



*A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse™
Tribebook 2*

LEGENDS

TALES TO GNAW YOUR BONES!

WEIRD WOLF[®] TALES

NO. 1
MAR

2.00

2.95
CANADA



FEATURING
MOTHER LARISSA

HELLO. MY WILD, WEIRD WOLFIES! TONIGHT WE HAVE A TALE OF TERROR FROM THE TERRIFIC TOMB-TIMES OF THE GNAWERS' PAST. IT'S A GROSS GALLOW'S-HUMOR GAG FROM THE GREASIEST OF THE GAROU - A TALE OF GREED AND GRAVE ERRORS.... GET IT, KIDDIES? GRAVE ERRORS! HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEE HEE HEE HEE ACK COUGH!

YES THAT'S RIGHT...JUST PULL OVER HERE JEEVES!

NOW, WHO WILL BE MY BUDDY TONIGHT?

HEY NOW, WAKE UP BUDDY! LOOKIE WHAT I GOT YA!

IS THIS YOUR FAVORITE?

YEAH, I THOUGHT SO... YOU RAGGED OLD PIECE OF CRAP!

MEET TOMMY BOY. THE AWFUL ANTAGONIST OF THIS AGONIZING APHORISM. THOUGH MOST BOYS HIS AGE ARE WORRIED ONLY ABOUT PIMPLES AND GIRLS, TOMMY HAS PICKED UP A RATHER NASTY HABIT...

MMMMM... YAAH. GIMME.



THAT'S RIGHT, YOU SMELLY BUM!

YOU'RE GOING TO GET
WHAT'S COMING TO YA!

YOU AND YOUR KIND
ARE A TICK ON THE
BUTT OF HUMANITY.



AND I'M GOING TO PICK YOU OFF!

CRACK!



DID YOU DO WHAT YOU NEEDED
TO DO, MASTER THOMAS?

YEAH, JEEVES,
I DID. LET'S GO
HOME.

IT SEEMS TOMMY HAS HIS OWN IDEAS ABOUT
WELFARE AND URBAN RENEWAL. AND LIKES TO
HELP THE HOMELESS IN HIS OWN SPECIAL WAY...
BY HELPING THEM ON TO THE NEXT LIFE!



HI, MARTHA

HELLO, TOMMY! HOW ARE YOU TONIGHT?

JUST FINE, MARTHA. I WOULD'VE BEEN HERE FOR DINNER, BUT I HAD SOME CLEANING TO DO AT THE OFFICE.



THAT'S NICE, HONEY. I KEPT SOME DINNER WARM FOR YOU. SHALL I SEND IT UP?

NAH, FORGET IT. I'M NOT HUNGRY ANYMORE.



HI, DAD. WHAT'S UP?

NOTHING SERIOUS, SON. WATCHING THE NEWS. THERE'VE BEEN SOME MORE RAT ALLEY KILLINGS: YOUR MOTHER'S BEEN WORRIED ABOUT THEM.

THUS ENDETH ANOTHER PRODUCTIVE DAY FOR OUR LITTLE BOY TOMMY. LITTLE DOES HE KNOW THAT WHILE HE SLEEPS, THE CRAFTY KINFOLK OF OUR CRUSTY KIND ARE PERSPIRING...OR IS THAT CONSPIRING?



WHY, DAD? DOESN'T SHE KNOW THAT NOTHING BUT THE WORST TRASH OF HUMANITY HAS DIED IN THOSE KILLINGS? WE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT.

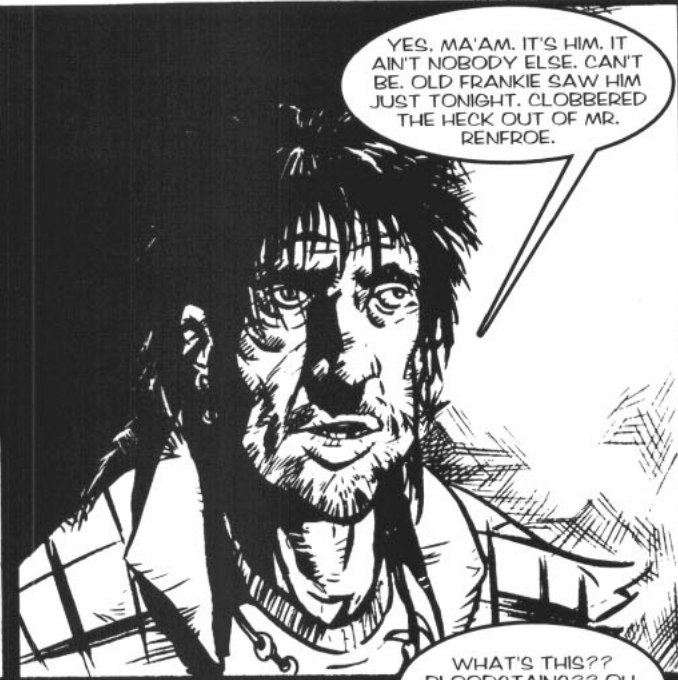
WELL, SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. GOOD NIGHT, DAD.

GOOD NIGHT, TOMMY.

THAT'S RIGHT, SON. THAT'S RIGHT. NO RESPECTABLE PERSON WOULD BE CAUGHT IN RAT ALLEY! FRANKLY, I'M GLAD THAT SOMEONE IS TAKING CARE OF OUR HUMAN TRASH PROBLEM. BUT YOUR MOTHER, SHE WORRIES.



HERE YOU GO...HOPE THAT HELPS BACK AT THE CAERN. DID YOU GET THAT WORD FROM GRANDMOTHER ABOUT TOMMY?



YES, MA'AM. IT'S HIM. IT AIN'T NOBODY ELSE. CAN'T BE. OLD FRANKIE SAW HIM JUST TONIGHT. CLOBBERED THE HECK OUT OF MR. RENFROE.



SO, THAT MEANS...THE SEPT IS GOING TO TAKE ACTION?

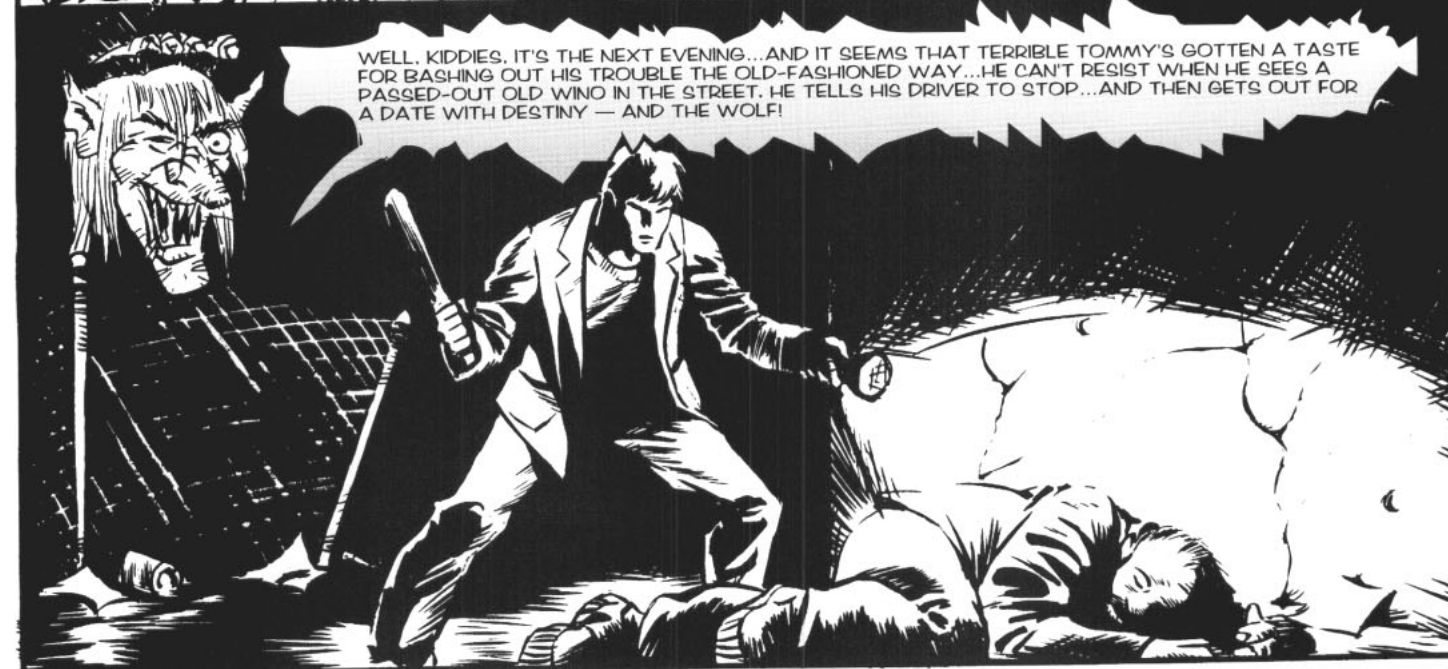
YES, MA'AM. WE GOTTA. IT'S FOR THE GOOD.

I SEE. AND THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO?

NO, MA'AM. YOU HAVE A GOOD NIGHT NOW...



WHAT'S THIS??? BLOODSTAINS??? OH, TOMMY! TOMMY, MY LITTLE BOY...



WELL, KIDDIES, IT'S THE NEXT EVENING...AND IT SEEMS THAT TERRIBLE TOMMY'S GOTTEN A TASTE FOR BASHING OUT HIS TROUBLE THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY...HE CAN'T RESIST WHEN HE SEES A PASSED-OUT OLD WINO IN THE STREET. HE TELLS HIS DRIVER TO STOP...AND THEN GETS OUT FOR A DATE WITH DESTINY — AND THE WOLF!



GET UP, YOU STUPID
FREAK. GET UP! I WANT
TO BEAT YOU TO
HAMBURGER!

I'M GONNA FIX YOU
RIGHT UP! TAKE CARE
OF ALL YER
PROBLEMS!

ARGGGH!



THAT'S RIGHT, YOU
FREAK. BEG ME. BEG
ME FOR YOUR
WRETCHED LIFE!

CLICK

WHAT? HEY, THE
FLASHLIGHT! WHAT'S
GOING ON?



ARRROO

AUGHH!

oooooooooooo

ARoooooooo

OH, MY! THE HOWL OF TRIUMPH... THAT CAN ONLY MEAN...

YES? Y-Y-YES. ONE MOMENT. I'LL GET HIM.

YES? WHAT? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU... SON? SON, IS THAT YOU? YES. SON, HOLD ON. HOLD ON. YES. I WILL. YES. I'LL PAY ANYTHING. ANYTHING! JUST DON'T HURT MY BOY! WHERE? RAT ALLEY? ARE YOU THE RAT ALLEY KILLER? NO. NO. I'M SORRY — DON'T HANG UP!

CLICK

RING RING RING

THEY WANT YOU TO BRING THEM STOCKS AND BONDS, SIR?

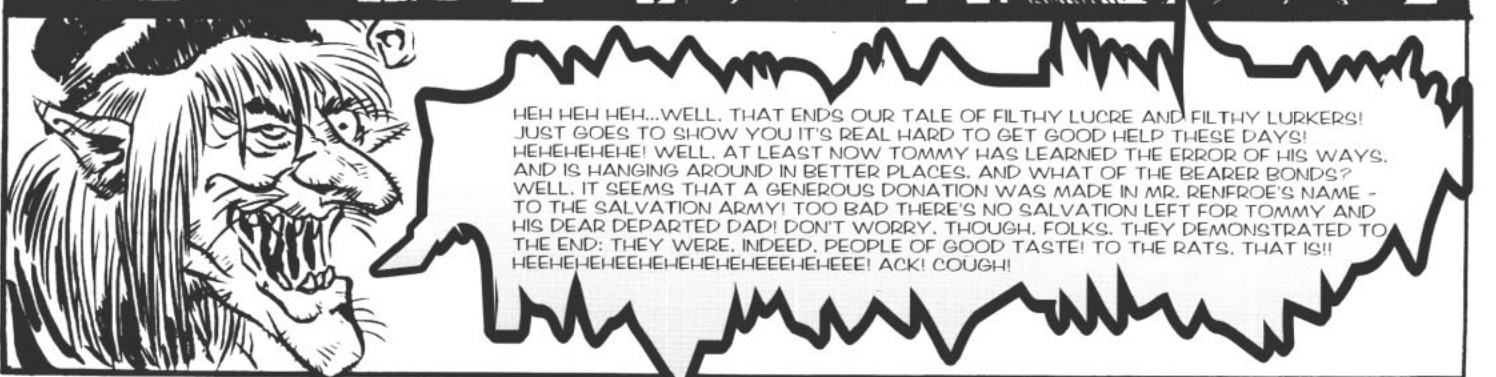
NO, MARTHA. THESE ARE BEARER BONDS. THEY'RE WORTH MONEY TO ANYONE HOLDING THEM. LOTS OF MONEY.

BUT...WHAT...WHAT IF TOMMY'S ALREADY DEAD?

THEN WE'LL MAKE THOSE BASTARDS PAY!

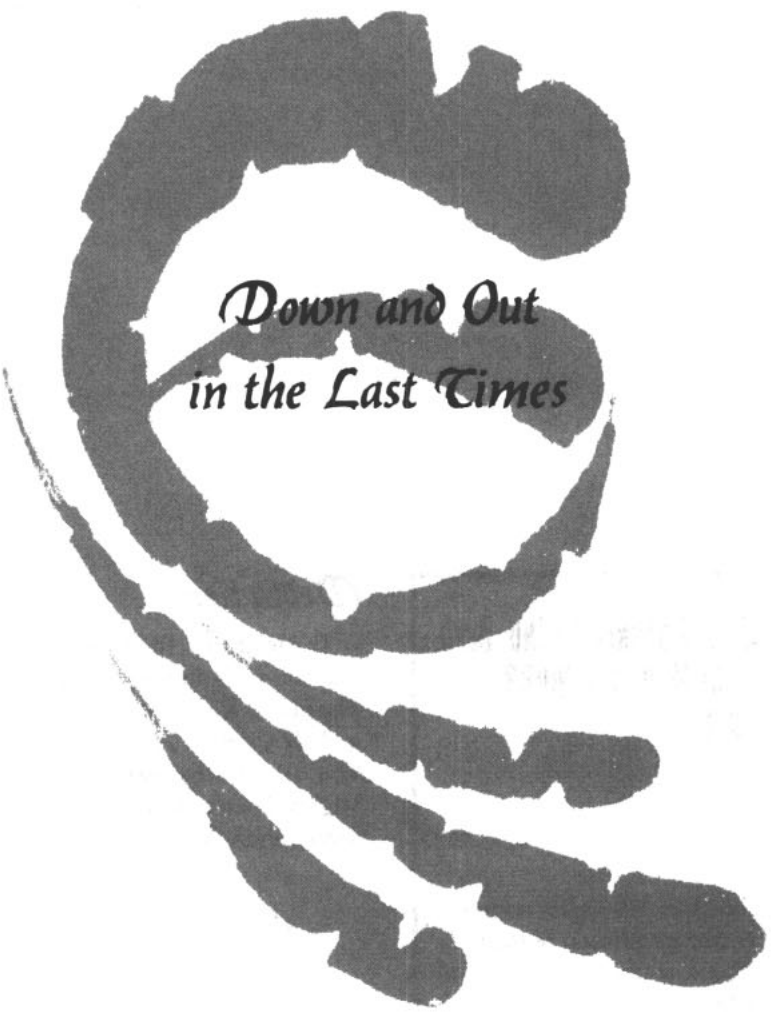
HELLO? ARE YOU THERE? HELLO??

HELLO? IS THAT YOU? HELLO??



BONE CHATTERS™

T R I B E B O O K



*Down and Out
in the Last Times*

by Sam Chupp

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Lyndi "MST3K" Hathaway-McKeeman for allowing all the turkeys to roost at her place.

Wes "Big Apple" Harris for raging across New York with Stew.

Travis "Unleashed" Williams for finally fixing his computer to play *Dracula Unleashed!*

William "Home Is Where the Heart Is" Hale for fleeing the American Dream.

Rebecca "Ball Snatcher" Schaefer for showing them who really owns the four-square court.

Danny "I'm Doomed" Landers for the 6,000-survey paper chase.

Mike "The Real Dip" Krause — Skoal bandits are for punks.



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

Dedication

To Jack Kirby, the King of Comics, 1918 - 1994. No one else had such an impact on the medium and its creators. The heroes Kirby helped create are known to everyone and include Captain America (whom he drew during World War II), the Fantastic Four, the Incredible Hulk, the Mighty Thor and the Silver Surfer. The cosmic struggle of heroes and villains won't be the same without him.

BONE GNAWERS™

T R I B E B O O K

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Introduction: A Foreword by Shakespeare

*We wage our wars
In the neighborhoods
We kill the young to feed the old
And man, that ain't no good...*
— John Mellencamp, "Love and Happiness"

We own the streets. The Glass Walkers in their high domains think they do, but they only own the title deed. We own the dirt. We own the gravel. We own the broken fragments of glass and the Burger Cow wrappers and the Runaway Helpline posters and the muck, the slime, the goo that decomposes whenever you Trashers throw something down here. We own it all. We're the princes of paper, the satraps of soil, the tyrants of trash. When you throw a bagful of hungry newborn kittens into the sewers, we find them. When you toss your shredded "dirty laundry" documents in the trash, we find them...and put them back together.

We live off of the crap you no longer want. We don't have a credit card or a Miata or even a checkbook, but we get along. What's my goddamn Social Security number? Hell if I know.

