

BLACK FURIES

TRIBEBOOK



A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™
Tribebook 1



THE DARK KNIGHT RETURNS
BY GARY BASEMAN AND JIM LEE
WITH ART BY GARY BASEMAN AND JIM LEE
AND COVER BY GARY BASEMAN



THE IMAGES ON THE SCREEN MAKE ME WANT TO RAGE. BUT THIS IS NOT THE TIME OR PLACE. LATER, I'LL ALLOW MYSELF THE LUXURY.

THE WOMAN ON THE SCREEN IS SCREAMING. NOTHING NEW. BUT THE OBSCENITY SHE SUFFERS IS NOT SPECIAL EFFECT.

'SNUFF' FILMS. CAN MEN SINK ANY LOWER?



A GROTESQUE MAN IS LAUGHING BEHIND ME. IF HE HAS EVER HAD A WOMAN, I PITY HER.

HIS SLOBBERING JESTS AT THE SQUALLING HORROR BEFORE US SICKEN ME. I'VE GNAWED THE GUTS OF WYRMSPAWN WITHOUT GAGGING. NOW I TRY NOT TO PUKE.

IT'LL BE A PLEASURE TO KILL HIM.



HEY, BABE. LIKE THE SHOW? I'LL BET YOU DO. DON'T YOU?



HIS BREATH COULD CURDLE A CORPSE.

MAKES YOU HOT. DOESN'T IT? GIRL SNEAKING IN HERE. I'LL BET IT DOES... YOU'RE NOT SOME FRIGID BITCH. I'LL BET YOU LIKE THE KINKY STUFF...



YEAH. YOU COULD SAY I'M KINKY...



MY SMILE IS FOR REAL. I ALREADY KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO HIM.



HE WASN'T WORTH
A SHAPESHIFT.

MY RAGE FEELS GOOD. HIS
BLOOD TASTES BETTER.





THE MANAGER REEKS OF
DRAKKAR NOIR. I COLLAR HIM
OUTSIDE TO ASK HIM SOME
QUESTIONS.

NO ONE NOTICES SCREAMS IN
THIS PART OF TOWN.



HE GAVE ME SOME ANSWERS.



I TOOK MY TIME ANYWAY...



MORONS FLOCK TO
TINSEL TOWN LIKE FLIES ON
ROADKILL. WANNA BE IN
PICTURES? WE MAKE ALL
KINDS DOWN HERE.

A SISTER FIXES ME UP. GLASS
EYE AND EVERYTHING.

SHOWTIME.



LIKE, YOU'RE IN MOVIES?
OMIGOD!

I ACT LIKE EVERY STUPID APE
I'VE EVER KNOWN.



SCREEN TEST AT FIVE?

SURE!

DEAD GIVE-AWAY. A WOLF
IN THE FOLD.



YOU THINK SO?

SET-UP.



I KNOW IT. IT'S A PORN SHOOT.

SO WHY'RE YOU HERE?



THIS IS A BAD TOWN TO BE UNEMPLOYED IN.



HOW MANY GIRLS? HOW MANY CHILDREN? HOW MANY ROOMS LIKE THIS?

THIS IS TOO EASY A CITY TO DIE IN.

I TASTE THE BITTER RAGE, BUT THIS ISN'T THE PLACE...

THIS IS JUST A WAY-STATION. TEMPORARY RECRUITING QUARTERS.

I WANT TO RIP OUT THE HEART.



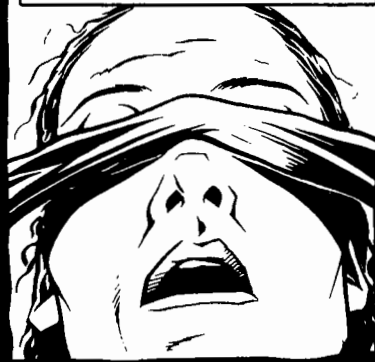
I MAKE IT LOOK GOOD. BUT NOT TOO GOOD.

I GO LIMP. IT BEATS BEING DRUGGED.



I HATE HEADACHES.

BLINDFOLDS.



A QUICK HOP ACROSS TOWN IN THE BACK OF A VAN. THE ROOM IS COLD AND STINKS OF SEX GONE STALE AND STUPID.



THEY HANDCUFF US BEFORE WE "WAKE." I'VE BROKEN HANDCUFFS BEFORE.



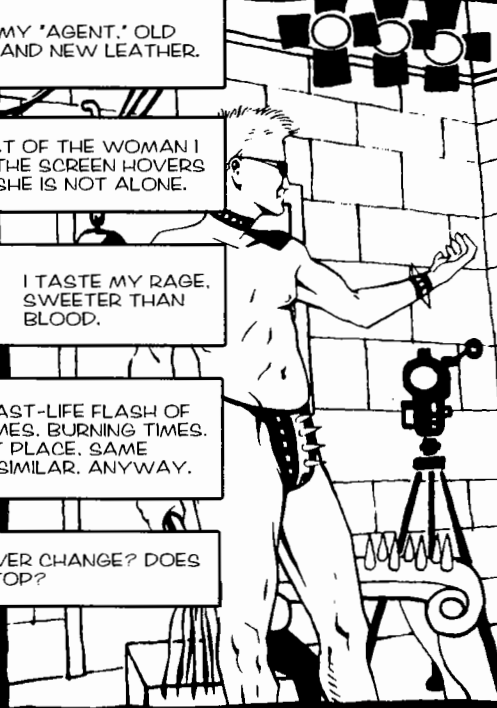
I SMELL MY "AGENT." OLD BLOOD. AND NEW LEATHER.

THE GHOST OF THE WOMAN I SAW ON THE SCREEN HOVERS NEARBY. SHE IS NOT ALONE.

I TASTE MY RAGE. SWEETER THAN BLOOD.

I GET A PAST-LIFE FLASH OF OTHER TIMES. BURNING TIMES. DIFFERENT PLACE. SAME DEVICES. SIMILAR. ANYWAY.

DOES IT EVER CHANGE? DOES IT EVER STOP?



OH MY GOD!!!!

NO! NO! GODIN-HEAVEN JESUSCHRIST NOO!!!

RAGE!

RAGE!

RAGE!!



RAGE!!!!



I LOST A GOOD PAIR OF
BOOTS. GOOD JACKET, TOO.

FILM BURNS WELL. VIDEOTAPE
CRINKLES IN THE HEAT. THE
PERVERTS WILL HAVE TO GET
THEIR JOLLIES SOMEWHERE ELSE.

DAMN THING IS, THERE WILL
BE SOMEWHERE ELSE.



SIRENS. TIME TO GO.

FORGIVE ME, SISTER...
BETTER ME THAN THEM.

BETTER THE QUICK DEATH
WITH NO ONE WATCHING.

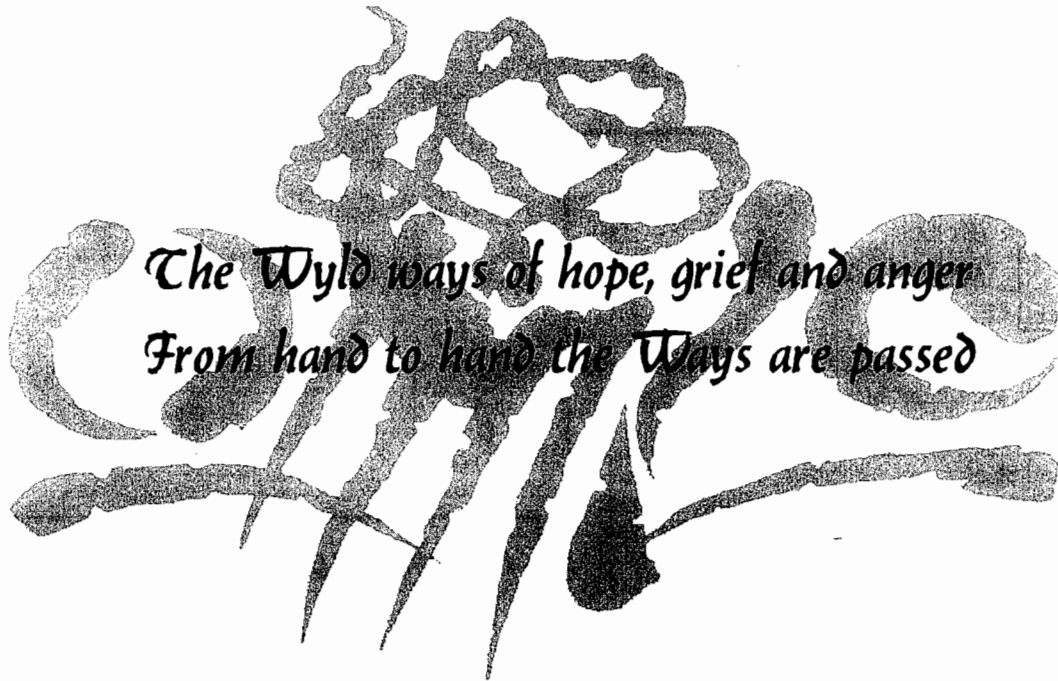
HOW MANY, MOTHER?
HOW MANY MORE...



BLACK FURIES™

TRIBE BOOK

Blood of the Sisters, Rage of the Mother



*The Wyld ways of hope, grief and anger
From hand to hand the Ways are passed*

*By Phil Brucato
with Judith A. McGlaughlin*

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Dedications

To Cathi, Jane, Jennifer, and Shadow

Author's Note

Some of the subjects and sentiments expressed in the book are pretty strong. I make no apologies for this. Anything less would be a disservice to the characters and an insult to the audience. Though the world of the Black Furies is fictional, the specter of violence against women is not. Thousands of women are beaten, raped, and killed each day worldwide, often by people they love. If you have suffered such abuse, you are not alone. If you have not, someone you know may have. Stand up, speak out, and offer your hand to those in need. Silence and "propriety" help no one.

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Introduction: The Lessons Begin

Every woman ought to be filled with shame at the thought that she is a woman.

— Clement of Alexandria

Better to die on one's feet than live on one's knees!

— Dolores Ibarruri

Arrogant pup!

Look at you, your soul still bleeding from your First Change, the scars of your Passage Rite still fresh, decked out in your leather and steel and ready to join the Furies, the ass-kicking bitches of Gaia's vengeance!

Beware, little sister. That way lies the Wyrn.

Violence for its own sake is the province of the Red Talons and the Get, not our tribe, and they are closer to the Wyrn than they know. The Wyrn feeds on their unfettered Rage, and he laughs.

Our Rage is pure, the slash and howl of the wounded mother, not the senseless carnage of the glory-seeker. We Black Furies serve life above all, for sisters are the bearers of the future. Hatred, simple Rage without focus, is the gateway to the Wyrn. We kill to defend or avenge, but our

true path is to protect, to nurture, to teach. Even if the Apocalypse is upon us, we must bring forth the seeds of the future. Otherwise, everything goes down in blood with nothing the better for it.

I know the pain in you, the stinging slaps and Rage of blasphemy, of women raped and children beaten. The hand of the Patriarch is heavy, and the Wyrn guides that hand through fearful Scriptures. Our Mother knows your pain all too well.

Sit down, little sister, and listen. You have much to learn, and unlearn. Our lore, our legends. Sit down, little sister, and keep an open mind. Everything you thought you knew is wrong. Everything you felt within you, unspoken, has been right all along.



Chapter One: ΣΕΛΕΙΝΕΙΟΙ ΑΔΕΛΦΟΕ (Sisters of the Moon)

There was a time when you were not a slave, remember that. You walked alone, full of laughter, you bathed bare-bellied. You say you have lost all recollection of it, remember... You say there are no words to describe this time, you say it does not exist. But remember. Make an effort to remember. Or, failing that, invent.

— Monique Witting, *Les Guerilleres*

The young Fury bristled from her elder's rebuke, tossing her spiky black hair from her eyes and raising her chin to meet the elder gaze for gaze. The elder chuckled. The youngster reddened. "I am not your enemy, little one," said the elder, "save your Rage for the Wyrmspawn."

The young Fury crossed her arms defiantly and remained standing, despite the elder's invitation. "Sit down, sister," the old one repeated, "I have much to tell you."

"I'll stand, thanks," the young Fury retorted. The elder shrugged; "So be it. Your legs, your loss..."

...

The First Days

Anger can be seen as a response to an attack; very few men are in positions where they can afford to directly confront their attackers.

Men's anger, then, becomes twisted and perverted. It is threatening to recognize the true source of his rage, because then he would be forced to recognize the helplessness... of his position. Instead, he may turn his anger on safer targets — women, children, or still less powerful men.

— Starhawk, *The Spiral Dance*

In the First Days, the balance stood firm in the hands of the Goddess. Life was never easy; let no one tell you it was.

Pain, sickness, and death have ever walked in hand with joy, health, and life. Such is the Mother's way. Without thorns, the rose loses its sweetness. But in those days there was balance. Man and Woman stood together without anger, without hate, for mutual survival. Man, closer to the earth, hunted and built with the strength of his arm and the power of his spirit. Woman, closer to the Mother, tended, taught, and strove with Man to bring forth and guide new life. As it is with all other animals, so then it once was with humans.

Men do serve a purpose, you know, beyond the spreading of seed. The Wyld was strong in those days, and I need not remind you how deadly the Wyld can be.

It is said that in those First Days, the Mother, in her aspect of Artemis the huntress, transformed a pack of black she-wolves into her personal servants, that she might pass on to the humans the mysteries that only Women share. These wolves were our foremothers, and they spoke only to Woman. Man saw this, and was jealous.

In ancient times, Man bent his knee to Woman, believe it if you will, and his heart burned with envy to see Woman befriend the wolves. The Wyrn seized on that envy, and visited Man, teaching him the secrets of seed and womb. As the Wyrn feasted on the jealousy of Man for Woman, Man's strength was turned against his partner and the peace was lost. With his great strength and natural aggression, Man quickly turned his hand from survival to conquest.

His tyranny lashed out not only at his partners, but at all the Wyld. The Wyrn delighted in his new ally and set Man about the task of raping both the bodies of Woman and the souls of the Mother. Despairing at the destruction, the Huntress of the Moon appeared to her she-wolves and transformed them into the First Daughters, into Garou. Passing to them human names, powerful fetishes, and the full mysteries of Womanhood, she charged them with reining in the fury of Man, and teaching him the fury of Woman.

The First Daughters passed among the humans for many years, and their wrath grew strong. Isthmene, the Warrior and the fairest of the pack, and Euryale, the very first Daughter, urged that Man be punished, beaten back down to the feet of Woman. But Helena, the Wise One, saw correctly that Man's fury, so chained, would only grow and erupt again. Balance had been lost, balance must be regained. Medusa, the Artisan whose Rage froze men like stone, sang songs of battle for Isthmene. Stheno, the pack Mother, urged compromise; limit the spread of Man and thus limit his power. So did the First Daughters join the Impergium.

