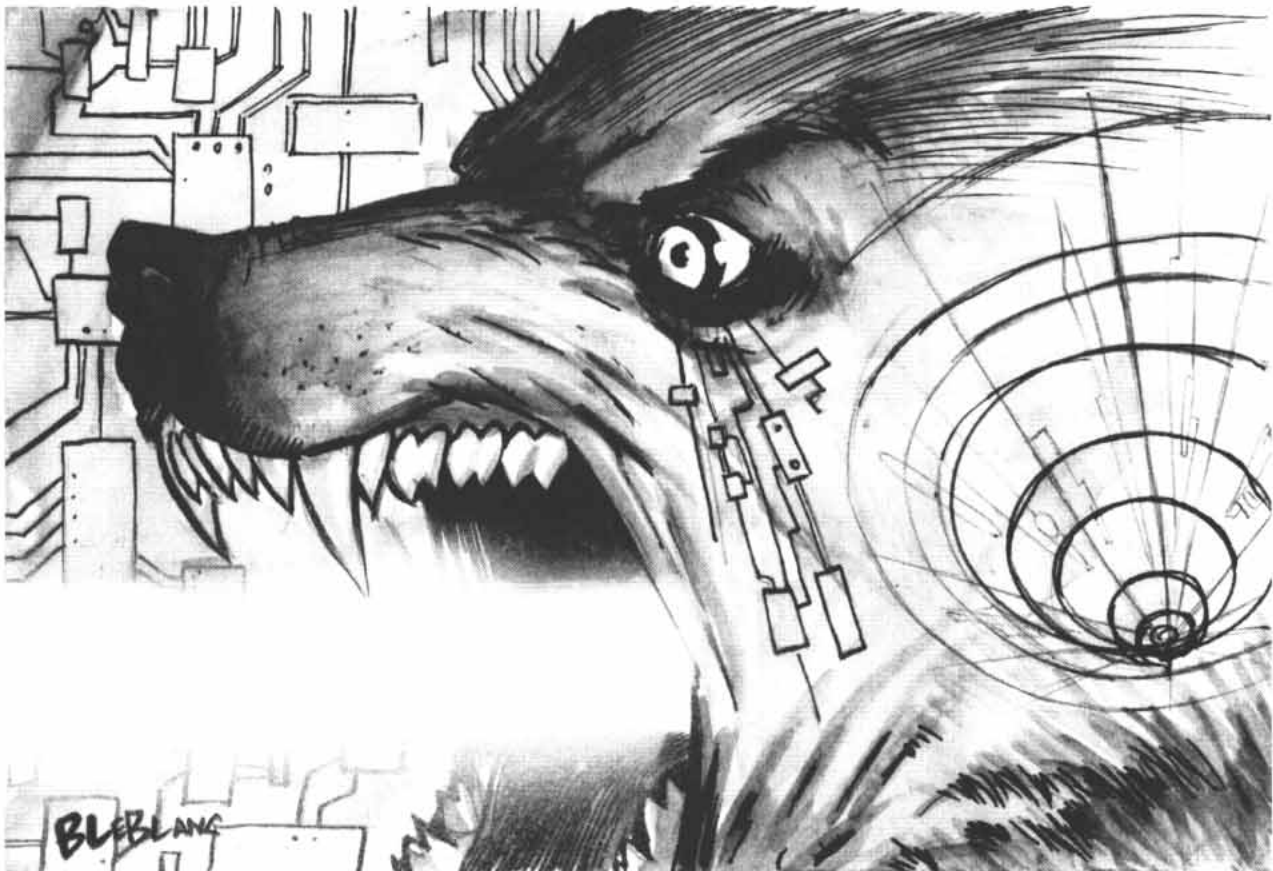
Garou aren't trying to destroy nature, are they? Of course not! Almost every piece of machinery has its own spirit. I've seen computers with several spirits. A majority of technological spirits are of the Weaver, but there are a few of the Wyld as well.

The CyberRealm

The creation of technology begins in the CyberRealm. Those new spirits who need our help slowly grow to strength here, knowing that we will protect them.

Up there is the Computer Web. It networks the thinking machines together as no other machines have been able to link up before. The strata of mechanical networks lies below. All machinery is connected — each wheel and gear works together. Beneath this, things become dank with the darkness and ooze of the Wyrms. Slimy, bestial forms of sludge and goop lurk just behind the pristine surfaces of Umbral office walls. There are no roads beneath the skyscrapers anymore; just a dank emptiness that stretches ever downward.

We've got gargoyles; local spirits who defend our gleaming penthouse offices. Still, the Wyrms extend its grasping tentacles. It reaches out, unnoticed, until its tentacles are large enough to drag us from the skyscrapers into the soot and grime of that which waits below.





We are friends of the Machine. You will be permitted access through this realm. Do not panic. The Weaver is our friend. But that doesn't mean that the Weaver always knows what she is doing. She needs guidance. I think it's the Wyld creeping in and maligning her patterns, but the others insist that it is the Wurm and that the Weaver herself is out of control. We know better, don't we?

The Rest of Our Race

The Bone Gnawers and Children of Gaia always look out for us. Give your junk to the Bone Gnawers and they will forever love you for it. The Children of Gaia talk peace first in every situation, but don't let them talk you into becoming a martyr. The Fianna and Silent Striders will follow our lead and help us out of a jam. Both tribes know what it's like to be outcasts. The Fianna tend to be entrapped by the cultural heritage of their Kinfolk, but I hear they can communicate with fairies and other mystical creatures. The Silent Striders can travel really fast, but they keep secret what ideas they deem dangerous. I trust both tribes only as long as we're making a profit.

The three mystic tribes like to remain separate from us. This doesn't mean they hate us, they just like doing their own thing by themselves. The Black Furies hate men, so let the females among us do the talking — and stay away from their fetishes! The Uktena delve into occult lore constantly; if you have questions about spirits, they're the

ones to politely ask. The Stargazers study the mysteries of the Umbra through their own minds. If you think that's cryptic, try talking to one! Don't try to manipulate any of these three tribes or they won't deal with you again in this life. Treat them with respect and they'll at least keep you from getting killed.

The ruling tribes have always hated us. The Silver Fangs fear us for the power we have in human society. Most Shadow Lords are cunning and hateful and all too often they try to muscle in on our corporate territory. The Get of Fenris are a bunch of thugs who fight anyone they can. Placate these tribes and stay away from them as best you can. Many of them hold their status in Garou society because of their breeding and connection to their previous incarnations. I think that this tends to hold them in the past and blind them to new ways of life. I'm not even going to go into the inbreeding part — and they're the ones so adamantly against metis!

The Wendigo and Red Talons would kill us as soon as they would a Black Spiral Dancer. To them, we are the enemy. Both tribes fill themselves with the Wyld and run free in the wilderness. The Red Talons form our opposite among the Garou because their tribe consists of only lupus. The Wendigo are as bloodthirsty as the Get of Fenris and have no one to help hold their rage in check. Don't run into either of these tribes in the wilderness. It's a good thing for us they hate the cities.



A Monkeywrencher's Guide to Battling the Wurm

A lot of Glass Walkers are Monkeywrenchers; It's a loose-knit gang of trouble-makers — trouble for Pentex, that is. These are their tenants for Wurm smashing, starting with the unstated but obvious: Know your target.