We don't worry about stinkin' numbers. We survive. That's our gig, survival. Sometimes I wonder what the hell we're waiting for — our deaths, or the end of the world? Why do we put up with it?

Well, I've scrawled, licked, stamped, glued, and pasted this thing together 'cause I want to try and tell you a little about us, about why we keep going when nobody really

wants us. You may not give a damn. If you don't, then don't waste your time.

This tome is written not just by me, but by a whole bunch of Gnawers who've got stuff to say. That's because when you're told to shut up a lot, when you've had folks turn their back on you for long enough, you've got a lot to say.

You think that just because we're Garou, we're automatically buddy-buddy with the other Garou? Fat chance. They loathe us. They think we stink. And we do. But we stink because of what we are, where we live.

I'll tell you, though. I'll tell you exactly what's gonna happen here in a few years. The rest of the wolves, they're going to get their butts killed off by the Wyrms. Already ya see it happening down in the Amazon. Already ya hear from places like Chicago and Atlanta — Garou getting killed off left and right, the Wyrms showin' up in new guises. I tell you, Garou won't be long in this world.

Well, not all of us. We Gnawers will be here, just like we've always been. We'll be the last, just like it was foretold. And then we'll show the Wyrms a thing or two....

TO THE TOP BRASS
AT PENTEX.



Chapter One: Trails in the Rust

*It's a hard life
It's a hard life
It's a very hard life
It's a hard life wherever you go
If we poison our children with hatred
Then the hard life is all that they know
And there ain't no place in this world
for these kids to go...*

— Nanci Griffith, "It's a Hard Life Wherever You Go"

Well, where do I begin? Maybe back at the first of things. You see, we Gnawers, we got a high-falutin' first story just like the Shadow Lords, the Silver Fangs and all the rest. But we're not taking bets on whether or not it's true. In fact, we just plain don't care. It is a nice story, though. Sometimes, on the street, that's all ya got.

The Bone Gnawer First Legend

It seems that the first Bone Gnawer was the little brother of the first Silver Fang — the runt of the litter, as it were. Still, he was a scrappy little thing, and when it came to fightin' for the kill, he was the best warrior of them all. Better, in fact, than Silver Fang. But because he was the littlest, the lankiest and the loudest of the bunch, our Greatest Grandfather was frequently cut out of the best part

of the kill. By the time all the hulking brutes in the pack got their share, Boney had only the leftovers. Still, he made do. Instead of being flabby and big like the other wolves, Boney was lean, mean and tough as old gristle.

Well, one day, little Boney had had enough. He wasn't gonna be shut out of the kill again. So, what he did was trick Fang, his older brother. He made Fang think that the kill they had made was diseased. When Boney waded in to feast, Fang pronounced him foul and "of the Wyrms" for eating tainted flesh, and told him to go back to gnawing bones.

Boney got pissed, but he finished his meal anyway. Then came the Wyrms, the real Wyrms this time, thundering up out of the ground. Fang was taken out quick, and the other wolves in the pack were hurt bad. Boney hung back, waiting for his chance, looking for the time to strike. Finally he saw his opening, a soft spot on the great Wyrms, and bit into it. He struck bone and gnawed his way right through it with a

jaw lock. The great creature was so pained by its wound that it screamed and fled. Ol' Boney barely got free in time.

Gaia, seein' all this, said, "And so shall it always be; the children of the Gnawers of Bones will bide their time in prudence and strike when the hour is best for survival."

Or somethin' like that. Anyway, the upshot of all this is that Bone Gnawers don't like to put their necks on the line for no good reason. We see it as our job to stick around as long as we can. Maybe it's 'cause we want to be there to see everyone else mess up. Or maybe we believe that story: we're gonna be the last chance Gaia has to win this one. Who knows? Who has time to think about it?

Ancient History

The first recorded history of ours talks about Hammurabi; he had to worry about his rats, and we were the mutts in the streets of his city. We used rats back then to keep humans from getting too plentiful...something we'd been doing since the Impergium, when we controlled the human population with disease and famine. We did our part in the Impergium — not necessarily because we wanted to, but because we were forced to conform by the *Sieg Heil!* Silver Fangs.

Next, let's see — ah yes! We were the folks who went along with the first sailors. You didn't know the Gnawers are some of the best sailors in the world? Well, what ship you ever see didn't have a rat on board? We and our rat buddies pioneered the way for the Garou to spread all over the world before the Moon Bridges linked everyone together. We can even swim pretty good, and I'm sure you've heard the term "Sea Dog"...that's us. Okay, can it with the "dog paddle" jokes.

Some of the more adventurous of us went to sea with pirates, Vikings (with the Get of Fenris, if you can believe that!) and what-not. We used to be a lot more adventurous than we are now; it's because we didn't have a lick of sense in our heads at the time. You see, until humans settled down and started living in cities, we really didn't become civilized.

I've heard tales from some of the eldest Grandfathers and some of the most ancient ancestor spirits, but they won't tell me about the Gnawers that chose to live outside the city. Perhaps we'll never know...or perhaps some of them stumbled down to Australia-land. Maybe the first Gnawers were also the first Bunyips....

I think you'd have to look all the way back to Rome before you could find a group of Bone Gnawers who had the right idea about surviving. We learned a lot in Rome. We learned that we were good at living off the crap the Romans discarded. We learned that we were good at snooping and sneakin' in the dark corridors and catacombs that made up Rome's architecture. And we learned that we hated — just couldn't stand — slaves and slavery. We did whatever we could to stop it, to free those poor folks, no matter what. Me, I don't care if you're a homeless bum on the

streets...you'll not be an enslaved homeless bum on the streets, not while I live and breathe!

What's wrong, am I borin' ya? Oh, really? You wanna hear about the Hood, do you? That's skippin' quite a bit. Well, alright, I'll tell ya then.

Robin and the Hood

I'm sure you've heard all about Robin Hood and his Merry Men, right? Well, they got that from us. We've been doin' that sort of thing for a long time. Back then, we didn't like to see the poor get screwed over, 'cause we were the poor. What happened to them eventually got around to happening to us.

We used to rob from the rich and give to the poor. Or just kill the rich, take their stuff and split it up. We were doin' that long before any Normans invaded, although most folks didn't realize it because back then there was no central mint where people got their cash. A few coins missing here and there didn't cause a major uproar.

The Middle Ages were something of a heyday for us. We thrived in cities like Paris, London, Toledo, Kiev and Venice. And we kept following the Vikings and the other merchant marine ships wherever they went — just along for the ride, looking for new cities to conquer.

In fact, many Get of Fenris Viking tales have Bone Gnawer sidekicks in them, just to set off the glory of the Get warlord and provide comic relief. In reality, though, I betcha many a Get of Fenris' butt was saved by a quick-thinking Bone Gnawer seadog.

Then, in the latter part of the Middle Ages, things got bad. Many folks have tried to blame us for the Black Plague and the other plagues that came along. I'm not saying that we weren't involved, but I've heard a tale or two sayin' that the Bone Gnawers were the folks trying to stop the spread of the Plague — hell, it was the poor folks that got the worst of it all!

Sadly, we were also carriers of disease; we were so hardy and strong that we could take diseases that other folks couldn't, and in our efforts to help out the sick and dyin' poor folks, we spread it further. Okay, so we were fairly stupid back then...that's why the Ban of Man was put in effect. What's that? Wait a minute, I'll get to it.

The Inquisition finally died down. We barely escaped the hunts, the fanatic clergy wielding silver crosses, and that was only because we knew how to hide. We sheltered many Garou during the Burnings, and made many strange bedfellows as some of the other creatures of the night took shelter with us. That's when we really came to know the Nosferatu. I'll tell ya more about them later.

When the Renaissance dawned, things were never again the same. We lived in the blossoming city-states of Italy and we thrived on the (much emptier) streets of Paris. Werewolves were relegated to the realm of superstition. We weren't sure how many of us were left alive.



The Piping of the Rats

The elders of the tribe met in secret. They decided that it was time for a Piping, a calling together of all the Gnawers. Our Ratkin brethren helped us out by getting us from place to place in a hurry. We took ships, we took Moon Bridges, we even walked or ran in our wolf-bodies across the countryside to make it to Barcelona, where the Grand Moot was held in secret catacombs lent to us by the Nosferatu. It took a lot of talkin', but nobody walked out until there was a solution, one that everyone could live with. What we came up with was the Ban of Man. It's pretty simple, so even the densest of us can remember it. Say it with me, class...

"Help not Man for his survival unless it threatens ours. Hurt not Man unless he threatens us. Kill not Man for food unless we might perish."

No longer would we be roamin' around the countryside pickin' up food for the hungry and finding places for the homeless to sleep. We'd look after our own, but that was it. We couldn't afford to get hunted down like the Ratkin did and we couldn't afford to risk our own survival like the Children of Gaia did.

Then we started hearing about a land, a place across the sea: the New World. A few of us even managed to sneak aboard a vessel or two and check it out for ourselves. Here was a land of plenty, with food for the taking — and the treasure! Everywhere we went, we found friendly natives waiting to hand over their gold and jewels for the price of a few trinkets!

Time for another Piping. This time, we gathered in Portugal, in Lisbon. The entire tribe was told of the vast lands of wealth across the sea. There was a general dissatisfaction with the Old World in light of the New. Except for France, where many Gnawers tried to help overthrow the French monarchy.

Thus, the Exodus of our people. Led by Corazon Bitefinder, renowned for his generosity and scrounging ability, the Gnawers set out to infiltrate every ship making the journey across the ocean to the New World.

Little did we realize that we'd get screwed in this country just like in Europe. At least it was a change of scenery.

Bone Gnawer Patriots

There were American Gnawers among the dogfaces and the rank-and-file soldiers who slept in rags at Bunker Hill. We were the trappers, the grizzled ol' mountain men who pushed back the frontier. Of course, our Garou brethren, the Wendigo and the Uktena, didn't take too kindly to us. We tried to learn their ways but we were just as lost as the humans. To this day they don't like us, but at least we respect each other. And we never tried to kill 'em off, not like other Europeans did. We had the Ban, remember? The Wendigo respected that. Not that it mattered; the Pure Ones thought of us in the same way the rest of the Garou did — so why should we help them any?

There we all were, free and clear from the British, a nation all our own. And then all the work we'd put in during the war, sneaking and spying for the Colonies, dying in their battles — none of it made a lick o' difference. We were thrown aside like everybody else they no longer had a use for. Many of us turned to rum or opium to get over it.

Things looked bleak for our people. We had hard winters. We nearly died, and the cities in the New World weren't big enough to support us.

What happened next? Well, folks, the Gnawers did what we always do when the chips are down, when all hell is breakin' loose, when it's the last minute of the last hour of the last day — boy, we stood right up, looked that damn Weaver in the eye, and said, "Let's 'ave another one!" We took the crap that we were handed, made something out of it, and gave that somethin' to our kids, who gave it to their kids. We survived. Oh, it wasn't a Life of Riley; it wasn't posh. But it was something. It was all we had.

We were part of the Civil War, too; a big part. Heck, we were some of the best spies in the business. Now, you'd think that we'd be held back by the Ban of Man, right? Well, I'll tell ya, nobody paid attention to it when it came to the slaves in America. We didn't give a damn about no Ban; we were gonna help Mrs. Tubman get those folks out whenever we could. Ever since Rome, we've hated bein' locked up and we've hated slavery. As long as there is a Gnawer still kickin', we'll be there, helping the enslaved get free.

Then it hit: the big Industrial Beast. The world was changed all over again. Our folks gritted their teeth and learned more — learned about steam and electricity and gunpowder. We learned about mechanics and architecture and engineering. And we — damn it, I don't care what the damn Glass Walkers say! — we were the first ones to talk to the spirits in the machines, the steam elementals and the electricity spirits. We were the first! And we were the first to make friends with the spirits of the streets as well.

When the Weaver went crazy, the humans woke up and started building crazy webs all their own, webs of steel and iron. They decided that the poor folk would do well in the mines and factories. They shoveled us into the big ma-

chines like fodder, and they spat us out the other side, lungs black and bodies broken, with but a bare wage to show for our life's work. They forced us out of the nicer places and into the holes, the ghettos, the sewers. We soon realized that there wasn't room for us in the humans' plans, and that we couldn't fight the behemoth that rose up overnight to choke the land around us.

The American Dream

But the spirit we had — our way of staying alive and doin' what it takes — had taken on a life of its own. We called this spirit the American Dream, because it was part of our dream for our cubs. Those that worked hard got something back for it. Those that actually got out and did an honest day's scamming got enough chow for themselves and their families. All around us, all throughout America, a combination of our beliefs about survival and the work ethic of the day blossomed into a full-grown, brand-new totem.

Ah, the Roarin' '20s! I was just a little one then, but I heard tales from my grandpa. They had had a war in Europe, and we won; the whole world was celebrating, America especially. Cars were big. Booze was big. Crime was big. The Glass Walkers moved in like gangbusters to the cities of America, coming across with their Mafia ties and forcing us out of the city caerns. Well, at least the ones they knew about. Heh. They'd have a hard time finding some of the ones they don't know about. Anyway, the G.W. were really big, and you know us, we try to survive whatever way we can. So we got real buddy-buddy with them. Started sending our muscle along with theirs.

I tell ya, our tribes were getting really close there for a while. Our muscle and their brains made a dynamite combination. Our knowledge of the cities' soft underbellies was also helpful: bank robbers had no trouble breaking into places that were otherwise unassailable. What? Oh, it means, "You can't get in it." Like a tin can without an opener. Geez, I'd wish you guys would read more than comic books sometime. What? Oh that's right, you can't read.

So there we were, Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers, snuggling right up together like two mutts in the winter. There was talk among the elders that there'd be a merger, that the G.W. would adopt us into their noble ranks and we'd finally have some decent representation at the Great Moots.

But that, along with the rest of the world, went down the crapper on Black Monday. The Crash of '29 was foretold only by a few overlooked prophets and visionaries among our people. In fact, that's what makes the storytellers, our Galliards, so important to us now; we learned from that mistake. Anyway, when the Crash happened, it threw a big wet ol' hairy blanket on our Glass Walker parade. I guess the G.W. finally realized just how snugly they'd got with us: they instantly kicked us out and withdrew their support from the moots — we were kicked over again, and this time



but good. Without support in the Great Moot, we were unable to do a damn thing to stop the steady downturn in the economy. We had to grin and bear it along with the rest of the poor humans, even though it wasn't our fault.

Well, what could we do? We did what we always do, what we're doing now, what we'll be doing from now until the Wyrms finally chomps down on Mr. Sun. We survived. That's right. We took to selling apples in the streets. We were there in the first work projects. You can thank a Gnawer named Mrs. Preston for that little bit of help. Work projects were her idea; FDR stole it. We helped build this whole country, and this country owes us a lot.

That's why we practically rule New York now. Heck, we built half of it with our own sweat and blood! The very walls and streets sing our names and our fathers' and mothers' names. The Big Apple is one big Bone Gnawer playground, complete with a great place to sleep: Central Park.

There is a tale about a group of Red Talons and a group of Gnawers comin' to odds outside New York one night. The Red Talons wanted to sweep into town and throat every human they could find. Well, we wouldn't have it. Who'd be stupid enough to kill their own food ticket? Anyway, there was a long, Mexican-style standoff. Finally the Bone Gnawer Grandpappy convinced the Red Talon war-warg that he had already marked a fireplug nearby as

his territory, and thus he had rights to the hunting in that area. He invited the head Talon to sniff the fireplug as proof. The Talons were pretty angry, but they were even angrier when one of our New Moons put his hand on the plug while the Talon was sniffing, and used Open Seal. To this day, the Talons in New York won't go near a fireplug, and I don't think the leader's muzzle ever recovered completely from the drenchin'.

It was in the '30s that we really got to know the Nosferatu, the Leeches that our tribe actually gets along with. Ugly dudes, but they're still more reliable than your average Shadow Lord. I know, that's not sayin' much. But I tell ya, if it weren't for our alliance, both those Sewer Rats and the Bone Gnawers wouldn't have lasted the Depression. We helped hide and protect them, and they made sure the W.P.A. and other groups like that didn't build over our caerns or make them into parks (well, not all of them, but Central Park is another story).

So, that's what we've been doin'. You may have noticed there's a lot of places you pups can't get to, down there in the shadows. Well, I'll tell ya, it's because we gave our Nosferatu buddies the what-for about the Apocalypse, and they took our advice. They've built secret rooms, corridors, and whole complexes down there, which they've cloaked with their hidin' powers.



Anyway, we were with the Dustbowl farmers as they crept west across the country (how many times have we made that trip?) and we were with the immigrants who kept coming in off Ellis Island and even those we snuck in past Customs, like some of those Jewish folks that otherwise got turned away.

That leads our little tale to the '40s and WWII. There we were, faced with a bastard as big as Hitler, and there wasn't much choice anymore. Our boys ignored the Ban of Man and joined up. We weren't about to take that crap sitting down. Some of us used the war as an excuse to get back in touch with the European Gnawers, and some of us grew to great fame during the occupation of France, where we made raid after raid on the German supply lines—crippling them slowly, bit by bit, while running a decent black market on our off hours.

I can tell ya, we were just as surprised as everyone when we learned about the Get and their Nazi ties. We wanted to waste them all, then and there, but our leaders in Europe were wise and held us back. Still, we were there in the front lines when it came time to do the final battle, and many Get joined our side before it was over.

Then, the Big Egg got hatched. That was it. Our Moon Dancers have been telling us the tales about the Fat Man and the Little Boy for many years. Tales of the Apocalypse, the last

times. They said that the Fat Man and the Little Boy would usher in the last times. And they were sure right! After those bombs went off in Japan, every Gnawer on the planet knew—WHAM! That was it, baby! Apocalypse ain't comin' no more. It's here. And you better get ready for it.