I see you recognize the name of Medusa, and maybe Euryale and Stheno as well. Gorgons, Man called them, and built up myths about them in his ignorance.

The First Daughters, it is said, walked the Earth for long lifetimes. They kept their watch and taught Woman their secrets at revels and feasts. They chose males both human and wolf as lovers and gave birth to threescore children, the



Second Daughters. From them, Man learned again to respect the power of Woman, as the ancient tales of goddesses show...

• • •

"Oh, please," sneered the young Fury, "spare me the fairy tales!"

The old Fury's lips curled in a snarl, and her scalp bristled. "Don't roll your eyes at me, sister!" she snapped. "You still think too firmly with Man's logic. Listen, do not judge!"

The young woman shrugged, and the elder's eyes blazed. "Stop smirking! This is high lore, child, not back-fence gossip, and deserves to be told as such!"

"Whatever," muttered the youngster, crossing her arms. The elder continued, but her tone betrayed her anger. Battle lines had been drawn.

• • •

The Wyrn gnashed his teeth and bit his tail in fury. His poison poured into the hearts of Man, and bitter struggles arose. Many human women fled the cities of Man to build cities of their own. Some of the Second Daughters joined them there, and the Wyrn fed them poison, too. The earth screamed as blood of Woman, Man, and animal spilled in floods, and the Mother's fury grew.

The First Daughters were long-lived but not immortal. As age overtook them, Wyrn-tainted heroes of Man slew the mothers of our kind. In wrath and despair, Artemis sent Incarna — Pegasus, Owl, Unicorn, Panther — to aid the Second Daughters. Christened the Black Furies, the Second Daughters spread across the known world. For many years the council of wise Helena was forgotten, and the War of Rage, battles with other tribes, and our custom of slaying male children, held until recently, kept our numbers low, while the children of Man multiplied and passed on the Wyrn-taint.

That Wyrn-taint poisoned many of the Garou as well. As our foremothers traveled, they met tribes where females were treated with disrespect. They made war with those tribes, as we still do. The hatred between the Furies and the Get of Fenris remains a wound in the Mother's side, festering still. The strength of the Fianna, Get, and Shadow Lords has kept us from the Northern areas of Europe, even in modern times, and any incursion by them into our homelands has been met with claw and fang.

• • •

The Patriarch

In childhood a woman must be subjected to her father; in youth, to her husband; when her husband is dead, to her sons. A woman must never be free of subjugation.

— Code of Manu, the "first man"

Patriarchy is indeed a male neurosis.

— Judith Pierce

The elder Fury paused in her tale, an ancient hatred kindled in her eyes. The younger Fury sensed Rage rising. Despite her full-moon pride, the young Fury backed away slightly from the heat of that Rage.

• • •

From the Middle East came the Patriarch, the most insidious plot of the Wyrn, under many names in many forms. The bloody-minded Patriarch ripped the souls and battered the bodies of Woman in the name of his male gods. The Patriarch, the Incarna of jealous man and servant of Abhorra, the Urge Wyrn of hatred, promised Man limitless power. For the sake of that power Man gladly bent everyone around him to the yoke of the Patriarch. Though the Patriarch's prophets spoke of kindness and good intentions, they crushed Woman beneath laws of ownership and myths of sin.

Taught from the first that they were to blame for the miseries of the world, the women of the Patriarch wrapped themselves in cloaks of shame. The Furies raged, seeking to tear the cloaks from their sister's shoulders, but the spirits of Woman were crippled as the Patriarch, in his myriad forms, rolled across the lands of Europe, Asia, and Africa. It has been said that the Furies led human followers of the Mother, the pagan enemies of Greece and Rome, in their many attacks against those lands. To our shame, the pagan hordes turned to the Patriarch even as they conquered their foes, and the Furies allowed it. A brief alliance between the Get, the Fianna, and our ancestors is said to have come to an end amid the ruins of Rome.

Over the centuries, the face of the Patriarch changed and spread, bringing oppression and denial with each new creed. Yet beneath it all, the Goddess could not be wholly denied. The cults of the Patriarch tempered their hatred with the names of love and forgiveness, and the worship of the Holy Mother infused their litanies. Some Furies, finding solace or merit in some of the teachings of the Patriarch, sought to save the best of those beliefs and spread the old ways in a new guise. Others rejected the Patriarch entirely and led rebellious Woman in dances beneath the moon.

When Rome fell, the Patriarch faltered for a time, though his ideas remained strong. Again to our shame, we Furies grew complacent, feeling that women who chose the Patriarch's ways were beneath contempt. As we abandoned the cities of Man for the Wyld, a war of ideas racked the lands of the Patriarch, and crusades between his cults ravaged Europe and the Middle East. I have heard rumors these wars were fed by our sisters, some of whom used

deception to manipulate Man against himself, and I believe them.

During this time, the Turks invaded our homeland, and many Furies turned to battle the conquerors alongside human allies. We gained many concessions from Man during these times, which may be why Greece was spared the horror of the Burning Times.

The Burning Times

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.

— Exodus 22:18

All wickedness is little to the wickedness of a woman.

— Kramer and Sprenger, *Malleus Maleficarum*

We need not fear that women will do what they cannot do...

— Christine Pierce

From the beginning Woman has shared a close mystic bond with the Goddess, and from the beginning Man has feared and envied that bond. As the Patriarch warred for the souls of humanity, his priests turned a difference of belief into a crime punishable by torture and death. Woman's ways, called witchcraft by some, fell under the gaze of the priests. Every manner of evil was laid at the door of the "witch," and no woman was safe.

Many of our Kinfolk and human friends did indeed practice witchcraft. But as the Burning Times began, Man punished Woman for everything he wanted and could not have. The evil of that time, the sickening outrages, blasphemies, tortures, hideous perversions... There are not words for the carnage, the suffering of thousands of women murdered screaming in torments we can never conceive. Angü, Urge-Wyrm of Cruelty, rode high in those days. Those times are a stain on the souls of Man forever!

We Furies were slow to shift our attentions to this sacrilege, and it was far too late when we did. The Inquisitors had grown strong, and were prepared for the worst we could do. Many of the witch-hunters had battled vampires, and were more than ready to take the fight to us. The Wyrm rode beside them, and gave them powers to battle us. Worse still, it is said the Get of Fenris aided the witch-hunters against us out of spite. I have no idea if this is true, but one can never trust the Get.

We fought back at first, but for all of our Rage, we were outnumbered. Our tribe, never strong in numbers, fell before armored men with silver weapons. Our Kinfolk, our charges among the humans, and thousands who had nothing at all to do with us, were hunted, tortured, and burned. The Patriarch's cups ran over with innocent blood. Men died too, but it was Woman who suffered worst in the Burning Times.

The Sisterhood was born during the Burnings; a network of Furies, Kinfolk, and sympathetic humans who freed and protected Woman from the hunters. It smuggled women into Greece and other lands beyond the horror, but many

would not leave their homes and fell beneath the torture and the stake.

The witch-frenzy lasted nearly three hundred years, and cost untold thousands of lives. Our tribe was laid waste by the time the witch-frenzy had run its course. It is not easy to admit helplessness, sister, but we were truly helpless in those dark times. Remember this when you think of rending the Veil, of letting yourself be known for who you truly are. Of all the tribes, the Black Furies have learned most painfully what all out war with the humans means!

When human explorers sailed to America, we Furies followed as soon as we could. The mangled souls from the Burning Times still haunt our home continent. I sensed them on my journeys through Europe years ago, and never have I felt a sadder thing.

The New World Gamble

Remember all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the Ladies we are determined to foment a Rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any Laws in which we have no voice, and no representation.

— Abigail Adams, a letter to her husband John

Depend on it, We know better than to repeal our Masculine systems.

— John Adams (his reply to the above)

Rage is ever our blessing and our curse. As white settlers spread across North America, many of our foremothers and Kinfolk went with them, fleeing the insanity in Europe. To our shame, we battled the Wendigo and Uktena for the right to settle on their lands, raising caerns to the Mother, building towns for our Kinfolk, and breeding with the native wolves to revive our tribe. Though free from the taint of the Patriarch, many of the native peoples still placed Man above Woman, and we naturally objected. It is easy to say now that our ancestors were wrong, but deeds were done that cannot be erased. Sister, remember in the future to respect our native cousins and avoid our past arrogance. I have my differences with the Wendigo, but they are noble allies.

Free at last in an unspoiled land, our foremothers swore never to repeat their mistakes. It is said that packs of our sisters moved south to settle near the great river named for the Amazons, but many remained in the north. At the Finger Lakes in New York state, we retook a powerful caern from the Wyrm, and pledged there a new beginning for Woman. Never, in this land, would we allow a horror like the one we had fled. The Patriarch might batter at the heart of this new land, but by all the blood of our tribe, he would not take it!

In the years since, we have grown close to our human Kin and encouraged them to stand up for themselves. The powerful spirit of this land has fed Woman's urge to be free. With a stronghold in America, we Furies were able to



rebuild our tribe and stake a claim in the Wyld before it was entirely overrun. In the deepest forests on Earth, we keep the peace for the Mother once again.

Unfortunately, the exodus brought about a split in our tribe, one that festers to this day. Many Old-World Furies have long disdained their American kin. Even today they see us as traitors, while American Furies regard the ancient traditions of the Temple of Artemis as hopelessly outdated. We present a united front to the other tribes, but there remains a tension within us that I, for one, regret.

The Finger Lakes Oath

*Three things trust and cherish well,
The horse on which you ride,
The beast that guards and watches,
And the sister at your side.*

— Mercedes Lackey, "Threes"

Have you ever seen the sacred Mother's hand print at Finger Lakes? You must, sister; all Furies must, for the heart of the twentieth century was birthed there. The spirit of Gaia, of Luna, Artemis, Hecate, Selene — am I confusing you? Never mind, I'll explain — the Mother infuses the very ground, the air, the endless water of Finger Lakes Caern. It is said that the Mother Herself scooped the Wyrn out from the land and hurled him away, leaving Her hand print in the earth. Even if it is not "scientific" truth, it is a wonderful story!

As I was saying, our foremothers swore an oath at Finger Lakes that the Furies would guide Woman in this new world, and that we would watch the hand of Man and take an active role in his doings. When American women, dissatisfied with the old ways and old roles, came together to demand their freedom by right and law, we advised them, guarded them, and sometimes, in the night, avenged them. Our sisters across the world followed our lead, and the lot of Woman improved in the world, if only slightly....

...

The Modern Era

*Fill us with the Light.
Give us the strength to understand,
and the eyes to see.
Teach us to walk the soft Earth as relatives
to all that live.*

— Sioux Prayer

*Fight, dammit, fight!
Kill the damn bastards!*

— Shanna the She-Devil, *Savage Tales*

"Improved?!" The young Fury snorted, "Oh, bullshit! Child abuse, wife beating, rape, harassment, this is improvement?" She snapped to her full height, scorn etched across her face. "Elder or not, you're full of crap, a toothless old wolf gone soft!"



The elder scowled. "You're interrupting me."

"This is garbage," the pupil spat, "and you're no Black Fury, just a babbling old fool!"

There were gasps and growls around the fire. Several listeners edged into crouches. Rage coiled in the darkness, but the young Fury stood firm, daring the others to strike at her. Or to agree.

The elder only laughed, a bitter, barking cackle that lashed across the clearing. In the shadows, another Fury joined in, then another, and the youngster trembled, humiliated, as her sisters mocked her. "Sister, sister," crooned the elder, "You have much to learn... Haven't you listened to anything I've said? No one said that things were good or right. I only said that they were better!

"Our Rage is just, sister, it is just. But heed the lessons of what we lost before. Rage unfocused is Rage lost. Now shut up and let me finish..."

During World War II, the Nazis overran our homeland. Many Furies joined the Sisterhood in a covert war across Europe. We Garou learned a great deal about fighting against modern weapons during the war, but the lessons were expensive. The Get, the Fianna, the Silver Fangs, and the Shadow Lords all took a beating in the war. While they licked their wounds, we cemented long-standing treaties with the Children of Gaia and Silent Striders to remake the western world in a way more to our liking.

Some of our sisters would gut me for saying so, but I think the tribe was enriched by its alliance with the Children of Gaia. The Rage that has undone us at so many turns was tempered by the Children, and through this we have become more productive. With their help, we worked our way into the legal and political workings of this country. Soft words and favors when possible, claws in the night when need be. Many of those secrets we taught for so long are now common knowledge. Woman holds political and social power for the first time in centuries, and our voice is spreading world-wide. Simple Rage would never have accomplished this, sister. Patience has its place, even for werewolves.

...

"Patience, my ass!" snarled the youngster. "I don't believe I'm hearing this..."

The elder leapt the fire in a sudden blur; her teeth ripped into the skin of the young Fury's throat, drawing blood, cutting off breath.

"Don't. Interrupt. Again!" the elder growled, her jaws locked around the young Fury's windpipe, her shift to Crinos too swift for the eye to follow.

After a moment, the youngster relented and the elder let go. The two werewolves locked eyes. Another few moments passed, and the youngster turned away. The elder returned to Homid form and lightly touched her pupil's shoulder. "We are not enemies sister, remember that. As I said, you are right to Rage..."

...

No matter how high up a sheep climbs, it will never get beyond the killing floor.

— Nancy A. Collins

We are not Man's equal, and never have we been Man's slave! We are the daughters of the Goddess, inheritors of Her power, Her wisdom and Her wrath. We bleed the blood of life. We are the carriers of destiny, the bark, the roots, the very tree of life itself. It is sacrilege for Woman to bow to Man, to unwillingly feel his hands on our legs, our breasts. Better, by far, that we should feel his Manhood quivering between our teeth!

Sad to say, our own sisters have sold us out — humans, and even Garou, who buy the lie of Man's superiority. Greed, fear, and simple stupidity carve out scars across the Mother's face, and many women bear the blame. When we battle our own sisters, in the streets and boardrooms or at the barricades, Man grows stronger and the Wyrms laughs.

So few, it seems, can feel their birthright, feel the pull of their own divinity. For every woman who joins us on the picket lines or under the moon, a thousand sit on their asses or cringe under some bastard's hand. Like sheep, they offer their throats to the Patriarch and hand him a dull blade.

In the world's few Wyld places, we wage a desperate battle for the sacred earth. Of all Garou, we Furies feel the loss of the Mother's forests most bitterly. It was our charge,



our sacred purpose, to keep these places safe from the hand of Man, and we have failed.

Despite the blood of countless sisters, despite the protests, speeches, and outright battles in the street, the cowardly Patriarch shields his groin and spits in the face of Woman. Our blood spills out onto the bride-pyres in India, onto battlegrounds of Bosnia, onto darkened streets the world over. Man fears us, young Warrior, and in his fear he lays waste to everything around him.