- 1) Always plan in advance including an escape route.
- 2) Trick the Wurm into attacking itself.
- 3) Crowbar, whenever possible.
- 4) Use surprise and distraction to your advantage.
- 5) Destroy communication and power networks around your target just before you go in for the kill.
- 6) Always target the greatest enemy.
- 7) Never strike at a target twice in the same manner.

Everyone and Everything Else

But... but they changed the original design! They cut down on building materials. Cut corners; used a lot of cheap substitutes! The psychotecture was ruined! God knows what effects the actual city is having on all our minds! Why did Simon allow it, knowing the consequences?

— Los Bros Hernandez, Mister X

We're not the only supernatural creatures running around. I'm sure I haven't heard of all the mystic weirdness that exists, but I'll tell you what I can.

Vampires

Yes, vampires! Undead, immortal parasites that subsist off the blood of the living. For some reason, they don't all smell of the Wurm — but be careful; this doesn't mean they aren't evil. Some vampires are too useful to kill, unless their Wurm scent becomes too strong or they become treacherous. Remember, we have bigger Wurm fiends to fry. Don't provoke the old vampires; they're usually too busy fighting their own undead offspring to bother us and they're highly dangerous if riled.

Vampire Cliques

There thrives a secret society known as the Ventrue. They, like our tribe, manipulate the business world and economy. Try not to bring the wrath of the Ventrue upon yourself; these vampires are the most organized of Wurm minions. They might seem like good allies in business deals, but don't try it. It's not worth the hassle. However, you might want to let them know if you're going to make any power plays. No need to step on any toes and cause a corporate war to snowball into a supernatural one. I hear they have rules like we do and they respect other people's property. Keep this in mind if they try to take over anything you own. Point any transgressions out to them sensibly.

Another clique is the Giovanni. While they don't number as many as the Ventrue, we've had better dealings with them, since our mutual homebase is in Italy. We fought a lot at first, but eventually came to some mutual understandings. Legends say that the Wise Guys have an ancient pact with them. The contingent known as the Nosferatu is filled with mostly gentle beings who came into their immortality malformed. This makes them look the most Wyrms-fetid of the night stalkers, but most of the time they're actually the least tainted. I find this especially odd when the other vampires treat them in the same manner as metis are treated among our tribes. Oh, and stay out of the sewers — it's their home. Let the Bone Gnawer Rat Finks take care of any transactions you might want to make with the Nosferatu.

Mages

It's legend that the mages like to find our caerns and drain them. Everything else in legend seems true, so don't disregard anything you might have heard. I've heard elders talk about making deals with some mages for weird technology or to trace the presence of new technological spirits — which some mages apparently don't believe in or ignore. I, myself, don't want to have anything to do with them. They don't seem to be trying to protect Gaia and magick doesn't have anything to do with technology.

If you see what you think is a mage, clear the hell out of the area and contact the nearest Uktena. They don't like mages and they'll do your battling for you. The Uktena'll leave all the technology spirits behind, because they don't like them either. No reason getting our hands dirty if we don't have to; that's the first sign of a good manager.

Wraiths: Trapped Souls

Ghosts. I've heard the same stuff that you have. They're trapped to haunt the world of the living until they find a way to right a wrong or stop the evil that killed them. Your guess is as good as mine and I don't know who's side they are on, so don't ask.

I think it's best to hold places of the dead as holy. I always tell business colleagues not to build on graveyards, but sometimes they don't listen. Something weird always happens.

Exploring the World at the Speed of Sound

I tried to get another Glass Walker to tell you this, but he was too set on talking about how great a surfer he is and where all the best waves are. Most of you aren't surfers and you don't really have time for all that nonsense. I'm trying to sort out what he told me, but I don't know what he's





trying to say half the time... damn surfer lingo. It's like talking to a banker about currency. He's sort of famous, though. He's the guy who the spirits first taught the Gift of Phone Travel to. Since he learned it, he's been traveling around the world surfing. It's an abuse of Gaia's power, but I'm going to make something good out of it by compiling this.

North America and Europe

Most of our tribe lives in North America and Europe and stays linked together by the ever-increasing simplicity of the telephone and computer nets. Soon it won't make a difference where we are; we'll still be able to talk to each other like we're next door.

Unfortunately, the cities are getting old. The Wyrms are starting to corrupt them with its smog and sludge and human neuroses. I've been in the wilderness once or twice. The sky is blue out there, not gray like in the cities. The air tastes fresh — not like the junk we cough out of our lungs.

Japan

Technology pulses with youth in Japan. There is neon and glass covering everything in sight. Recycling is important because the country has few natural resources, but the Wyrms' power causes industry to pollute the ocean and destroy sea life.

Quite a few new types of technological spirits have been found in the Penumbra around Japan. Rumor has it that Japan's Gauntlet is thin and has many holes in it. The local Shadow Lords have most of them mapped out, but they don't want to give up their secrets to those of our tribe who live there.

What I'm worried about is that recurrent, waking dream the Japanese keep putting into their films about giant Wyrms creatures coming out of the polluted Pacific Ocean and befriending the children of Japan. It all smacks too much of the Apocalypse to me. A Wyrms-joke created to lure children into summoning a Nexus Crawler into existence with what limited spiritual power they possess. Unfortunately, as I said before, the Gauntlet tends to be thin in many places.

Coastal Asia

If you want to get something and you can't get it any place else, the trade centers of the Orient are the places to check. Coastal Asia's full of open air markets and money exchanging. There's even some technology here and there, but most of it is shoddy. Go for trade only; not many of our kind around those parts — from any tribe.

I've heard rumors that Ratkin live in these regions. The few native Bone Gnawers would know if this is true, but their lips are sealed.

Mainland Asia

My surfer pal didn't go inland... no waves. He heard that weird stuff goes on in the jungles and said that he felt bad mojo rising out of them whenever he was near. Stories abound of different breeds of shapeshifters and armies of fomori gathering for a giant battle. It all seems like a bunch of bunk aimed at getting us nervous and stopping technology from moving into that area of the world.

The Amazon

We've backed none of the development in the Amazon, but working in political circles to stop deforestation only does so much. Some of us have found that the best way to stop the Wyrms from devouring these primal lands is to buy it and stop all industrial expansion. Though this seems somewhat backward to us, we alone among the tribes have the monetary means to execute this kind of counter-attack.

You want a war, young pup? Well, there ya go! You got a hot one. Kill them all and hopefully only the good ones'll reincarnate. Pentex-controlled money is tilting toward 75%+ of the Amazon market, or so my sources claim. Don't worry about destroying the City or the Machine down there; it's all pretty much corrupted by the Wyrms.

Whatever you do down there, keep your eyes open! The natives think that we're the enemy! I'm including the other changing breeds in with the whole lot of them, as they still have a grudge from the old days when the Garou declared the War of Rage.

The Third World

As a policy, the Glass Walkers have vowed not to aid in the development of any new city or the expansion of technology outside of already existing cities. This was part of our plea to bring about the end of the Impergium and to stop the others from trying to commit genocide on us. Breaking this policy will lead the Red Talons down our throats. I'm sure the Silver Fangs and their two side-kick tribes, Shadow Lords and Get of Fenris, would be more than happy to help those savages do us in, so don't tempt them!

Remember: Only use the technology that is available to you. Do not front the expansion of cities. It is acceptable to rebuild areas inside of a city as long as they are built to match their surroundings. Let humanity do the footwork and "buy in" later. In doing this, we can shift the blame from us to the humans for the cities increasing in size.

It's sad. The media talks about the suffering in these countries all the time. We could help the Third World so easily with so very little effort if the rest of the Garou would free us of our ancient promise.