The '50s were a funky time for all of us. Everything prospered, but the humans' paranoia made it hard for us to do anything even remotely spooky. We had to watch ourselves. But even amidst all the paranoia, our Hood gangs rumbled with the G.W. boys all the time, figurin' out how we were gonna split the cities.

Modern Times

*You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,
cryin' all the time.*

*You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,
cryin' all the time.*

*You ain't never caught a rabbit
and you ain't no friend o' mine.*

— Elvis Presley, "Hound Dog"

We, along with a whole bunch of scared kids, gave our blood and bodies for America's stupidity in Vietnam. Gee, kinda reminds me of what's goin' on down in the Amazon.

But the '60s were pretty nice, too. I mean, it wasn't all bad. Camelot, the Great Society — these were things that made us think the ol' American Dream totem was still out there someplace...though soon after that we realized it was his last gasp. We haven't heard from him since, although some folks swear they see him from time to time.

The '50s and '60s were a great time for music. Finally some Bone Gnawer music was getting made. From the hills of the Hillfolk came our musical savior: Elvis Aaron Presley. Now, I'm not sayin' that the King was Kinfolk himself, but from what I hear, he was close. Then Jerry Lee Lewis and the Big Bopper. We loved it.

I remember the pilgrimage we all made to Graceland the day the King died. Now, a lot of folks believe that he faked his death, and I'm not sayin' that's what happened. But I'll tell you this: if he'd have asked us, we'd have taken him and set him up anywhere he wanted, no questions asked. We owed him that, at least.

We reveled in the cultural revolution of the '60s; we Bone Gnawers loved hippies. They were real generous, just as poor as we were, and into "free love." But this didn't last long. When the '70s hit, things got rough again. Back then, we didn't know who was running the country: the FBI, the CIA, the White House, or somebody else. We're still not sure, come to think of it.

The '70s were a long, confusing but interesting bad dream of high inflation and Cold War night terrors. Music was still gettin' made, and it was just as suited to Bone Gnawers as was the stuff from the '50s and '60s — maybe moreso, 'cause it was nastier. First came the Ramones and then the Sex Pistols. Guy with a name like Johnny Rotten's gotta be Kinfolk if anybody is. 'Course, the rumor is that he started cuddlin' up to the Glass Walkers later on...Public Image Ltd. my ass!

In the '80s, Grandpappy Ron got into office and started really puttin' the screws to us. I remember the day they opened the floodgates: when they released all the "non-threatening" mental patients straight onto the city streets. They went from the hospital ward to the street right away; the subway grates got so packed that we had to start issuing numbers for sleeping spaces.

Crazy dudes, running around the streets, expecting us to take care of them. We certainly took care of a few of them; we don't put up with dangerous crazies. Apparently the mental health community had a different, more forgiving idea of what was "dangerous." Remember the Ban?

I nearly swallowed my gum when I heard ol' Ray-Gun got reelected. But what the hell, life is funny that way.

Now, in the '90s, we've become "habitationally challenged" instead of homeless. It's become cool to be homeless. Everywhere you look there are do-gooders takin' up the cause. Hell, even President Peanut is out there buildin' us places to live. God knows I don't want to seem ungrateful. But I'll tell you this: with all this thud and bluster, how many homeless do you see gettin' off the streets, off the sauce, off the smack, off the crack, off welfare? How many do you see actually gettin' helped? Not many.

You see, for all their talk, and all the Children-o-Gaia style yammerin' about helping us help ourselves, what they really want is for us to suck up to them, grovel at their feet. What they really want is to keep us right here, right here in the shit with everyone else. They keep us down and they keep us out. Because that's the way it should be, in their eyes.

That's okay. We'll stay put, stay down and out. Because the first thing you learn when you're fighting with teeth and claws is a very simple concept.

It's easier to kill when you strike from below.



Chapter Two: Ways of the Rat

*Why do the babies starve
When there's enough food to feed the world?
— Tracy Chapman, "Why?"*

Listen up, you puppies! Geezus H. Keeryyyst. You'd think you boys and girls ain't never seen an old man. Yah, that is a Buffalo nickel. Nah, you can't have it. Here, give it back. Now, where were we? Oh, yeah. I'm gonna tell you about the folks and how we got to be this way.

Perhaps alone among all the Garou, the Bone Gnawers came to America pursuing a dream. They heard that, in America, everyone was created equal, that each and every person had a chance to get rich. This ideal became known as the American Dream.

For us, the American Dream was a spirit that promised us freedom, a new self-respect and the ability to start fresh. Huddled among the thousands of immigrants in places like New York City and San Francisco, our tribe tried to escape not only poverty and war, but also the ruthless persecution of their Garou brethren.

Persecution

Persecution has always been a major part of our place among the Garou. The Bone Gnawers are always the trouble that nobody wants to handle, the stinky problem that just won't go away. Heh. You know, if it weren't for us,

I bet those Silver Fangs would have quite a hard time finding scapegoats and whipping boys.

I know what you're thinking, puppies. I'm lookin' in your eyes, and I'm seeing the hate I've seen on the face of every new Gnawer I've come across. Well, you better bite back that bitter rage just this second, because if a Grandpa or a Grandma sees you like that, they've got every right to bite your ears.

You don't know what it's like, walking into the Silver Fangs' golden thronerooms with a couple thousand years of genetic conditioning staring you right in the face. You freeze. You can't speak. You can't even breathe. All you wanna do is bend your neck and get the heck outta there. That is, unless you want to risk letting your anger loose, and then you've got worse trouble. What you got is a bunch of Get-o-Fenris bodyguards and maybe Shadow Lord rough-necks, all of them eager to get points in the Silver Fangs' eyes (oh, they put up a big show, but we know the score)...and all of these brutes are gunnin' for you, right there. Well, you're gonna see Gnawer blood on that nice white carpet.



So how do we fight the wolf in us, the ancient primitive part, while still keepin' the best part of ourselves, the Garou part? Well, if I had the answer to that question, I wouldn't be sittin' here tryin' to poke wisdom down the throats of a buncha' puppies who ain't got sense enough to pour piss out of a boot!

That's right, that's what I said. Got your attention, dinnit?

I'll tell you what, puppies, how 'bout we try somethin' new. Like I'll sit down there and you stand up here and tell me everythin' I need to know about the Gnawers. Any takers? Huh? I didn't think so.

Anyway, it's been years and years and we still bend our necks when we have to, because we ain't got a choice. That doesn't mean we're stupid or even inferior. It just means the pretty boys've got the drop on us. On their turf, they're the top dogs. But here—here in the city—that's a different story. We own these streets, and maybe now you're startin' to learn why we stay where we do, why we put up with the crap the other Garou dish out.

Camps

There are a lot of different Bone Gnawers, but we're all joined by common bonds: our jackal's blood and our poverty. Nonetheless, Gnawers like to form themselves into different groups, or camps, to fight for a common goal or purpose. The camps of our tribe show folks how different we are, but don't let that fool you: we're truly one tribe, no matter how diluted our blood or poor our pedigree.

The Hood

I'll just be taking these Huggies...

— H.I., *Raising Arizona*

I told ya a little about the Hood already: they were the original rob-from-the-rich, give-to-the-poor folks. Well, they've made it all the way to America. You can't tell who they are: the Great Elders have exiled the ones that show themselves, but that's just because of the Ban of Man. I've seen a few and I know one or two, and more righteous Garou you'll never meet. If one of the Hood gives you 20 bucks to buy a pair of shoes, you better damn well buy a pair of shoes, not a mess of Golden Grain, or he'll come after you and take the 20 bucks outta your hide. If you want help from the Hood, you better make sure your kids are in school, learnin' to read, or they won't help you. They're liable to snatch your kids, get them to a foster home or the like. They're do-gooders. They don't always know the right thing to do, but they've become pretty good at it over the years. They can sense a fish story when they hear one.

The nice thing is, though, if you got trouble of the mean kind, the Hood will step in and speak to your loan shark, or your landlord, or your "protection" service. They speak the language of the streets well and fluently, and without much hubbub.

The Voice of the Hood Speaks

Okay, the way I see it, it's like this: It's about three stories straight down. The Hudson's a little chilly this time of year. Either you get your butt back into that school, sit it down and learn somethin', or I'm going to teach you somethin' myself. Teach you how to fly, capiche? Now don't make me throw trash off a this bridge.

Deserters

We gotta get out of this place,
If it's the last thing we ever do
We gotta get out of this place,
'Cuz girl there's a better life
For me an' you.

— The Animals, "We Gotta Get Out of This Place"

Now, among every group you got your loonies. I tell ya, there's some Gnawers out there who are playin' a few cards short of a full deck. That's okay, though. It takes all kinds. The Deserters are just this kind. They wander around the world lookin' for secret portals, gateways, openings to other worlds. They spend more time in the Umbra than any other Bone Gnawers ever have, because they want to "jump ship" and find some other world to live in.

Don't get me wrong, I think everyone should have a goal. I just think they're shootin' for the stars when they should be lookin' for their next meal. These folks usually don't make Grandma or Grandpa status, or even Mom or Pop status. They're more interested in sniffin' out brave new worlds than in collectin' cool Stuff. Although I must admit, I once got a glowin' rock from one of 'em — a pretty good trade.

Sometimes their hunting is infectious. I've seen perfectly sane Gnawers go off with a group of Deserters, roamin' the Umbra lookin' for Paradise or the Gnawer Homeland or what-have-you. They have a way of talkin' that makes you wonder what's beyond that far-off horizon. Makes you wonder what other worlds are out there for us to find.

As far as I can tell, Deserters form highly specialized packs: each member of the "company" has a job to do, and all do their jobs well.

A Deserter Captain Speaks

Space? Fah. The Umbra is our final frontier. Far beyond the skin of the Near Umbra, the Deep Umbra awaits us. We must find the technology, the spirits, the fetishes and the Garou who are brave enough to go where no Garou has gone before. Do you have what it takes to look at the yawning chasm of infinity without faltering before its dreadful, one-eyed gaze?

The Barking Chain

Composed mainly of wild street dogs, domesticated house pets and a few runaway wolves, the Barking Chain is the way the Bone Gnawers keep abreast of changing events in the city. It is separate from the Rat Finks' information network; the Barking Chain is organized by Bone Gnawer Galliards.

One dog, upon discovering interesting information, barks a series of high-pitched, loud barks to the next dog in the line. These yips, woofs and howls all mean something to the dogs, and each dog in return begins to bark to the next dog in the Chain. Eventually the information filters its way through the city and usually out to the countryside as well. Bone Gnawers have often been warned of the approach of the Wyrms by the Barking Chain.

Only the Bone Gnawers can truly understand or benefit from this information.

Rat Finks

*Invisible transfers. Long-distance calls.
Hollow laughter in marble halls
Steps have been taken. A silent uproar
Has unleashed the Dogs of War.*

— Pink Floyd, "The Dogs of War"

The Finks compose what is probably the most effective intelligence-gathering organization ever. They are made up of all the lower-class employees who are forgotten, ignored and overlooked: the janitors, custodians, maintenance workers, garbage collectors, clerks, runners, waiters, busboys, dock workers and even, to some extent, secretaries and receptionists. They keep a continuous lookout for interesting information. They exchange data via faxes, homing pigeons, secret codes scribbled onto matchbooks, one-word coded phone calls, personal ads with special phrases in them, school-age children with notes pinned to their coats, voice mail and more.

Special fetishes, rites and Gifts help them process and obtain their information. Who is going to question a clerk photocopying some documents — even if those documents are the private correspondence of a Pentex Board Member. Bone Gnawers are socially invisible.

It was the Finks who warned us when the G.W. did their pull-out, and it's the Finks who keep the G.W. from knowing everything about our tribe today, especially where our secret, hidden caerns are. They'd try and take them from us, sure as wolves stink. We owe a lot to them.

They're the ones who are best buddies with the Sewer Rats, the Nosferatu. Most Nosferatu ignore Garou, but the Finks and the Nosferatu have been working in the same places for so long that each has become a natural extension of the other's spy ring.

A Fink Finks

I know what you're saying: what we do technically violates the Litany, hangin' out with Leeches. Look, I don't like the way they smell any more than you do. But they've got what we need. Besides, we don't smell too good to them either.

What do I do? Well, I'm a janitor. Excuse me, a sanitation engineer. I'm the easily ignored guy, the one that cleans up the crap you leave behind. That's okay, though. Don't go thinking that I don't like what I do; I love my job. Where else can you find out things no one else knows, and make sure certain people get punished for their crimes? Heck, I'm having a great time.

Frankweilers

Ah, my own camp. One of the things the other Garou have always said about us is that we're stupid. We ain't got no culture. Well, that's just totally untrue. There are those of us who've been living in art galleries, museums, crypts, vaults, churches, temples, libraries, auditoriums, theaters and other repositories of art or culture. These vast places of culture, once deserted, are as lonely as we are.

Someone named us Frankweilers after a book about kids who live in a museum after hours. The Wingers (after the various wings of museums) are those of us who study one area of art or science, while the Waxers (named after wax

museums) are those who are lost in studyin' history. Another group is the Bookworms, who like to gnaw on tomes instead of bones. I tell you, there is no greater feeling than wrapping your paws around some ancient tome and reading it aloud to your buddies in its original language.

We see ourselves as educators as well as scholars. We go out among the communities and try to establish literacy classes and English-as-second-language classes. Some also help people with their taxes, and quite a few Frankweilers are damn good lawyers — nice when you get in a scrape with the cops.

A Frankweiler Speaks

We live like kings amongst the darkness of the museum. Last night, I slept on King Henry VI's wedding bed. I believe I'll go down and review the troupe of knights that I have assembled in the basement. There are parts of the museum that I guard, not because someone told me to, but because I love what's there. For example, there's a sliver of moon rock (actually, a pretty powerful fetish, although unformed) that I like to watch over. I love the fountains and the sculptures, and I especially love the fall, when the museums give their autumn exhibits and have huge receptions to kick off their winter programs. Hey, can you pass a watercress sandwich? Thanks.





Maneaters

*In the howling wind comes a stinging rain
See it driving nails into souls on the tree of pain
From the firefly, a red-orange glow
See the face of fear running scared in the valley below.*

— U2, "Bullet the Blue Sky"

There are those of us who lose it, brothers and sisters. I tell you now and I tell you true: you gotta watch your hunger. Go to a soup kitchen. Scare the shit outta some hot dog vendor. Do somethin', but damn it, don't let yourself get too hungry. 'Cause once you get a taste of two-legged turkey, hairy hamburger or charnel chicken, you won't be able to give it up easy. Just like the smack, crack and booze, human flesh is hard to beat. It's tasty, folks, but nothin' will get the Wurm after you faster. That's why we got the Ban. We've lost too many Garou to the Manflesh Bane that inhabits you once you get too much.

Mind you, when we find these rabid dogs, we kill 'em. Of course, the problem is, there's not many good ways to tell when a Garou has eaten a human, unless you catch them playing with their food, or having a finger sandwich, if you know what I mean? So, the old folks got together and found a way to do a rite to sense the presence of human beans in your diet. They put their mojo on you and all the human flesh you've eaten will start comin' right back up — big gobbets of greasy, bloody flesh, hacked up on the ground. It ain't pretty, but it's failsafe.

A Maneater Speaks

We Garou, we're the top of the Gaia-damned food chain, ain't we? Ain't we got the right to rule over these two-legged sheep that flee from us? We're predators, they're prey. It's that damn simple. You can smell it on the wind, you can smell it on their bodies: they smell like sheep. Sheep that tastes damn good. So, yah, I don't care about the humans and I'll have my share of human flesh from any kill my pack makes. I love it! Eatin' the heart o' ya enemies makes ya stronger!

Hillfolk

You look around you and you'll see the truth: wherever there are poverty, depression and the need for a strong will, there are the Bone Gnawers. We traveled with our Kinfolk wherever they went, and we've learned a thing or two about living outside cities.

The Hillfolks are the Garou who learned how to live and survive in the wilds. A lot of them live in north Georgia, Tennessee, the Carolinas and anywhere there are mountains. They like mountains because they're out-of-the-way enough to do the thing they love best: make moonshine. They have these big stills they protect with the Delirium, though they distribute only to Kinfolk and other Garou. Their booze is strongest on the new moon, it's said.

They're a nice bunch of folks, mostly Kinfolk these days. The last time I visited the Hillfolks I was surprised to see a Red Talon and a Fianna coolin' their heels on the front



porch of the cabin. They do get along fairly well, although the Talon didn't seem to take too kindly to me.

A lot of our cubs are turned out to the country for their Rite of Passage, and several Hillfolk caerns exist solely as a way to keep a Rite of Passage area open. The most famous of these is high in the Appalachian mountains, in a valley that's nearly impassable on all sides.

A Hillfolk Harangues

Call me a hillbilly, go ahead. All I want to do is to make my 'shine, farm these hills, and avoid the revenuers. I don't think that's askin' too much. I don't wanna be rich, I just want my fair share. But you know what? It just don't pay to be a farmer no more. I had 20 head o' cattle before spring of last year and now I got five. They keep dyin', and they keep gettin' born with two heads or no tail, and the **Enquirer** just don't pay enough for pictures o' these to make up for 'em. The gov'mint keeps saying they're gonna subsidize, but there probably won't be anythin' left for them to subsidize in a few months. Ah, damn.

What's that? A black car...could be a revener, a bill collector, or the bank itself...ain't no good gonna come of it. Here boy, take this shotgun....