Man is a deadly fool and we must not repeat his mistake. We must control our Rage, channel it, use it to slip free of the Patriarch's chains. There have been too many chains in place for too long to shatter them by Rage alone. With patience, we have loosened them over time...

Goddess help Man when we get free...



Chapter Two: ΤΡΟΠΟΣ ΚΥΚΛΟΣ (The Way of the Circle)

Wisdom is the supreme part of happiness, and reverence towards the gods must be inviolate. Great words of prideful men are ever punished with great blows, and, in old age, teach the chastened to be wise.

— Sophocles, *Antigone*

The elder's eyes reflect hard-earned wisdom. "You need to learn control, and respect as well," she says. "You are right to Rage. You are wrong to interrupt!"

The young Fury stood silent as the elder paused to drink from a cup. Off to her sides, she watched the other Furies who had gathered to listen, who had mocked her and watched her defeat. As her wounded pride throbbed and her throat stung, she ached to pay the old one back in kind.

The others, she knew, would take the elder's side in a fight, and her new life would be over before it began. Some other tactic, some more subtle confrontation, would have to do.

"It is said," the young Fury said as the elder put aside her cup, "by some young Garou, that the old ways and traditions are a waste of time, and that we'd all be better off if we concentrated on the here-and-now than on a bunch of old stories." A low growl rumbled off to her left, and the elder

gazed at her dangerously. "So it is said by some," the young Fury finished.

"Would you agree?" The elder's tone was offhand, but the look in her eyes was menacing.

"Maybe," the younger replied, crossing her arms and meeting the elder's gaze.

"Warrior, warrior," the old one sighed, "your moon-sign becomes you! Surrounded, outclassed, outnumbered, but rude all the same. You'll make a fine warrior, sister, a great warrior," her voice dropped suddenly, "as soon as you learn to shut up and think!"

The others laughed again, and the youngster stood confused, caught off-guard by the sudden praise and abrupt rebuke. The elder took the opportunity to take another drink, then continued.

...



The Passing of Wisdom

You see now the difference between the old and the new ways, and the schism that divides our tribe. Old baggage like me, the crones of our people, hold on to history after our claws have dulled, while young — pardon the expression — maidens like yourself carve out new paths with the same old questions. I was the same when I was younger, and you'll have the same problem instructing some other young hellion, assuming you live long enough.

History's important, child. From history comes culture, and our culture is our strength. Without it, we would spin in rudderless circles until the Wyrms dragged us screaming off to hell.

Kuklos (The Circles)

Man, confronted by woman, does seem to feel, variously, frightened, revolted, dominated, bewildered, and even, at times, superfluous.

— Dr. Wolfgang Lederer

We are each Virgin huntress, we are each Great Mothers, we are Death Dealers who hold out the promise of rebirth and

regeneration. We are no longer afraid to see ourselves as her daughters, nor are we afraid to refuse to be victims of this subtle Burning Time.

— Morgan McFarland, from *Drawing Down the Moon*

As you've said, there are those in our tribe who have lost sight of the balance between young and old. The old-world traditionalists cling to our rites like a lifeboat, while many of our youngsters figure they have nothing to learn that they can't teach themselves. Silly rifts over philosophy, ritual, the roles of Man and the Goddess, have split our tribe into kuklos, or circles. Most of these camps are friendly to each other, but some are armed to the teeth against their sisters except in the face of an outside foe. When our backs are to the wall, we Furies will fight like a thousand Get for our sisters, but put too many Furies in a room together and sooner or later the door will come flying off, usually aimed at some fool's head!

The great American experiment caused more friction between sisters than a thousand years of struggle against the Patriarchy. American septs will cooperate with their Old World sisters, and vice versa, but not without some name-calling and such. I think some of the Old-World types are jealous of us here, but then I'm prejudiced.

Many Furies will not even go to South America, Africa, or Asia, so those lands are often left to the Freebooters, the Amazons, and the Order of the Merciful Mother. I met a Fury from the Congo once, but I have no idea what group, if any, she belonged to.

I see by the blank look on your face that you haven't heard of any of these camps, so I'll fill you in as best I can. I would recommend you visit some of our sisters in these kuklos. They could tell you far more than I.

The Amazons of Diana

Every part of the earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people.

— Chief Seattle

The Amazons of Diana protect Woman and Wyld, and frequently travel across the world to stamp Man's face into the mud. Most come from America, where women are raised to be more self-reliant and aggressive. Many are active in American or Canadian politics, siding with our human sisters to lift the Patriarch's yoke by law or claw. There are, however, groups of traveling avengers who seek out pockets of the Wyrms or the Patriarch and fight them at their own doorsteps. Glory is the Amazon's province, and her peril. I was once a follower of Diana, and frankly, I was fortunate to survive my travels. The life of an Amazon is glorious indeed, but very, very short. If this is the path you choose, I wish you luck, strength, and courage.

The Amazon Speaks

And you let him do this to you? You silly bitch! You disgust me, the lot of you, coming in with black eyes and broken arms, crying on our shoulders and telling us how much he loves you! Wake up, dammit!

Who are we, anyway? You wouldn't know, I guess. Call us Amazons if you like, warriors and daughters, protectors in the shadows. If stupid chicks like you would stand up for yourselves more often, you wouldn't need us to scrape you up off the floor. Radical? Look in that mirror. Is there a better answer?

Hey, look, I'm sorry, I know it's been rough. Don't cry... No, on second thought, go ahead... Hey, some friends of mine are having a party tomorrow night. Yeah, kind of a full moon party. I've got some crash space. Maybe we can go talk to them tomorrow...

By the way, where did you say he lived?

The Freebooters

This house is full of my madness,
This house is full of my mistakes,
This house is full of madness,
This house is full of, full of,
Full of fight!

— Kate Bush, "Get Out of my House"

The Freebooters span Gaia's Vale searching for artifacts to steal and hide, a long and honorable tradition that began, I have heard, with a group of Furies who stole the treasures of a Greek vampire. More importantly, the Freebooters secure the few remaining patches of Wyld until caerns can be set up and septs established.

Freebooters tend to be young, reckless, and full of fight. More than any other kuklos, Freebooters tend to work outside our tribe, mixing with Garou of all genders for a common cause. Freebooters spit in the face of the Wyrms and live to tell of it more often than the Amazons, I'm afraid, because Freebooters strike quickly and run. Stealth and wit, not force, makes a Freebooter.

Despite the courage of the Freebooters, many Furies, particularly Amazons and Bacchantes (You haven't heard of them, either? Child, what did they teach you in school?), regard them as cowards or fools for their fleet-footed antics. I do not share this view, myself. The Freebooters' way has done more damage to the Wyrms than a thousand pitched battles, and serves the Veil better, as well.

The Freebooter Speaks

No, you're not hallucinating. I wasn't here a moment ago. Heh heh heh...

Darkness is our friend, girl, and don't you forget it. Screw that damn-the-torpedoes crap. That'll get you killed, make no mistake! Class, girl, class and style will get you a lot further than playing Indiana Jones. The jungle's full of killers, and the trick

is to be one of them. A good trap works better than a banzai charge.

Shhh! Check out Elmer over there. Elmer as in Fudd; you ever watch cartoons? Well, this ain't a cartoon, and when that trick goes, Elmer there won't be just getting up and walking away.

Nasty, huh? Now aren't you glad I was here? Could've been you...

The Order of Our Merciful Mother

It is forbidden to decry other sects. The true believer gives honor to whatever in them is worthy of honor.

— A decree of Asoka, Emperor of India

The Order of Our Merciful Mother is the group I spoke of earlier, the sisters who turned the Patriarch's own words against him by fighting faith with faith. They have taken the best of the Patriarch's godspeak and put it to practice helping those who suffer. While some Furies regard the Order as an affront to the Mother, I have seen the good they do. As I said before, we must nurture as well as avenge.

The sisters of the Order, many of them metis, set up ministries in less developed countries or urban industrial centers where humans raised in the Patriarch's faith must still be taught the Mother's ways without outward sign of conversion.

The Order has also used the power and trappings of Man's religion to secure caerns against industrial "development." Without the Order ministering to the poor by day and hunting our foes by night, the Wyrms would hold a firmer grip than he already does. The numbers of the Order are slight, but their faith is strong.

The Sister Speaks

I see that you noticed my hands. No, I have become used to three fingers, having had a lifetime to do so. You are kind to be concerned. So many of our blood are not.

We carry the Mother's word to those who would not otherwise listen. Their senses have been sealed by the god of Man, and they cannot appreciate the tang of sap on a clean breeze or the cry of our animal kin in the Wyld. Their slavery has become a darkness, a self-made darkness, and it is our task to lead them from it.

No, I do not believe it is a thankless task. The glimmer in the eyes of a woman discovering the true secrets of the Goddess, the truth behind the lies she has lived for so long, is worth the vows and the sweat and the soul-ache I feel when we see our charges die. So many die out here. The land is harsh, and the people too numerous to feed. A few less men out here makes a great difference...

There are other compensations for our work as well...

The Sisterhood

I am a secret agent
Of the moon...
Celestial subversive
Con-spiritual
Spirita Sancta
Holy
Holy
Holy
And then some
And I have friends.

— Barbara Starrett, from *I.D.*

I mentioned the Sisterhood earlier, the European network of Garou and Kinfolk who safeguard many of the caerns and cities of the Old World. They are more tolerant of American Garou than most Old-World Furies, and, along with the Moon-Daughters, are among the most tolerant in practice of all Black Fury camps. Many male Kinfolk hold high positions in the Sisterhood. The founders recognized long ago that accomplishing goals such as securing property rights and negotiating with human institutions would be difficult, if not impossible, in Europe without men. Claws in the darkness are not always the best solution to a problem, though some Furies would disagree.

The Sisterhood dates back to the Burning Times, when Furies fled the Patriarch's clutches and even the sternest Garou pitied the human women caught in Man's hate. Like the Underground Railroad during the American Slave Age (which, it is said, we Furies helped to guide as well), the Sisterhood smuggled Kinfolk, humans, and Garou away from the Inquisitors and into safer lands, though few lands could be called safe during that hideous time. The Sisterhood bought or otherwise negotiated the purchase of many sacred sites in Europe. More recently, the Sisterhood spread to Africa and Asia. There, wealthy groups or sisters buy land to set up wildlife preserves, but this is a new thing, and faces a hard road.

Kinfolk play an important role in the Sisterhood, more so, perhaps, than in any other *kuklos*. The Sisterhood fought as partisans during World War II, and have a warrior tradition going all the way back to the Burning Times. Sisterhood Kin are more skilled in combat than many Garou. Most human Sisterhood Kinfolk practice minor magics, and have a local reputation for sorcery. The locals call them *strega*, an ancient name for witches. Lupine Kinfolk guard sisterhood outposts and caerns, and travel with the circle's charges. European vampires and rival Garou know better than to trifle with the Sisterhood!

The Strega Speaks

You do not speak the language of our homeland? Why is it that you Americans limit yourselves so? I could speak three languages by the time I was twelve. Well, no matter. You have...

property... you wish to dispose of? Yes, I know where we may take it.

No, I am not Garou, but any sister of the homeland knows the value of our work here. We deserve no less glory than you, though the moon does not flow so deeply in our veins. We have our magic also, and we battle the Kallikantzari — the vampires. I killed my first when I was fifteen. Do not underestimate your Kinfolk, sister.

Yes, it is a pretty trinket. You say it came from the Tremere? Good. Anything out of their hands is a blessing to Artemis. Where will I take it? Sister, with all respect, that is not your concern. Trust that it will be safe.

The Temple of Artemis

The mortal is mad who sacks cities and desolates temples and tombs... his own doom is only delayed.

— Euripides, *The Trojan Women*

The Temple of Artemis sits at the far end of tolerance. Traditional to an extreme, the Temple reveres the old ways to a degree that even I find hide-bound. Still, the Temple-Keepers are the backbone of our tribe. They speak the old truths and seek the Mother's wisdom. Despite their mystic bent, the Temple-Keepers are fierce warriors and keen hunters, each one skilled with the sacred bow of Artemis. Even the oldest (and the Temple-Keepers often live long lives) can outshoot the best human archer or chase a deer across miles of wilderness. Still, much of a Temple-Keeper's time is spent in ritual, training, or meditation. If you find me antiquated, you'll find the Temple hopelessly prehistoric!

For centuries, the Temple has set the policy, such as it is, for our entire tribe. In the last century, the rising tide of American informality and independence, coupled with the physical and cultural distance between the continents, has put the Temple on the defensive. In my view, the Temple of Artemis could do with new blood and new ideas, but, conversely, newer packs of Furies could learn much from the Temple and its ways before dismissing it out of hand. It is said that the Mother takes mortal shape among the Temple-Keepers and advises them face-to-face. You may make of that what you will, but I believe it.

The Priestess Speaks

Hold the arrow. Feel its weight, sense its purpose in the sharp point and feathered quills. We are the arrows, warrior, bent and fired by the will of Artemis.

She hunts on two feet, or four feet, or on wings, and her prey never escapes. We Furies are only a pale shadow of the Goddess. Think of yourself as her arrow. That should keep you from thinking too highly of yourself. Like arrows, we are tripartite. Like the metal point, we are human. Like the fletch, we are animal. Like the shaft, we are of raw nature, shaped by the Goddess' hand.

Remember the arrow when you let fly your Rage. Aim true, and do not falter.

The Moon-Daughters

*I come to you with strange fire, I make an offering of love.
The incense of my soul is burned by the fire in my blood.*

— Indigo Girls, "Strange Fire"

The Moon-Daughters are another mystical sect. Although they share much with the Temple, the Moon-Daughters and the Temple often work at cross-purposes. The Temple of Artemis is the keeper of the past; the Moon-Daughters are the bearers of the future. Their rituals are spontaneous, their traditions subject to constant challenge and change. Moon-Daughters often guide human New Age and pagan groups and work closely with political action and consciousness-raising groups, male and female. Moon-Daughter Kinfolk often practice Woman's magic and keep wolf Kin as companions.

The Daughters are the product of the American spirit, more egalitarian and accepting than most Fury sects. Male metis hold higher ranks among the Daughters than anywhere else in the tribe, and male Kinfolk stand near equal with their sisters. The Daughters work closely with the Children of Gaia, and seek more mystical, less combative ways of solving problems. Still, as with any of our tribe, the Rage of Gaia is the nectar of the Daughters.

Though not as warlike as the Amazons or Bacchantes, Moon-Daughters are as deadly in their wrath as any Furies. It is said that some Moon-Daughters have lupine Kinfolk who can breathe fire, or that they know arcane secrets of spirit-lore even the Temple does not share. In any case, best not to cross these so-called "crystal-gazers." Mother alone knows what they may do...