Appendix One: Powers of the City

Tribal Weaknesses (Optional)

An optional rule was introduced in the first of the **Werewolf Tribebooks**: tribal weaknesses. These are quirks each member of a particular tribe possesses, usually due to the social or even genetic nature of a tribe. Weaknesses should not always be enforced. There are some situations where a Bone Gnawer may not suffer a higher difficulty on Social rolls. These situations may be rare, but they can occur. For instance, Black Furies suffer from an inborn anger against men, but a Black Fury may not feel anger towards a man with whom she has a trusting relationship.

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 that her Uktena's curiosity will get her into trouble.

Glass Walker Weakness

Weaver Affinity: Cannot regain Gnosis in wilderness.

The Glass Walkers are tied closely with their cities, their city spirits and the spiritual life unique to the city, with its mishmash of tyrannical Weaver and tempered Wyld. Because of this, they lack an inherent connection with the Wyld and may not regain Gnosis points when in the wilderness. The exception to this is when they are at a caern; they may regain Gnosis as they normally do at these sacred sites.

Merits and Flaws

Jinx (3 - 4 pt. Supernatural Flaw)

Probably due to your actions in a previous life, technological spirits tend to avoid you. You cannot learn Gifts from technological spirits (including Net and Pattern Spiders), and you cannot use technological fetishes or talens. In addition, these spirits may cause technological devices you use to malfunction — you're just a jinx.

Fortunately for you, there is one technological spirit that does believe in you. It likes you and thinks that you have been unjustly accused of whatever annoys the other spirits. This spirit lives inside of a piece of machinery, although it is not a fetish, and you must have it present when dealing with technology spirits or you will be ignored. With its aid, you can use any technological fetishes or talen and learn tech Gifts. If this spirit is ever killed, you are out of luck in dealing with technology. A dangerous quest into the CyberRealm may yield you a new ally, at the Storyteller's discretion. If you purchase the 4 point version of this Flaw, then your spirit ally does not exist and you suffer all the drawbacks listed above.

Machine Affinity (4 pt. Supernatural Merit)

Working and repairing equipment has always come easy to you. Your connection to machinery spontaneously awakens technological spirits in your presence and allows you to add one to all dice pools when dealing with them.

Gifts

• **Pennies From Heaven (Level Two)** — The Garou can convince money spirits to improve the value of his money by changing the denominations of the coinage or currency. This Gift is taught by money spirits.

System: The Garou spends one Gnosis point and rolls Charisma + Politics. The difficulty depends on the final desired denomination. It doesn't matter what the money already is, although few Garou will change dollars into pennies at a loss. The amount of money changed depends on the number of successes. (Storytellers of non-U.S. chronicles should adjust the following chart to the closest equivalent foreign currency.)

Denomination changed to:	Difficulty
Penny	3
Nickel	4
Dime	5
Quarter	6
Dollar bill	7
Five dollar bill	8
Twenty dollar bill	9
Any other currency	10
Successes	Amount (in coins or bills)
1	5
2	10
3	20
4	50
5	100

Glass Walker financial managers frown on the blatant use of this Gift, since it tends to attract the attention of other supernaturals who are concerned with money (such as the mage Syndicate). If too much of this mutant money hits the market too quickly, there will surely be supernatural retribution from other parties.

• **Steel Fur (Level Two)** — Garou with this Gift can temporarily convert their fur into steel. This Gift is taught by metal or earth elementals.

System: The Garou must spend one Willpower point and roll Stamina + Science (difficulty 7). Each success adds one to the Garou's soak dice pool. The effect lasts for one scene or until the Garou decides to convert the metal back into fur. While this Gift is active, the Garou suffers a +1 difficulty to all Social rolls (except among Glass Walkers) and Dexterity rolls.

• **Tech Speak (Level Four)** — By mentally interfacing with the Machine, the Garou can send communications through any technological device. By concentrating her will upon the individual(s) whom she wishes to communicate with, communication devices will project the information at the intended individuals: telephones shout, stereos blare and printers print out the message. If no communication device is present, other devices can be activated: alarms will go off, lights flash or plumbing turns on. This Gift is taught by Pattern Spiders.

System: The Garou spends a Gnosis point and rolls Manipulation + Science. The difficulty depends on the distance to the target: the next room is 4, the same building is 5, one block away is 6, one mile away is 7, one time-zone away (from Eastern to Central Standard Time) is 8, anywhere in the world (as long as there is a technological device present at the location) is 9. The clarity of the message depends on the number of successes. One success may only communicate one word, such as "run," while five successes may allow a reading of the Gettysburg Address.

• **Tractor Beam (Level Four)** — The Garou can transport non-dedicated objects with her to the Umbra when she steps sideways. She may not take living creatures, only objects. This Gift is taught by Weaver spirits.

System: The Garou spends one Willpower point for each object brought over to the Umbra. It must be something she can carry and it must weigh no more than her own body weight. However, two or more Garou with this Gift can team up and carry larger items into the Spirit World. Despite its name, the user of this Gift does not emit a beam.

City Farmer Gift

• **Agro Culture (Level One)** — The Garou can cause plants to take root and grow in places where it is usually impossible for plants to grow. This Gift does not make plants grow supernaturally fast; it simply gives them a chance for life where none existed before. The plants must still be tended to and watered. However, the plants can use artificial substances such as concrete and plastic for soil. They dig their roots in and grow. Plants can even be coaxed to grow out of walls, as long as they are nurtured during the process. This Gift is taught by plant spirits.

System: The Garou must plant seeds in the area to be fertilized. If this is a concrete wall, he must place the seeds in cracks within the surface. He then rolls Charisma + Science (or Herbology) against a difficulty dependent on the toxicity of the area. An abandoned lot might be 5, a typical city building bathed in the smog of passing cars might be 6 or 7, while an oil spill site might be 9.

Central House Gift

Only Dons of the Central House may learn this Gift, for they are the caretakers of the tribal debt and favors pool.

• **Family Debt (Level Five)** — The Garou can call upon the past lives of other Garou to return a favor owed to the Glass Walker tribe, even if the debt was made centuries ago. Using this Gift will cause another Garou with the Past Life Background to become possessed by the ancestor whom the Glass Walker summons. The living Garou must be of the same tribe as the ancestor who is called (a Glass Walker cannot make a Bone Gnawer summon a Silver Fang ancestor). This Gift is taught by any long-lived spirit, such as a turtle or an elephant, and the Glass Walkers often have such spirits witness any business transactions they make with other Garou.

System: The Garou spends one Willpower point and rolls Gnosis against a difficulty of 10 minus the target's Past Life Background rating. If there is no Garou with Past Life present, this Gift will not work; it requires a Garou with deep connections to her ancestors to act as a conduit. If successful, the desired ancestor is summoned and possesses the target. This ancestor will then perform a duty to make up for a favor the Glass Walkers did for him in his lifetime.

The Central House keeps vast records of every debt owed the tribe. It usually requires a committee vote to summon one of their debtors and thus use up the favor owed. However, Dons who learn this Gift are considered to have the power to use it whenever desired, although Dons who abuse it may wind up being voted off the board, so to speak.

The player should be allowed to create the original debt condition and the debtor. "Grom Wyrmofoe of the Silver Fangs owes the Glass Walkers big, because they helped him root out vampires in Moscow in the late 1600s. Well, my character feels it's about time he repaid the favor by helping me kill that damn Gangrel." The Storyteller, however, is the ultimate arbiter of this Gift. It should be used to enhance a story, never to simply power game. If the Storyteller feels the player is asking a greater favor than what was originally given to the ancestor, he is free to have the ancestor deny the call.