The Totems of the Rust

There's powers, and then there's powers. Sometimes, the power company ain't the only one with Power. Sometimes, there's things beyond what you can see and taste, spirits that watch over us and take care of us. Let me tell ya about them.

Rat

Now, you might be sayin' to yourself: here we are, worshippin' a damned rat. A rodent. A filthy, slimy, squeaky thing that likes to bite people and spread disease. Well, the first thing I have to say to ya is this: at least!! it ain't!! a cockroach!!! Okay? You dig? Now, a rat is a smart animal. Smartest in the world. Why do you think they get chosen for all those scientific tests? Not because they're stupid. They're smart; they know how to survive. And that's what Rat'll teach you, boys and girls, if you can get over your fear of her.

What's that, you say? You didn't know she was a she? Well, there you go. Learn somethin' new every day. She's the great Mother of Rats, the grand preggers Rat that squeezes out all the other Rats in the world, especially the Ratkin.

Our earliest records show us following Rat. She's in our histories and tales, our artwork and our crafts. She bade us multiply and we did. We still do. She teaches us about ourselves, asking us to live in new places and take on new identities. She visits us often, but we don't worship her. We're like fans of hers; we like her, but we wouldn't die for her. Well, now, if it was important, we might. But she'd never ask us for that. She wants us to live, live long and interesting lives. And she wants to lead us to Paradise, away from the oppression and suffering in Gaia, where none of us will ever be hungry or cold or lonely again.

You see, boys and girls, Rat is always watching you. That's why your Garou Mom and Pop know what you've been doin', know what trouble you got into. You remember that next time you plan foolishness. It's not hard to find rats; just go to a trashpile and futz around. You'll find them pretty soon. Unless someone done somethin' around there to kill 'em off. Rat will speak to you through any rat, or through any rodent, really. I remember hearing about someone havin' a great conversation with Rat through a little bunny rabbit. Awww, ain't that cute?

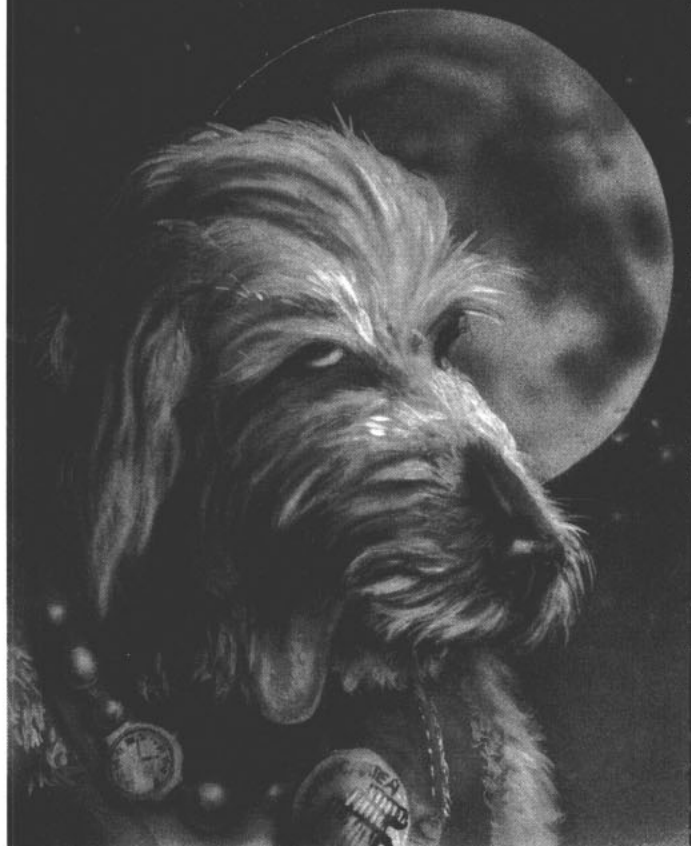
There's a few things you need to remember about Rat. First of all, Rat don't like folks killing off her children. Second of all, Rat knows everything. I mean everything! If it's to know, Rat knows it, because her children are everywhere and they hear everything. Third of all, and most important, Rat has a long, long, loooooong memory. And she ain't the forgivin' type. So if you screw her over, you're likely to find rats doggin' your steps for the rest of your days. Remember the Black Plague? Well, now, there you go.

The American Dream

The American Dream is still alive, we think. He's been sighted in a tiny Midwestern town just this past summer, amongst folks helpin' to clean up a destroyed town. He's been heard on the Staten Island Ferry, howlin' into the wind. He's been seen cryin' in the birth wards of crack babies. He's been seen (and smelled!) drunk and stoned out of his mind on the steps of the Capitol. You just gotta know where to look and what to look for. Of course, Elvis is sighted all the time...maybe they hang out together. If you ever see a starving man wearing a bloody T-shirt, blue jeans and a rubber raincoat, with eyes like a scream waiting to happen, you'll know you've seen him. Watch out though—he's considered armed and extremely dangerous. Who knows? Get him his fix and you might have a friend for life.

The Soul of the City

We live right next to the soul of the city. You can see it from here. Look down, right there, right into that pit. You see that light? The G.W., they call it the "City Father"...but it ain't the daddy of the city. It's the soul of it. Look there...you see that man down there, with his beat-up ol' hat, his *Playbill*, his white scarf? Or that one, smokin' a stogie and laughin'? Here, let me have that box. Yeah, I



know you don't like Sinatra, but you're just gonna have to deal. Listen there. You can hear ol' Frank singin' along with his buddy...Frank, yah, that's him...New York. Listen to him. Crazy bastard. Here, gimme that hot dog and pass the scotch. This one's for you, Frankie!!!

The Trashpile

I call her Guliotta, 'cuz that's the name she told me. She's bee-yoo-tee-full, but you gotta come to see that kind'a beauty. It grows on ya. Hell, Guliotta grows on ya. Heh. Literally—I got some fungus here on my arm...heh, heh, heh. Some folks, they thought she was of the Wyrms, and I just laughed. She's nothin' of the kind. She's just a thing that happens, happens when enough folks throw their trash down where it shouldn't go. Except this time, there was somethin'...somethin' magic in the air, somethin' beside the sweat and cheap perfume of the whores on the street or the fresh blood from the muggers' victims, somethin' magic and powerful that made all this trash wake up and start ta talk, to smile up at the moon, smile with aluminum-can teeth, used-condom hair and bright pop-bottle eyes.

She's down there, boy, waitin' for ya. Knows you're comin'. What're you afraid of, boy? Afraid Madame Guliotta's gonna swallow you whole and burp? She might, that's for sure. But she knows all, sees all, and I bet you can't resist askin' her a question. Now, she doesn't ask for a kiss from everyone anymore, not since I started spendin' the night with her. So you might get away with that box of stale doughnuts and that half-drunk bottle of champagne. Go on, boy. Ask your question. She knows all, sees all. What have you got to lose?

Everything You Wanted to Know about Bone Gnawer Mating, but Were Afraid to Ask

Look, folks, it ain't no mystery. One reason we're friends with Rat is because we're about as fertile as she is. I tell ya, folks, we Gnawers squeeze out those cubs pretty quickly.

I remember hearing about the time just after the Impergium, when a group of Silver Fangs wanted to impose birth control on us, wanted to brand us with some sort of Rite of Infertility so our kind wouldn't breed and take over the rest of the world. Well, we wouldn't do that. But they got their pound of flesh anyway, by reducing our population in other ways.

So, the first thing you gotta learn about us and our breeding is that we do it a lot! Not all of us can afford birth control, and when you've gotta choose between eating a decent meal and buying condoms, well, what are ya gonna do? More than that, though, we're just a fertile bunch. Our bitches breed really well. Most Garou mothers have trouble with the spirits and the rage being born within them when they're makin' a Garou baby. Well, folks, I'll tell you this: our women just smile a lot, eat more, and get a lot more demandin'.

Among true Bone Gnawer folk, we follow the mother's side of the family; you're the son of Felicia, not the son of Rastus. Still, for human society, we change things around so that it's not a hassle.

Now I know you're gonna be shocked by this, but I have to talk about it. It's about metis. I guess you see many middle-breed here among us. That's because we didn't vote on that part of the Litany. We didn't agree to it and we ain't gonna honor it. We'll mate with whomever we damn please, and the rest of the Garou can go screw themselves. Oops! I guess they won't be doin' that, now will they? Heh. Well, ya gotta understand, you still sleep with your own kind. But frankly, we need every Garou we can get, and if there'll be a baby Garou when two Garou mate, then that's what we'll do.

Birthdays are important among the Gnawers. Except we do it backwards from everyone else: if it's your birthday, you give away neat stuff to everyone you know. Except it's totally rude to ask for something for a birthday present. People who do are likely not to get a single thing. The only time the birthday Garou doesn't give stuff away is her actual Birthday, the first day of her life. If she's born to knowin' Kinfolk, then Garou from all around gather and give her presents from their neatest stuff. These first days are often the best days for that little baby's life, 'cause after that things get rougher.

By the way, a Gnawer marriage is one of the only other times we give gifts without expecting one in return. Marriages are

wild, extensive, expensive and heavily attended affairs, where the food is free and the booze flows far and wide. You're expected to feed every Gnawer that shows up; in exchange, he has to bring ya somethin' that'll actually be of use in your new life—not a toaster or anythin'. Some things people like to give are secret locations of food stashes, the keys to a building with an indoor pool, or even money. The custom is, if he comes and eats your food and doesn't bring a present, he has to babysit your first baby whenever you want for a month. That tends to dissuade people. Of course, there's some dogs that I wouldn't let near my first kid.

If you take a minute and look at a Bone Gnawer family, you'll come to understand what we're about. You see, a Bone Gnawer family is more like a pack than anything else; all the people are there because they want to be. You got young runaways, bums, drunks, hookers, addicts, street kids and all kinds of folks in your family, because that's how you survive. That's how you live in this hell that humans have created: you band together with your family. And they're sometimes more important to you than your pack.

Now, I'm not saying that these families are all in-the-know; most of them aren't. And, technically, it is a way to get around the Ban of Man; Gnawer precedents allow family members to be excluded from the Ban. They just don't define what a family is, and that's good for some of us. My good buddy Blackbomb runs a shelter in the Bronx, and everyone who lives there is his family.

The Breeds

*When paradise is no longer fit for you to live in
And your adolescent dreams are gone
Through the days you feel a little used up
And you don't know where your energy's gone wrong.*

—John Mellencamp, "Between a Laugh and a Tear"

Homid

It's no big secret that the homids are what make the world go around, right? Well, folks, there are a lot of homids among us. In fact, most of us are homids. Soon there'll be no more lupus left. That's because homids just get along better. Maybe it's nature's way.

Metis

Well, now, the metis. Most Garou tribes hate their metis babies. I tell you this: they aren't pretty, but they're hardy as hell. You gotta admire all that spit and vinegar. And they're usually pretty damn smart, too. You teach a metis somethin', he'll usually learn it right away. Some folks say metis are of the Wyrms; I've known too many of them to believe that. It's a crock. Go out among them, find out what they think, how they live. Because they're our hope, our last, best hope. With them to swell our ranks, we might get a chance at beating the Wyrms.

Lupus

Alley hounds. Street mutts. Junkyard dogs. That's what we've come to. Our lupus ain't really wolves any more, no more than men are apes. We're urban dwellers, tailored by and for our environment. We've developed smaller bodies and wagging tails to get food from humans without scaring them. We've kept our wolf senses and learned to smell through the grime to find that scrap of discarded food.

There aren't many Bone Gnawer lupus, but we treat those that we find just like any other Garou. We train 'em as humans, teach 'em to talk human talk, and even help 'em get started in the human world. Rat has even started personally attending the Rites of Passage in which lupus participate, though I'm not sure why.

Rites

Consume more than you need

This is the dream

Make you pauper

Or make you queen

I won't die lonely

I'll have all prearranged

A grave that's deep and wide enough

For me and all my mountains o' things.

— Tracy Chapman, "Mountains O' Things"

(An excerpt from the diary of "Walks Among Equals," aka Sarah Walker, a Children of Gaia Theurge)

Rites among the practical Bone Gnawers are limited. They seldom stand on much ceremony. Their moots are disorganized and spontaneous things, almost mob scenes compared to the highly structured Glass Walker or Stargazer moots. My friend Rat's-Ass sniffed the air once, twice, and then howled in the night...and was off. I had to shift to Lupus just to follow him.

We took off down a series of stairs, subway tunnels and back alleys. I would've been afraid for my life if it weren't for Rat's-Ass, who had the traditional Ahroun knight-in-shining-armor complex. I was surprised by the sound of banging steel in the secret garden we'd suddenly come upon: the Galliards were all there. They were as serious as any I've seen, even though they pounded on rusting steel rather than stretched deerhide. Their music was powerful and hard and full of a thousand rhythms. I must say I was impressed. I often listen to industrial music, but this "modern primitive" Bone Gnawer drumming took my breath away.

I was allowed into the caern, since I'd been smart enough to bring my Bone Gnawer bag that evening. In it were chocolate bars, bubble gum packs, a bunch of comic books, trading cards, and a National Enquirer for the sept leader. I always love watching Gnawers creep up slowly and ask under their breath if I have anything for them, like dogs approaching a stranger with food. But they didn't have to ask; I always end up dumping out the bag, and that's what I did this evening.

After the flurry of activity died down, someone pulled out a Depeche Mode CD I'd left in there, and there was a challenge over it. I was amazed at how quickly it was resolved. After a few minutes of arguing, the Mother stepped in, pinched both of their ears and snapped the CD in two, giving half to one and half to the other. That seemed to satisfy them even as it mystified me. I was a little upset until she gave me a radio-mix CD of the same album and told me that I was good to be patient with them. Except for a Moot Rite, I saw no other rites being cast that evening. I think that the Gnawer conventional wisdom on rites is, "Do the work first, the rite second." If something cannot be done with your own two hands, then a rite isn't going to help you get it done.

An exception, of course, is their just and yet horribly effective Black Ball rite. It is a nonviolent way to discipline someone who breaks their laws, although its effects are devastating. The Black Ball is affixed around an offending Garou's neck; it is usually an actual eight-ball from a pool table. The Ball is a fetish, visible in whatever form the victim wears.

No Bone Gnawer (or Kin of the Rat, for that matter) will aid or harbor such a one. The offender must survive on her own. Usually the recipient starves very quickly. I've seen a Mother go and rescind the Black Ball, but it's rare.

Another rite that I have long wished I could witness is the Rite of the Grand Dance. I am not entirely sure what this rite consists of, but I can make a few guesses. I believe it is some kind of costume ball for Bone Gnawers only. It has something to do with fantasy or science fiction. I know that a full orchestra is hired for each Grand Dance.

So, anyway, there I was, at a Bone Gnawer moot. Things progressed along the lines that most moots do, except the atmosphere was much more relaxed; there weren't many folks concerned about getting axed or killed off. In the city, everything is always business as usual.

Well, usually. This night, though, there was a lot of talk. Someone had been killing the sept's cubs — the Gnawers suspected a werewolf hunter named Samuel Haight, one the Silent Striders had heard was active in the Amazon. Others had heard that it was Lord Dread, a Sabbat werewolf hunter with a terrible Banesword.

I saw the active leadership of the Gnawers in action: the Mothers and Fathers ordered that teams of scouts be sent to the areas of the murders, there to interrogate the urban spirits and find out who was killing the cubs.

Their voices were harsh, their demeanor concerned, their manner quick and businesslike. They didn't even seem scared or worried. Later, I asked why. Rat's-Ass told me that it was bad form for a leader to show concern; it meant that she was worried about the outcome and not willing to trust in her packs. This surprised me; they seemed so practical, up-front and honest in all other matters — why not in their fear? Rat's-Ass said that fear was a real spirit to the Bone Gnawers. Once you let it get to you, you're doomed. You can't afford a second of fear when you might be fighting for your life at any moment. I had to agree, having seen the things I've seen in Manhattan.



Bone Gnawer Celebrations

"Play?" said Templeton, twirling his whiskers.

"Play? I hardly know the meaning of the word...I never do those things if I can avoid them. I prefer to spend my time eating, gnawing, spying and hiding. I am a glutton, but not a merry-maker."

— E.B. White, "Charlotte's Web"

(I talked to Francois laRoche, a Cajun Bone Gnawer Galliard from New Orleans. He wanted to talk about Bone Gnawer fun. Here's a transcript.)

It's true, cher, in the business of survival you don't get a day off! But still, sometimes, survival is more about keepin' your mind right than it is about keepin' your innards warm. So, sometimes, just sometimes mind you, we have fun. What do we do? Well, lemme see....

I remember one time we had an Old Dawg Ball, Le Grande Danse. That's when all the Gnawers in the area (from as far away as folks can hitch, run or Moon Bridge) get together and party. We spent three days getting ready: makin' costumes, building a still and gettin' it goin', and finding a good place. Then, on the night of the full moon, we brung out the buckets of moonshine, donned our cos-

tumes, and become all the local Garou for the night. One of us was elected Chief Muckety-Muck and dressed up like the local Caern Warder, and the rest of us adopted a hoity-toity local Garou to "become." Some of the more good-humored Garou from the area were invited, and the entire evening celebration ended in a full-blown, no-holds-barred, raucous revel, which left the Veil in tatters and caused the Silver Fangs indigestion for weeks on end.

One thing that's fun in New York is Subway Surfin'. We climb up on the catwalks and ledges over a subway station, just before a tunnel. Then we jump on the train, crouch down low and ride it as long as we can. It's fun! And it gets you places. Glabro form is good for this, but don't try to go to Crinos — you'll bend the roof!