The Mystic Speaks

*Reach deep inside yourself, past all that accumulated debris,
and draw a breath into your lungs. Feel it washing through you,
cleansing, expanding. Wrap it in your soul, pull that primal howl
from your gut. Open your throat and let that howl loose!*

*Doesn't that feel better? We'll do it together. Our voices can
move mountains, our howls reach the moon. You don't have to
a wolf to feel the inner howl. The howl is Woman's birthright.
We howl with agony and joy at the birth of our children, with
bitterness at our betrayal, with rage when we are slighted, and
with delight when we may finally be ourselves.*

*Within this circle there are no secrets, we have no lies and we
need no masks. Within this circle, we are one, and the Goddess
is with us.*

Let us howl with her...

The Bacchantes

*Possessed though I am, I shall for once emerge from my
frenzy.*

— Euripides, *The Trojan Women*

Ah, yes, the Bacchantes. I had forgotten them, hadn't I? Have you learned the tales of the Wild Women of Greece,



said by man to be the followers of a male god, Dionysus? Wild dancers who frenzied under the moon and tore living animals and people apart with their bare hands? No? Pity.

The tales are, of course, somewhat incorrect. The Bacchantes exist, but male gods had nothing to do with their activities. Not all are Garou, or even Kinfolk, but most are. Bacchantes — also called Maenads — are the Mother's wrath personified; Woman the destroyer, Woman the primal killer. Kali, Lillith, Pele, Tiamat. Under any name, the wrath of Woman cannot be denied for long.

The Goddess channels her Rage through the Bacchantes, more so even than through most Furies, and they revel in that Rage. Bacchantes gather in their moots to celebrate Gaia's fury with strong drink, natural drugs, and ecstatic dancing. Their wild rites leave even Red Talons dumping their bowels in terror. The Temple of Artemis has had its hands full over the centuries guiding the Wild Women, but even the most conservative Temple-Keeper must secretly admire the Bacchantes for the purity of their Rage and their closeness to the primal pulse of Gaia.

I have never known a Bacchante at a time when the Rage was not upon her, so I have no idea what they are like away from their revels. It is said that Bacchantes are not so much an organized camp as an elite fellowship chosen from the ranks of Woman. Many Bacchantes doubtless belong to the other Black Fury kuklos as well. Perhaps you yourself may be chosen by Gaia to join this mysterious fellowship. You certainly have the temperament.

The Bacchante Speaks

That's it, wet yourself, you shitty little wretch! How proud is your prick now, you raping bastard? Big, tough man like you! Any last words? You're full of good words when you want them. Where are they now?

Too many drinks? That's a great excuse, a wonderful excuse! I've had too many drinks myself, and I'm feeling a little crazy, but it's crazy in a good way, and I think I'm gonna have me some fun tonight! Come on, bud, let's party! You like to party, don't you? Aw, look, I think he's gonna cry...

Shoe's on the other foot now, isn't it, you foul little excuse for a pathetic turd? Come on, big boy, let's see how tough you are... Look at this, he is crying! Big boys don't cry, do they? Guess you're not such a big boy after all...

Not all Black Furies belong to these *kuklos*. Many do not. Just the same, knowing about these camps may serve you well some day.

Aspects of the Mother

The young Fury finally looked interested. The Rage in her eyes dimmed, and the elder was pleased to see it. The old one reached for the wine at her side and passed it to her pupil, who took it with a grateful nod. The others around the fire whispered to each other of their approval.

"I hate to ask a stupid question," said the youngster when the ritual was finished, "but you mentioned Artemis, and Luna, and a few other names as well. Isn't Gaia our Goddess? Isn't Gaia the 'Mother' you mentioned?" She tensed her shoulders, expecting a sarcastic barrage from the crone, but the old woman merely smiled.

"Let me tell you about the Goddess," she said...

○ *Earth-Mother, Thou of uncounted names and faces, Thou of the many-faceted Nature in and above All, Nature Incarnate, Love and Life fulfilled; look favorably upon this place, grace us with Your Presence, inspire and infuse us with Your powers; by all the names by which You have been known, O Earth-Mother.*

— Hasidic Druids of North America, *The Druid Chronicles*

Gaia is our Goddess, the All-Mother of living things and special patron of the Garou, but Gaia has many faces and aspect. It is through Her sister, Luna, also called the Moon, that we can better know Gaia. Luna sheds light upon the mysteries of the mother as she does the cycles of nature. She reveals a three-fold incarnation of the Goddess. Each of the three aspects summons forth a different aspect of the moon, life-blood of Garou and the shaper of our destiny.

Artemis is the hunter, the Virgin Goddess, while Selene is the Mother, the full moon pregnant with possibilities. Hecate, the Crone, is the name given by some to the dark avenger of the night. Humans called her the patron of witches, and many modern Garou and Kinfolk, the Moon-



Daughters in particular, feel drawn to this aspect of the All-Mother.

Maiden, Mother and Crone are aspects of the Goddess incarnate in Woman, the shard of divinity that Man covets. Ours are the keys of the cycle, birth, death, and rebirth. All aspects of the cycle are present in the moon, in the Goddess, in Woman. This is the first of the Mysteries that Artemis taught our foremothers, and our foremothers taught human women.

And what, you may ask, has this got to do with killing? Death, too, is part of the cycle, and, to many, the Black Furies are the agents of death.

Children of the Furies

Your children are not your children.

*They are the sons and daughters
of Life's longing for itself.*

*They come through you but not
from you,*

*And though they are with you
yet they belong not to you.*

— Kahlil Gibran, *The Prophet*

Killers, avengers, mothers, protectors. The Furies are all these and more. Yes, of course we're mothers! Did you think that we divided and spawned like cells? More than any

other tribe, I think, the Furies know the value of our children. All Garou are precious, even males.

Once we slew our male children, whether out of hate or ritual I do not know. This, I have heard, stopped during the Burning Times, when each new Black Fury kept our tribe from extinction. Since then, we have given male children or metis pups to other tribes or Kinfolk packs to raise. Many male Children of Gaia, Silent Striders, and Stargazers have the blood of the Furies in their veins, and male Kinfolk, both human and wolf, make good studs for future generations.

Motherhood is perhaps the greatest joy of Woman, and our greatest burden. It's certainly the hardest to explain. Hard as pregnancy may be for born warriors to accept, the quickening of new life inside you, the ecstatic agony and joyful terror of giving birth to a new being, of carrying it within and forcing it through yourself to gasp its first breath, all are sensations known to Woman, and Woman only. Man's greatest envy is that he cannot bear life, only end it. Some sisters forswear bearing children, and such is their right, but as one who has brought three daughters into the world, I can say there is no greater thing.

Because of our endless war, we rarely care for own daughters, giving them to the care of Kinfolk or worthy humans. You were one such, born to the descendants of a Fury's male child some three generations past. Yes, we've been watching you! The trials our children face prepare them for the hard life of Garou.

Our tribe is small. Warriors above all, we cannot simply sit around and breed! So female Kinfolk are in many ways the futures of our line. Before the Burnings, many Furies insisted that only Garou Furies would make fit mothers. But now our Kinfolk often mate with suitable Garou, and the children they bear, if female, are raised as Furies.

And what is "suitable," you ask? We have a rite, which you will learn in time, to determine which men are most likely to carry good seed. From this rite, we often determine our mates, and the fathers of our children, for what that is worth. No, I don't hate men, child, but I personally have met few who were good for much more than breeding stock.

The Breeds

The tribe to which this sisterhood belongs I have seen not, nor know I what land can aver that it rears such a race with impunity, and has not afterward to repent of its pains.

— Aeschylus, *The Eumenides*

We are the best of all worlds, sister, wolf and Woman in one. As a Homid, I know it will take you time to get used to the idea that many of your sisters never saw a cradle or watched cartoons. You know our breeds, do you not? I see you do. Lest you become convinced that our breed is superior, let me tell you of the three breeds, three more faces of the Goddess in our tribe.

Lupus

The wolf is our sacred forbear and our tie with the divinity of our birthright. As we are guardians of the Wyld, we are bound to hold the wolf in greater esteem than other tribes do, especially the thrice-cursed Glass Walkers! Those of the lupus breed are no less valued by Gaia than we born of human Woman, and they perhaps, to Her, may be more worthy of love. No wolf dumps toxic wastes in Her oceans, eh?

Homid

We homids bear the guilt of the stain we have created on this world, but we have our advantages. Our culture and our language serve us well, and our adaptable nature confounds our enemy. The Wyrn would have a much easier time of things if we had no cars, computers, or guns! Besides, I for one would become bored by a lifetime without books, paintings, or music!

Metis

The spawn of mated Garou have a miserable lot. I pity them, though many Furies do not. In our homeland, the state of the spirit is said to be reflected in the state of the body. Perhaps the spread of these bastard outcasts reflects the inner corruption of all Garou. How else could there be so many of them in these final days?





Male metis are doubly condemned, being both male and deformed and that much further from the Goddess. Whatever you do, little sister, never inflict this kind of living horror on your child!

...

Joy

The old Fury paused, thought for a moment, and shook her head. "It is so easy," she said, "to see all that is wrong, to stare perpetually into darkness. Is this, you wonder, a Fury's lot, to smolder forever at the pains of the world, one step away from fiery Rage? Is this, you may wonder, all there is to our lives?

"I wonder these things, little sister, even if you do not. I wonder about them often."

She motioned to a lanky woman off to her left, a Fury with a wooden flute in her hands. The musician nodded and began a slow, moody song, its cadence matching the leaping of the flames. A she-wolf with a white-streaked muzzle began to croon softly as another woman began to slap a slow-tempo rhythm on her bare legs. The pack joined in, and the elder began to sing.

The young Fury set up a counter-rhythm, and the drummer picked up her pace. The flute and voices quickly took on a frenzied air, and power gathered in the leaping shadows. The women began to clap, to smile, as the elder sang

unknown words in a foreign tongue, motioning the others to go faster. As she reached a crescendo, the elder let out a wild yell, and her sisters yelled with her. As the sound died away, the elder smiled. "There is more," she said, "so much more, if we choose to see it."

...

If we were to dwell in anger, as do the Get, our tribe would boil over and explode with its own wrath. Of course we have our celebrations, our games, our tribal recess. Life would be intolerable otherwise!

What do the Furies enjoy? What brings a smile to a killer's jaws? Music, for one thing. Song is the Goddess' gift, and one all Furies love. We have songs for everything, but the best song, I've found, is the music that wells from the soul when the heart is pained. It's no accident that some of the most joyful music our world has seen flows from places where sorrow hangs heavily on the Mother's children.

The bond of sisterhood, our eternal family, is a powerful source of pleasure. Our children are a joy to us as well, a fleeting happiness made more precious by their brief time among us. Walking the Wyld, feeling the Goddess' touch with every sense, brings an ecstasy non-Garou can never know. Carry the memory of this pleasure with you when you go into battle. Its sweetness will remind you what it is you fight for.

Ritual

Of all Garou, we Furies share perhaps the greatest love of ritual. Our ties to the Mother, closer than even most other Garou, bind us to Her seasons, and we reflect this in our rites. Joyful or somber, our rites are celebrations, thankful tributes to the goddess.

Our rite is not the stuffy affair of Man's church, where you were dragged when you were little to squirm on hard wooden benches. Our rite is a spontaneous song, or the passing of a cup, or a proud battle boast. Games, plays, tall-tale tellings, anything that brings us together in the Mother's bounty is a rite to the Garou.

Long ago, we taught human Woman our rites, and she took her holidays home with her. Ancient cultures, more in tune with nature's flow, adopted our rites. Even the Patriarch had to acknowledge them, though he changed their names and twisted their meanings.

Even our most modern sisters have rites for everything, though they tend to be more spontaneous than the rigid ceremonies of the Temple of Artemis. Generally, we gather in circles around a bonfire and begin singing and howling, adding drums and other human devices if anyone can play. The rite leader, called a *Mystae*, (and yes, for our pack, that's me) weaves the skeins of song together into a tapestry of praise. Some more traditional septs divide into *Strophe* and *Antistrophe*, two sections of singers, at the *Mystae's* command. This is a human embellishment, but an ancient one. In more modern rites, three or more chorus may counterpoint each other. All of this will come in time for you.

Choros (Moots)

*When the full Moon shines on all below
heed not wind nor weather,
we'll dance the dance that the Men don't know,
Sisters dancing together.*

— Leslie Fish, "Sisters Dancing Together"

For centuries, we have invited human women to join us under the moon, in informal moots we call *kuklochoros*, or circle-dances. At these *kuklochoros*, we teach them the secrets of the Goddess and help them find Her within themselves. When the Burning Times swept the land, these dances were called witch's sabbats, and the women who joined us were tortured horribly for consorting with "unholy beasts." Man, as usual, was jealous of what he could not control. Today women join us freely at these dances, at least in America. Woman still fares badly in other countries, and does not share our freedom, such as it is.

Ulaka megaleis, or grand howls, are for Furies alone. The grand howls are long, deeply emotional events. For days we build power through challenges, rites and debates. At the peak of the *ulaka megaleis*, we burst into a wild revel to send

our power back into the night. Even a wolf my age may dance like a pup when such power flows through her!

The hunt, the *kuneigeseon*, is a tradition from ancient times. It has, if anything, more validity today than it did in days past. When we discover a man who has committed some gross crime against Woman or the Mother, we seek him out and take him with us. At the start of the *kuneigeseon*, we set him free. After a revel, we hunt him down. His blood feeds the Wyld, and his death feeds the cycle. Finding such men these days is easy, though abducting them without a trace is not. Still, we remove dozens of blights from Gaia's Vale each year this way.

Tropos (The Litany)

You know the Litany, do you not? I see by your expression that you're unsure of it. No, child, I will not attack you again. We expect pups will take some time to absorb the pack laws. In time, they will be instinctive.

As you might expect, each tribe, each pack, follows the Litany to their own taste. Each tribe considers some aspect of the law more important than others. Age, for example, is a curse to some Garou. To the Furies, age is power, rank, a testament to the strength of the sister. In becoming one with the Crone, a Fury completes the cycle of the Goddess, the moon, and life. I see you smile! An old wolf like me would make such a claim! But as you travel among the sisters, if you live so long, you will find this to be true.

Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou

Many Furies break the first of the Laws, the prohibition against sex with other Garou. Contrary to belief, we have not all forsworn the company of Man. The drive of Woman to Man is a natural thing, and not always a bad one. I would advise, though, that you refrain from loving a male Garou. Such unions bring nothing but shame and suffering.

Combat the Wurm Wherever It Dwells and Whenever It Breeds

We Furies stand in the front line against the Wurm. Any Fury who cowers in His face should be gutted on the spot! Gaia's Vale and the Mother's children are our sacred charges, and no Fury should ever forget this. There are many ways to battle the Wurm, but any Black Fury who flees the fight will fall beneath her sisters' claws before long.