Glass Walker characters should also realize that most Garou do not like being puppets for their Past Lives simply at the whim of some damn city Urrah. They will usually try to get revenge at some later date — to do so immediately is to insult the ancestor.

Rites

All Machines Day (Seasonal)

Level Three

See Chapter Two for more information on this rite.

House Bonding Rite (Renown)

Level Two

This ritual sets up a permanent bond between the members of a house. They will, from that point forward, have an innate sense of when their fellow local house members are in trouble. If one member dies, the house members will feel the loss. Garou may only be bonded to one house. This rite is only performed on those who have consistently proven their loyalty to the house; it is a great honor and the recipient receives 2 temporary points of Honor Renown.

Promethean Daze (Seasonal)

Level Two

See Chapter Two for more information on this popular rite.

Reconstitution of the Will (Mystical)

Level Two

This week-long rite usually takes place during seasonal rites, such as Promethean Daze. When completed, all Garou participating in the rite regain their full Willpower points.

Running With the Wyld (Mystical)

Level Two

Called upon at Raves, the rite starts off at a low tone and then escalates into a frenzied pitch. Galliards draw down the power of the Wyld and imbue those assembled with its might. All Garou participating in the rite regain their full Rage points.

Fetishes

Duct Tape of Bonding

Level 1, Gnosis 7

This limitless roll of duct tape can be used, upon activation, to bond together or seal virtually anything. This bonding lasts for one scene. The bonding can be forcibly broken by just about anyone, but barring such willful destruction, the bonding is solid.

To create a Duct Tape of Bonding fetish, a normal roll of duct tape is etched with specific glyphs to identify the user, her house and tribe and the name of the technological or Weaver spirit inhabiting it.

Flight Pack

Level 4, Gnosis 8

Various exhaust ports and snaking tubes sprout from the back of this assembly. When a Garou places this upon his head and shoulders, he can soar high through the sky and even reach Anchorheads when flying within the Penumbra.

The Flight Pack allows the wearer to fly for 10 minutes per success on the activation roll. However, if the Garou spends one Gnosis point while trying to activate the pack, he can then fly to a destination of choice, regardless of time, if the activation was successful. The pack has three flight settings: scenic (4 mph), touring (40 mph), and fast (400 mph).

To create a Flight Pack, one must bind a technology, wind or bird spirit into the fetish.

Information Absorber

Level 2, Gnosis 6

The Information Absorber drains computers and information storage devices of their information. The device is not selective and all information will be drained from the device. This works on books as well, leaving the pages blank. However, equipment protected by another spirit (such as a computer guarded by a Net Spider) will not be affected. This fetish often looks like a remote control unit or computer storage media decorated with trinkets to attract spirits.

Money Tracer

Level 1, Gnosis 6

Resembling a wallet or purse, this fetish can sense the presence of Wyrms taint on money. Once money is placed within the activated fetish, it will direct the Garou to the last Wyrms minion who used the money in service to the Wyrms.

To create a Money Tracer, one must bind a technology or money spirit into the fetish.

Psychotropic Cube

Level 2, Gnosis 7

Often overlooked as a child's toy, this multi-colored cube has been specially crafted to record the sound and a three-dimensional representation of activities in a five foot by five foot area for one hour. The Garou sets the device to activate at a certain time. Once the device has been retrieved, the Garou can replay the events in an empty area of similar size.

Streetlight Changer

Level 1, Gnosis 5

This fetish, usually a small box or tube with a single switch, allows its user to command streetlights to change; it affects all the lights at a given intersection.

To create a Streetlight Changer, one or more of the following spirit types must be bound: technology spirit, electricity elemental or light spirit.

Super Magnet

Level 2, Gnosis 7

A U-shaped device attached to a handle, this fetish produces an electromagnetic field that can erase magnetic media or magnetically lock metal parts together. Someone attempting to break apart this attraction must pit their Strength against the fetish's Gnosis rating in a resisted roll (difficulty 6). This will not work on technology that has been specifically created to be magnetically resistant.

Tie Tack of Persuasion

Level 2, Gnosis 7

Once activated, this tie tack adds two dice to the user's dice pool for any persuasive activities. The fetish's power last for one scene or transaction.

Web Drive Interface

Level 4, Gnosis 6

This fetish, usually a clunky box adorned with a spider and a web-like pattern, connects directly into the CyberRealm and links into the myriad of information sources held within it. A Garou can use it to raise a particular Knowledge by one dot per success on the activation roll (not to exceed five dots total). This extra know-how only lasts for one scene.

Talens

Implant Virus

Gnosis 7

When this talen, usually a plastic bug, is placed upon a piece of machinery and activated, the talen will dissolve and the spirit within it will infest the machinery.

These talens come in various types. Some seek out computer files containing certain key words or phrases and erase those files. Others wait until a certain situation occurs before taking control of the machine's output devices.

To create an Implant Virus, one must bind a Net Spider.

Slagger

Gnosis 6

Most slaggers have a small flame icon drawn on them. When activated, it consumes itself in an intense fire capable of burning through almost anything. The slagger melts virtually everything within a 2 x 3 foot area.

To create a slagger, one must bind a fire elemental.

Totems

Totem of Wisdom

The Monkey King

Background Cost: 7

The Monkey King hatched from a stone egg. Most noted for his wit and ability to evade capture, he has always stood as a symbol of liberty and intellectual advancement.

Traits: The Monkey King grants his children the Gift of Blur of the Milky Eye and Open Seal. Each of his children also has his difficulties for any evasion or escape rolls reduced by two. His children can purchase Abilities with experience points at one point cheaper than the usual cost (the minimum cost is still one).

Ban: Children of the Monkey Kings should never constrict another's freedom. This does not include Wym minions but does include: talens, fetishes, dedicated items, etc.. If spirits freely wish to give their service to a Garou, then the possession of such an item is permissible.

Monkey King children lose Honor renown if they abandon those whom they have befriended or who are within their care (Storyteller's discretion).

Totems of War

Clashing Boom-Boom

Background Cost: 8

Clashing Boom-Boom takes on the form of a stealth bomber and makes her presence known within all machinery of warfare. However, she tends to recklessly fall into the path of the Wym, because her limited vision focuses upon destruction alone. She has called upon the Glass Walkers to help rid herself of its corruption.

Traits: Her children each add one to their Firearms and Melee Skills. In addition, their maximum difficulty with weapons is 9, even if it would normally be 10. She requests that her children name all their weaponry and ornament them in some fashion. Garou using the Rite of Binding have -1 to their difficulties when binding spirits into weaponry. She insures that her children's weapons never malfunction or jam.

Ban: Clashing Boom-Boom expects that her powers will only be called upon by the righteous to dispense justice. Those who follow her and call upon her to do otherwise risk having the multitude of her forms turn against them.

O' Mighty Dolla'

Background Cost: 4

O' Mighty Dolla' manifests in any denomination of the little green pieces of paper known as U.S. dollars. Caerns dedicated to him lie within banks, mints and large stockpiles of currency.

Traits: O' Mighty Dolla' can reduce by three the difficulty of any roll that could be influenced by cash changing hands. His Children each gain Resources 2.

Ban: Outside of the United States, O' Mighty Dolla's powers should only be called upon in order to make a profit. His children are asked never to use any other type of currency. He has begun to request that his children abstain from the use of plastic money (credit cards) as well.