Every spring, almost every Bone Gnawer city sponsors an annual Hide and Go Seek, open only to local Ahrouns of every tribe. One of the Grandfathers or Grandmothers brings out one or two ancient and valuable things, donating them to the hunt. The best Ragabash in the city then hides them in the most ingenious places. The Ahrouns have a full day and night to find the things, but on the morning of the second day, all bets are off. The winner of the contest is either the Ragabash who hid the things so well, or the Ahrouns who were smart (or persistent!) enough to find them.

I remember Runs-Without-Shoes, an Ahroun with a particularly masochistic bent, who was bound and determined to find a First Edition Elvis Collector's Plate, signed and numbered from the Jefferson Mint. The Grandpa gave it to ACME, a Ragabash with a reputation for extreme resourcefulness.

Runs-Without-Shoes tracked down the plate over fields of shattered glass, across parking lots filled with oily goo, and over sharp pointy gravel railbeds, finally arriving at the Municipal Police Stables. There, buried under a pile of the freshest manure, was the plate, which was none the worse for wear. Of course, the Ragabash had his fun: he had convinced the spirit of the manure to stick to the Ahroun's famous bare feet; the Ahroun was, for a time, renamed "Runs-Without-Friends."

In short, we play hard, but that's because our stakes are so big.

The Litany

("A Brief Report on the Various Violations of the Litany Witnessed by Anwar Huskar, Shadow Lord in service to the Concolation of Morningkill's Court.")

My Lords, I have the distinct displeasure to report a number of violations of the Litany by those we have come to know as Bone Gnawers. As you remember, it is by the Silver Fangs' grace that they are considered a tribe at all, instead of the positively Wyrms-riden, rag-tag mob that actually exists. During my time among them, I discovered that it was extremely difficult to gain an audience with their leaders or elders — in some cases, I wasn't entirely convinced that elders or leaders were available. Many times, I felt the Bone Gnawers were operating totally alone and without guidance from any higher source.

I submit this list of violations to you in hopes that you will find sufficient evidence to revoke the Bone Gnawers' rights as Garou and assign a team of Shadow Lord counselors to help them integrate into the society of the Garou in a more useful and productive fashion. I shall delineate their violations of the Litany one by one:

Garou Shall Not Mate with Garou

This element of the Litany is ignored with impunity. In fact, I found Bone Gnawer lovers on many occasions, charachs who openly adore each other, even in their moots. To my disgust, I found that the metis thus created are coddled and made to feel part of the tribe instead of being informed of their corrupted state. When I tried to discuss this topic with their chieftain, she produced her Garou husband and told me to do something that is highly improbable and not worthy of repeating in this report.

My lords, if nothing else, this one violation should certainly be enough to justify a purge of the Bone Gnawers. Unfortunately, I found a number of other Litany violations. It is no wonder that the Litany is rarely sung at Bone Gnawer moots; perhaps if it were, I would be writing a different report.

Combat the Wyrms Wherever It Dwells and Wherever It Breeds

Bone Gnawer cowardice is legendary, my lords. During the time I spent among the Bone Gnawers, I saw them interact with the Wyrms-riden Ratkin (yes, my lords, the wererats of old are still around) and several Leeches, including one foul individual named Tiffany who was clearly a vampire, for she had a monstrous countenance and scaly skin. Still, these Wyrmspawn were tolerated and even honored in the Gnawers' moots! The Gnawers are quite Wyrms-riden. I cannot stomach another hour in their presence.

Respect the Territory of Another

They seem to respect territory, although they are notorious thieves, milords. I have myself been thieved while under their hospitality: my Rolex watch was taken, along with my memory of it. I only remembered it when I left to go to the airport and looked at my wrist for the time. I have still not received it back, even after repeated requests that the sept give it up.

Accept an Honorable Surrender

This is a joke. I'm sure if someone were lowly enough to be defeated by Bone Gnawers, they may accept his surrender. I don't doubt, however, that they would constantly harry him from then on, as wild dogs and street mutts do after defeating an intruder.

Submission to Those of Higher Station

I cannot fault their outward demeanor in this particular area: truly, they do submit to one's rightful power. However, it is as if they do not truly respect that power and are only "going through the motions" of respect. They lick my boots and fawn, but when I am away, I find graffiti on the walls with my name on it. I feel that they take this part of the Litany about as seriously as they do the rest of it, and that we should take steps to show them true respect for us.

The First Share of the Kill for the Greatest in Station

When I was among them, they often complained bitterly when they were "forced" to supply me with sustenance for an evening. They loudly debated who would get what among the food-findings that had been gathered. Of course, they also took to describing in detail where they had gotten the food: out of this trash bin or that dirty cardboard box. So repulsed was I that I ordered my dinner from my car phone instead.

Respect for Those beneath Ye — All Are of Gaia.

Their cubs and their underlings know no rest, my lords. In order to maintain their paltry status in the tribe, they are

forced to work long hours hunting for food, breaking into secret warehouses and otherwise scavenging for the tribe. I feel that this in and of itself is a violation of this part of the Litany: they do not even train their children to read. And they certainly don't show respect to the other tribes who live near them. Oh, this is a terrible shame to behold, great Silver Fangs!

The Veil Shall Not Be Lifted

Often they wander about the city in their Lupus forms. I consider this a flagrant breach of the Veil. They may look like large dogs, but I fear that one day a passing biologist will notice their definite wolven features and become curious!

Do Not Suffer Thy People to Tend Thy Sickness

I understand that, in the past, it was the custom to euthanize all the elder Bone Gnawers before they became hazards to the tribe. But in these more fertile days, it seems that the custom is to make the eldest Bone Gnawers the leaders of the tribe. They even call them "Grandmothers" and "Grandfathers." I feel that they have learned special rites and Gifts to allow their elders to continue living. The few Grandmothers I've seen are reportedly 200 or more years old, and I cannot believe that they do not hinder the tribe when it comes time for a fight.

The Leader May Not Be Challenged during Wartime

Their leaders are never challenged, except perhaps through some strange, complex series of trading and material accumulation. I feel they have totally lost the understanding of what it means to be at war, and that they will continue to play their silly games of material exchange until the Wyrms eat us all!

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

I only wait, milords, for news to reach me of a Bone Gnawer desecrating a caern. Truly, they have no respect for the sacred sites. Surely, you can see from my report that they are not worthy to continue being recognized as a full tribe in the Nation of Garou.

My suggestion to you, milords, is that you authorize me to begin a systematic program of integration, with the Shadow Lords appointed custodians of the whole grouping. We shall take these Garou, reeducate them, and weed out the weakest and the most Wyrms-ridden. Soon we shall have a new tribe of Bone Lords who, alongside their patrons, will defeat the Wyrms and all of its manifestation with dispatch and great fervor.

I await your decision with the utmost in patience, humility and respect for your honored wisdom.

(Note, scribbled on the end: Hey, Bernie! Check this shit out! Oh well, looks like another great idea bites the dust. Could you see that this note is suitably shredded? That is, after ya finish laughin'? We want something to include with Milord Huskar's ashes. Thanks. — Moxie)

The Way of Rulership

Our elders are respected by us. You know why? Because, damn it, they can kick our lazy butts. Furthermore, they've been around the longest. That's what elder means. They've survived lotsa stuff that we only hear about. For a Bone Gnawer, just puttin' in another year of life means that you've got some sense in your head. Thing of it is, you don't get anywhere in the ladder of the Bone Gnawers by being stupid, and you don't get anywhere by being stingy. The more Gnawers you feed, the more points you get. The more Stuff ya got, the more people like you. That's the Bone Gnawer way.

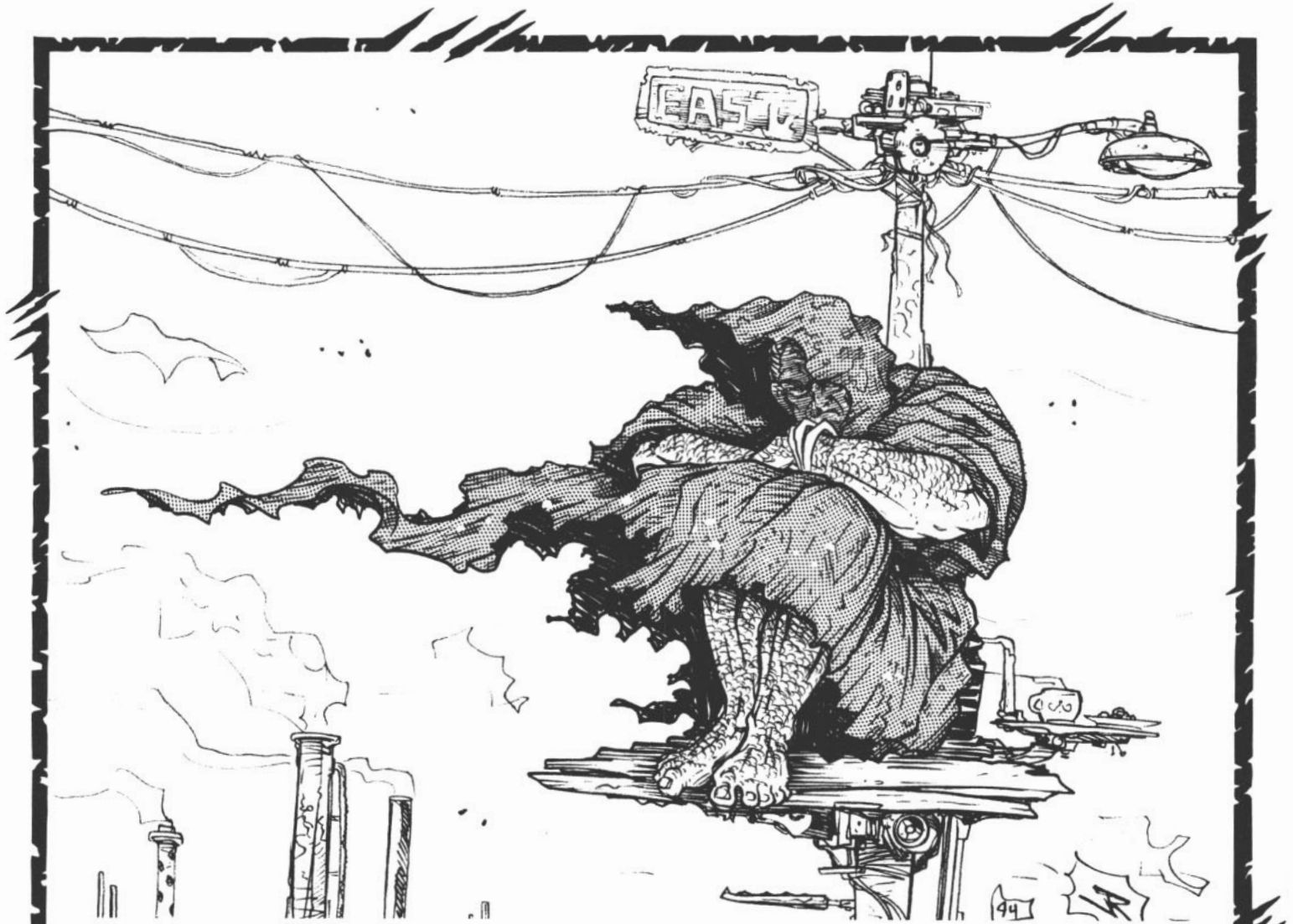
Zen and the Art of Stuff

What is "Stuff"? Well, it's a little better than shit, and it's a little worse than loot. It's Stuff. You know, neat things that don't necessarily have any innate value except...well...they're cool. Like this thing — a wrist-watch. Take away the fact that it's a Rolex, and it's shit. Take away the nifty engraving on the back — "To my darling J.T., with love, Shell" — and it's trash. If it worked, hell, it'd be loot, engravin' or no. I can tell you, any pawnshop on 42nd Street would take this off my hands if it worked. But it's pretty, and it's cool...and it's also Stuff. I guess Stuff is like porn — I don't know how to describe it, but I know it when I see it.

Our elders have the best Stuff. Of course, once you're an elder, folks start bringin' ya Stuff; when you're young you gotta scrounge for it. That's why most of us get off our butts and go runnin' around the world with other Garou: to find neat Stuff, bring it back to the ol' stompin' grounds, and set themselves up as the Satraps of 22nd Street.

Everybody Eats... Even If It Is Only Macaroni n' Cheez

You gotta feed people. This doesn't take much, just a little ingenuity, a lot of commandin' and a little bit of luck. The more folks you feed, the more you rise in respect. Pretty soon people are callin' you Momma or Poppa without you even realizin' it. Then you start callin' yourself Momma or Poppa, and before you know it, you're a bona-fide elder. That's how it happens. There ain't no great ceremony. There ain't no ticker-tape parade. It just happens. Happens by mutual agreement of every Bone Gnawer who knows you. If you got the title, you've earned it. Of course, there's always those who call themselves Momma or Poppa who



didn't earn it. Either those folks don't last very long or they actually start walkin' their talk.

That's it. Plain and simple. If a Momma tells you to do somethin', you do it, dammit, and don't ask questions. If a Poppa asks you to jump, you ask how high on the way up! But they'll protect you, keep you safe, and make sure that the jerks in the other tribes don't screw you over, and that's Gaia's truth.

Now, you might be thinkin' that means the Mommas and the Poppas are all big-muckety-mucks who push folks

around, and that ain't necessarily so. We have a mutual respect. We young 'uns give them our all, and the elders, well, they don't get on our backs at every little thing. They don't sweat the small stuff. But don't think they don't watch us, and don't think that they don't know what we do, just because they ain't callin' us down and makin' us toe the line every time we break a rule. They save their mighty wrath for the big deals, the really large screw-ups, and then — oooh baby! You don't wanna be around. You gonna wish your Momma weren't never born!



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Chapter Three: Gaia's Armpit

*Now we'll all be at his mercy
If he decides to hunt us down
'Cause there ain't no place to run to
Ain't no place to run.*

— Tracy Chapman, "Bang Bang Bang"

The Barrens: The Land the Triat Forgot

(I recorded a homily/poem the other day from the Right Reverend Doghouse, and I thought a transcription might tell ya how we feel about where we live.)

Look at this place! Just look at it! This is where we live, damn it! This is where our babies grow up! This is where our kids play! Look at this place! It's a shitpile!! It's full of disease, full of crap, full of drugs, full of death, full up! Blood, guts, pus, smack, crack, death! Look at it! It seethes up out of the ground, out of the potholes and the cracks in the sidewalk, like some ooze that soaks the city. All the animals, they all know — don't eat where you crap! But do we learn?? Do we learn anythin'? Here, Gaia! Have another bill-yon tons of CRAP! Mr. Trasha say, hey Gaia! Can you take this plastic crap a little longer? 'Cuz I gotta have a hot burger, and I gotta have a cold drink, and geez, I want it NOW! I'm gonna be late! Gotta go to work so's I can screw somebody outta their money! Gotta go to work so's I can

grab somebody's house! Gotta go into work cause geez! That's the system, and it's right. Hey!!! Trasha! You gonna tell me to get a job?

Hey, Mr. Trasha! You see me? You see my face? Look at me, man. Look at my face, just look at me. Look at this...neat scar, eh? You look scared. You should be. You could be me, man. You could be right here, wearin' this shitty overcoat, in jockey shorts you ain't changed in a month! Heh, don't think you couldn't be! One minute cock o' the walk, heh, next minute — a featha dusta! Oops! I think I hurt his feelins! I think I did. Boo hoo hoo. Boo hoo. Get outta my face, my space, you Trasha bastid!

Look, I don't tell this poetry just for my benefit. I don't say these words just to hear me howl. Look, I'm just dis guy, and all I wanna do is talk about what matters. I look inside, heh, and I see what's there, and I spit it out. I spit it out here at any o' you Trashas that'll listen. What I say is the truth,



that's all. The truth! How much do that cost, Mr. Trasha? You got that on ya Powerbook? Lemme see!

I'll tell ya, where Gaia don't shine, deep in the Barrens, deep in the middle o' noplance, that's what we got. That's where we rule. Deep where the cops don't go, and the average age of the average mother is 12 years old! Come up spittin' and swearin', you kids, you bastids o' the street! Those big boy rich Trashas, they ain't got noplance to run. Get yer knife, boys, get a big rock, get a shotgun. Let's go open a charge account at Tiffany's, heh. You know what I'm sayin'? Breakfast, anyone? Anyone breakfast? Hee hee, heh heh heh.

Hey, yah, I'll tell you what, I ain't angry that you got your money. I ain't pissed at you for that — you earned it didn't you? Worked at it, bled for it? I just wanna know — how did you get it? Did you suck it away, bit by bit, drop by drop, from some poor sucker? Or should I say, suckee? Did you hook into that heady hit of high-finance hemoglobin? You know, I used to know a few honest bucks. Had 'em in my wallet, talked to 'em from time to time. They knew a lot, those bucks. They had the number of the hotel room where all the bodies are buried. Do you got any honest bucks? Let me look. Come on, for a modest fee, I'll tell ya. Heh. Not interested? Don't surprise me none.

Thing is, there ain't no more honest bucks. You folks've gone and eaten them up. There ain't no bucks noplance that don't got some kind o' taint on 'em. Smell like sulfur and two-day-old blood.

As my precha say, "Love o' money is the root of all evil." Whom do you love, Trasha? Who is it? Ben Franklin? Abe Lincoln? Georgie-porgy? Well, hell, I just now talked to 'em, and they don't love you, Trasha! They keep talkin' about a government FOR the people, BY the people...and they ain't pleased.

In the Shadows of the Jungle Towers

(This here is from a talk I heard Sister Bonnie Belle give to some young ones. I thought it sums up stuff real well.)