Respect the Territory of Another

As I told you earlier, many Old World Garou violated the third Law, that of respect for another's territory, when we intruded on the lands of the Wendigo. The Furies, at least, admit our mistake and now pledge to honor another's hunting ground, provided the other tends it properly.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

Black Furies always accept an honorable surrender, even from a male. Beware, however, the treachery of other tribes, particularly the rabid Get. They hold no honor, so expect none from them.

Submission to Those of Higher Station

Respect and honor are a Fury's lifeblood, and you'll do well to remember this in future. Rank is not so much a matter of station as of plain manners. Constant interruptions, my sister, may be fatal!

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

Respect for Those Beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia

Elder or pup, Maiden, Mother, or Crone, all are equal before the Mother. We are all sisters here. As I said, rank is a matter of respect, not of station. We Furies ignore these Laws. Other Garou do not. When in doubt, err on the side of caution.

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

Remember always the horrors of the Burning Times. Carry them with you. If Man were to Rage again, we would be his first target.

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

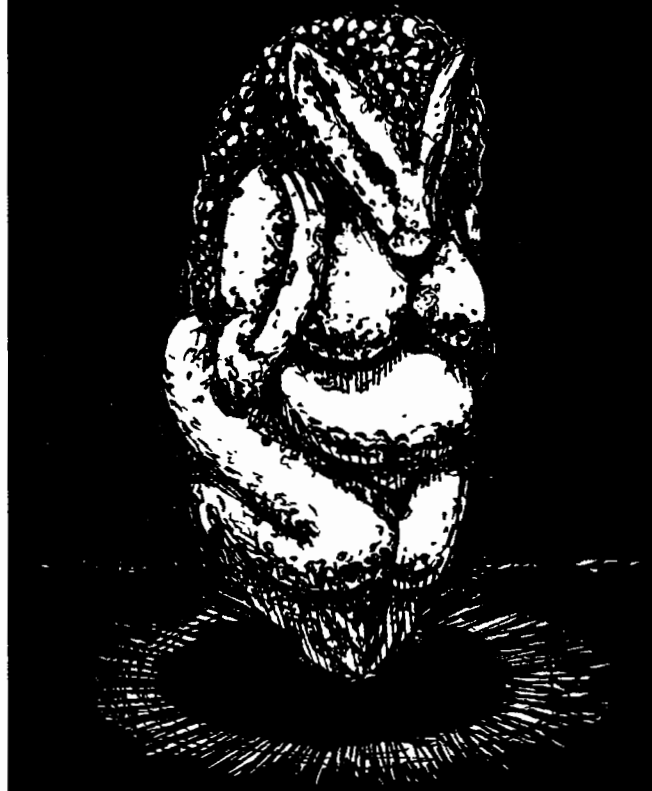
To attain great age is a Fury's greatest triumph. Crones are the teachers and the passers of the ways — much as I've been teaching you tonight. In age, we become one with the final stage, with death. Some day, though not any time soon, I will carry myself away from here and rejoin the First Daughters. So it is with all our sisters.

We take care of our own as much as possible, but some wounds may not heal. We put crippled sisters out of their misery and mourn them later. We do this for Kinfolk and human women as well, if their wounds are deadly or their corruption too deep. Better our claws than the Wyrms' poison or Man's hand!

The Leader May Be Challenged At Any Time during Peace, Never during War

I cannot stress too heavily the importance of respect within our tribe. The leaders must listen to their packs, and the packs must respect their leaders. Without this devotion between sisters, our tribe would have fallen long ago.

Challenges within the tribe should be handled peacefully, though they often are not. We should always avoid



shedding a sister's blood. The blood of others, however, is a different story.

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

If I ever met a Black Fury who had defiled a caern, I would throat her slowly and bloodily. Any Fury worth the name would do the same.

The Councils: The Outer and Inner Calyx

The affairs of our tribe are overseen by two packs of leaders, the Outer and Inner Calyx. A Calyx is an earthenware vessel, a jug to put things in. The Goddess channels Her will through the Calyx, and it imparts this will to us. So it is said...

The leaders of the Outer Calyx are chosen much like human Popes, supposedly by lot and merit, actually through rank and influence. Politics and werewolves make for grim whimsy, sister! This conclave sets tribal policy (or at least tries to!), mediates disputes, and secures supplies and aid for tribes in need. Leaders have their uses, I suppose, but a werewolf parliament has always struck me as just plain foolishness!

I have no idea what the Inner Calyx does. Its motives and purpose are secret, even to most elders. Artemis used to visit it long ago, they say, and speak through the body of a living oracle. If this has ever happened, it has not happened in some time. Some Fury elders wonder why...

The Sacred Treasures

*Bring me my broadsword
and clear understanding,
bring me a cross of gold
as a talisman.*

— Jethro Tull, "Broadsword"

Some say it has to do with the Sacred Artifacts. You remember the tale of our foremothers? It is said that Artemis entrusted the First Daughters with five artifacts, five objects that defined the Daughter's purpose and carried great magical power. The Inner Calyx reputedly guards these artifacts in our homeland, but these great fetishes haven't been used in centuries. Some say the objects were broken. Others, stolen. In any case, the Inner Calyx has not answered our questions.

The Sacred Charge

Look out, look out again, cast your eyes in every direction lest the matricide should have escaped us by stealthy flight and should go unpunished...

— Aeschylus, *The Eumenides*

The young Fury sat quietly by the fire, her hostility calmed. The elder watched her indulgently, an aged mother reconciled with a prodigal. As the others watch, the two share another drink. As the bonfire crackled and sweet wind stirred the trees, a red-haired beauty tilted back her head and howled to the Mother Moon. A thin wolf, crouched beside her, joined her, and the whole pack, homid and lupus, began to sing the Song of Peace.

As the howl faded away, the elder continued...

• • •

We bear the future in our bellies, in our hearts. Ours is the cycle, ours is the blood, the bond, and the sacred charge. We are the slayers of the cruel, the avengers of the weak, and the protectors of the Wyld. Wolf and Woman, Maiden, Mother, Crone. We are the Black Furies, chosen of the Goddess!

We are Vengeance! May the Wyrms tremble!

The Five Treasures of Artemis

Our thanks we give,
O Huntress, Wyld Shade,
Moonshine Maiden;
Given to us these tokens five,
seal of birthright, bond of pledge;
The Cloak, that Daughters may
confound the eye of Man;
The Salve, that Wise Ones might
anoint the wounds of sisters;
The Bridle, that Mothers may
rein in the Wyld in us;
The Loom, that Artisans may
weave tapestries of wisdoms;
The Bow, that Warriors might
strike down the foes of Nature.
Thanks be, Sacred Mother,
Blessed be, Sacred Friend.



Chapter Three:

Καλυμμο

Γοιεις

(Gaia's Dale)

*Oh, life is a glorious cycle of song,
a medley of extemporanea;
and love is a thing that can never go wrong;
and I am Marie of Romania!*

— Dorothy Parker, *Comment*

"I don't imagine," said the elder to her pupil, "that you know much of the Wyld, being city-born as you are."

"No," the young Fury admitted, "Outside of a few camping trips with my family, I've never really spent much time in the woods." She glanced about. "It's... wild..."

The others laughed, but it was a hearty laugh, not mocking. The youngster laughed as well...

The old Fury slowly raised her arms, a sweeping gesture that encompassed the night forest; its branches rustling softly, its shadows flickering with half-hidden life. "The Wyld is more than Paradise to us," she said at last, "it is as much a part of the Black Furies as the hearts beneath our breasts..."

...

The Wyld

*You offered me an eagle's wing
That to the sun I might soar and sing
And if I heard the owl's cry
Into the forest I would fly
And in its darkness find you by.*

— Loreena McKennit, "Samain Night"

The Wyld is beyond description, a torrent of sensation in the heart of tranquility. Once you have seen it, Man's cities lose their luster. Gaia flowers in her fullest youth and coldest splendor; life and death enmeshed in the eternal cycle.

I have walked the winding trails and felt dead brush and living earth beneath my paws. Wyld is the hunger of a newborn bird and the stink of a rotting carcass, the brush of leaves against your skin and the dew-jeweled spider's trap. I have breathed the tang of green water and felt ticks in my hair and fur. A hawk snatches its kill in midair, while below ants war over rotting flowers. Wyld is the chuckle of a stream, the rustle of the wind, the fallen oak and the tender sapling, the canyon's abyss and the desert silence. More colors than the mind can name, more scents than the heart can fathom. My ears, then, are full of sound, and I am one with the Mothers' hand.

Have you walked barefoot in the glens and felt the soft kiss of dew-wet grass? Have you seen the dart of a fish catching its morning meal in the mirrored pond? Has your soul capered at the sound of birdsong, or frozen at the cat-fight scream? The whispers of the Wyld are all around us, sister, but Man has walled them out, and all that's left is plastic dust.

Wyld is Mother's womb, Maiden's playground, and Crone's resting place, the ecstasy of life and the passion of death. Feel them all in the bonfire's breath and the hum of the mosquitoes. On Earth or in the spirit realm, Wyld is the Goddess, and we, her handmaids. It is a great thing to be a Fury.

Life Out Of Balance

You can't just let nature run wild.

— Gov. Walter Hickel, Governor, Alaska

But as the Weaver goes mad, she spins the Wyld out of being. The Wurm vomits his poisons upon Gaia. Man, always out to prove his superiority, is all too eager to help. You know the sharp tear of broken glass and the rusty slash of rotting metal. Look around you; even far from the cities the woods are littered with beer cans and shattered bottles. Even here, we smell the sewer reek. This is not life and death; this is sacrilege.

The Wyld is dying. Man is killing Her.

• • •

Man

Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee.

— Genesis 3:16

"What about men?" Asked the young one. "I mean, I've met some real bastards, but I've known good ones, too. And I'm not sure if... well, women have... never..."

The red-haired Fury burst out laughing. "Goddess, girl, we're not all dykes!"

The elder chuckled. "Despite popular misconception, the Black Furies do not all forsake the company of Man. For all his brutish, stupid, jealous ways, the bond between a Woman and Man is as natural as that between a she-wolf



MAN

and her mate. The male wolf simply knows his place better than the human!"

The pack roared with laughter, then quieted as the elder continued...

• • •

We have every reason to hate Man. The catalogue of his outrages against us would fill the Abyss. Across the world in recent years, Man's fear of our rising power has led us into open war with him.

But even if Man were faithful to the Goddess, he would still have no place with us. Our way is the way of Artemis, the Virgin huntress, and her purity is our own. We shun Man for his weakness, his place in Gaia's shadow, not for his crimes. Naturally, we could all hardly remain virgins! Our tribe would've died out long ago! For practical reasons, we need Man, both wolf and human, to help carry on our line.

Male Companions

*And I have loved you and hated you
all of my life*

— Theories of the Old School, "For Giving"

While many of our tribe choose sisters for companions, this is neither fair nor natural to all Furies. Though we are forbidden to mate with male Garou, some Furies seek out male companions outside the tribe. In times past, a sister

would be cast out for such an offense, but these are liberal times, and more pragmatic. Our leaders still take a dim view of such relationships, feeling (and rightly so!) that they risk the safety of the pack. But many simply demand the sister be discreet and careful in choosing a mate, never forgetting that her duty lies outside the bedroom.

Man can be kind, gentle, respectful, and understanding. Like a dog, he may be a faithful companion, but will bite, and bite hard, if he feels himself wronged. Sadly, his confidence is so fragile that any hint of his weakness is often enough to bring him to homicidal rage. Man makes a good lap-dog, but far too often has rabies, and must be put down for his own good.

In the end, the choice is yours. Man is not evil by nature. The Wyrms, however, is only footsteps away from his heart.

The Others

There are other haunters in this world, sister. You may know their names, but I wager you haven't yet seen their faces. If you survive the bitter years ahead, you'll grow to know them all too well. Some we Furies count as allies. Others, we would sooner die than call friends.

Vampires

Vampires do exist; pawns of the Wyrms, many of them. Any good Garou would throat them on principle. But war makes strange bedfellows, and I have known vampires I would trust sooner than some Garou; certainly more than a bloody Get!

Vampires have tribes, much as we do. From what I've heard, they trace their lineage through the blood of their sires. Though they are powerful, we can beat the young ones in a fight. They're crafty, though, and live for centuries if they're lucky. The old ones can best the most powerful of Garou, and you'd be lucky to die quickly if you met one! If you meet a vampire, drop him hard and kill him fast!

I have heard of one vampire tribe, called Gangrel, who once shared battlefields with our people centuries ago. In the myths of the Norse, our Northern tribes called themselves Valkyries. Some women among the Gangrel went by the same name, and the two fought bitterly until they found a common enemy in the Get of Fenris. I have heard some Furies even call these Leeches "friend." More fools, they!

As I said, if you meet a vampire, attack first and ask questions later.

Mages

Our Kinfolk are not the only ones to practice magic. Though their numbers are small, true sorcerers exist. Beware them, sister! A real mage's power is great. I have heard the strongest of them can bend reality at a touch. Fortunately, they are rare.

Most wizards are cowardly, grasping creatures who raid our sacred caerns for the foul Wyrms' magic. Only two tribes (yes, they have tribes, too!) have the Furies' favor. Those-Who-Walk-With-Dreams know the old ways, the ways of Gaia; and the Mother has Gifted them with Her magic. I have known shamans of this tribe, and I trust them. The second tribe call themselves Verbena, and we share a common persecution.

During the Burning Times, our foremothers forged an alliance with these Verbena for mutual protection. The Patriarch's madness drove the Verbena underground, and our tribes crossed paths in the cellars of the Sisterhood. Since then, we have kept reasonably good relations with this tribe. They know the power of Woman and follow the paths of the Goddess.

There is a third tribe I have encountered, a reeking bunch of Wyrmspawn! They call themselves Euthanatos, and there is nothing good about them. Their name may be Greek, but we have nothing in common with these monsters! Kill them if you meet them.

Wraiths

I've already told you about meeting the spirits of dead women in Europe. I was not exaggerating; ghosts are real and disturbing to encounter. The ones I have seen exude a loneliness that makes the heart quiver. They did nothing to harm me, and I don't know if they even could, but I pity the soul of anyone, Woman or Man, who achieved such a state. Their lot must be miserable indeed.

You accused me earlier of being a toothless old wolf. After my warnings here tonight, I'm sure your opinion stands firm! But if I seem, perhaps, protective, it's only because I have seen so many eager Warriors charge headlong into needless death. We are few, my sister, my daughter, and every one of us is a buffer between the Mother and the Wyrms.

...

The World of Man

As the moon reached the mid-point of her arc across the night, the elder paused and glanced at two women beside her. "It will be time, soon," she said. They nodded, stood, and walked into the darkness. "You'll understand in time," the elder explained as the youngster looked on in bafflement; "A very short time."

Then she continue, as if nothing had happened...

...