Appendix Two: Residents of the Naked City

But the fused awareness he had shared with Lala was not a dream. They had seen a future and the future was one of promise. It was real. It burned into Amuro's mind. He knew that although only he and Lala had seen it, it did not belong only to them. It was vast. It was universal.

—Yoshiyuki Tomino, *Mobile Suit Gundam, Volume I: Awakening*

Surrounded by the corruption of the Wyrn, we stare down its black throat, past its venomous fangs and laugh at the heinous stench of its breath. Technology is on our side. With the pull of a pin and the flip of a wrist, the

beast's stomach explodes with the shock of a concussion grenade. Of course, we could have called upon the wrecking ball above its head to fall...

The City is the battleground. The Machine is our weapon. What are you waiting for? Go get 'em!

Cyberphreak

Quote: Hey... You know what this is? It's Black Dog Game's bank account PIN and a dupe of their ATM mag strip on a pseudo card. Just remember to spray paint over the camera before you put the card in.

Prelude: In high school, you jammed as many science and computer classes as possible into your schedule. You managed to talk teachers into letting you stay after school to work with what little technology the school system had to offer.

You started hacking on the net and found out that there was a lot of information and power to be had. You couldn't believe how careless some people were with their programming and how corrupt some people could be.

The Change came on you suddenly, but luckily, members of your tribe tracked you down before you managed to cause too much destruction in suburbia. After all the trouble that went down, it only made sense to leave home with them and go to the big city. Maybe after a couple of years you can figure out a story to tell your dad about the hole in the side of the house and the destruction of his sports car. On second thought, that might not be long enough to let his hot temper cool down about the whole thing.

Concept: You're the little brainy guy that didn't get enough sunlight. You still aren't good at sports, but that doesn't make any difference when you can turn into Crinos form now. You can make a linebacker piss in his pants. Every new technological trick you learn makes you feel great to be alive. More than anything, you love using your knowledge to jam a big wrench down into the cogs of the tyrannical, Wyrn-fetid corporations that abuse technology and destroy nature.

Roleplaying Hints: You're sneaky and proud of it. Don't tip your hand and try to blend in with the normals. Take notes and steal anything that might be useful. Work for a temp service and get jobs at Wyrn-tainted corporations so you can leave viruses in their computer systems and misfile important documents. Bug people's telephones and play the conversations back to just the right people.

Equipment: Home-base computer with mega memory, programs, modem, scanner, video digitizer, printer and universal connections in and out; virus-protection programs; laptop computer for field work, black box (daemon) dialers, electronics tool kit, deadly-virus-on-a-disk in various formats, blank diskettes, power-strip with surge protector, compact car with hatchback.



CLASS WALKERS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: HOMID
Auspice: RAGABASH
Camp: RANDOM INTERRUPTS

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: CYBERPHREAK

Attributes

Physical

Strength 00000
Dexterity 00000
Stamina 00000

Social

Charisma 00000
Manipulation 00000
Appearance 00000

Mental

Perception 00000
Intelligence 00000
Wits 00000

Abilities

Talents

Alertness 00000
Athletics 00000
Brawl 00000
Dodge 00000
Empathy 00000
Expression 00000
Intimidation 00000
Primal-Urge 00000
Streetwise 00000
Subterfuge 00000

Skills

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

Knowledge

Computer 00000
Enigmas 00000
Investigation 00000
Law 00000
Linguistics 00000
Medicine 00000
Occult 00000
Politics 00000
Rituals 00000
Science 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

RESOURCES 00000
TOTEM 00000
CONTACTS 00000
FETISH 00000
KINFOLK 00000

Gifts

PERSUASION
OPEN SEAL
CONTROL SIMPLE
MACHINES

Gifts

Renown

Glory
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Honor
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Wisdom
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Rage

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Gnosis
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Health

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

Willpower

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Weakness

WEAVER AFFINITY:
CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS
IN WILDERNESS

Rank

Urban Primitive

Quote: *Spirits of Wires, reach for out me in the night. Let me see through your endless spinning paths and web-like structure. You are within me as I am within you. I am the veins of the city; you are the arteries within me. Awaken and feel our kinship!*

Prelude: Born of two Garou, you were deformed at birth, and trapped in Crinos form until your First Change. Obviously, you could not be taken before the public eye.

Living at the caern wasn't so bad. You were harassed by some, but others always came to your aid and defended you when necessary. You learned more about spirits and the Umbra than any of the others. They were enamored with the physical beauty of technology and had to struggle to look past the glossy covering and meshed wiring within. The insight came easy to you.

Now that you can shapeshift and blend in with human society, you have found how corrupt and pure the City can be. You understand your purpose; you were sent to guide your people's spiritual path. You are the techno-shaman and protector of tomorrow!

Concept: You've learned to connect with the spirituality of the Machine. You know of its Wyrn-tainted side — a huge monstrosity with clashing iron jaws, blaring sirens and spotlight eyes — and of its clean, shining side as well.

You learned long ago that appearances are important to spirits and you dress accordingly to attract their attention. You have become accustomed to other members of your house complaining about your clothing selection and you always snap back with witty remarks or insults. You don't work at containing the Wyld within you as other Glass Walkers do. You work to free that energy from yourself and try to summon more. You have tried to teach yourself how to ride on the very peak of the Wyld without being swept under by its fury.

Roleplaying Hints: Take time to acquaint yourself to new environments. Look for spirit activity and check for possible problems. Take time to free abused spirits. It is your position to guide others to understand the spirituality of the City and the Machine, for much of this has become lost. Garou are spiritual creatures and you have been born a spiritual leader among the Garou. Live up to your birthright.

Metis Disfigurement:
Hairless

Equipment: Skin piercings, tattoos, industrial jewelry, torn jeans, used clothing, boots, CD boom box, tool kit, spray paint, large magic markers, duct tape, weird underground magazines, motorcycle.



CLASS WALKERS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: METIS
Auspice: THEURGE
Camp: URBAN PRIMITIVE

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: TECHNO-MYSTIC

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 ●○○○○
Melee ○○○○○
Leadership ○○○○○
Performance ●○○○○
Repair ●○○○○
Stealth ●○○○○
Survival ○○○○○

Knowledge

Computer ○○○○○
Enigmas ●○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○
Law ○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○
Medicine ●●○○○
Occult ●●○○○
Politics ○○○○○
Rituals ●●○○○
Science ●○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

KINFOLK ●●○○○
FETISH ●○○○○
TOTEM ●●○○○
RITES ●●●●●●●
○○○○○

Gifts

SENSE WYRM
MOTHER'S TOUCH
CONTROL SIMPLE
MACHINES

Gifts

Renown

Glory

○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Honor

○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Wisdom

○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Rank

Rage

○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Willpower

○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Weakness

WEAVER AFFINITY:
CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS
IN WILDERNESS

Capitalist

Quote: *It does seem to be a good deal. The profit margin would be quite high. But I think it's best we check to see how much the Wyrm is involved in this. Its going way too smoothly.*

Prelude: You loved playing Corporate Barons (Black Dog Game Factory, 1957) so much when you where you a kid that you decided you wanted to be a CEO when you grew up. Your parents didn't have a lot of money, but that wasn't going to hold you back. You had the knowledge and looks — and, more importantly, a driving desire to possess a huge bank account.

You went through high school and college with flying colors. You majored in business and business law. Your quest for financial freedom was ensured. Your first business venture was an overnight success. You didn't count on someone trying to forcefully buy you out. They didn't expect for you to turn into an eight foot tall killing machine either.