You pups gather 'round here, 'cause I got somethin' to talk about. You've been chasin' your tails, askin' this question and that. And now, well, now is the time to tell ya what's what. First of all, you sharpnoses aren't fools — there *are* things out there. Things that are much less than human and much more than alive. There *are* such things as monsters. We live among them. We *are* them, to a certain way of thinkin'.

Now, I know you've been through a lot; the First Change ain't too fun no matter what the circumstances. But I gots to warn you. I gots to tell ya the truth, plain and simple. I know that the elders know much more than I about things, but they told me to tell you, 'cause I don't know any big secrets, and whatever I tell you, you need to know.

Bloodsuckers

Call me old, feeble and stupid, but let me tell you somethin' — there's a race out there, and they live right here in the city, and they're bloodsuckers. That's right, vampires. Vampires get together into groups, like gangs. Most of them are pretty tough cookies, although if you catch new vampires alone (I'll tell you how they get made another time) then you can probably take 'em. Just don't eat what you kill! They're foul things — of the Wyrms, mostly. Their blood tastes good, true, but it doesn't feed your soul anythin'. Let me tell you how to recognize the various kinds of 'em. First of all, you got the Brew-hah, and they are real mean, real quick, real strong, and are one of the most dangerous kinds. Watch out.

Then there's the Sewer Rats, and they're OK, even if they are a bit wicked at times. I keep trying to figure out how it is they look pretty one second and ugly the next, and how they poof out of sight, kind of like some Ragabash do. Then there's the High Class vampires; they love art (some of them get fascinated by it), and they's rich, and you gotta make sure never to look 'em straight in the eye — they'll screw you up. Then there's the Warlock vampires, and they know magic; they can make things catch on fire. Don't count on the stuff you learned from the matinees — it don't work. Except by sunlight and flame, vampires are practically kill-proof.

Some elders think that the vampires are responsible for the way things are, that it's their fault there's so many homeless folks, that their money-grubbin' power games have disenfranchised more poor than any government has. I don't know about that, although I do definitely know this: they've got lots of mind powers, and lots of magic powers, and you'd best stay away from them.

Mages

I don't know nothin' about wizards. All I know is what Rat tells me. She tells me that many of her children continuously get sacrificed to the Wyrms in needless experiments. Now, from what I can tell, she says that these experiments aren't just scientific ones; they're also magical experiments. I don't know what that means, friends, but I can tell you that some of our brothers and sisters have come out of those places, those mental health places and those biogenetics places, with lots of strange things in their heads and bodies.

There are supposedly shamans who watch out for the Garou, but I haven't met any. The only magic guy I know is this man folks call Bo. He's the wizard of Washington



Square Park. He sings and drums on plastic buckets and sells mary-wanna on the side, and he's a good sort. I've talked with him a few times, and he understands a lot more than I thought he would. He knows about the Umbra, for example, and about spirits. And you know what?? One time I was talkin' to him, and I was late for a subway, and he said to go down to the subway and wait, and another would be around really quick. I told him he was crazy, but sure 'nuff, there it was, the E train, five minutes late. I don't know if it was a coincidence or not, but I thought Bo had somethin' to do with it. He just smiled funny when I asked him about it.

I've heard tell of mages comin' into caerns and suckin' them dry just like a vampire drains blood, and for that reason we don't let any into our caerns, even if they smell nice. We don't let 'em know where they are, because once they've been someplace they can just "poof" back to it anytime.

Ratkin

A long, long time ago, Mother Rat birthed her own shapeshifters, rats who could take human shape. They first lived in Africa, then Bombay, then Singapore, then Sumatra, all around the world. Mother Rat says that Gaia meant for them to be the protectors of humans in the cities, 'cause they were suited to go there, and they knew just how much grain to eat in order to keep human populations from growin' too fast.

But the Silver Fangs didn't see things that way. They started the War of Rage, during which most of the Kin to the Rat were lost, especially their drummers and bards and storytellers, their Galliards as it were. Now there's only a scant few left, children mostly.

If you see one, or if one reveals himself to you, you better treat him with the utmost respect, as if he were your Grandma's Grandma. You better be nice and you better be helpful, or the elders'll have you shovelin' out the hovels!

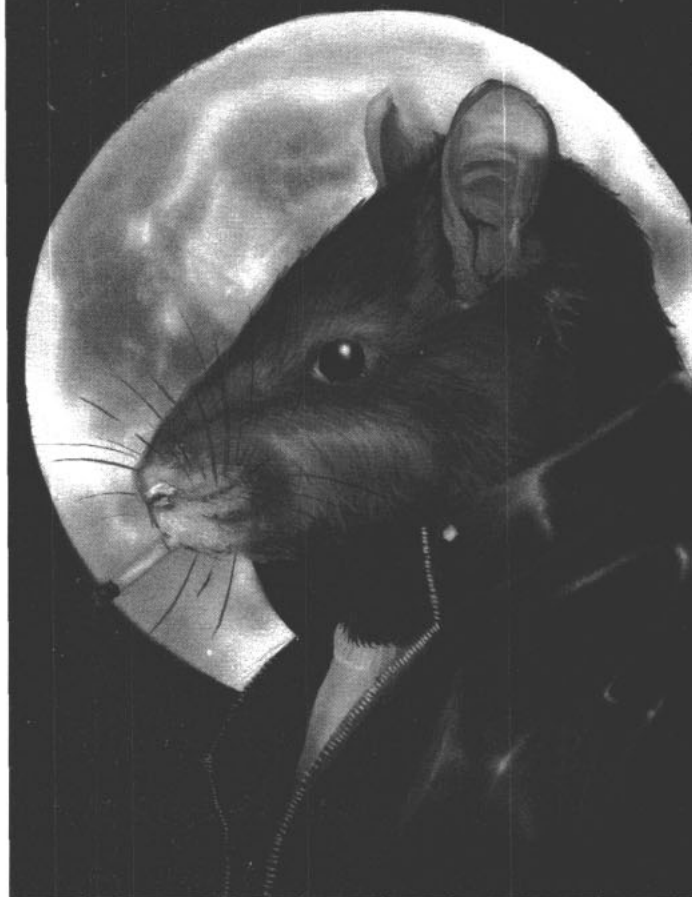
The Kin to the Rat deserve our respect. They also deserve our aid, help, advice and, to a certain extent, our obedience. They are connected with Rat completely, at all times.

The Ring of Shadows

Although the Bone Gnawers have neither central government nor central laws, there is a collection of elders served by a loyal band of Ratkin. This group is called the Ring of Shadows. Some claim that Ratkin, Nosferatu and other creatures of darkness are also part of the Ring. The Ring influences all Bone Gnawers everywhere and provides assistance to those Gnawers it feels need it. It is the closest thing to a higher authority that the Bone Gnawers possess. Members are marked with a circular black brand on their chest, and all of them are served by at least one or two Ratkin bodyguard/messengers.

Wraiths

There are secret things that dwell in the gloom that surrounds us. I can't tell you exactly what they are, but I can tell you this: many's the time I've gotten a funny feeling when I walked through Gresham Warehouse at three in the morning. That's because a young girl was raped and murdered there many years ago, and I think her ghost still hangs out there. One time I found her teddy bear in a trash can, and I burned it. For three nights afterward, I had nightmares about her, and I had to ask a spirit protector to stand and watch my dreams for me. After that, the nightmares went away, but every time I pass by that warehouse, I think about her. I swear, if I ever find out who did that to her, I'll throat him in a heartbeat and not think twice about the Ban of Man.



Around the World in 30 Days

(A travelogue by renowned Ragabash world-traveler Bonetrotter!)

Hey there! Geez, what a terrific surprise! You're actually tapin' this? You gonna put it in your book? Cool. Okay. Look, here's what I learned from my trip:

First of all, some general stuff. If you're travelin' by Moon Bridge, I recommend you go on a tradin' spree and get a whole bunch o' fetishes and talens from your buds. Just little crappy things that nobody wants, but ones that caerns will take as chiminage. You'd be surprised how many caerns are demandin' their share of the take these days.

Second of all, don't bother learnin' the language: every Garou speaks Garou no matter where ya go, although it took a long time for me to get used to the French and Russian Garou; they slur their u's and don't roll their arrrr's.

Third of all, don't worry 'bout where you're gonna sleep, because hey! You're a mutt! You can sleep anyplace. Just make sure all your important stuff is Dedicated to you, and you ain't got no worries, mate.

Folks, there are Bone Gnawers all around the world. I mean, every place I went, there we were, survivin'. And we aren't much different, really. We're all poor. We're all hungry. We all wear the latest in grunge fashion, wherever we live. It's surprising how little changes from Borneo to Baltimore, from Los Angeles to Labrador.

The Pros and Cons of Hitchhiking

Ever since the first Bone Gnawer caught a ride with a merchant caravan or stowed away aboard ship, the more travel-minded Bone Gnawers (of whom there are not too many; only Ragabashes and Galliards tend to wander) have maintained a tradition of hitchhiking wherever they wish to go. A hitchin' Gifts has been developed: The Ward of the Road (see Appendix One). Together with Blissful Ignorance, Cooking and Persuasion, these Gifts facilitate reasonably comfortable, if not luxurious, travel accommodations.

Mexico, South America and the Amazon

Well, kin, look, if you're travelin' down Mexico way, you'll find the biggest pile o' Bone Gnawers, poor folks, and nasty vampires that you've ever seen. If there ever were a Bone Gnawer country, Mexico would be it. But what you've got in Mexico is death, poverty, disease and all the discomforts of home piled on top of each other. Some of these folks would enjoy getting a cardboard box to sleep in. Some of these folks would love to have some bread to eat, or, wonder-of-wonders, some meat. I was nearly eaten myself when I ran into a strong group of Maneaters — not just Bone Gnawers, mind you, but some Red Talons and Get as well, who were just ticked off that I was gettin' into their business.

In the wilds of South America — well, folks, what can I tell ya? It's bad down there. I even hired a guide and made my way up the Amazon a bit to try and find the local equivalent of our Hillfolk, but all I could find were villagers and people unwilling to help me. It's war down there, and it's hell. It's funny, you know — the G.W. guy down there thinks that he has total authority to vote for us. Maybe we should get off our lazy butts and send someone down there; nobody's stickin' up for the poor folks there, and everyone's so high-and-mighty that they haven't noticed that they're destroyin' the balance of spirits in the area.

U.S.A.

Well, of course, in the good ol' USA, Bone Gnawers reign supreme. American Bone Gnawers are more scrappy than their European, Asian and South American brethren. Maybe it's because we got more rights as Garou here, or it could be somethin' to do with that old American Dream. I'm not sayin' we're better than they are, but for some reason we've had a say in the structure and fundamental values of this country, moreso than anyplace else. I guess it all goes back to the basis of democracy. Even if you're poor, you get a say in things. Well, sometimes....

Europe

In Europe, we're strongest in the big cities: Amsterdam, London, Paris, Venice, etc. But since the big migration during the '20s and '30s, there aren't that many Gnawers left in Europe. Those that are there are pretty set in their ways and unwillin' to change.

Africa

We're hyena-breed, some say. There're a few Bone Gnawers in Africa who live out on the plains, running with the hyenas. Certainly there are good ol' regular Bone Gnawers on the streets of Port Elizabeth in South Africa; they've been fighting apartheid for some time. I've heard rumors that there are some members of the Hood working in Somalia and other famine-stricken areas, helping to distribute food and keep hope alive. I don't know if it's true, but it'd be just like them.

Asia

The G.W.'s stronghold in Singapore is also one of our favorite places. I've heard of Brothers and Sisters in China, Vietnam and Korea, but I've never spoken to them. Word is they keep to themselves. I've also heard stories of other strange shapechangers over there, like werefoxes, and I don't rightly know what to think.

So, let me leave you with one last piece o' advice: the world may be a big, scary place, but it's our place. We got rights to it, see? Gaia gave it to all of us, so go out and stake a claim on what's yours.



Appendix One: Powers

Gifts

Nose of the Hungry Hound (Level One) — By spending a Willpower point and rolling Perception + Primal-Urge (difficulty 7), the Garou can hunt down the closest source of discarded, relatively disease-free food. The number of successes determines how much food is found. This Gift will not detect the hot dogs within a vendor's cart (unless that vendor would gladly give a wiener to a hungry mutt), but it would detect the bag of cheez-fries that accidentally dropped out of a passing car window. This is a Bone Gnawer version of the Lupus Gift: Sense Prey.

Find the Prize (Level Two) — The Garou employing this Gift closes her eyes and thinks about finding a thing of great value, either a specific item or a general class of things. She then spends a Gnosis point and rolls Perception + Enigmas (the difficulty depends on the rarity/uniqueness of the item

being sought). Each success on the roll gives one clue concerning the whereabouts of this item. The clue is decided by the Storyteller and must be worked into the story: "Turning the corner, you see an ad for the Hound Dog Cafe...perhaps the Elvis plate could be there?" Note that just because an item has been located does not mean it can be easily gotten.

Ward of the Road (Level Two) — This allows a Garou to leap from a quickly moving vehicle and remain undamaged. By spending one Willpower point and scoring at least one success on a Stamina + Survival roll (difficulty 6), the Garou takes no damage from the fall. If he fails, however, he takes full damage; if he botches, he takes double damage (he fell on his ankle, etc.). The Garou can also leap from tall buildings in this manner, but it requires one success per story to negate damage.

Rites

Rite of the Cardboard Palace

Level One

This rite transforms something as flimsy as a cardboard box into a decent place to sleep. The Garou must roll Intelligence + Survival (difficulty 6) to turn an ordinary shelter into a comfortable home for the night. The cardboard (or other material) becomes water-resistant and thermal-reflective, keeping those within warm and dry. This rite can be worked in full view of the mundane public without rending the Veil, and its effect lasts an entire night. It can also be performed on someone else's structure.

Rite of the Shopping Cart

Level Two

This rite expands the carrying space of any cargo-carrying device, making the inside larger than the outside. The Garou must roll Manipulation + Rituals (difficulty 7) and spend a Gnosis point. Ten pounds per success can be placed in the container. This rite must be renewed each week or the container will spill its excess baggage onto the street.

Rite of Man-Taint

Level Three

This rite is used to detect Maneaters among the Bone Gnawers. It must be used within seven days of when the suspect last ate human flesh, and the suspect can resist the rite by scoring five successes on a Willpower roll (difficulty 7). The rite causes every gobblet of human flesh consumed to spew from the suspect's body, either through the skin or mouth. Needless to say, this is a disgusting sight.

Fetishes

The Lost Keyring

Level 1, Gnosis 5

This fetish is a steel ring of about six inches in diameter, with hundreds of keys. By activating the fetish and rolling Perception + Repair (difficulty equal to the complexity of the lock), the Garou can find a key on the ring to open any desired lock. Unless immediately used, however, the key will be lost in the mass of keys. The key to virtually anything can be on this ring. This fetish does not protect against any security systems on the lock, such as electronic alarms or motion sensors.

Chuck Rock

Level 2, Gnosis 4

This is a rock from a demolished ghetto building. Its inherent Rage causes it to become a deadly weapon when thrown. By spending one Rage point and throwing it (Dexterity + Athletics; difficulty 5), the rock will do five dice plus the number of attack successes of damage. The rock is tough and will not break.

Susie's Dollar

Level 4, Gnosis 8

This coin magically changes for a limited time into one bill of variable denomination. The fetish can also be commanded to return to its owner (the one who activated it) from a distance. A Gnosis roll is required to activate either power; the effects are listed below:

To Change to:	Difficulty	Return Successes Needed
One Dollar	4	1
Five Dollars	5	2
Ten Dollars	6	3
Twenty Dollars	7	4
Fifty Dollars	8	5
One Hundred Dollars	9	6

Duration	Successes Needed
Five Minutes	1
30 Minutes	2
One Hour	3
One Day	4
One Month	5

Return Range	Difficulty
Same Room	4
Across the Street	5
Same City Block	6
Same Side of the City	7
Same City	8
Anywhere	9

When the time limit expires, the coin reverts to its original state and is easily lost in a pile of quarters.

Honest Buck

Level 3, Gnosis 6

This dollar bill has a spirit of Truth in it. Under the bill's pyramid is inscribed, "The Truth Will Make You Free" rather than "In God We Trust." By holding the buck (activating it) and showing it to someone, the fetish user can determine (Perception + Alertness; difficulty 6) whether someone is a greedy or cold-hearted person. Bone Gnawer Philodoxes use this fetish as a means to decide whether to accept a newcomer or not.

Gaia's Big Thumb

Level 2, Gnosis 5

This fetish looks like an oversized, mummified human thumb. By activating the fetish and rolling Perception + Streetwise (difficulty 8), the Garou can flag down passing transportation. Whether or not the transportation is going in an appropriate direction is another thing altogether, and depends on the number of successes: five successes indicate that the driver is willing to take the Garou all the way to his destination, while one success may require considerable detours and delays. This fetish does not protect the Garou once he is actually in the company of strangers.

Rover's Whistle

Level 2, Gnosis 4

Rover's Whistle, when blown, alerts all Garou within a city block, allowing them to locate the user. With a Charisma + Leadership roll (difficulty 5) it can also summon Kinfolk (provided the character has a Kinfolk Background). With a Charisma + Animal Ken roll (difficulty 6), the whistle can summon street dogs, which can be manipulated with further Charisma + Animal Ken rolls. The whistle hangs on a chain around the user's neck.