The Wyrms and the World

*Wild spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh, hear!*

— Percy Bysshe Shelly, "Ode to the West Wind"

The Wyrms tightens his grip on the world even now. In the Amazon, our sisters battle filthy hordes of Banespawn. In Central America and the Middle East, Fury packs rise against the Patriarch. In North America and Europe, we struggle alongside women who see their hard-won rights threatened by greedy politicians and masses fearful of change. In the East, in the Orient, something is rising that withers the land and puzzles our allies. We're a busy lot, sister!

The Amazon

Have you heard of Pentex, the giant corporation that embodies the worst in Man? In the Amazon jungles, Pentex wages an all-out war on the Goddess, dumping toxic waste and hewing the trees like weeds. Its Wyrmspawn allies carry weapons of all kinds, mystic and material. Our sisters and kin have joined the battle, but at great cost. You will doubtless be asked soon to lend your strength to the Amazon war, but I caution you, daughter, take care. Too many seasoned Garou have perished in the Amazon. I advise you to wait until you have more combat experience, if you join the fray at all. A young sister like yourself could win great glory, but would more likely win a painful death.

The Third World

In other parts of South America and in the Middle East, the Patriarch stands strong against Woman. In those lands, a woman who stands up for her rights may be beaten or killed, while society and the courts wink in acceptance. There, Woman imprisoned is Woman violated, and Woman wed is Woman sold. In India, a sister may be burned to death simply because her father is too poor to provide a wedding price. This madness will not continue!

All over the world, Woman, human Woman, has mounted the barricades to protest the tyranny of Patriarchy, the "divine right of Man." In daylight, we support their efforts whenever possible. At night, packs of Amazons and Merciful Mothers prowl those lands, instructing Woman and... chastising Man. Fear may teach Man what reason cannot.

In Africa, the Order maintains missions to the starving, and raises caerns to cleanse these miserable lands. Some packs, I have heard, enforce a small Impergium there, though they do it without tribal consent. The Freebooters and Amazons carve out Wyld places from the jungles and mountains. It is said we have sisters in the Congo whose caerns date back for centuries. I have also heard we keep protectorates where animals thought to be extinct still roam. Anything is possible.

North America

Not to be sexist or anything, but it's amazing how much abuse a woman will take.

— "Slash"

It's about time that women learned that they are predators, not prey.

— Diamonda Galas

I believe the term is "feminazi," a popular media term used to describe Woman when she dares to stride from the kitchen and demand her due. Such an amusing phrase. The man who coined it should avoid the Wyld, I think...

This is the problem in North America: Although Woman's lot is better here than in many other nations, Man wages a shadow war in which rape, abuse, and insult are substitutes for outright oppression. We have tried to bring human society into line, but our limited success breeds the resentment that Helena, Wise One of the First Daughters, foresaw millennia ago. If there is hope for humanity, sister, if the future begins anywhere, it is here. But the fight is long, and difficult. So difficult...

In Alaska, a greedy government threatens our wolf-cousins with extinction. Any man with money may prove his manhood at the expense of our lupine kin. The Furies, and indeed all Garou, have vowed to prepare a memorable reception for any wolf hunters we may find...

Europe and Asia

In our homeland things are quiet, but to the North, in the Balkans, the earth screams. The Patriarch rubs his bloody hands as Man's folly fills the streets and hills with the blood of innocents. Most detestable, most despicable of all are the organized campaigns of rape inflicted in the name of "ethnic cleansing." It is said there is even a black market in videotapes of rape and torture. If this is true, Man is utterly beyond redemption!

The Outer Calyx dispatches packs to deal with this newest outrage even now, but there are so many evils, so many atrocities, and we are so few...

In Russia, something brews. No one I have spoken to knows what, but some evil, some spawn of the Wyrms, is loose in the land. Perhaps the Apocalypse is dawning even now. Who knows for certain?

• • •

Kuneigeseon

*But we who feel the weight of the wheel
when winter falls over our world
can hope for tomorrow and
raise our eyes to
a silver moon in the open skies*

— Leslie Fish, *Hope Eyrie*

Despair, palpable despair, rose around the fire. The elder's voice was hoarse and weary. Hackles rose on the young Fury's neck as the red-haired Fury and her lupine companion began to howl softly, mournfully. The elder stood, her eyes glowing warmer than the firelight. Her voice grew strong once again, filling the clearing.



"The Wyrm breathes down our necks as we speak! But if the Apocalypse is here, if the final Days are upon us, we are not afraid! We are the Black Furies! The Daughters of Gaia, Children of Artemis, Warriors, teachers, mothers, crones! We stand defiant in the face of Man, the Patriarch, our brothers, and the Wyrm! We are the Mother's Rage, and we are not afraid!"

She turned to the young woman, and took her hand. "You are one with us, sister. Welcome to the pack."

As the fire burned low and the wind stirred the forest, the chorus joined. Each one, youngster and elder, lupine and homid, began to howl a song to silence the wind.

The pack sang the song of Change, and women became wolves. They sang the song of sorrow, and the spirits mourned. They sang the song of Rage, and the forest trembled.

They sang the song of Vengeance, and the two absent Furies released the night's prey. The hunt began.

• • •

Someone slipped the hood from his head; night air bathed his face, and he struggled anew. Strong, slender hands yanked at his gag and blindfold and cut them away. Jesus, it was good to breathe again! John Campbell sucked in fresh air as they cut his bonds, swearing beneath his breath. When he got back into town, he'd go straight to Charlie's place, and there would some *really* sorry bitches come daylight. He turned to curse them out, but they were gone.

In the distance he heard a chilling wail, a baying like a thousand wolves. His heart burned with primal terror.

Two nearby howls joined the cry. John's eyes widened, and he ran.

The forest was an alien thing, battering, slashing. John cursed, stumbling as he ran. From behind, he heard the crash of huge bodies, hurtling through the woods. He screamed, but nobody heard. He wept, but nobody cared.

Eyes glimmered in the moonlight, and two shapes burst from the darkness. Black shapes, dark as sin. Huge wolves with fiery eyes. John stumbled to a halt as the first one, young and sleek, cut in front of him. The second, a gaunt and limping gray-flecked beast, arced off to his left.

Heartbeats hammered in his ears. His body spasmed. His mind went wild.

The gaunt beast glanced at the sleek monster. John swore the young wolf nodded in return. He shrieked as two sets of jaws snapped shut on his arms, one wolf on each side...

On cue, they yanked him between them like a wishbone.

*For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!*

— Lord Byron, *The Destruction of Sennacherib*



Appendix One: Powers

New Black Fury Gifts

Owl Speech (Level One) — Black Furies may invoke the kinship between their tribe and the owls of Athena. This Gift combines the effects of the Galliard Beast Speech Gift and the Philodox King of the Beasts Gift, though it only works on owls. This Gift is common among the Temple-Keepers of Artemis and the Sisterhood. Many of their Kinfolk share this Gift, and new sisters often receive it as an initiation Gift.

Touch of the Muse (Level Two) — With this Gift, the Fury invokes the spirits of art and artifice, allowing her to lower the difficulty of any Social Attribute rolls for the duration of the scene. A Gnosis roll (difficulty 8) reduces the difficulty of Social rolls by one per success. The roll itself depends on what the character attempts. A poetry reading, for example, would require Manipulation + Expression, whereas a seduction would involve Appearance + Subterfuge.

Flames of Hestia (Level Three) — By spending one Gnosis point and making a Gnosis roll against difficulty

eight, the Fury produces white flames around her hands. These flames purify whatever they touch; cleansing tainted food or water. They will also reduce damage inflicted by radiation, poison, or disease by one level per success. The flames do one level per success in aggravated damage to Banes and fomori if the Fury scores a successful hit while invoking the Gift during hand-to-hand combat.

Freebooters Gift

Messenger's Fortitude (Level Three) — As the Silent Strider Gift.

Order of the Merciful Mother Gift

Mother's Touch (Level One) — As the Theurge Gift.

Moon-Daughters' Gift

Moonshadow (Level One) — With this Gift, a Daughter of the Moon may step sideways using a patch of moonlight. In addition, the difficulty is lowered by one.

New Rites

Soothe the Scars

Level Two

Although the Furies pride themselves on their resilience, some cruelties, such as rape or familial abuse, leave deep spiritual wounds. This rite helps survivors heal these wounds. With it, the Furies break down the mental blocks that inhibit healing and channel their own strength into the survivor's own will. The process is painful for both healers and healed. The rite cannot erase the memories of the abuse, but it allows the recipient to heal her own scars completely. Scenes involving this rite should be played for maximum dramatic effect.

Rite of Teaching

Level Two

This unusual rite is conducted only while in Homid form, in the company of human women. During *kuklochoros*, the Mistress of the Rite passes ancient secrets of womanhood to her human guests. These secrets include aspects of sexuality, childbirth, and contraception, the primal connection of Woman to the land, herb lore, and physical and emotional healing.

Lupus Rite

Rite of Pure Breeding

Level Two

This rite allows the Garou to observe a wolf or human of the opposite sex, and determine if he or she will provide certain desirable breeding traits. The Furies use this rite to find likely mates for female Garou.

By spending one Gnosis point and making a roll of Intelligence + Primal-Urge, the Garou may determine if mating with the wolf will produce a particular characteristic. Such characteristics can include a large litter, the prevalent sex within the litter or a higher chance of Garou heritage being passed down. The difficulty is usually seven, but nine for determining if Garou heritage may be passed on. If a wolf does not have the capability to breed for a particular capacity, it never will. However, it may be checked for other desirable traits.

Note that the higher chance does not mean automatic. The Storyteller should decide what the actual chance is of a particular trait being bred, and modify it if this rite is used successfully.

Temple of Artemis and Moon-Daughters' Rite :

Rite of the Oracle

Level Two

The group performing this rite chooses one among them to be the sibyl. As the others gather in a circle around her, the sibyl inhales the smoke of burning herbs and enters into a trance, during which she may gain insights from the Goddess. The Mistress of the Rite asks a question, and the sibyl replies enigmatically, but with truth. The Storyteller is encouraged to make the sibyl's answers as cryptic as possible, and players should be left to puzzle out their import alone.

Totems

Though most Garou associate the Furies with Pegasus, other Incarna favor the tribe as well. The totems below often ally with packs of Black Furies; the Medusae and Themis are exclusive totems, and will refuse any other tribe.

Totems of Respect

The Muses

Background Cost: 5

Some few Fury packs follow the path of the Art Spirits, who grant their chosen gifts of insight and grace. The Muses usually choose a pack collectively, passing their individual blessings (poetry, music, history, etc.) to the most worthy Furies. Muse pack members each gain one permanent point to the Social Attribute of their choice, the Gift Touch of the Muse, and one point in either Performance, Expression, or Enigmas.

The Muses are not to be confused with Awen, the sacred creative impulse. The Muses teach the craft and form of their arts, but they cannot engender the creative impulse.

Ban: Muse packs must devote their lives to art and learning. They also work to defend free speech and freedom of expression.

Totems of War

The Medusae

Background Cost: 7

The angry spirits of the slain First Daughters still guide the Bacchantes and many Amazons. Their Children are

terrible in their wrath, gaining Intimidation 4, 1 Glory, the True Fear Gift, and an additional 2 points of Rage. Medusae followers will not Fox Frenzy, only Berserk. Children of the Medusae hate Man with unsurpassed ferocity. Although relatively few, their extremity colors the reputation of the Furies as a whole.

Ban: Followers of the Medusae will not tolerate any abuse from a male of any species. Insults are repaid in blood.

Panther

Background Cost: 5

Though an unusual totem for Garou, the spirit of Panther guides many packs of Freebooters, Bacchantes, and Amazons. Panther, in her aspects of Great Cat and Black Cat, shares an everlasting bond with Woman: graceful, thoughtful, quick to strike, and deadly in anger. Panther Gifts her children with Eyes of the Cat, and reduces by two the difficulty of all rolls involving stealth, grace, or balance. Most Red Talons and Get of Fenris despise followers of Panther. The Bastet consider Panther packs kindred spirits and may aid their sisters in times of need.

Ban: Panther packs must aid felines in distress. Panther also asks her children to gather good gossip for her.

Totems of Wisdom

Themis, the Dream-Weaver

Background Cost: 6

The ancient Greeks regarded Themis as a patron of balance and justice, of air and earth. As the balance of the Triad shifted, the Dream-Weaver slipped into the gray area between Wyld and Weaver. Her present Realm is a dream sphere in this middle ground; aid and advice from Themis come only through dreams.

Followers of Themis gain 1 Wisdom each, and one additional point in Enigmas and Gnosis. Galliards of Themis gain the Dream-speak Gift and may also receive prophetic visions (Storyteller's option), although the meaning of the visions will be obscure. Players should interpret the dreams themselves, rather than making an Enigmas roll.

Packs serving Themis must spend much time in the deep wilderness, observing and meditating on the balance of the Tellurian. They oppose injustice whenever they can. Themis is an old spirit; Priestesses of Artemis and more traditional Amazons often follow her.

Ban: Glass Walkers will never be chosen by Themis. Too much of the Weaver exists in them.

Owl

Many Freebooters and members of the Sisterhood find a friend in Owl. Many human witches consider Owl a sacred spirit; the name "stirge" or "strega" roughly means "owl woman", and several Gifts are said to come from Owl's friendship with the Furies.



Unicorn

Unicorn packs tend to associate closely with the Children of Gaia. Many of the Order of the Merciful Mother follow Unicorn.

Fetishes

Amazon's Labrys

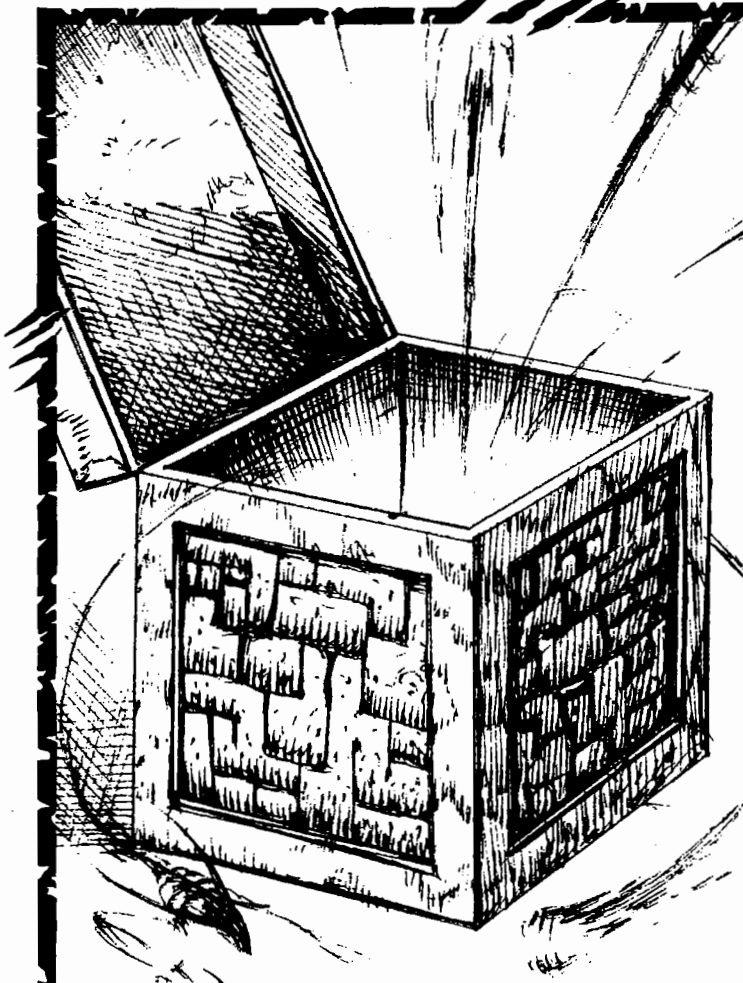
Level 3, Gnosis 6

In addition to doing Strength +4 in aggravated damage, this double-headed axe can invoke the Ahroun Gift Spirit of the Fray when used by a Black Fury, regardless of her Auspice. The wielder must spend the normal cost to use this Gift: one or more Gnosis point(s) per turn. This axe howls like a banshee when used in combat against male foes.

Lash of the Furies

Level 4, Gnosis 8

These ancient whips, barbed cats o' nine tails, are reputedly made from the guts of the Nemedian lion. Only five whips are known to exist, and they are typically used for punishment rather than combat. A hit from a Lash does Strength +3 in aggravated damage, with a difficulty of nine to soak. Wounds from the Lash leave permanent scars. Spirits inside the Lash ferret out the target's guilty secrets on a successful hit, and relay this information to the Fury using the whip.



Pandora's Box

Level 3, Gnosis 6

Sarcastically named for the Greek scapegoat, these Boxes trap hostile spirits. The Fury using a Box rolls the fetish's Gnosis verses the spirit's Rage. Three or more successes will trap the spirit in the box. A Box may contain up to ten

spirits. Spirits trapped in this manner tend to be rather angry, and will attack anything within range when they are freed. Whenever the box is opened, the spirit which has been trapped the longest will be freed.

Merits and Flaws

Psychological

Inner Strength: (2 pt Merit)

You have the grit of a true survivor. In a crisis, your deep reserve of determination gets you through. Reduce the difficulty of Willpower rolls by two if struggling against impossible odds.

Awareness

Insight: (2 pt Merit)

You recognize the inner qualities of anyone around you, good or bad, and are not often fooled. Those using Subterfuge or similar deceptions against you raise the difficulty by two, and you reduce your own difficulties by two when trying to figure someone out.

Other common Merits and Flaws for Black Furies include:

Berserker, Nightmares (of past abuse), Vengeance, Calm Heart, Untamable, Animal Magnetism, Daredevil, Cursed, Moon-Bound, True Love, and Media, Political, or Underworld Ties.

Intolerance (of men) cannot be taken by a Black Fury character; it is a common tribal trait.

Appendix Two: Black Fury Templates

Black Furies pride themselves on their role as defenders of Woman and the Wyld. However, it takes all kinds to protect the sacred from assault: street punks, wise old women, violent avengers, etc. Given here are five ready-to-

play character templates for Black Fury characters. Feel free to personalize them a little, as long as the Storyteller approves and beginning character creation rules are followed.



Street Rat

...and I don't give a damn 'bout my bad reputation!

— Joan Jett, "Bad Reputation"

Quote: *I didn't like his attitude, so I spray-painted his face to match his uniform.*

Prelude: Life's a bitch for a hunchback in an orphanage. The teasing and the nuns were bad enough, but when you found out Father McMurry had a thing for little girls, you were outta there.

You ran away when you were maybe twelve. You may have been a shrimp, but you had enough attitude for six. Running with a gang taught you street survival, but when the guys tried to get too friendly, you were gone. Survivor? Damn straight!

Playing wild child, you raked in with a bunch of headbangers into the black metal scene. Trashing churches was fun, but deep inside you knew those crazy bastards were onto something a lot worse than cheap thrills. You hadn't heard of the Wyrms then, but could still smell it.

Your First Change scared you so bad you huddled in an alley for a week. You probably would've ended up with the Bone Gnawers, but a Moon-Daughter recognized you and tracked you down. She chilled you out and gave you a job and a place to crash. You've still got an attitude, but now you've got a purpose.

You're not real likable, and you really don't care. Your Kinfolk are wolf-blood buddies from the street, and your mentor is a long-suffering Fury fated to house-break you (or die trying...).

Roleplaying Hints: Attitude, attitude, attitude. Everyone has a knife behind their back, so watch your own. Religion is your particular sore spot. Hey, life's rough, ain't it? At the surface, you're a stone bitch, but underneath, you're terrified of being alone. Stick close to those you trust and save your worst pranks for those you'll never see again.

Equipment: Switchblade, motorcycle jacket, 9mm automatic pistol, flash powder, piano wire, and assorted tricks.





BLACK FURIES™



Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ragabash
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Street Rat

Attributes

Physical

Strength _____ ●●●●●
 Dexterity _____ ●●●●●
 Stamina _____ ●●●●●

Social

Charisma _____ ●●●●●
 Manipulation _____ ●●●●●
 Appearance _____ ●●●●●

Mental

Perception _____ ●●●●●
 Intelligence _____ ●●●●●
 Wits Paranoid _____ ●●●●●

Abilities

Talents

Alertness _____ ●●●●●
 Athletics _____ 00000
 Brawl _____ ●●●●●
 Dodge _____ ●●●●●
 Empathy _____ 00000
 Expression _____ 00000
 Intimidation _____ ●●●●●
 Primal-Urge _____ 00000
 Streetwise _____ ●●●●●
 Subterfuge _____ ●0000

Skills

Animal Ken _____ 00000
 Drive _____ ●0000
 Etiquette _____ 00000
 Firearms _____ ●●●●●
 Melee Knife _____ ●●●●●
 Leadership _____ 00000
 Performance _____ 00000
 Repair _____ 00000
 Stealth _____ ●●●●●
 Survival _____ 00000

Knowledge

Computer _____ 00000
 Enigmas _____ ●●●●●
 Investigation _____ 00000
 Law _____ ●0000
 Linguistics _____ 00000
 Medicine _____ 00000
 Occult _____ ●●●●●
 Politics _____ 00000
 Rituals _____ ●0000
 Science _____ 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

Mentor _____ ●0000
 Allies _____ ●●●●●
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000

Gifts

Smell of Man _____
 Open Seal _____
 Heightened Senses _____

Gifts

Renown

Glory

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

Honor

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

Wisdom

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

Rank

Rage

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

Gnosis

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

Willpower

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

Health

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

Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY
 DIFFICULTIES
 AGAINST MEN

Dagabond

*I take my shoes off and throw them in the lake,
And I'll be 2 steps on the water.*

— Kate Bush, Hounds of Love

Quote: *You should not have come here.*

Prelude: From childhood you were an outsider, driven by some wild passion no one could explain. You ran away at fifteen, and scabbled for survival in the woods. Only fortune, will, and an uncanny animal sense allowed you to survive.

You awoke one night surrounded by wolves, but the wolves did not attack. When the alpha rolled on his back at your feet, you knew that somehow your true family had found you.

Your Kinfolk sent for a gigantic black wolf to meet you. The wolf became a woman, and the woman became your teacher. With her help, you underwent First Change and learned about your kind.

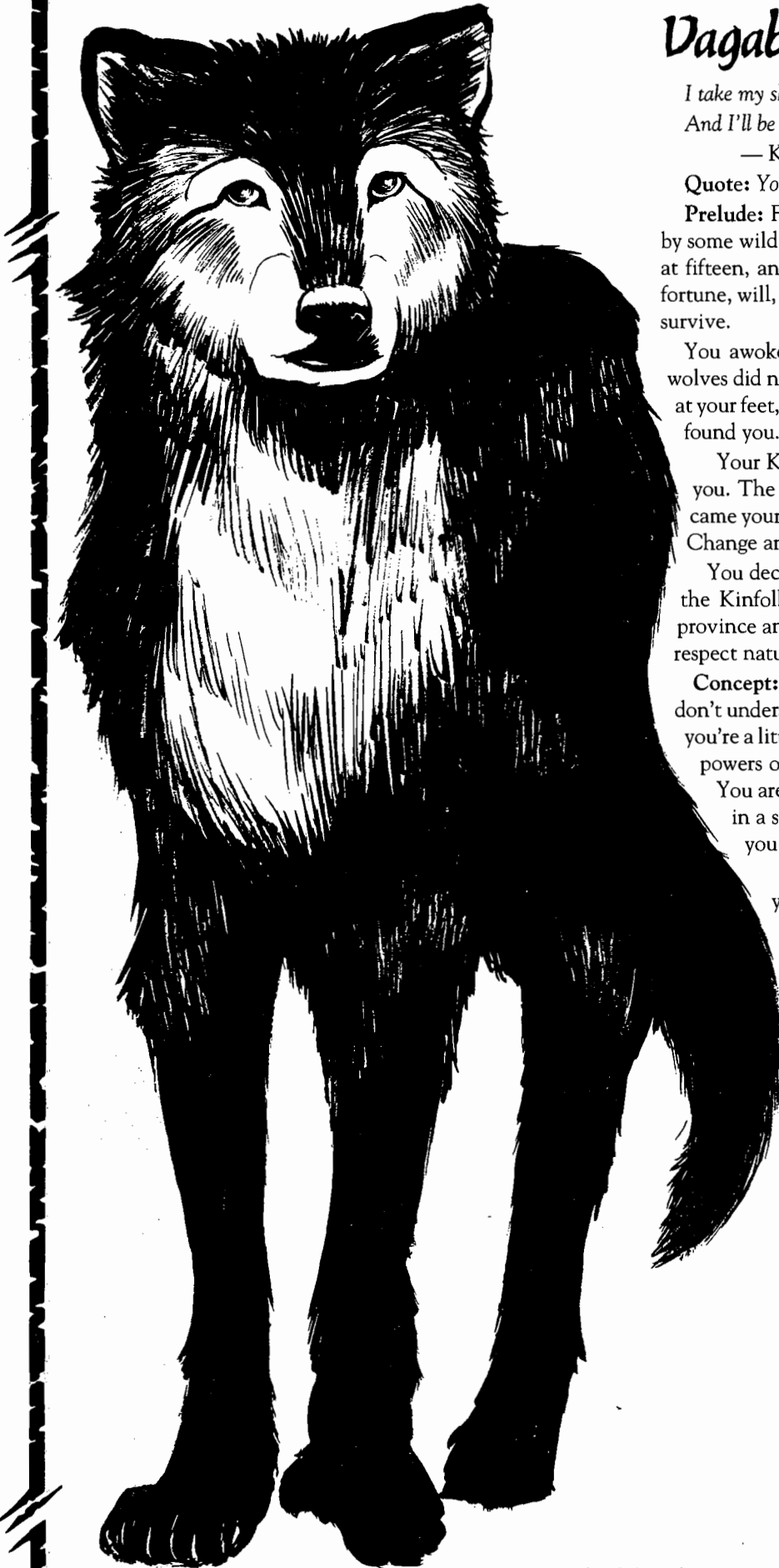
You declined to join the tribe, choosing to run with the Kinfolk pack who found you. The forest is your province and your protectorate. Any trespassers learn to respect nature in a hurry!

Concept: A true lone wolf. Spirits speak to you, but you don't understand them yet. Your First Change came late; you're a little unstable and your social skills are nil. Your powers of concentration could use a little work, too.

You are, however, a consummate scout, pretty good in a scrap, and your years in the Wyld have given you insight into Gaia's mysteries.

Roleplaying Hints: Though human-born, you are more wolf than most wolves. You prefer to be left alone if at all possible. You accept your duty to your Mother, and might join a pack for a while to serve some greater good. Still, even under the best of circumstances, you remain in the background in social situations and leave the talking to others.

Equipment: Survival knife and the clothes on your back.





BLACK FURIES™



Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Theurge
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Vagabond

Attributes

Physical

Strength _____ ●●●●●
 Dexterity _____ ●●●●●
 Stamina Tough _____ ●●●●●

Social

Charisma _____ ●●●●●
 Manipulation _____ ●●●●●
 Appearance Wild _____ ●●●●●

Mental

Perception Feral _____ ●●●●●
 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 Woodlands _____ ●●●●●
 Survival No Gear _____ ●●●●●

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Kinfolk _____ ●●●●●
 _____ ●●●●●
 _____ ●●●●●
 _____ ●●●●●
 _____ ●●●●●

Gifts

Persuasion _____
 Sense Wurm _____
 Heightened Senses _____

Gifts

Renown

Glory

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

Honor

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

Wisdom

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

Rank

Rage

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

Gnosis

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

Willpower

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

Health

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

Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY
 DIFFICULTIES
 AGAINST MEN

Missionary

*Every finger in the room is pointing at me
I wanna smash their faces then I get afraid
of what that could bring*

— Tori Amos, "Crucify"

Quote: *The Mother has many faces. Why can you accept only one?*

Prelude: You knew you had a vocation the day the visions began, visitations from the Mother that only you could see. From the pack that raised you, you learned what it is to be an outcast. In the words of a sympathetic preacher, you learned forgiveness. From your visions of the Goddess, you learned that even metis have a purpose.

The cries of your human sisters brought you overseas, to witness the crawling misery of starvation, filth, and disease. Your hybrid faith — part Christianity, part Goddess-worship — sustained you in the face of despair. For you, the sacred Mother tempered the iron hand of the Father, granting forgiveness through the Son. Shrugging aside the jeers of packmates was nothing new, and the Order offered you a whole new pack, true sisters who shared your dissident views.

The Holy Mother showed you the human face behind the mass suffering, the greed behind the misery. You know now that even divine forgiveness has its limits. There are many ways to do the Mother's work...

Concept: You revere the Goddess in much the same way that medieval Catholics honored the Virgin Mary. Your faith is genuine, and you really get offended if other Garou mock your religion. To you, Christianity offers a peace the traditional Fury pack denies.

The Mother's spirit follows and aids you. Your allies are human friends grateful for your efforts. Great strength makes up for your brittle claws, but your diplomatic skills often make fighting unnecessary. Working

as a missionary has taught you a variety of useful skills, but your wrestling prowess make even other Garou leery of pushing you too far...

Roleplaying Hints: Practice what you preach; stay honest, pious, and forgiving, as forgiving as a werewolf can be. You have excellent self-control, but the Rage beneath your surface is terrible to behold. Try to maintain a balance in all things, but when your patience is exhausted, let fly.

Disfigurement: Fragile claws.

Equipment: Jeep, medical supplies, flak jacket (size XXL!)





BLACK FURIES



Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Metis
Auspice: Philodox
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Missionary

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●●●●
Dexterity ●●●●○
Stamina ●●●●○

Social

Charisma ●●●●○
Manipulation ●●●●○
Appearance ●●●●○

Mental

Perception ●●●●○
Intelligence ●●●●○
Wits ●●●●○

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ●●●●○
Athletics ○○○○○
Brawl Wrestling ●●●●○
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

Familiar Spirit ●●●●○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Create Element _____
Resist Pain _____
Sense Wyrn _____

Gifts

Renown

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

Rage

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□
Gnosis
●●●○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY
DIFFICULTIES
AGAINST MEN

Rank
□□□□□□□□□□

Warsinger

Come wake the dead
with a scream of life
And battle the ghosts at play
— Jethro Tull, "No Lullaby"

Life is serious, but art is fun!
— John Irving, *The Hotel*
New Hampshire

Quote: Noise? You've got no vision!
Noise to you, magic to me!

Prelude: Mother always loved you best; you had a howl she couldn't ignore. When you grew to adulthood, you were the alpha's choice until a huge black wolf with reddish streaks beat him down and carried you off.

Life as a wolf bored you. When you learned to shapeshift, you found out why. Life was better on two legs, more exciting, more challenging. The chants of your Moon-sisters and the thunder of human music stirred a passion to sing, to dance, to fight. Creation is the Mother's bounty, and you're determined to sample every bit of it!

Concept: A mystic hedonist. Though you were raised a wolf and trained a witch, your heart belongs to the wild night. Your life, for a werewolf, has been easy. And even the toughest fight is like a party to you. You have tremendous untapped power, but little discipline. It will take a major tragedy to bring you down, and even that might not work!

Unlike most lupus, you love humans. You know your way in the woods, but they bore you. Rituals, whether the moots of the Moon-Daughters or the postures of MTV, are your lifeblood. You learned to play guitar, and you play damn well. Your wolf-cousins view you with distaste, but you're having the time

of your life. Isn't that what life is for?

Roleplaying Hints: Life is a long song. Sing well and with gusto. Everyone's your buddy unless they prove otherwise. Why bitch and moan? Take pride in yourself, watch the shadows, and kick

the
Wyrms' ass!

Equipment:
Trench knife, sawed-off shotgun, serious collection of guitars, amps and hard-rock CDs.





BLACK FURIES



Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus
Auspice: Galliard
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Warsinger

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 Guitar ●●●●○
Repair ●○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○
Survival ●●○○○

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Resources ●●○○○
Contacts ●●○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Leap of the Kangaroo
Call of the Wyld
Sense Wyrn

Gifts

Renown

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

Rage

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□
Gnosis
●●●○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY
DIFFICULTIES
AGAINST MEN

Rank
□□□□□□□□□□

Radical

A revolution is not a dinner party... it cannot be so refined, so leisurely and genteel, so temperate, kind, courteous, restrained... A revolution is an insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another.

— Mao Tse-tung

Quote: *The time for reason is past. If we can't share power, we'll take it!*

Prelude: Your father was a brutal man who beat his wife whenever he felt like it, and your brothers followed his example. Dealing with them taught you how to fight. One night, your father went too far.

Murdering your father is a hell of a way to usher in your First Change. When the haze cleared, you stood naked amidst the gore. Two huge black wolves were standing beside you; they calmed you, cleaned you, and guided you out into the first night of your new life.

Werewolf or no, you are unable to turn your back on other women. Your passion and charisma have made you a formidable leader despite your youth. You have enough skills and resources to make you an asset to your pack and a terror to macho bastards everywhere.

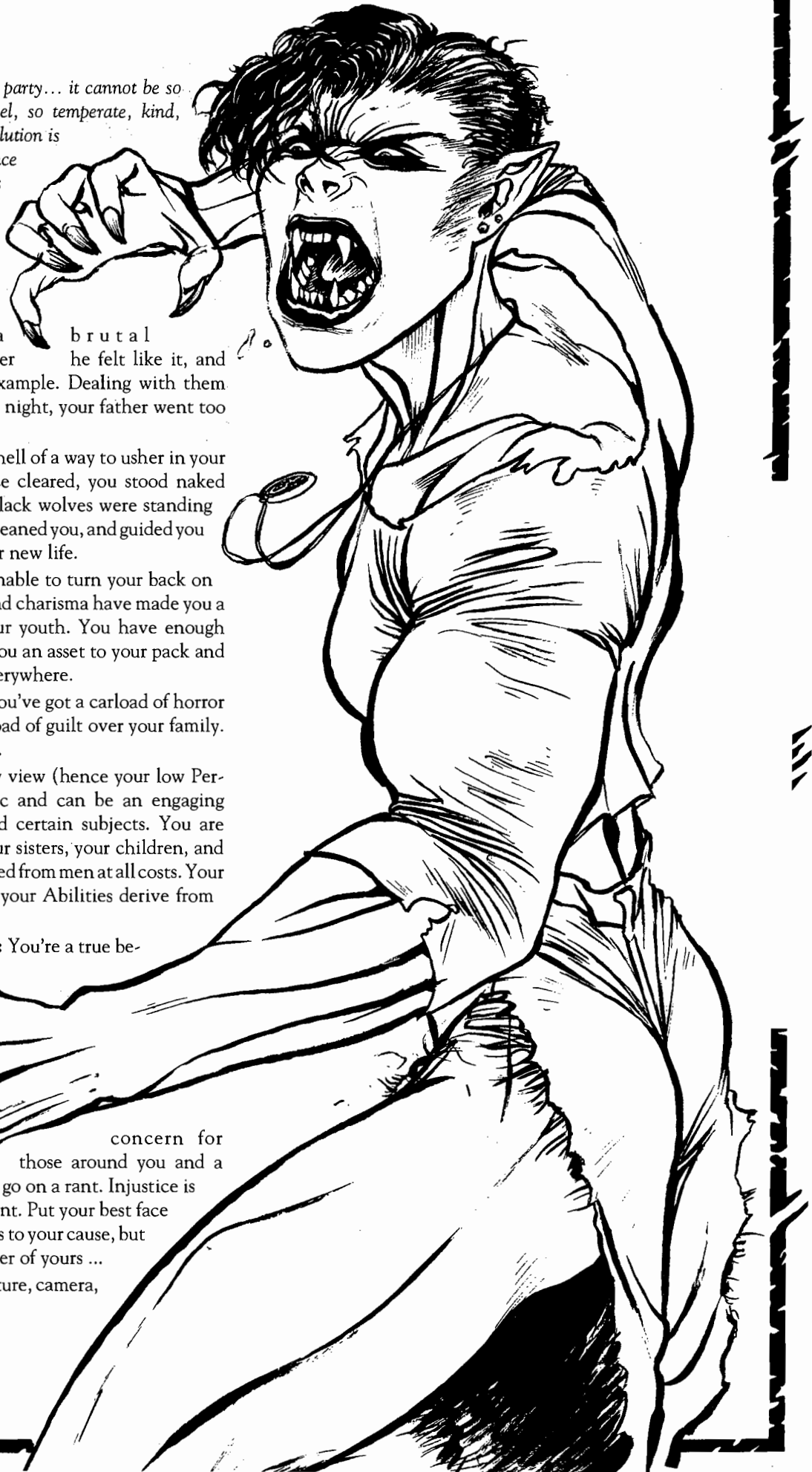
Concept: A born leader. You've got a carload of horror stories about men, and a carload of guilt over your family. These fuel an endless crusade.

Despite your rather narrow view (hence your low Perception), you are charismatic and can be an engaging speaker, as long as you avoid certain subjects. You are absolutely convinced that your sisters, your children, and the earth itself must be protected from men at all costs. Your contacts, allies, and many of your Abilities derive from your activities.

Roleplaying Hints: You're a true believer, with an honest

concern for those around you and a tendency to go on a rant. Injustice is a personal affront. Put your best face forward to win others to your cause, but watch out for that awful temper of yours ...

Equipment: Political literature, camera, light revolver.





BLACK FURIES



Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Ahroun
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Radical

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 *Speeches* ●●●●●
Performance ●●●●●
Repair ○○○○○
Stealth ○○○○○
Survival ○○○○○

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ●●●●●
Contacts ●●●●●
Kinfolk ●●●●●
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Persuasion _____
Razor Claws _____
Sense Wyrn _____

Gifts

Renown

Glory

○○○○○
□□□□□

Honor

○○○○○
□□□□□

Wisdom

○○○○○
□□□□□

Rank

Rage

●●●●●
□□□□□

Gnosis

●●○○○○○
□□□□□

Willpower

●●●○○○○○
□□□□□

Health

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

Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY
DIFFICULTIES
AGAINST MEN

Appendix Three: Furies of Note

Bone by bone, hair by hair, Wild Woman comes back. Through night dreams, through events half understood and half remembered, Wild Woman comes back.

— Clarissa P. Estes, *Women Who Run with the Wolves*

Jona Kinslayer and Teiresias the Wise

These elders gained fame during the Nazi occupation of Greece, battling the Germans and saving one of the Furies' most powerful caerns, the Sept of Bygone Visions, from the Wyrn. (See *Caerns: Places of Power*.)

Iona, an Artisan of the Outer Calyx, is a stern and elderly Priestess of the Temple. She earned her name by killing her own Bane-tainted Kinfolk. An excellent tactician, Iona provides advice and shelter for Freebooters worldwide. She

has a dry wit and little patience for fools. Her outspoken ways and ill temper have made her unpopular among the Furies.

Teiresias, the blind sage, is the highest-ranking male in the tribe. He sacrificed his eyes to Nazi torturers, but retained the power to bind potent spirits to Ecube, the island caern. Though nearly eighty years old, Teiresias' perceptions are keen and his wits dagger sharp. He mumbles constantly at the spirits who surround him, but offers clear council to anyone who listens. Many metis revere him, but it's unlikely that many would pay the price he has.



Althea Baneslayer

The Great Mother of the Inner Calyx is an aged three-legged lupus with a gaze that could pierce steel. Though her charisma and mediating skill are legendary among the Furies, she was once a great warrior. Artisans still sing of her battles in the East, where she led a band of Amazons against the Wyrms in China, Burma, and Cambodia. She lost a leg to a land mine, but still travels the world with an escort of

hellhounds, huge Kinfolk who can breath fire. Althea is known for appearing when she is least expected.

She has great compassion and often appears from the Umbra bearing food for needy humans or spiritual aid for desperate Garou. Althea has attained the status of a sort of Black Fury Santa Claus, odd as that sounds, and some think of her more as an Incarna than an elder. Nevertheless, she is very much alive, and quite powerful. Woe to the human, Garou, or Wyrmspawn who strains her considerable patience.

Sister Judith Paws-Of-Light

A metis Wise One of the Order of the Merciful Mother, Sister Judith displays eerily accurate foresight and a powerful bond with the living land. Rumors tell of Sister Judith raising new saplings from desert dust and healing advanced cases of leprosy. Light blazes from her snow-white paws as she works her potent Gifts; some even say she can banish Banes with a command. Such stories are doubtless wishful thinking, but most Furies concede that Sister Judith holds special favor with the Mother.

She is reputed to have skinned Iraqi soldiers alive during the occupation of Kuwait, and slaughtered Israeli and PLO fighters alike to save innocents caught in a crossfire. Fury gossips claim Sister Judith has gone into Bosnia to put an end to racial cleansing.

Many Garou claim that Sister Judith is a myth, a tale created to glorify the Order of the Merciful Mother. Others maintain that they have seen the Pale Fury with their own eyes, and that the Spirit of Blessed Mary guides her hand. Only her sisters in the Order, and the Goddess herself, know the truth.

Mari Cabrah

An urban Amazon, Mari stalks the neon-drenched maze of New York, hunting Bane and corrupt human alike. Abused as a teen-ager, Mari is sworn to protect other girls from the pain she suffered. She runs a self-defense dojo, teaching martial arts to any women who wants to learn. Though she prefers to live alone, she has taken more than a few young runaways under her wing, teaching them to stand on their own before sending them back into the world.

Mari has a soft spot for kids and a special hatred for urban predators. Among the Garou she is known for her sharp tongue, fighting prowess, and keen familiarity with the Weaver's jungle. She once ran with an inter-tribal pack called the Guardian Rage. Mari remains bitter about the split, and has taken on a sour attitude towards packs in general.



Volcheka Ibarruri

Her first name means "wolf-lover;" her last is a tribute to a Spanish revolutionary. This up-and-coming young Fury wages a personal war against the wolf-hunters of Alaska. She rarely kills her prey; she prefers to maim them and leave them bleeding on the outskirts of a nearby town. Her psychological warfare has already taken a toll on the hunting trade...

The Alaskan authorities fear a band of radicals has taken up terrorism in the forests, but Volcheka wages a lone crusade, even disdaining the help of other Garou. Her immunity to the Arctic cold and seeming ability to control winter storms leads some to believe she serves the Wendigo totem. Volcheka already seems a legend; more Furies know of her by reputation than can ever claim to have met her.



Julisha of the Thousand Masks

This African Fury is rumored to belong to the Inner Calyx, but no one (except the Calyx themselves) knows for sure. She is reputed to be a mistress of disguise and infiltration. Ragabash to the core, Julisha's deadly pranks are known the world over.

Some claim Julisha has a unique Gift that allows her to change shape into anything she desires. Her calling card, a miniature Zulu war mask, is said to have greeted Robert Allred himself as he fluffed his pillow. The explosion killed six Pentex employees, but not, regrettably, Allred.



BLACK FURIES™

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
○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Honor
○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Wisdom
○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Rank
□□□□□□□□□□

Rage

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Gnosis

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Willpower

○○○○○○○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Weakness

-1 TO FRENZY
DIFFICULTIES
AGAINST MEN

BLACK FURIES™

Nature: _____

Demeanor: _____

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Resources

Contacts

Pure Breed

Kinfolk

Past Life

Mentor

Pack Totem

Possessions

Experience

Gear (Carried) _____

TOTAL:

Equipment (Owned) _____

Gained From: _____

Sept

Name _____

TOTAL SPENT: _____

Caern Location _____

Spent On: _____

Level _____ Type _____

Totem _____

Leader _____

BLACK FURIES

TRIBE BOOK

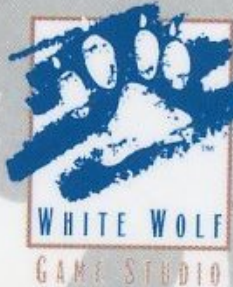


Man,
imperfect in his understanding of the Mother,
born in Her grace,
jealous of Her power,
traps, rapes, enslaves
our sisters, our Mother.
We feel the pain, know the blood,
of childbirth, menstruation, humiliation,
ours is the power of life and death,
ours is the Rage of the Mother,
Her will is our own.

Let Man cower.

Black Furies Tribebook includes:

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- A "Legends of the Garou" comic book
- Five ready-to-play character templates



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