Concept: You like money and more money. You like the things that you own, but you like the raw power of money more than anything. You like to dress sharp as well as influence other people. You're going to make sure that businesses are run the right way and not as corrupt, worker-raping machines. As a businessperson, you constantly search for deals. Don't ever forget the profit margin even in the midst of battle.

Roleplaying Hints: You dress to show you have money. Hold yourself with an air of superiority, because you can get away with it.

Be polite to people, especially those people who are good workers. Show disgust for people who try to get one over on you, your business or the little people.

Always remember to help protect the balance: the balance of trade, the balance of power, the balance of knowledge, etc.. By watching these balances you know how to detect the tipping of commerce's scales. Betting on economic unbalances always produces the greatest yield.

Equipment: Mega Card, black suit, power tie, laptop computer with printer and fax/modem, company car, expense account, cellular phone, penthouse apartment.



CLASS WALKERS

Name:

Player:

Chronicle:

Breed: HOMIC

Auspice: PHILODOX

Camp: CORPORATE WOLVES

Pack Name:

Pack Totem:

Concept: CAPITALIST

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 ●○○○○
Melee ○○○○○
Leadership ●○○○○
Performance ●○○○○
Repair ●○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○

Knowledge

Computer ●○○○○
Enigmas ○○○○○
Investigation ●○○○○
Law ●○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○
Occult ○○○○○
Politics ●○○○○
Rituals ○○○○○
Science ●○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

RESOURCES ●●●●●
CONTACTS ●●○○○
KINFOLK ●●○○○
TOTEM ●●○○○
ALLIES ●○○○○

Gifts

PERSUASION
SCENT OF TRUE FORM
CONTROL SIMPLE
MACHINES

Gifts

Renown

Glory
○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor
●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom
○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank
□□□□□□□□□□

Rage

●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

●●●○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Weakness

WEAVER AFFINITY:
CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS
IN WILDERNESS

Heavy Metal Guitarist

Quote: *I hear an echo of her cry through the night / It is our mother — screaming out in pain / I hear your call, my Mother Gai-yah! / Your tears, they fall from the sky with the rain / I know my place / I know it's time / I'll do my best / To save you, Mother Gai-yah!*

Prelude: You've loved music since you can remember. Finally, your parents let you own an electric guitar. You and your friends practiced in the garage for hours on end. You could feel the music in your soul.

You learned to use your music to release your tensions and to relieve the tensions of others as well. Somewhere along the way, you had your First Change while playing. You wrecked all the band's equipment. No one is exactly sure what happened, but it was one hell of a show and people are still talking about it. Now you use your music to teach people about the City and the Machine. You try to let them know about the corruption that surrounds them and what they can do to fight against it.

Concept: You try to be quiet. Inside you is a raging force that wants to be constantly released. You try to only allow the "beast" out when you are playing, so it doesn't hurt anyone. Your statements are often very rebellious, but they are meant to wake people up, not to hurt them. Try to remember that — about a day or two later. If the offended party is still around, apologize. If not, then just blow it off. Stick to your guns and don't sell out.

Roleplaying Hints: It is important to you to have a cool look. After all, you are a rocker dude. Practice makes perfect and playing the guitar helps you link into the beat of the City. Sitting around playing your guitar, even when it is unplugged, is enough to bring you satisfaction.

Equipment: Guitar, portable, battery backed-up amplifier, sunglasses, leather jacket, jack boots, boot knife, 9mm pistol, tattoos, condoms, duct tape, fingerless gloves, big hair, ratty old van.



CLASS WALKERS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: HOMID
Auspice: GALLIARD
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: METALHEAD

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 ●●○○○
Melee ●○○○○
Leadership ●○○○○
Performance ●●○○○
Repair ●○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○

Knowledge

Computer ●○○○○
Enigmas ●○○○○
Investigation ○○○○○
Law ○○○○○
Linguistics ○○○○○
Medicine ○○○○○
Occult ●○○○○
Politics ○○○○○
Rituals ●●○○○
Science ○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds

RITES ●●○○○
RESOURCES ●●○○○
KINFOLK ●●○○○
CONTACTS ●○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

CALL OF THE WYLD
PESUASION
CONTROL SIMPLE
MACHINES

Gifts

Renown

Glory
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
Honor
○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
Wisdom
● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rage

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □
Gnosis
● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

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

Weakness

WEAVER AFFINITY:
CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS
IN WILDERNESS

Rank

Hit Man

Quote: Tell me who this guy is you want me to kill. Don't worry; the pay you're offering me is good enough. I'm just discriminating on the kinds of jobs I take. I'm sure you've heard that my kind is a superstitious lot.

Prelude: You loved to sneak around the neighborhood when you were a kid. You liked playing army and hide-and-go-seek. You made complex systems of hidden bridges across the apartment building rooftops. Your parents wanted you to stay inside and study more, but school work was boring to you.

Later, as the Change came, you learned to indulge in the hunt. Once the feeling of tracking prey was in your blood, you wanted to do it more and more. You started searching out evil and tearing it to shreds. Eventually you learned that you could not only use your sneaking and tracking abilities to assassinate Wyrminions, but you also make good money doing it, thanks to Mario and his brothers. They brought you into a whole different world. One you never expected. Just around the corner lurks a world of gambling, money laundering and protection rackets.

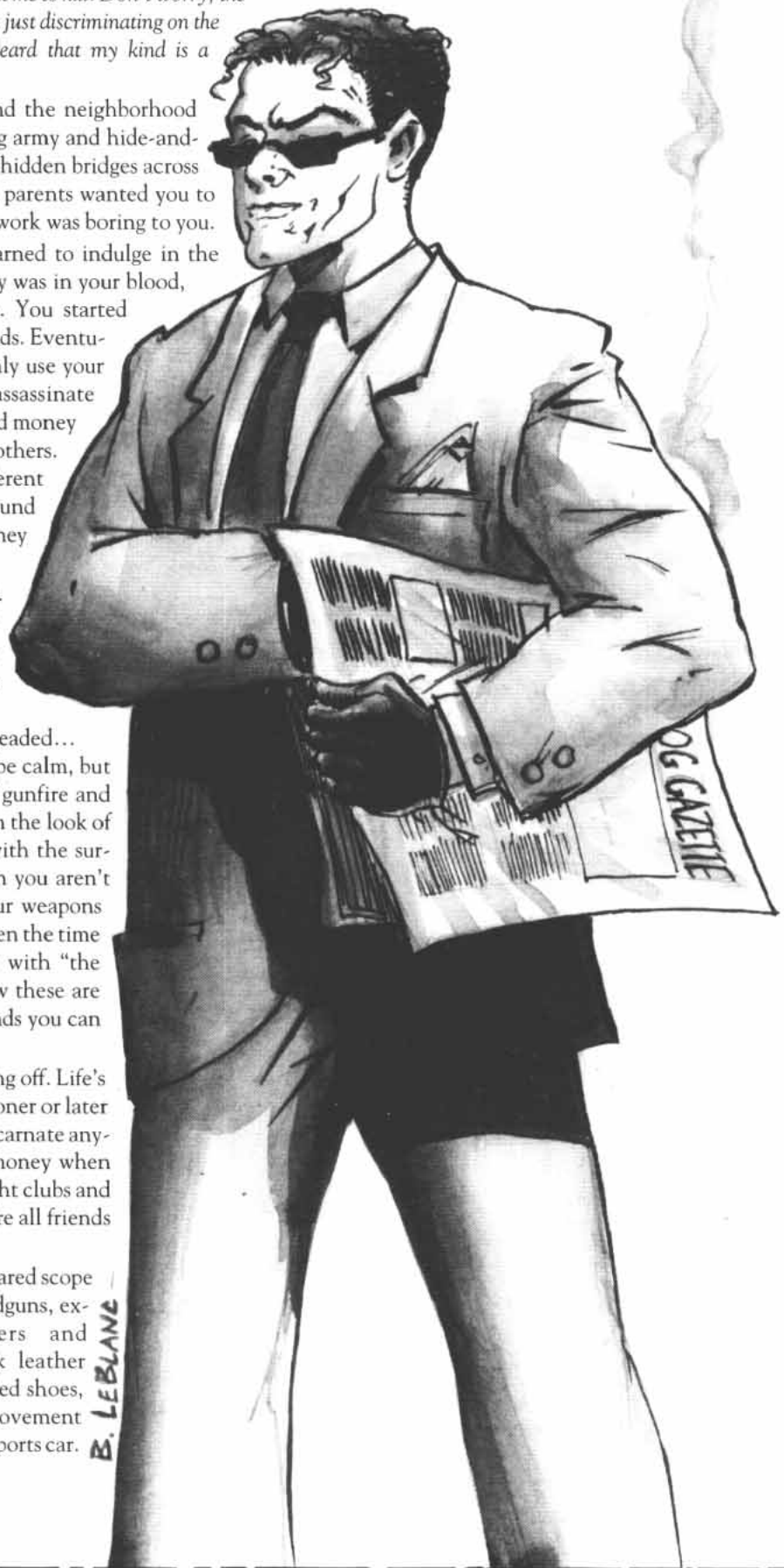
You hire yourself out to kill people. You try your best to make sure that your target's are Wyrmfetid. On the other hand, you have taken some jobs because it seemed like the right thing to do.