Totems

Totems of Wisdom

The Trash Heap

Background Cost: 4

The Trash Heap is an Incarna of garbage. It manifests as one or more piles of garbage; these heaps display individual personalities and contain psychic memories of the people, places and things with which the garbage was originally associated. Garou may ally with these individual heaps, which are representatives of the one true Heap. The Trash Heap is said to be connected to every inanimate object in the world, making it



nearly omniscient. The Trash Heap will answer one question per month posed to her by her Children. The Trash Heap is fond of having her Children sleep among her garbage, although even some Bone Gnawers are wary to do so.

The Trash Heap gives 500 Wisdom to Bone Gnawers who ally with her, but all other tribes lose 500 Wisdom if they associate with the Trash Heap.

Ban: Children of the Trash Heap must protect their individual heap and do her bidding.

Totems of Respect

The American Dream

Background Cost: 8

Only those born in the 1950s or 1960s can become Children of the American Dream. After the '60s, the American Dream stopped marking children as its own; prior to the '50s, the Dream was not powerful enough to mark its own. A child of the American Dream gains the following benefits: so long as he is in the United States of America, he never becomes lost. In addition, even if he is



abroad, the American people make an extra effort to help him. This is governed by the Storyteller, who may have Ma and Pa America show up just as the character is about to be thrown in jail, pay his bail, and give him enough money to buy a bus ticket back home. Difficulties involving interactions with public officials, government officials, or police — anyone who has sworn an oath to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America — are decreased by three.

The downside to this totem is that devotees must make a Stamina + Survival roll (difficulty 7) each month to avoid

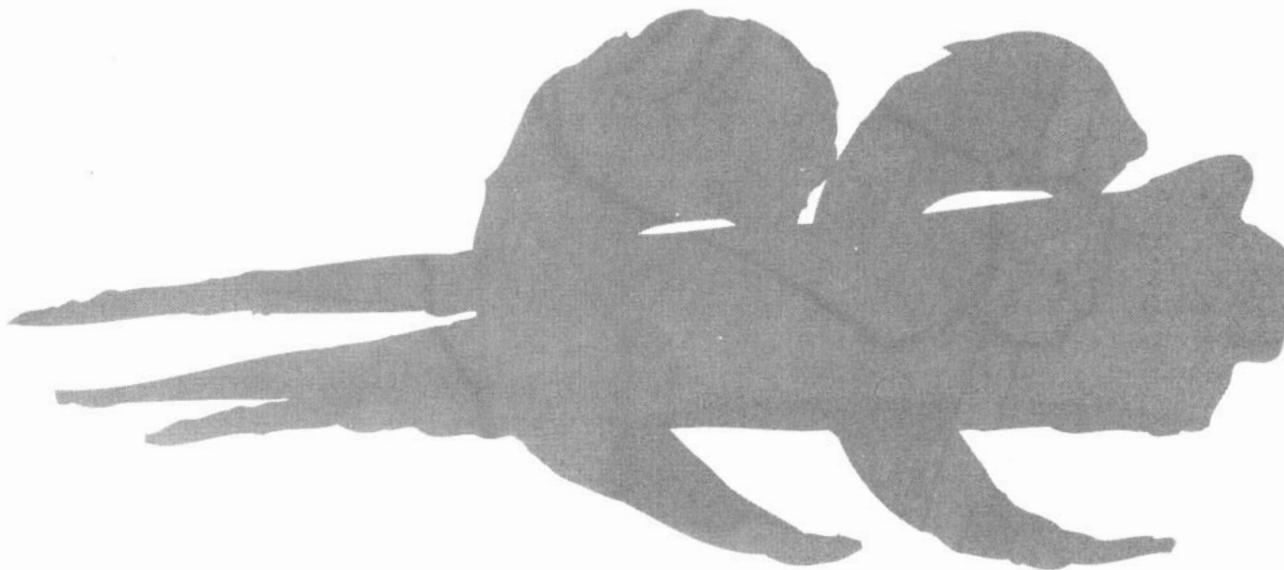
becoming instantly addicted to something of the Storyteller's choosing (television, beer, cigarettes, etc.). They also begin to adopt swaggering demeanors, tell other people what to do, and often cheat at cards, taxes and games. If devotees ever leave America, this effect increases, and only three successes are required to frenzy.

American Silver Fangs, Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers receive 1000 Honor when allying with this totem. Non-American Garou, especially Silver Fangs, Black Furies and Shadow Lords, lose 1000 Honor for alliances, and will be marked as potential problem cases.

Appendix Two: Bone Gnawer Templates

Bone Gnawers are a ragtag mob of quirky individuals. Though often stereotyped by their poor appearance, they're actually among the most diverse of tribes. About the only

traits ubiquitous among Bone Gnawers are bad hygiene, empty bank accounts and a bad-luck streak a mile long. Sound familiar?



Ragabash Rat Fink

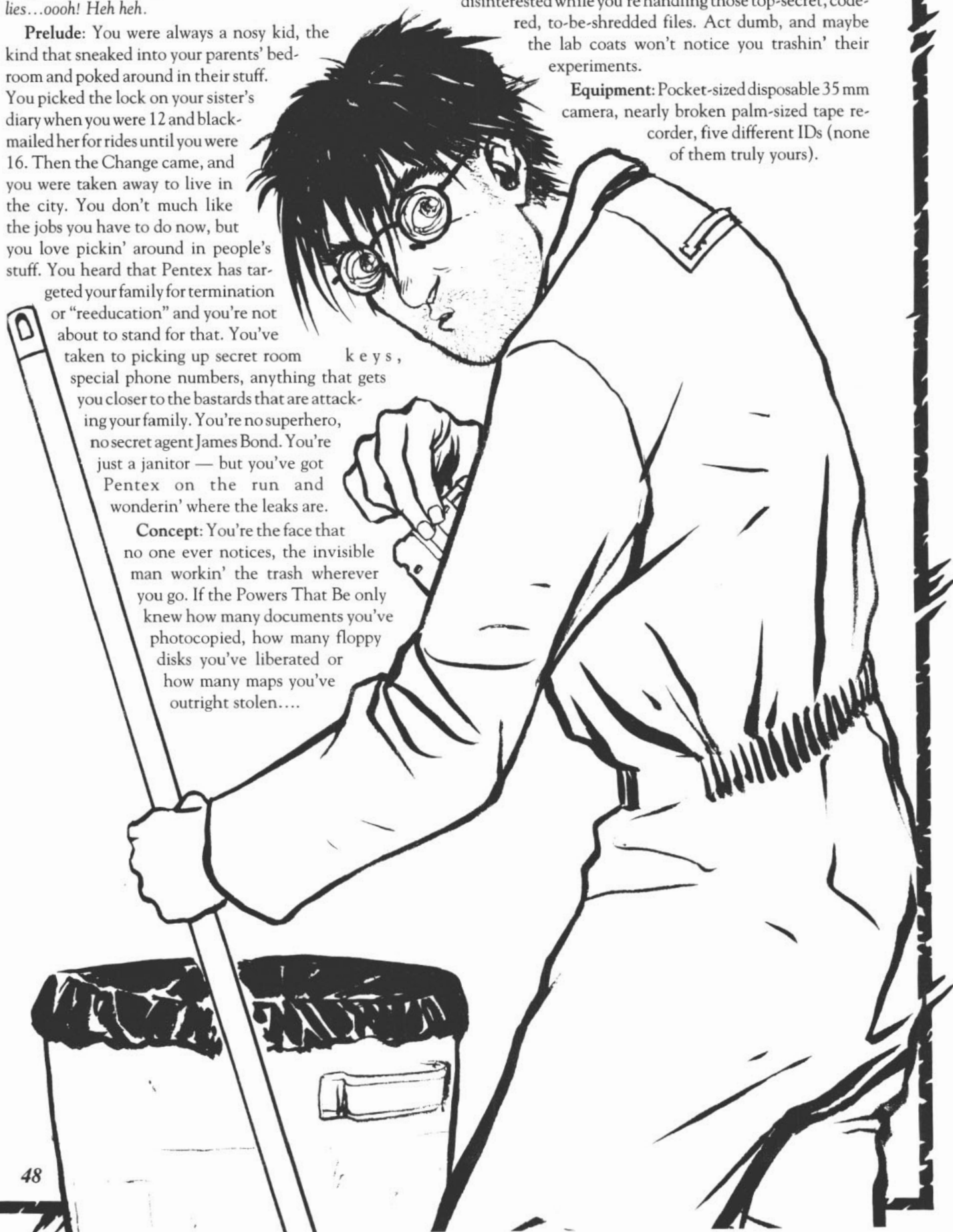
Quote: Heh, heh, heh...dirty little secrets, dirty little lies...oooh! Heh heh.

Prelude: You were always a nosy kid, the kind that sneaked into your parents' bedroom and poked around in their stuff. You picked the lock on your sister's diary when you were 12 and blackmailed her for rides until you were 16. Then the Change came, and you were taken away to live in the city. You don't much like the jobs you have to do now, but you love pickin' around in people's stuff. You heard that Pentex has targeted your family for termination or "reeducation" and you're not about to stand for that. You've taken to picking up secret room keys, special phone numbers, anything that gets you closer to the bastards that are attacking your family. You're no superhero, no secret agent James Bond. You're just a janitor — but you've got Pentex on the run and wonderin' where the leaks are.

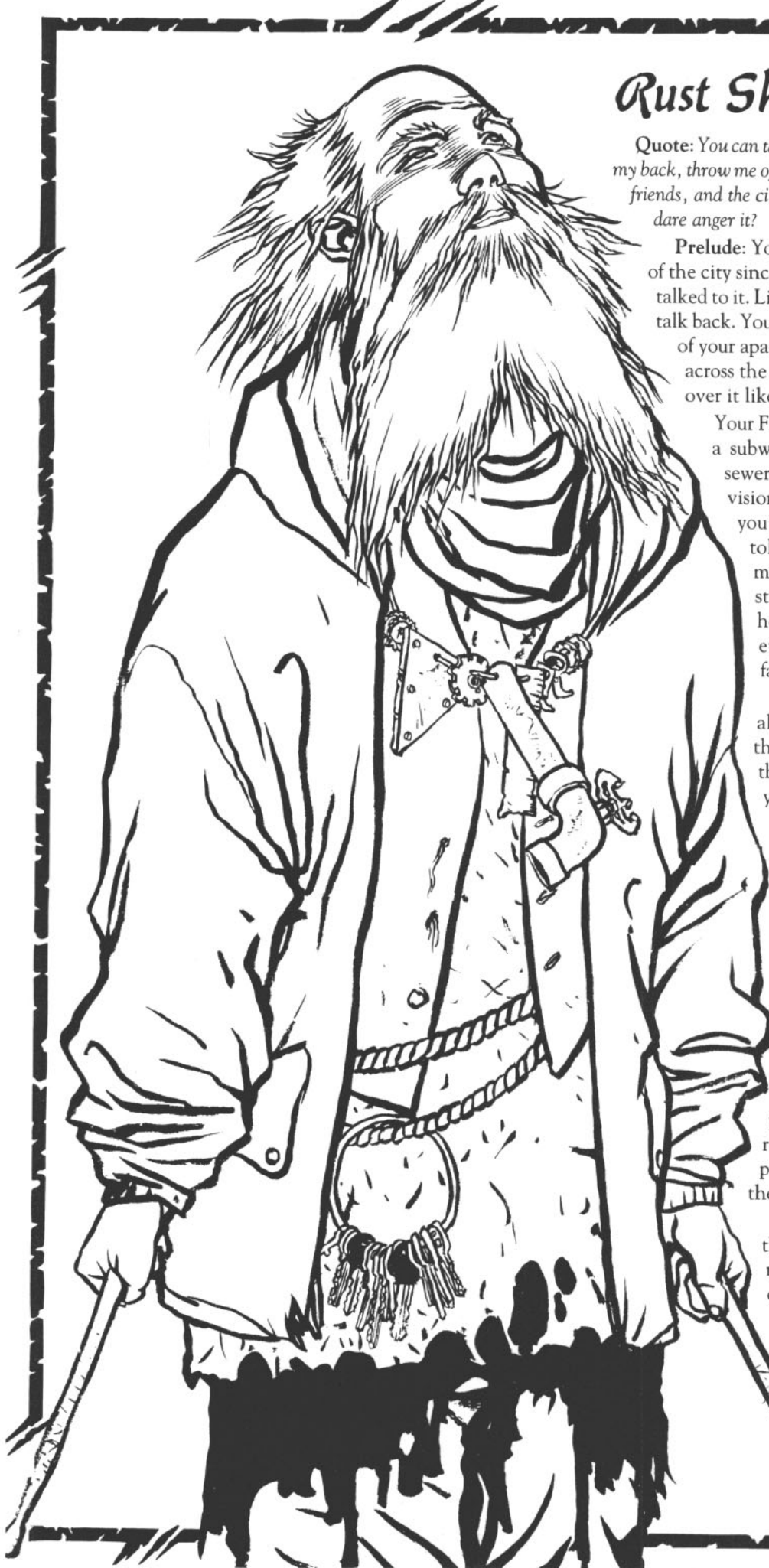
Concept: You're the face that no one ever notices, the invisible man workin' the trash wherever you go. If the Powers That Be only knew how many documents you've photocopied, how many floppy disks you've liberated or how many maps you've outright stolen....

Roleplaying Hints: You don't care much about how you look; they're just gonna give you a pair of coveralls anyway. But be careful of what you look at. You've gotta look disinterested while you're handling those top-secret, coded, to-be-shredded files. Act dumb, and maybe the lab coats won't notice you trashin' their experiments.

Equipment: Pocket-sized disposable 35 mm camera, nearly broken palm-sized tape recorder, five different IDs (none of them truly yours).



Attributes: 7/5/3 **Abilities:** 13/9/5 **Gifts:** 1 Level One from breed, auspice and tribe; **Backgrounds:** 5; **Freebie Points:** 15 (7/5/2/1)



Rust Shaman

Quote: You can take away my drum, chain my hands behind my back, throw me off my homeland, but the very streets are my friends, and the city towers like a giant next to you. Do you dare anger it?

Prelude: You have been able to hear the heartbeat of the city since the day you were born. You've always talked to it. Little did you know that one day it would talk back. You'd climb up on your balcony or the roof of your apartment building, and as you looked out across the city you'd see the city's spirit hovering over it like the early morning smog.

Your First Change occurred deep in the pits of a subway station, but you escaped into the sewers, where you went through a kind of visionquest. During the vision, Rat came to you and gave you the keys to the streets. She told you what spirit ran through each and made you her prophet. Now you walk the streets, telling everyone what the streets hold for them. You see the streets as eternal rivers of destiny on which the fate of the city flows.

Concept: Others think you don't have all your faculties. That's not true; it's just that you're listening to the street-spirits that cluster around you — and they like you! Your drumming and the primitive spirit rites you do in public often get you in trouble, but you don't care. You'll keep drumming if that's what it takes to follow your path.

Roleplaying Hints: Talk to cars, trucks, fireplugs, telephone booths, power poles, monuments, buildings, sidewalks, alleyways and anything else that looks like it needs a talking-to. You are smart enough to convince the cops you're not quite crazy. You're just another prophet in a world where prophets are regularly misused and misrepresented, and you know that most people don't share your fascination with the voices that talk to you.

Equipment: Large keyring with keys that open many things you don't quite remember, business cards, baseball cards, lint, crumpled pieces of paper, notes.

BONE CHAWERS™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Homid
Auspice: Theurge
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Rust Shaman

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

Allies 00000
Rites 00000
00000
00000
00000

Gifts

Smell of Man
Spirit Speech
Cooking

Gifts

Renown

Glory
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor
0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom
● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rage

● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ● ● 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

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

Weakness

+1 SOCIAL ROLL
DIFFICULTIES WITH
OTHER TRIBES

Vigilante Wolf

Quote: *What...do...you...think...you're...doing?? (crack!)*

Prelude: You were the baby of the family, the runt of the litter. Everyone assumed that you'd die first, being the weakest and the sickliest. Then a group of street punks found your birthing lair and decided to have some fun. Each and every one of your sisters and brothers was taken, one by one, and tortured in one manner or another. They were thrown under oncoming cars, dropped from the tops of buildings, or hung like grisly garlands from streetlights; every one of them was killed. Then they did something terrible to your Kinfolk mother, something you have trouble remembering but which still motivates you to this day. For some reason, the gang thought the way you cowered in the corner (all pale and pink and "runty" as they called you) was cute. They made a big mistake — they spared your life.

You grew up on the streets, but every time you thought yourself close to death, a friendly hand would take you, lead you indoors, and give you a warm place to sleep and food to eat. Soon you began to recognize the scent of these friendly folks — all of them belonged to the same pack, it seemed.

Your friends' hospitality, coupled with your own regimen, allowed you to become one of the larger dogs in the city. You eventually dominated all the

street dogs into serving you. That was when you went through your First Change. Alone on the streets, naked, you discovered that humans had a tendency toward torturing their own kind as well. It did not go well for your attackers, for you took the form of Rage and destroyed them.

Concept: You are a vigilante of the street. You've seen both sides of the Garou coin and you're familiar with what happens in the city. You're also familiar with what serves as justice, and you recognize that you're the only one that can bring swift retribution upon the heads of certain offenders. As a secret member of the Hood, you have made contact with other Gnawers who feel the same way you do.

Roleplaying

Notes: You do not threaten the Veil.

You wear a black trenchcoat that is Dedicated to you. You are equally at home in either Homid or Lupus form. You search the city, peering into humans' souls, judging their innocence and value based on what you know and what you hear from the Barking Chain.

You deliver justice at all times, and if you can help the weak against the violent, you do.

Equipment: Black fedora, trenchcoat, light pistol, handcuffs, matches.

BONE CHATTERS™

Name:

Player:

Chronicle:

Breed: Lupus

Auspice: Philodox

Camp: The Hood

Pack Name:

Pack Totem:

Concept: Vigilante Wolf

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ☐☐☐☐☐
Contacts ☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐

Gifts

Sense Wyrn
Truth of Gaia
Scent of Sweet Honey

Gifts

☐
☐
☐
☐
☐
☐

Renown

Glory
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Honor

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Wisdom

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rank

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Rage

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Gnosis

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Willpower

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐
☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

Health

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

Weakness

+1 SOCIAL ROLL
DIFFICULTIES WITH
OTHER TRIBES

Hillfolk Hitchhiker

Quote: Goin' my way?

Prelude: Your parents were migrant workers, poor folks who never had two pennies to rub together. You grew up with them, movin' from place to place. They showed you a lot of love. As a result, you never learned to hate.

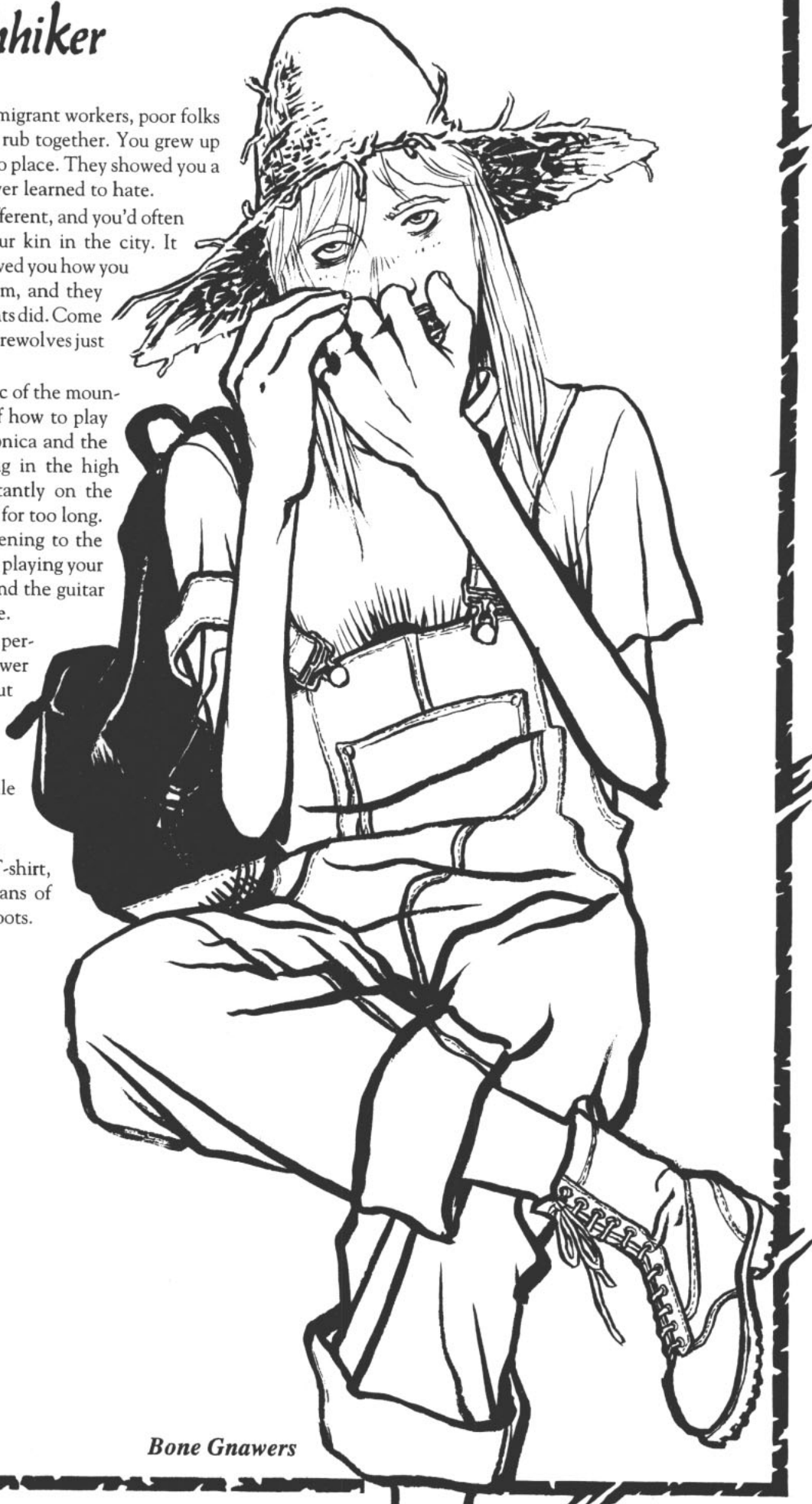
Your folks knew you were different, and you'd often spend fall and winter with your kin in the city. It wasn't too long before they showed you how you could change from form to form, and they accepted you just like your parents did. Come to find out, your parents were werewolves just like you! Imagine that.

Concept: You love the music of the mountain people and taught yourself how to play the fiddle, the harp, the harmonica and the guitar. You love to go howling in the high mountain places. You're constantly on the move, never staying in one city for too long. You travel hither and yon, listening to the music of people everywhere and playing your own songs. With your thumb and the guitar on your back, you'll go anyplace.

Roleplaying Notes: You are perhaps the friendliest Bone Gnawer you know. You grew up "po' but proud" and your demeanor should reflect that. You're good-humored to a fault, although when you do get mad your smile takes on a different glint.

Disfigurement: Loose Teeth

Equipment: Coveralls, white T-shirt, harmonica, road maps, three cans of cheap beer, backpack, hiking boots.



BONE CHAWERS™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Metis
Auspice: Galliard
Camp: Hillfolk

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Hillfolk Hitchhiker

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ●●●●●
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Create Element
Call of the Wyld
Cooking

Gifts

Renown

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

Rage

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

Health

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

Willpower

●●●●●○○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Weakness

+1 SOCIAL ROLL
DIFFICULTIES WITH
OTHER TRIBES

Rank
□□□□□□□□□□

Frankweiler Knight

Quote: *Hie thee, villain! Thou shalt get thy ass kicked!*

Prelude: You were literally born in a steamer trunk backstage at a production of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. You grew up in and around the theatre. When your parents fell on hard times, the Department of Family and Children Services assigned you to a foster home while they looked for better work. You were 13, and your First Change occurred while you were being taunted by the children for your manner of speaking. You erupted in a blind rage, shifted into Crinos, and left the room a bloody mess. Your Bone Gnawer kin took you

in after finding you shivering in an alleyway.

Concept: Now you are on the run. You've found a few places to hide; you spend most of your time in the theatres of the city, underneath the stage or in the upper catwalks, listening to rehearsals. Afterward you usually go to the museum—carefully avoiding the Kindred who sometimes visit there. You often put on a suit of armor, take down some knightly weapons, and practice your sword-fighting for an evening. After all, you must be ready when your skills as a warrior are called upon by the local Garou lords.

Roleplaying

Notes: Mix Shakespearean language with modern-day words. Address everyone as

"My Lady" or "My Lord." Observe a slightly modified, more realistic code of honor. You don't actually believe you're a Shakespearean warlord, but you do get into the fantasy so deeply that it is difficult for you to break out.

Equipment: Faded silk finery (stolen from a museum), book of Shakespeare's plays, broadsword, big black cloak (which keeps you from being arrested for carrying around the broadsword).



BONE CHATTERS™

Name:

Player:

Chronicle:

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Ahroun

Camp: Frankweiler

Pack Name:

Pack Totem:

Concept: Frankweiler-Knight

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

Allies ●●●●●
Contacts ●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●

Gifts

Persuasion
Inspiration
Cooking
●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●

Gifts

●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●
●●●●●

Renown

Glory

●●●●●
□□□□□

Honor

●●●●●
□□□□□

Wisdom

●●●●●
□□□□□

Rank

□□□□□

Rage

●●●●●
□□□□□

Gnosis

●●●●●
□□□□□

Willpower

●●●●●
□□□□□

Health

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

Weakness

+1 SOCIAL ROLL
DIFFICULTIES WITH
OTHER TRIBES

Appendix Three: Lifestyles of the Poor and Forgotten

(Excerpts from a tape made at Great-Grandmother Charity's bedside. Gaia has since taken her to a much better place.)

You know, Shakespeare me lad, you've got to know. So many of our elders have been lost to history, boy. The Galliards of the other tribes don't sing our songs; that's why you and your kind, you Rust Dancers, you've gotta be out there spreadin' the true word. Our famous folks will be forgotten, and that's no good.

Every night you gots to tell the tales, so's the little ones can hear and 'member. Strong Henry, Auntie Mame, Mrs. Preston — strong Gnawers. Good Gnawers. Listen to their stories.

Auntie Mame

Auntie Mame was a French Bone Gnawer who rode across the Atlantic as a stowaway with some French colonists. She migrated down South, ending up in Charleston, where she set to doin' the job she'd trained for all her life — she was a lady of the evenin'. Pretty soon, probably because of her wolfish good looks and reasonable rates, Auntie Mame was able to move into a house and start a business out of it. Her boarding house was little more than a brothel! But she was good-hearted. She didn't like the British, not one bit, and that was that. So when she heard that there was to be a revolution, she helped the boys out. She let them hide their guns and spies in her basement.

Auntie Mame's house, affectionately called the Rabbit Ranch, actually took up an area of three townhouses in downtown Charleston. It was something of a ramshackle, possibly the single most cluttered (but clean!) whorehouse in all of history. Tunnels, secret doors, sliding panels and false doors were all over the place — well, you can't be too careful. Only the girls who worked the House knew some of the secret ways, and none of them knew all of them. Only Mame. She knew that place so well she could be in two places at once if she had to.

Mame was a Rat Fink from way back. She spied for the Yankees during the Civil War — she was a regular Mata Hari. But she was always on the Garou's side and would do anything to help out a Garou, no matter what tribe he was in.

She is known as the prettiest Bone Gnawer woman ever, as well as one of the cleanest. Her generosity was legendary as well; she once fed 100 Bone Gnawers Thanksgiving dinner in her basement. The charitable trust she set up with the money she earned is still feeding hungry children today.

Mame lost everything soon after the Civil War. Sherman spared Charleston, but the locals must have suspected that Mame was a spy. Her house was torn down. She tried to move and get married to a nice man, but died in Chicago of a broken heart.



Strong Henry

There was once a big, black sonofabitch that worked on the railroad. He sweated buckets. He was the foulest thing you'd ever smell. And yet, he had hit that steel so many times that he'd grown to know its language. He talked with it. He sang to it as he rang the line with his big ol' hammer. Not one line of track Henry laid has ever gone warped or crooked. It stays straight because he scared it right into place.

He was a mountain of a man, but his aim was true and his heart was calm. He didn't give a damn about the pain or about the work. He was born to drive steel, born to break the rock and drive the stakes and ring the whole world with steel if that's what was wanted. When Henry got thirsty, he used to squeeze rocks and drink the juice. One day he beat the Sun's back instead of the other way around! His smell would precede him three days in advance, and the whole railroad crew could get to know how he was feelin' by scenting him out. One day he killed a rattlesnake just by lookin' at it! This man knew his business and was good at doin' it.

Yet the Wyrn, laughin' and grinnin', got the Weaver to come up with this thing, an awful thing that they said was gonna make ol' Henry obsolete. And this shushin', thuddin', growlin' thing was a Dragon of Steam, a great pick that ate logs and struck like a cobra against the rock, again and

again. That thing smelled foul, fouler even than Henry, and that was sayin' a lot. So they brought it out, and the Wyrn said, "Let's have a race — the Steam Dragon and Henry." And Henry said, "I don't race, but I'll do my job, with that thing or not. I may be just a man, but I'll win through. You'll see." Strong Henry was a Bone Gnawer, children. He was one of us. He just didn't go around showin' it, and he weren't about to let that steam thing beat him.

So you know what he did? He beat his heart against that mountain. He ran it right through. The crew that laid track behind him couldn't see his arms move: it was like a black wall of steel blurrin' in front of them. Good thing they didn't look too hard — they'd have seen somethin' they weren't ready for. Heh.

Strong Henry beat that thing. But then, well, his heart just gave out. His Rage was spent. He'd lost the wolf, and the wolf was the only thing keepin' him alive. But I'll tell you somethin', children — you can be sure that late at night, standin' out on the railyards, you can hear him howlin', howlin' in the darkness. They say that wherever steel's laid for track in the country, there's where you'll hear Henry's last howl. Who knows? Maybe you can talk to him one day. I have.



Mrs. Preston

But it doesn't always take brawn to get things done. Sometimes all it takes is a little know-how put in the right place at the right time. Take, for example, Mrs. Preston. She served for many years as an orderly in the White House — through three Presidents, starting with Hoover and ending with Truman. She was the one who thought of the W.P.A. and other programs; she encouraged Roosevelt to enter the War. She inspired the idea for the final version of the Invasion of Normandy. She warned against the Manhattan Project and advised Truman not to use Fat Man and Little Boy — he ignored her, of course. Damn fool.

Mrs. Preston was a long-time fixture in the President's office and, even though she was just an orderly, was always considered one of the family. She had a way of talking to the President, and it was known that she was a gold mine of information about the people who lived and worked on the Hill, because she heard all the dirt.

Mrs. Preston was a Grandma, but she never attended moots because she was always afraid J. Edgar was following her. And usually, he or his G-Men were. She knew secrets about him, but still couldn't break with the Litany and expose the rest of the Garou to possible attack. Still, she would often remind the President that it would help to meditate at the shrines of Jefferson and Lincoln, thereby gaining wisdom.

Mrs. Preston retired after Truman left office. Despite her highly placed position, she never was a Rat Fink, and has never betrayed a President's trust. She saw her advisory role as her sacred duty to Gaia. She lives in a townhouse in Georgetown these days, and has finally been able to go to moots. Since J. Edgar died, the G-Men found other suspects to follow. To this day, a letter from Mrs. Preston will get wheels turning in the White House.



Shakespeare

(Written by Tale-Nobody-Knows, a Stargazer Ragabash from Los Angeles, who threatened to beat me unless I put this in. His opinions are his own — and because he knows Kailindo, I guess that's the way they'll stay.)

Among the Wolves of the Rat I have met, the one I call Wisdom-with-Whiskers is perhaps the best of them all. I stand up for my friend because no one else will. He has helped many of the Garou and the People time and time again. He is a boon traveler, and the winds of fate blow him on his journeys.

He was born under the half moon in an alleyway outside the Morton Theatre in New York City, and has forever lived his life around the stage. He grew up in libraries, museums and theatres, listening to symphonies and opera, and watching ballet from the dark corners of a disused balcony.

He did not choose the path of introspection and meditation, much to the dismay of the Stargazers, who would have taken him. No, he was true to his Bone Gnawer nature and took on the task of going forth and educating all those he could. He has contributed much to Bone Gnawer society simply by traveling between its diverse regions — the same yet different in each city — and carrying word of them throughout the land. He is a one-man Johnny Appleseed — his stories spread seeds of new community and renewal in the towns through which he passes.

I've traveled with him often enough. He usually enters a city and makes friends with tribal elders there. Then, one by one, he takes street people, Bone Gnawers, and others. From these he creates a ragtag troupe of actors. He trains them himself, teaching them about the Bard and the street roots of theatre. When he leaves, he leaves behind new members of the Frankweilers.

Above all, Shakespeare is the gadfly, the asker-of-hard-questions, the incontrovertible evidence that the Bone Gnawers are not the tribe we think they are. Like them, we must learn to find treasures amongst the trash of the city, to discover the true worth of the Gnawers. Once we do, let the Wyrms tremble, and let the mighty take note: the Children of Rat will not be denied.



BONE CHAWERS™

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed:
Auspice:
Camp:

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept:

Attributes

Physical

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

Social

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

Mental

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

Abilities

Talents

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

Skills

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

Knowledge

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

Advantages

Backgrounds

○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○
○○○○○

Gifts

Gifts

Renown

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

Rage

○○○○○ ○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□
Gnosis
○○○○○ ○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Health

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

Willpower

○○○○○ ○○○○○
□□□□□□□□□□

Weakness

+1 SOCIAL ROLL
DIFFICULTIES WITH
OTHER TRIBES

Rank

Armor: _____

BONE CHAWERS™

Nature:

Demeanor:

Merits & Flaws

Merit	Type	Cost	Flaw	Type	Bonus

Expanded Background

Allies

Resources

Contacts

Kinfolk

Mentor

Pure Breed

Past Life

Pack Totem

Stuff

Gear (Carried) _____

Equipment (Owned) _____

Sept

Name _____

Caern Location _____

Level _____ Type _____

Totem _____

Leader _____

Experience

TOTAL:

Gained From: _____

TOTAL SPENT: _____

Spent On: _____

BONE GNATWERS™

History

Prelude

Description

Age _____
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Race _____
Nationality _____
Sex _____

	Height	Weight
Homid		
Glabro		
Crinos		
Hispo		
Lupus		

Battle Scars _____

Metis Deformity_____

Visuals

Pack Chart

Character Sketch

BONE GNAWERS

TRIBEBOOK



I roam the streets
lookin' for eats
I ain't no good
tough to beat when i'm in th' Hood

They says i'm a mutt
Kick me in the butt
Says i got fleas
I say Snoop Doggie Dogg's got nothin' on me

We're outlawin'
and we're Gnawin'
Bone after bone
we ain't gotta home

It's time to learn
time to turn
away from the trashes
make them burn

Burn the Wyrn
make it turn
back to its home
at last we got th' Bone

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- The history and culture of t
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- Five ready-to-play character

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