Concept: You're smooth and levelheaded... yeah, right. You try to do your best to be calm, but it always breaks down into a frenzy of gunfire and dodging bullets. You dress to tone down the look of your killer instincts and to blend in with the surroundings around your "marks." When you aren't after someone, take time to clean your weapons and make sure to plan things out for when the time strikes. You grew up eating spaghetti with "the boys" in Uncle Luigi's restaurant. Now these are real friends. These are the type of friends you can trust to watch your back.

Roleplaying Hints: Laugh everything off. Life's a joke. You know you're going to die sooner or later—probably sooner. Besides, you'll reincarnate anyway, right? Enjoy your life and your money when you aren't on assignment. Frequent night clubs and talk to the "local boys." After all, they're all friends of yours.

Equipment: Sniper rifle with an infrared scope and laser sight, several disposable handguns, extra clips for weapons, silencers and flash-suppressor, combat knife, black leather gloves, sunglasses, disguise kit, soft-soled shoes, well-tailored clothing allowing free movement and concealment of weapons, fake ID, sports car.

B. LEBLANC



GLASS WALKERS

Name:

Player:

Chronicle:

Breed: HOMID

Auspice: AHROUN

Camp: WISE GUYS

Pack Name:

Pack Totem:

Concept: HIT MAN

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 ●●●●●
Melee ●●●●●
Leadership ●●●●●
Performance ●●●●●
Repair ●●●●●
Stealth ●●●●●
Survival ●●●●●

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

KINFOLK ●●●●●
RESOURCES ●●●●●
CONTACTS ●●●●●
ALLIES ●●●●●
RITES ●●●●●

Gifts

SMELL OF MAN
THE FALLING TOUCH
CONTROL SIMPLE
MACHINES

Gifts

Renown

Glory
●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank

□□□□□□□□□□

Rage

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Weakness

WEAVER AFFINITY:
CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS
IN WILDERNESS

Appendix Three: If We Built Statues...

What remains unpredictable... are the sudden and sporadic bursts of large amounts of excess heat. These bursts were what prompted Pons and Fleischmann to make their original claims [about cold fusion] and they have since been seen in other experiments. The bursts in the SRI experiments may run for hours and produce excess heat equaling as much as 300 percent of the input power.

— Jerry E. Bishop, "Cold Fusion," *Popular Science*

Tenderfoot

Long ago in our tribal past, two Garou birthed a metis cub with feet so soft that he could barely walk. They named him Tenderfoot. Tenderfoot had to rely upon the hunting skills of others in order to eat. Young Garou despised him and taunted him relentlessly. Tenderfoot made up for his physical deformity with mental aptitude. He looked into the spirit world and studied humans constantly.

One day, he realized how to solve his problems. Humans had been wearing clothing for sometime and Glass Walkers had begun to do likewise. Taking strips of hide, Tenderfoot covered the bottom of his feet and bound the covering together with sinews. At first, his creations were awkward. The other Garou harangued him relentlessly. However, the humans soon caught onto the idea and began developing it themselves. They, in turn, taught Tenderfoot how to improve upon the initial design. Soon, it was the other Garou who looked stupid as Tenderfoot rose in respect among the humans for his ingenuity in creating the first pair of shoes.

Han, "Skin O' Steel" Jankins

Hard work forges the body and molds the soul. The heat of an iron foundry and glowing molten iron team with spirits. Many humans have crafted metal and forged it into forms, but none so well or as spiritual as Skin O' Steel. A great Theurge, though many wanted to call him Ahroun for his size, Skin O' Steel worked in a German iron foundry for most of his life. Children and all manner of Gaia's animals loved his calm and gentle nature. Known best for his construction of techno-fetishes, Skin O' Steel understood the true nature of his job. Gazing into the Penumbra, he called upon spirits to aid his labors and to "calcify" his completed creations.

Unfortunately, Skin O' Steel lived in the dark days of World War II. Forced to work in a Nazi arms factory, he called upon his spirit allies to undermine the Axis war machine. The Nazis had no idea that many of the spirits

within in the Penumbra shadow of the iron foundry had "grown up" with Skin O' Steel. He crafted gasoline tanks that leaked into the Penumbra and increased the density of steel in order to weigh down transportation vehicles. His use of spirits lead the Get of Fenris within the Military Inspector's branch to realize that he was a powerful Glass Walker. Especially excited about the increased density of the steel that he had managed to construct, they began to threaten him. Then they threatened his family and Kinfolk. Lastly, they began the killings. Skin O' Steel had no choice and gave in. The Get of Fenris wanted him to produce machines of war, and so he called upon his spirit's allies' wisdom to formulate a plan.

Early in the cold morning of February 23, 1943, a pack of Get of Fenris dressed in finest SS blacks and a group of top-ranking German scientists assembled to review Skin O' Steel's work. The metals that he had molded and hammered were like nothing they had seen before. As their eyes gleamed bright with the glow of the Urge Wyrn, Skin O' Steel called upon Clashing Boom-Boom. Clashing Boom-Boom pulled an Allied squadron out of its designated flight path and released its cargo of bombs into the iron foundry.

That day, Germany lost many of its top munitions specialists and weapons designers. The Get lost a pack of their hand-picked best. But we, the Glass Walkers, lost the most of all, for we lost a great Theurge.

Xiao Xian, "Machine Kin"

As a child, Xiao Xian wanted to communicate with machines and she treated her favorites like pets. As she grew older, she began to worry about her feelings until her First Change.

Her house realized that she was a powerful Theurge and taught her to communicate with the spirits within machinery. Xiao Xian was greatly disheartened at their limited communication ability. After several years of adjusting to Garou society, she returned to human society and found a job in at Nippon International Robotics (NIR). By talking to the spirits within machinery, she could easily determine how to fix them and rapidly rose through the ranks of skilled repair technicians.

Xiao Xian secretly hoped to expand the intelligence of technological spirits in order to increase the computational ability of physical machinery. Xiao Xian found technological spirits hard to train because a majority of them are Gafflings with a specific purpose and virtually no free will. When working with human scientists, she researched the Glass Walker theories that humanity's link to the Weaver is similar to the way that most Garou link to the Wyld and that humanity has an innate ability to manipulate the structure of the Weaver's web.

Though the major computer companies try to overshadow her work, Xiao Xian has managed to create a computer system with an interactive environment which helps unlock the creativity of its users. She feels that humans innately communicate with machinery on a subconscious level. Even if these computers don't sell as personal computers, the company still stands to gain through their use in industrial robotics and video manipulation.

The CEO of NIR, Johnny Yin, allows Xiao Xian an unlimited budget for research and development. He has had pressure from Ardu Enterprises to stop the manufacturing of the personal computer line. He believes that Xiao Xian's work will lead the world of computing away from the antiquated Ardu hardware that requires constant repairs by Ardu trained employees. Mr. Yin's belief in the system stems from the fact that Tellus Enterprises, one of the world's leading video game producers, is very interested in buying the rights to Xiao Xian's hardware design for use as the "brains" of their updated 128 megabyte video game system.

Frederick "Big Bills" Paul Leo the Fifth

Frederick Paul Leo wasn't overly surprised at the revelation of his Garou nature. He'd felt the call of the planet throughout his life and his anger at many a construction site. His loud mouth about the problems he saw had caused him to get a tanning more than once.

Frederick Paul Leo took on his Garou name unwillingly, yet he has so much money divided within so many different corporations and banks around the world that it would take the Apocalypse to ruin his lifestyle.

Big Bills works hard to focus himself to the primary goal of the Garou — to protect Gaia. He uses his money to do just that. He supplies transportation, food and lodging for less fortunate Garou. He owns a sizable chunk of South American rain forests. He works in political circles to help stiffen the policies of the EPA. On a corporate level, he attempts to buy out corrupt organizations and restructure them into environmentally and socially friendly corporations.

Big Bills was forced into hiding in 1987 when Black Spiral Dancer packs simultaneously attacked several of his mansions. Ventrue vampires, claiming rightful ownership, covertly bought out a large branch of his corporate holdings. Bombs destroyed several of his private limos and sports cars. Rumors pointed to possible assassination attempts by an undercover branch of the United States government, though sources were unable to divulge the reasoning behind such planning. He's still around, though, planning his comeback.

Lost Fringe 4

Sometimes something clicks within a person's mind. They see too much or just inherently feel something deep within themselves that turns them into a rebel once and for all.

When the unidentified government agents attacked his parent's house during his fourth birthday party, Lost Fringe 4's life was turned inside out. No one knows his real name; if he had one, he destroyed it along with every other trace of his human origin. The Fractal Existence, a pack of Random Interrupts, could tell that he was at least Kinfolk and they took him in. Lost Fringe 4 knew about the Wyrms before he was seven and coded his first "practical joke" virus by the time he was twelve. During a mission to destroy strip mining equipment, the Fractal Existence were ambushed by fomori and Banes. Lost Fringe 4 went berserk, turned into Crinos, and demolished most of the mining site by himself. It wasn't until later that the Garou elders found the link between the small mining company and its parent company Harold & Harold Mining, Inc. The Random Interrupt elders took Lost Fringe 4 into their inner circle and taught him the secrets of the Garou. For the first time in his memory, he felt at peace. Deciding that he'd best serve Gaia by traveling, he scouted out new recruits and gained the aid of many great allies. He managed to find enough ronin Garou to form his own pack by '94.

Computer failures, mechanical malfunction and general mayhem plague the cities that his pack enters. Their tactics involve quick scouting missions, telephone searches, watching local television and infiltrating environmental groups. Once the pack determines their targets, they strike quickly and leave to assault the Wym minions of yet another city.

Spooky Tooth

Members of this pack make little effort to hide their Garou natures. Their hit albums of fall 1991 and summer of 1993 have brought them great cult status and a considerable amount of money. Spooky Tooth is known for their hard, metal edge and lyrical rants on politics and the decline of family morals. They warn the world of the impending fate of Gaia in their loud, aggressive style.

The band utilizes the standard, four piece rock and roll arrangement. Luke Pine jams on lead guitar. Roger Wolfe plays rhythm guitar and sings lead vocals. Dennis Kidd runs the band from behind his drum kit. Kay Eight kicked out the bass line until he was killed in a duel with another Garou in Hong Kong a couple of years ago. Wendy Summer has since filled in on bass; she has a different style than Kay Eight did, but she's good in her own right. She's not even a Glass Walker. She's of the Children of Gaia.

Spooky Tooth has been known to turn into Crinos on stage (you may have heard of their Halloween show in '92) and totally destroy their instruments (almost every show at exactly 11:23 P.M.). Once the human audience has been separated from the Garou, Spooky Tooth requests that the Garou go with them to an isolated location for an impromptu Rave. Raging in the moonlight as they play, Spooky Tooth is fully able to perform concerts in Crinos form.

A small house has been formed by their Garou groupies. This house often allies with local houses to raid the known Wym holdings. The band itself rarely gets involved due to their position in the media and their importance to the Glass Walkers on a tribal level.

CLASS WALKERS

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed:
Auspice:
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept:

Attributes

Physical

Strength 00000
Dexterity 00000
Stamina 00000

Social

Charisma 00000
Manipulation 00000
Appearance 00000

Mental

Perception 00000
Intelligence 00000
Wits 00000

Abilities

Talents

Alertness 00000
Athletics 00000
Brawl 00000
Dodge 00000
Empathy 00000
Expression 00000
Intimidation 00000
Primal-Urge 00000
Streetwise 00000
Subterfuge 00000

Skills

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

Knowledge

Computer 00000
Enigmas 00000
Investigation 00000
Law 00000
Linguistics 00000
Medicine 00000
Occult 00000
Politics 00000
Rituals 00000
Science 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

00000
00000
00000
00000
00000

Gifts

Gifts

Renown

Glory

000000000000

Honor

000000000000

Wisdom

000000000000

Rank

Rage

000000000000

Gnosis

000000000000

Willpower

000000000000

Health

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

Weakness

WEAVER AFFINITY:
CANNOT REGAIN GNOSIS
IN WILDERNESS

Lupus

INCITE DELIRIUM IN HUMANS

Fetishes

Power

Rites

Combat

Brawling Chart

Maneuver	Roll	Damage	Effect
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: _____

CLASS WALKERS

Nature:

Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Resources

Contacts

Kinfolk

Past Life

Pack Totem

Possessions

Experience

Gear (Carried) _____

Equipment (Owned) _____

TOTAL:

Gained From: _____

TOTAL SPENT: _____

Spent On: _____

Sept

Name _____

Caern Location _____

Level _____ Type _____

Totem _____

Leader _____

Prelude

Glass Walker House Membership:

Description

Age_____

Hair _____

Eyes_____

Race_____

Nationality_____

Sex_____

Height

Weight

Homid	
-------	--

Glabro	
--------	--

Crinos	
--------	--

Hispo		
-------	--	--

Lupus	
-------	--

Battle Scars

Metis Deformity-

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch