

# WOLFBANES

## VAE VICTIS

Welcome to the Winter Den, young Wolfbanes. Warm yourself by our fire.

Listen now as I tell you a story of the Wolfbane's ancient past, in the final days of the Venusian Crusade when the first Cardinal was at the height of His power. It is story of how the Wolfbanes came to be, and of how we got our battle cry.

Our people were the proudest and bravest of the Seenity's warriors on the green planet of Venus. Our pride and bravery did not earn for us a home among the planet's lush valleys. Instead, we founded our home upon a snow-swept mountain in the southern Ring of Winter. And we thanked the Serenity for His generosity.

Among our forefathers in that snowy waste was a leader and master swordman named Brannagh. This great man stood half a dozen hands above even the largest of Imperial's heroes, his hair a wild mane. It was the clans Brannagh and Gallagher and Dunsim and Mac Cullough who had proven hardy enough to take up the Serenity's challenge.

In those days, the Serenity's soldiers had carved a verdant paradise out of the McGuire Crater. Gardens and grasses grew in that warm oasis in the desert of snow. Brannagh and his fellow Clansmen could not live in this guarded comfort, such were their wild souls. Instead they chose to live like wolves, at the fringes of civilization.

In those days before the Corporations staked their claims and declared their territories, there was a beautiful city called Petragrad, just a few hundred miles away from McGuire Crater on the coast of the Southern Continent. Warm waters made Petragrad the most glorious city on the Southern Continent, equaled only by the McGuire Crater. But, alas, Petragrad was a city founded by the wealthy merchants of Bauhaus.

Hush, hush. Silence, I say! The Home builders were wealthy then, as they are now. This is how it is, and this is how it always shall be. But Brannagh and his men were about to make them a little less wealthy.

Shall I continue? That's better.

Brannagh and his Clansmen lived like wolves in the wilderness of the icy Southern Continent. Their packs were the first to discover the forces of the Dark Legion, so long a pox only upon the Northern Continent, had finally come the icy wastes. The horrible creatures poured out of the South Pole's Helstrom Mountains with no end in sight. Brannagh's wolves swore to protect all of humanity, and especially their beautiful McGuire Crater, from this new evil.

Brannagh himself was scanning in the pine forests when he heard the cry for help come over his radio. The city of Petragrad was beset by the Dark Legion and the effete Bauhausers were unable to defend themselves. The wily Brannagh had watched the Legionnaires for many months and knew how to defeat them, so he returned the plea for help and said, "My men are but a fortnight away. Pay us a pound of gold of every dead Legionnaire we deliver to your palace steps and we will save your city."

The Bauhausers readily accepted the offer, desperate to protect their cowardly hides. They believed Brannagh to be only a nameless mercenary.

Brannagh and the deadliest swordsmen among his Clans rode at top speed to Petragrad. They arrived well before a fortnight had passed.

The wolvern warriors came upon a scene of great destruction. The walls of the city had not yet fallen, but many Bauhausers lay dead all about the perimeter of the city. Among the corpses were encamped a thousand -nay, ten thousand - foul Legionnaires, led by the evil Nepharite Colzras.

Brannagh waited until the Legionnaires gathered around Colzras to receive their orders, as he knew they must do every day, for Legionnaires lack human intelligence. As the Legionnaires gathered in preparation for one last assault against Petragrad, Brannagh and his men stormed forth from the surrounding wood, mighty weapons blazing. It took only three Clansmen to fell the Nepharite, leaving the Legionnaires in disarray.

Brannagh's wolves tore into the Legionnaires, rending heads and limbs with their flashing blades. The battle is said to have lasted until sunset, such was the great quantity of death that had to be dealt. If these early Wolfbanes were anything like our fine warriors today, the battle surely would have been won within the hour.

The field ankle-deep with the corrupted blood of the Legionnaires, Brannagh and his men went forth into the city. As they entered, they saw much destruction had been dealt prior to their arrival. Petragrad would have surely fallen that very morning. What haunted Brannagh the most, it has been said, was the complete absence of even a cursory guard in the city.

And they came upon the Richthausen Eyrie, the palace of the Bauhauser family charged with guarding the city. They entered unhindered and discovered the cowardly Home Builders had locked themselves in the Palace's highest tower.

"We have saved your city," Brannagh stated as he rapped at the tower door.

"Then we shall pay you, mercenary," came a voice from beyond the door. The coward let Brannagh and his men into their inner sanctum.

Now you must understand that the Bauhaus merchants were none too excited about paying such a great sum as had been promised in their hour of greatest need. Reluctantly, Richthausen moneylenders brought forth their scales and tables. Time passed, but the Bauhausers did not produce the gold that Brannagh was owed. He demanded an explanation.

"You wish to be paid one pound of gold for every Legionnaire you deliver to our doorstep, yet you have brought no bodies to us," said the moneylenders. "How are we to know precisely how much to pay?"

Rage welled up within Brannagh, but he knew that Bauhausers were not trustworthy. "You can look out your city gate and count them yourself, Bauhauser," he growled. "Perhaps you could send your city guard to count for you."

The Richthausen moneylender shook his head. "Nay, we cannot do that, for our forces are this very day storming the McGuire Crater. It shall be ours by nightfall, and then we can pay you ten times over with Imperial booty. But you would have no understanding of such things, mercenary."

Brannagh at that moment discovered the true soul of the wolf within. "We are not mercenaries, you fool. We are Imperial's finest warriors!"

And Brannagh grabbed the moneylender by the collar, barely able to control the animal rage behind his eyes. "Now it's time to pay up, you bastard," he uttered, throwing his mighty Claymore upon the scales.

"Vae Victis!" Brannagh bellowed to his men. "Woe to the defeated!"

The Wolfbanes burned Petragrad to the ground that day, taking all the loot they could carry. To this day, the gold torcs worn by our Chieftains are still made from the gold rightfully paid to the Wolfbanes, scarcely repaying the blood and death they would find upon returning to the McGuire Crater.

This is the story as told to me by the Elder Wolf, and as told by his Elder Wolf, and by Elder Wolves since the first Year of the Cardinal. Carry it with you and let it warm you at night.

-told by Taliesin Mac Dennehey,  
formerly of Clan Mac Dennehey,  
now Elder Wolf of the Great Wolfbane Pack,  
speaking to the Pack in the Winter Den, somewhere in the southern hemisphere, Ganymede

Excerpts from the pages 2 to 9, 18 to 22 and 94 to 95 Warzone 3rd Compendium the Casualties of War.

Conversion from the following games : Werewolf the Wild West and Dark Ages.

Excerpts from the pages 60-62 Mishima Sourcebook.

You must have access to the Imperial Sourcebook for full comprehension and wolfbane character creation.

# WOLFBANESOCIETY

The Wolfbanes are among humanity's greatest warriors of all time. Comprised entirely of clansmen and women who have renounced their clan names, these warriors fight for the glory of their Pack and the Imperial corporation. It happens from time to time that they join forces with other corporations as well, if the price and the stakes are right, but never would they fight for money unless it also furthered the causes of Her Serenity. Their reputation as being mercenaries is thus incorrect.

The Wolfbanes are sponsored by Clan MacGuire, but in the spirit of their founding, their service to that clan is in name only. Lady Madeleine MacGuire calls herself *ælgænor*, or supreme commander, of the Wolfbanes, but they swear true loyalty only to the Elder Wolf of the Winter Den.

Wolfbanes are almost mythic warriors in the Mutant Chronicles universe, and with good reason. They have defeated numerous Dark Legion forces, often single-handedly. They have taken on enemy corporate forces twice their size and emerged victorious. Wolfbane heroes are on every planet occupied by humans.

Their society is a study in extremes. Wolfbane artisans create some of the most intricate and beautiful jewelry, swords and armor - even their vehicles exhibit a personal touch that smacks of perfection. At the other extreme, their bloodthirsty warriors behead their enemies, displaying their oil-preserved heads over doorways and in great halls. Clearly the soul of the Wolfbane is capable of great sensitivity and great violence.

## INITIATION RITES

No warrior is born a Wolfbane. Men and women from across space, alienated from their clans yet devoted to a life of service for Imperial, seek the Wolfbanes' Winter Den. Few are selected to join.

The first requirement is that the warrior renounce all clan connections. They must serve only the Wolfbanes, and must do so with a clear conscience. The Wolfbanes often accept missions for reasons individual warriors might not understand. But they must accept the wisdom of the Elders and trust that, ultimately, the Wolfbanes serve themselves, the Imperial Corporation, and the Cardinal Himself.

The second requirement is that the warrior must triumph during rigorous physical trials. Whether man or woman, every initiate must be able to run in full battle dress, bench press their own weight, deadlift three other initiates (all of whom are tied together with a thick rope), and withstand the pain of a white-hot brand. All initiates who pass the second requirement receive the first half of the Wolfbane Brand, an image of the Clansman Claymore. Those who eventually are welcomed into the Wolfbanes' ranks receive the second half, the superimposed skull.

Most importantly, they must perform these tasks with no outside help: no drugs, no cybernetics. The Wolfbanes are particularly suspicious of anyone who has allowed his or her body to be implanted with high-tech gizmos. They consider such technology tainted by Darkness and an invitation to disaster.

The third and, to the Wolfbanes, most important requirement is that the initiate swear secrecy to all he or she sees or hears. The Wolfbanes' mystical rites are ancient secrets. Even though they fight in the name of Her Imperial Serenity and the Cardinal, the Brotherhood might consider some Wolfbane practices heresy.

If the initiate passes these requirements, he or she swears fealty to the Pack Elders and becomes a Wolfbairn. The older Wolfbanes call the 'bairns "Cubs," even though they were all cubs once. The Wolfbairn are assigned to a Chieftain who teaches the cubs how to live as Wolfbanes live. Most Chieftains abuse their Wolfbairn, because they don't want their ranks corrupted by weakness.

After a few years as a Wolfbairn (assuming they survive their trials) the initiates become Wolfbanes and are granted the second half of their brand. This time around, it's a great party and the Pack members drink themselves into a stupor. When they wake up, the initiates are often surprised to find not only their full Wolfbane brand, but other miscellaneous "graffiti" branded all over their body.

## CAERNS

Within the Solar System's mantle exist wellsprings of mystical energy, places where mystical power shines. These special places are sacred to Wolfbanes, and they are where they build their shrines. Known as caerns, these places can take many forms. Strange rock formations, asteroid, mountaintops, hot springs and geysers, red wood forests and underground caves all serve this function in human worlds. Sometimes, the power comes through in less-obvious places, such as in the desert or atop a lonely butte set amid 12 more just like it. It is not the physical configuration that is important, rather the energy found within.

Caerns serve as a central focus for Wolfbane life, taking the place of the homestead or lair so important to their relatives. Wolfbanes draw their spiritual power from the the Light residing in their caerns. Thus, protecting a caern from harm by the outside world constitutes one of their primary duties. Some wolfbanes permanently reside within or in proximity to the particular caerns they guard. All Wolfbane, whether or not they choose to live at a caern, pay re-

gular visits to the caern nearest them and reestablish their commitment to Light. Caerns serve as meeting places, sites for worship and as graves for fallen heroes. Many older wolfbanes prefer to die within the embrace of a caern, giving their bodies back to the earth and anchoring their spirits to Wolfbane's holy ground.

Most packs possess their own caerns, though a few communal caerns exist. Exclusive caerns are just that ; Wolfbane who do not belong to the pack claiming the sacred ground are not welcome within its bounds. In the deserts of Mars, caern rights and their inviolability are major issues as the martian Wolfbane find their places of power usurped by the unrushing wave of exterior Wolfbane. As always, there are at least two sides to the problem of caerns. The Wolfbane who left their caerns back in space for the striffen Mars need to find places where they can accomplish their rites, even if it means impinging on caerns already claimed by others. In some cases, the results prove disastrous, with wars fought over who has right to which caern.

Towns are occasionally built on or near existing caerns, and colony companies (seeking the straightest path) tunnel through or cross over caerns that are in their way. This destroys most sites, but a few retain their energy. Urban caerns are often claimed by Iron Riders or Bone Gnawers, the two packs who are most comfortable in cities. Corporates operatives usually give such oases of power a wide berth, as these places make them feel uneasy (often for no apparent reason). Such sites are usually dismissed as "haints."

## THE LITANY

Although wolfbanes acknowledge few corporate laws as binding, they keep their own code of strictures, a code that has endured the passage of millennia. The ancient precepts that govern the lives of all Wolfbane, regardless of pack, form the song of songs that lies at the heart of the relationship between Light and its chosen warriors. More than a simple recitation of laws, the Litany encompasses what it means to be Wolfbane.

- Combat the Darkness wherever it dwells and whenever it breeds
- Respect the territory of another
- Accept an honorable surrender
- Submission to those of higher station
- The first share of the kill for the greatest in station
- Respect for those beneath you all are of gaia
- The veil shall not be lifted
- Do not suffer the people to tend the sickness
- The leader may be challenged at any time during peace
- The leader may not be challenged during wartime
- You shall take no action that causes a caern to be violated

## JUSTICE

The Litany provides a basic structure of "laws," and most Wolfbane adhere to these precepts most of the time. Elders issue strong warnings to young Wolfbane who break minor rules. More serious infractions may be subject to the "law of the claw," in which members of the sept make their displeasure known or bring offenders before a Philodox for judgment.

Philodox rule on transgressions of every kind, whether involving the Litany or simple disagreements between two (or more) Wolfbane. Duels and ritual combat or contests remain the most popular methods to settle disputes. When serious violations of the law occur, justice usually follows swiftly.

The administration of punishments for crimes or redress of grievances differs from pack to pack, but bears little resemblance to the complex legal protocol that corporations seem to enjoy. The warlike Fenrir settle most of their disputes through trial by combat; where crimes against the Litany are involved, these "combats" pit the accused against most of the warriors of the pack, thus insuring that Wolfbane criminals rarely survive their trials.

Fianna employ combat as well as other challenges to determine justice. The Bone Gnawers stand less on ceremony and often make judgments based on expediency. Iron Riders hold court trials that resemble those of corporatist origin. The Children of Imperial adhere to the process of mediation. The Silver Fangs' trials contain many apparently trivial formalities, while the Silent Striders waste no time in bringing justice to bear. Possibly the most frightening judges come from the Shadow Lords, who possess some of the most extreme and fearsome methods of determining guilt and exacting punishment of any Wolfbane. What's more, a camp of Shadow Lord Philodox known only as the Judges of Doom wander the deserts of Mars, bringing law and punishment to offenders of all packs.

Running away from judgment is seen as proof of guilt, and Wolfbane Elders often send young Wolfbane as bounty hunters charged with bringing back guilty parties, "dead or alive." Incentives in the form of fetishes or knowledge (or, in the case of the Iron Riders, money), encourage some Wolfbane to take on the roles of bounty hunters as full-time occupations. These traveling administrators of Her Serenity's swift justice often assume mythic proportions, adding to the growing legends of the "lone wolf."

## ORGANIZATION AND POWER STRUCTURES

Among the Wolfbane, the importance of hierarchy and social standing forms an innate part of psychological makeup. Like their wolf kin, much of their sense of belonging comes with knowing just where they stand in relation to their septmates and other members of their packs. Within each group (whether sept or pack), a pecking order soon establishes itself, with leadership going to the Wolfbane who claims and maintains the position of alpha.

But the packs often use quite different (and sometimes savage) methods of choosing their leaders. Some, like the Fenrir, prefer to battle for the position, while others acknowledge the "divine right" of the pure blood (Silver Fangs) or honor those of great wisdom and cunning. Most Wolfbane use the system of Renown to judge candidates' worth, channeling aggression into acceptable directions and making certain that leaders follow the Litany and possess the qualities needed to guide groups. Many lesser positions within a group also exist, allowing underlings more scope for their talents rather than simply being followers. Because their spirit are part wolf, most Wolfbane are content to take these lesser roles, for they are necessary for the continuation of the group and provide chances for them to win honor for their wisdom, chivalry, insight and cunning.

Leadership is not static. During wartime, no one is allowed to challenge the leader, but when peace reigns, such constraints do not exist. Wolfbanes may challenge and defeat their leaders in many areas, not just the arena of battle. When a situation calls for diplomatic acumen, a Wolfbane who excels in such may successfully challenge the current Ahroun leader for the right to act as alpha. Later, if knowledge of the Darkness becomes vital to a sept's survival, a cunning Theurge may step forward and prove herself more fit to lead than the diplomatic Philodox. In theory, Wolfbane social structures enable the best individual for any given task to assume leadership when necessary.

This hierarchy is integral to Wolfbane nature. Few find fault with it or feel uncomfortable with the idea of Ranks and dominance. Indeed, the Litany reinforces the idea of respect toward those of higher station. A few Wolfbane packs don't adhere as closely to this step ladder social system. Silent Striders care less about hierarchy and more about individual enlightenment than do most Wolfbane, while the Iron Riders have adopted the more egalitarian viewpoints that are gaining popularity in the world at large and in America in particular. The Bone Gnawers see hierarchy as a joke; Rank matters little to those at the bottom of the heap.

## POLITICS

For as long as they have existed, Wolfbane have abided by a simple rule: Leadership goes to the best in any given situation, and the rest of the group follows her counsel without question. The arcane politics practiced by corporations and other complex social groups are almost unknown to the Wolfbane (with the exception of the Shadow Lords, who have always been schemers and plotters at heart). In general, Wolfbane deal with internal and external matters in a forthright, instinctual manner.

The clash of cultures between Asteroid belt Wolfbane and their Martian cousins, however, forces the Wolfbane head first into the political arena. As the Fianna, Fenrir, Silver Fangs and other non-Martian Wolfbane seek to establish their claims to the wild southern deserts, they find themselves in competition not only with each other, but with the martian Red Talons. A strange phenomenon has also emerged, which pits Elders against their own tribal youth. Curiously, among the Asteroid belt Wolfbane, while Elders push for taking over lands and caerns they need, claiming their ways are superior and shoving martian wolfbanes further west and into less productive areas, youngsters question not only their right to do so, but whether such actions are honorable.

Conversely, among the Martian Ones, the chiefs counsel patience and forbearance, seeking accord, reconciliation and treaties with the newcomers while their young hotheads cause trouble and raid the invaders as if daring them to do something about it. Councils among both groups have become strained affairs in which younglings no longer listen respectfully to Elders, but speak their minds and sometimes disrupt proceedings. When they are reprimanded and punished for their lack of respect, some acquiesce; others merely become more rebellious, even if they have learned the value of silence and secrecy.

Whether the Wolfbane can survive this breakdown of their political affairs remains to be seen. However, in a few places multitribal septs are forming, sometimes with Martian Ones and Asteroid belt cubs standing side-by-side. Although some septs scorn these septs as "impure" or "foolhardy," the fact remains that the Dark Legion cannot be faced alone by any pack.

## DOMINANCE

Establishing dominance comes as naturally to Wolfbane as to their wolf kin. When two Wolfbane of very different Rank or Renown interact, their respective status is always apparent. Pups seeking to make a name for themselves might challenge ones of higher Rank, but the more established Wolfbane is under no obligation to accept—and is often prohibited from doing so by custom, since it is a given that the stronger Wolfbane will invariably win. Such interactions do not call for establishing dominance. When Wolfbane of roughly equal status both claim dominance, however, the superior must be decided. Since Wolfbane hierarchy depends on clear-cut lines between leaders and followers, an elaborate protocol arises whereby disputes over the fitness of any Wolfbane to lead are resolved easily. In most cases, one of three major ways of testing

dominance suffices: the facedown, the duel or the game.

The facedown pits the opposing wills of the Wolfbane. More than a simple staring contest, it involves focusing all of personal will, self-esteem, charisma and bravado on forcing an opponent to drop her eyes or look away. So intense are these contests that some Wolfbane succumb to their frenzy from the pressure of the moment.

The duel involves combat. This is the preferred method for deciding who is most fit for leadership in times of war, but can also be used to solve other disputes involving dominance. The victor assumes the position of leader. Although duels are not meant to be to the death, accidents do happen—with more frequency among some packs than others. Packs—and septs—differ in their preference for dueling forms. The Red Talons prefer fists and kicks, while the Fianna and Fenrir often employ swords. The propensity for "showdowns," using pistols, has recently become popular among some Asteroid belt Wolfbane.

The games serves as test of intelligence, cunning and subtlety, and is the preferred form of challenge among the less-aggressive packs, such as the Iron Riders, Children of Imperial and Bone Gnawers (although the last enjoy a good scrap much as any). In fact is not unknown for Iron Riders and Bone Gnawers to resolve matters of leadership at the poker table, combining game and facedown in tests of cunning and audacity. The Silent Striders enjoy the challenge of a good mental battle and sometimes use contests of storytelling or dancing to settle matters of leadership.

Once the winner and loser are clear, the loser must show submission immediately. Exposing the throat or belly and falling to the ground are all prime examples, though the less-wolflike packs such as the Iron Riders may content themselves with a verbal "uncle." If this step is not carried out, the winner is justified in attacking the insolent loser—usually with several helpers from her outraged sept.

## MOOTS

A blend of socializing, politicking and religious observances, moots are gatherings in which Wolfbane bond, discuss business, honor heroes, revile breakers of the Litany and recharge the caern with their passions. Used to reaffirm their loyalty and reverence for Light, moots are always held at caerns, most often during the full earth. Wolfbanes, during some moots, invite visitors from other caerns. Songs, dances, tales and feasts play large roles in moots.

## TYPES OF MOOTS

Moots may vary by size, purpose and attendance. Each pack has its own customs, making each tribal moot somewhat different than any other pack's. The following are the most common sorts of moots.

**Sept Moot:** Most common of the different moots, sept moots are usually held once a month at the caern of a particular sept. Though outsiders may attend, they are sometimes viewed with suspicion. Sept moots recharge the caern.

**Grand Moot:** Grand moots are reserved for discussing weighty issues that affect a whole pack. All pack members near enough to attend are expected to do so.

**Concolation:** Concolations are the largest and rarest type of moot. Called by five Elder Wolfbane from five different packs during regular moots, concolations are scheduled to occur three months after being called. Word is sent out and all Wolfbane, regardless of sept or pack, are expected to attend. Concolations are only called to address the most critical matters, ones that may affect all Wolfbane—such as the building threat of the Darkness.

## HOWLS

Wolfbane, like wolves, use howls to communicate over great distances. Whether intended to evoke fear in the hearts of enemies, summon aid in emergencies, or simply to announce one's presence in the territory of another, howls condense a large amount of information into a powerful vocalization. Learning and mastering the distinctive howls forms the lifelong task of most Galliards. All Wolfbane learn a few basic howls.

Unlike normal music, which generally relies on harmony and assonance to produce pleasing or awe-inspiring choral symphonies, the melodies of howls borrow heavily from the dissonance inherent in the songs of nature: the howl of the wind across the vast prairie, the cacophony of competing bird calls, the torrential rush of mighty rivers. Like their wolf cousins, the Wolfbane search for discordant sounds. Although a single wolfbane may initiate a howl, she is often joined by others. Rather than matching melodies, each individual alters her pitch to provide a layered texture of controlled noise. In this way, a single sept can sound like a swarm, intimidating its enemies into overestimating the size of its opposition.

Some of the better known howls are listed below.

- **Call to Hunt** : Almost indistinguishable from the howl of a normal wolf, this prolonged, low pitched wail tells the sept what prey is near and where it can be found.
- **Chant of Challenge** : Part recitation, part insult, this invention of the Fianna harkens back to the Celtic bardic tradition. Intended as the opening gambit of a duel, it consists of a laudatory exposition of the challenger's name, sept lineage, pack and deeds as a prelude to an imagimartian slur against one challenged, impugning everything from her birth to her personal hygiene to her sexual habits. When Fianna challenge one another in this fashion, the chant itself sometimes becomes the duel, with particularly vicious barbs serving as winning blows.
- **Cry for Help** : This howl summons a wolfbane's sept to her assistance. Many a hunter takes this cry as the despairing final wail of his prey, only to find, as the sept surrounds him, that it is something far worse.
- **Death Song** : Though also occasionally practiced by the Fianna and the Fenrir, this defiant, passionate challenge in the face of certain death both summarizes the Wolfbane's life and prepares her for her impending reunion with the Light. While martian wolfbanes recognize and respect this howl, many Asteroid belt Wolfbane, upon hearing such for the first time, are amazed by it. Some respond to the inherent bravery of the singer, either granting her the respect due a superior Wolfbane or, in a few cases, ceasing hostilities and withdrawing in the face of such nobility.
- **Howl of Introduction** : This "talkative" howl is used when entering another's territory to introduce the visitor and ask permission to enter or to meet with the residents.
- **Lament for the Fallen** : Most solemn of all the howls, this mournful, low-pitched dirge expresses both sorrow and praise for the honored dead. Like keening, its volume and duration indicate the status of the deceased.
- **Shame Song** : This harsh, irritating whine is used by a sept or sept to shame those who have acted dishonorably.
- **Snarl of Precedence** : Asteroid belt Wolfbane use this howl to initiate one-on-one combat with other Wolfbane of different Rank. A wolfbane with higher Renown does not have to acknowledge this howl, but few so challenged refuse. Before the present times, such presumptuous challenges were almost unknown among martian Wolfbane.
- **WarCry** : Used by both Asteroid belt Wolfbane (under the name Anthem of War) and martian Wolfbane, this inspiring howl not only serves to gather troops for battle but elevates faltering morale. The Wendigo are masters of a particularly chilling form of this howl.
- **Darkness Warning** : Used only to alert Wolfbane within hearing distance of the proximity of Darkness-creatures, this high-pitched, staccato series of howls is unmistakable. No wolfbane, regardless of upbringing, fails to recognize this as the cry of danger.

## THE SEPT

Wolfbane who elect to reside in the vicinity of a caern and act as its protectors form a unique group called a sept. Most septs consist of a single pack, though occasionally Wolfbane from more than one pack will join forces to share the duties of protecting a caern. This is the case in areas where there are not enough members of any one pack to fulfill this purpose. The Black Furies and Silent Striders form such a small percentage of Wolfbane population in the desert of Mars that these Wolfbane find it easier to affiliate themselves with already existing septs.

As Asteroid belt Wolfbane settle in the wide-open spaces of Mars, septs of mixed packs increase in number as they find that one or two septs are unable to adequately defend newly acquired caerns—especially if their former protectors want them back.

It is no surprise that Wolfbane, being cousins to wolves, gather in septs as a matter of instinct. The most basic and closely knit communal units among Wolfbane, septs usually have between two and 10 members who have a common purpose and are acknowledged by a totem spirit. Septs can be transitory, existing only for the length of time it takes to accomplish a finite goal, or they can be binding for the life of the members. A sept may form for a specific goal such as hunting down a particular supernatural gang, or for a more general purpose, such as seeking out and fighting as many of the Darkness's creatures as possible.

A sept is more than a group of like minded individuals. Greater than mere friendship, the bonds of the sept become almost unbreakable, with individuals assuming their places within the group so seamlessly that they all appear to share a group mind. While rivalry and even dislike may occur among individual members and challenges may be frequent, it is almost unheard of for a sept member not to defend this septmates to the death.

When the sept first comes together, sept Elders perform a great rite that binds a special spirit, known as the totem spirit, to the sept. The totem acts as a guide and guardian to the sept. If the sept breaks up, the totem spirit is released from its duties.

## LONE WOLVES

Although they are social creatures by nature, wolfbanes have their misfits as well—individuals who scorn or are scorned by their packs. Commonly called Lone Wolves, these solitary Wolfbane walk their own path on the fringes of Wolfbane society or else turn their backs on it altogether. Lone Wolves possess no official Rank among Wolfbane, although they may acquire sponsorship from mentors (if they can find any and convince them to share their fundings). Most Wolfbane sneer at Lone Wolves, considering them useless deviants who serve no real purpose in the war against the Darkness. In fact, some Lone Wolves do fall under the influence of the Darkness or else succumb to criminality.

# AUSPICES

The path that a Wolfbane's life follows, whether long or short, is to a large extent defined by what earth-phase he is born under. This auspice determines the role he is destined to play in Wolfbane culture.

Though the Wolfbane accept these character trends, remember that they are only trends. It's possible to resist or break them. One may encounter a furious Ragabash or a laughing Ahroun. Indeed, some of the greatest Wolfbane have been those who have come to terms with both their birth sign and an individual personality which transgresses and transcends these limits. Furthermore, through the Rite of Renunciation, a Wolfbane may abandon her auspice, name and Renown and begin a new under the earth of her choice. Such individuals are not widely trusted or respected, though again, there are notable exceptions.

During CHARACTER CREATION process, once you integer the Wolfbanes Ranks, you must choose one of the five following auspices. All use the Background Repetition given in the Imperial Sourcebook (see Special Forces Trooper; Imperial Sourcebook). The following auspices provide a skill pick bonus for EACH repetition you spend under this auspice.

Your character gain one Rank per background repetition in one auspice. Change auspice reduce to zero the Rank of the Character in the new Auspice.

## RAGAGASH : THE NEW EARTH

Any fool knows that attracting someone's attention by throwing a mule-muffin at the back of his head is better than letting him get trampled by a stagecoach. You're that fool. Every court needs a jester and in Imperial's kingdom the Ragabash holds this honor. You whip away the veil of pretension, throw it in the mud and dance cackling out of reach of retribution's claws. If it weren't for your singular insight and irreverent way with exposition, those who call themselves leaders would be forever marching blindly into disaster.

Should Wolfbane leaders be permitted to lead their people into calamity, merely because might makes right? Hell no! Is the way to warn them through quiet words and considered counsel? Hell no! If that were the way, then the Light would have made Theurges more interesting. No, the best way is through humor and ridicule. Every Wolfbane appreciates a good joke, even if at the time the haroun flies into a frenzy which necessitates your hiding for a while. Is it your fault that most other Wolfbane see you as an annoyance, a self-indulgent tricksters to be tolerated... to a pint, Of course it isn't. The solution? Attract more attention, be ever louder and more insightful, withering but never willfully cruel, of course. Unless it would prove a point.

Through you are tolerated, you are less often trusted. Rabagash usually don't lead. Your insight is a lonely one and you are liable to make few friends. Although all Wolfbane agree that you're a necessary part of the sept, few personally appreciate you pointing out their failings. Fewer still understand you. Nevertheless, they treat you with care lest you focus your attentions on a particular individual, and the freedom you have is enviable. Whilst every other auspice has a strict role to follow in society, the New Earth can go where she pleases, attending to none but her whim.

**Bonus :** +1 Skill pick in Conning and Gambling skills per repetition.

## THEURGE : CRESCENT EARTH

The Theurge is a seer, a mystic, a shaman. Born under the crescent earth which casts little light, you are the most closely connected to the spirit world. You have wisdom gained from dark dreaming and long study, insight into your own black depths, a the mysteries of the spirit realm. No other knows the Darkness as you do; the paths you have trod, no other can follow. You've made a friend of horror and fear rides shotgun by your side.

The Wolfbane are nothing without their connection to the Light. You, the Theurge, maintain that link ; therefore the Wolfbane are nothing without you. You are their spirit-guide, their shadow tracker and solar system pioneer. The Wolfbane look to you in all spiritual matters. You stand aloof, removed from other and marked by your wisdom—wisdom gained from hellish insight. You have no time for sitting around fires and chewing tobacco ; you're always occupied meditating on this lore.

If the Wolfbane need a riddle answered they come to you ; if they need comfort they turn to others. Your position makes others nervous ; even great Ahroun fear the Theurge. Who knows what allies you have? Though unquestioned and feared, you must learn what it is like to possess something others cannot, to have your septmates avoid your gaze. Without you the pack is doomed, and there would be none to foretell this doom. You can both heal and harm. Yours is a grave responsibility, but you would accept nothing less.

**Bonus :** +1 Skill pick in Ritual and Dark Legion knowledge skills per repetition.

## PHILODOX : THE HALF EARTH

The Philodox is judge. Balanced as is the half earth, between light and darkness—you are balanced in all things. Negotiator, mediator, adviser and resolver of disputes, you must also be enforcer and swift pursuer of justice. If any Wolfbane would wear a tin star on his breast, It would be you, the Half Earth. You bear a great responsibility for keeping justice within the sept and the pack. Many gatherings of Wolfbane are led by Philodox, a responsibility truly shared only with the Ahroun.

You have boundless potential for patience and wisdom. Taking the middle course, you are seldom a creature of extremes, but rather a solid, dependable foundation upon which the sept is founded. Wolfbane come to you for judgment, guidance, strength and comfort. It is your responsibility to reconcile the extremes of Ragabash and Ahroun, to balance the emotional Galliard and Theurge and forge an effective and deadly sept. If you fail in your task then no matter what the strength of the individual members, the sept will surely fail.

Such responsibility can weigh heavily on your shoulders, and many Philodox find they can't be effective in their roles without removing themselves from the everyday life of the sept. You may find you must be aloof and untouchable ; but such strength can be brittle. You must balance yourself and all things around you. One slip could be fatal—not only for you, but for your entire sept.

**Bonus :** +1 Skill pick in Oratory and Perception skills per repetition.

## GALLIARD : GIBBOUS EARTH

Singer, poet, Storyteller and dancer—these are faces of the Galliard. Werewolves don't rely on books and writings to recall their history, to retell their tales ; instead the memories of the great Galliards hold all their lore, and the voices of these bards sing the stories of their proud past. Around every Asteroid Belt caern-fire can be found a Galliard with a guitar, and the Martian One silhouetted against the earth, howling on the mesa—she too is Galliard.

You are a howler a singer of praise and battle, and an intoner of dirges and dire odes. More than that, you are the entertainer, while Rabagash pranks and jests, your music soothes, calms inspires and rejuvenates. You are the lorekeeper, teacher and historian of the whole Wolfbane Race. As an artist, you see beauty and truth in everything you do. Born under the earth of Passion and Rage, you are also a fearsome foe.

You are a creature of inspiration, capable of true brilliance. If you were born under the waxing gibbous earth, your songs and art may tend toward life-affirming themes of joyful creation. If you were marked by the waning gibbous, however, your songs grow dark and your artistic soul ours forth beautiful ashes. Although others rely upon you to remember the stories of the Wolfbane, you don't feel the weight of responsibility that plagues some other auspices. A valued septmate, you never want for companionship, though not all appreciate your glib tongue and chilling howl.

**Bonus :** +1 Skill pick in Social and Wolfbanes knowledge skills per repetition.

## AHROUN : THE FULL EARTH

Warrior prince of a warrior race, the Ahroun knows nothing but battle. To her, there is but one solution to all problems. Fiercest among the savage, filled with more hate than any other, the Ahroun has deadly claws too often steeped in gore. She is the gunslinger in the dusty street, the brave with the fresh scalp in her hand, the wolf with the blood coated muzzle. The teeth and fangs of Gaia in thruth, the Ahroun need not be unsubtle, but all her plans have but one end -- death for her or her foe.

You are often the leader, most frequently when war looms on the borders of the caern. You might even lead in peace as few dare challenge you. Your survival through such turbulent times speaks well for your battle skill, and you bear the scars to prove your courage. Many of your brothers under the full earth have died already, and your death can't be far away. Perhaps you have learned a little guile. Your anger is great, however, and death in battle is a glorious end.

You are feared and respected by all. Though few come to an Ahroun for advice, yours is the first name they call when fear grips them. Your iron will and steadfast courage inspire the sept and protect them. No Other is better suited to withstand the deadly attacks of the Darkness' scions. Strength is your birthright and your tool, used to defeat your enemies and control your friends. Any who cross you had best be able to account for themselves with blades and guns.

**Bonus :** +1 Skill pick in Combat or Firearms fields and Military Tactic skill per repetition.

## WOLFbane RANKS AND INSIGNIA

The Wolfbanes aren't as regimented as the Imperial Defense Forces proper. Within each squad there is a Chieftain and his Regulars, called such no matter what specialization. Even the elite War Hounds are comprised of Regulars and Chieftains.

### RANK INSIGNIA

The Chieftain is recognizable as such by his torc, a decorative band of metal worn around the neck. There are only 10,000 torcs in existence, and no more will ever be made. They were forged from the smelted remains of weapons and gold claimed when the First Wolfbane, Brannagh, and his men sacked Pe-tragrad.

### LEFT SHOULDER PAD

Because the Wolfbanes sometimes fall under the command of the Ministry of War, they also wear standard Imperial insignia on their left shoulder pad: the Imperial corporate logo with superimposed skull. Since there is no rank greater than Chieftain (already signified by the torc) within the squad, additional chevrons aren't added to this basic logo; the Wolfbanes prefer their own heraldry.

### RIGHT SHOULDER PAD

The right shoulder pad is used to show the warrior's squad type : Commando, Headhunter, Mourning Wolf, and so on. If the warrior serves some special function within the squad, its squad badge receives additional embellishment.

### TATTOOS

The Wolfbanes use monochrome tattoos (usually black, sometimes green or deep blue) to show attachment to their source of mystical power, the Silent Roar. The Pathfinders, for example, cover themselves in ritual tattoos in tight swirling and striped patterns, believing their personal dedication to the Roar will act like armor, defending them against hails of bullets and missile blasts. Unfortunately, the low survival rate for Pathfinders suggests this ritual isn't as effective as they believe.

Other Wolfbanes are also tattooed. Chieftains often receive tattoos on their shoulders, looking like flesh rent by sharp claws, to give them strength. A very few chosen Chieftains receive the Mark of the Wolf, a fullbody tattoo of scenes from the warrior's battlefield life, that signifies his or her complete dedication to his path and to his inner animal essence; only the Mark of the Wolf uses more than one color. Shamans are almost black with the multilayered tattoos they have received in their lives.

Each Pack has its own distinct heraldry as well. This is often a frame around their squad type badge on the right shoulder pad.

## PACKS AND TATTOOS

The pack is the basis for all of Wolfbane society. The social instincts of both wolf and human are bred into the Wolfbane, and the packs provide a sense of identity the wolfbanes can get from nowhere else. Most wolfbanes are not truly at home among their human kin, and only with their packs can they find that missing sense of a larger community. The Wolfbane need the support of their packs. The fierce loyalty most wolfbanes feel for their packs is rivaled only by the loyalty they feel for their septs. In ancient times, when septs were comprised of Wolfbane of the same pack, this did not pose any problems. As more wolfbanes form mixed-pack septs, these potentially conflicting loyalties could pose problems.

Each pack has its own creation story, in which the pack plays a prominent part in the protection of Imperial and the salvation or guidance of the other packs. Most of these legends agree that in the beginning, all Wolfbane were of one pack. The stories diverge from there, but the Galliards generally agree that the tribal divisions were the result of fighting between different factions of wolfbanes. Ever since these first divisions, the Wolfbane have fought each other with almost the same fervor with which they fight the Darkness. Some among the Wolfbane claim that this divisiveness is the Darkness's greatest trick ; keeping the wolfbanes fighting amongst themselves leaves them less time, energy and resources to fight the Darkness.

### BLACK FURIES

Brigit Dunsirn formed this all-female Pack several years ago, pulling members from several other packs. The Elders from the other packs were incensed, but Brigit's charismatic call for unified sisterhood was more appealing than the second-class citizen status many Mourning Wolves found themselves in among the more macho Packs. The Black Furies' den is in Venus' Romburg Mountains, just south of Volksburg and within a few days travel of the Citadel of Alakhai.



The Furies are creatures of the wild woods and long fangs, fiercely defending the Imperial colonies. They have carefully watched the expansion of the Cybertronic corporation over the century, and they see it as no less than a gauntlet thrown down by the Darkness. Although some Furies prefer to gently influence their fellow wards, often spreading the word of the Light through the gospel of Her Serenity, a growing number believe that the only way to keep the Cybertronic's grasping talons away of Venus is by bloodshed.

Ironically enough, this bloodthirsty attitude comes back to haunt the Furies all too soon. When the feared corporation begins in earnest, the Fury-spawned tales of no mercy women only encourages the Cybertronic's bloody campaign of clanswomen hunting.

Determined to maintain the all-female tribal membership, the Furies have traditionally launched assaults against any Dark Legion minions around the Alakhai Citadel. This politic divides the Furies, with the Cybertronic option, as some of their number denounce the practice as wasteful, foolish and suicidal. Elders of both the Children of Imperial and the Silent Striders have agreed to take in any of the pack member who wish change of assignment after proving its value in battle. Despite this situation, the Black Furies will become a fiercest force among the Wolfbanes rank, and even the macho Fenrir may consider them as worthy of their respect. So the Brigit Dunsirn objective will be attained in the coming years.

### BONE GNAWERS

This small Pack is located in a secret, sealed cavern somewhere in the Asteroid Belt. They constantly monitor radio transmissions in the area, and can respond to calls from Victoria, Mars, Luna and Ganymede.



Clayton Baker, a rugged War Hound who survived to old age, is the Pack's Elder. The Bone Gnawers are distinctive for their mottled grey furs and subdued grey-leather armor ; they are often hired for urban assaults both for their excellent close-combat abilities and their natural camouflage.

The labor's lot is a miserable one in the Mutant Chronicles worlds, and the poor of the cities fare no better. Unsurprisingly, among these wretches skulk the lowest of the Wolfbane—the Bone Gnawers.

The Bone Gnawers have always been the "omega wolf" of the Wolfbane Force. Most other Wolfbane hold that their pack was formed not from a shared set of ideals, but from necessity. While other packs such as the Fenrir bonded together from a common admiration of strength and set out to find a homeland of their own, the Gnawers came together as a collection of Renegades, those that nobody else wanted. From that time to this, though, they have survived—and in doing so, they've become a family.

And so the Gnawers continue to work among those who have the least, fighting against starvation and harsh weather to keep their charges alive. They face their greatest challenge in warring for the clans of their corporation—no matter how hard the Bone Gnawers try to change things, hope is still in terribly short supply in the Mutant Chronicles worlds.

### CHILDREN OF IMPERIAL

Led by Geoffrey Morgan and based on the Victoria asteroid, the politic of this pack, perhaps more than any other, often seek to serve with the Brotherhood. Rumors abound that Children of Imperial were partially responsible for the Truce of Cardinal, which limited warfare to certain days of the year—not a popular sentiment among Wolfbane of certain other packs.



Yet the growing greed and corruption of the Brotherhood frustrates and saddens the Children of Imperial. Many want to begin exploration to the Mercury, hoping to find more fertile grounds for their messages of peace and hope in the mishman realms.

The Children of Imperial are busy indeed in this time of war and suffering. They often find themselves at odds with the Second Directorate, which many feel has been subverted into an agent of the Darkness. The Children feel that the Sad War drove too deep a wedge between the Clans, and that their diplomatic and military politics are the best way to influence the course of corporation events.

The Children of Imperial feel responsible for all of Imperial's employees. Given the opportunity, most of them would gladly claim every Her Serenity's employees as part of their protectorate. Practically speaking, however, many of them are beyond their reach, no matter how hard the Children might wish otherwise. The Children feel a special affinity for the the Renegades.

Children of Imperial can often be found among the Brotherhood sects, using their positions to promote religious and the Imperial way of life. Some are chroniclers, using their craft to subtly and quietly subvert the Inquisition's stranglehold on knowledge. The Children believe that secrecy and suppression of learning aid the Darkness's depravities, and some have begun trying to resurrect the teachings of the Ancients.

## FENRIR

Led by heavy weapons specialist Marcus Mac Culough, the Fenrir are probably the most mercenary like bunch among the Wolfbanes. They're also among the deadliest, their hard-earned fees going back into the best weaponry money can buy. The Fenrir are comprised of Commandos and as many heavy-weapon-wielding warriors as they can afford to field. Marcus is notoriously tight-fisted, and will only field what the client can afford. If the client cannot afford to field a winning force, they won't take the job. The Fenrir's den is in the Cold Mountains, in Ganymede's northern hemisphere.



These foremost warriors among the packs prosper today, and hold more caerns than ever before—and if some say that these caerns are the rightful property of other packs, it must be mere jealousy. After all, the Fenrir believe that they are the only hope for Wolfbane survival. The Silver Fangs may lead, and the Shadow Lords may scheme, but the Fenrir must do the work of the Light. They look to expand to all regions where minions of the Darkness, or other powers threaten humankind. If other Wolfbane are present, then they must learn how to defend their protectorates or give up to those who know how to fight.

The Fenrir see all of Imperial as their protectorate. When they learn of Corporatist or heretical activities, they will send a war party to set things right. Using the spaceship of their corporation, the Fenrir may travel anywhere in universe. The Fenrir are not intimidated by anyone, even the Silver Fangs, though they do try to help first—before teaching their weak brethren a lesson for allowing Her Serenity's enemies to gain power.

As a point of interest, a subtle change is sweeping over the usually militantly traditional pack. In the Asteroid Belt, where the Fenrir arrived, the Fianna have taken to calling the migrant Fenrir "the get of Fenris," rather than using more honorable terms such as "sons" or "daughters" of the great Fenris wolf. And much to the Fianna's chagrin, the Fenrir have taken this new appellation as something of a badge of honor. After all, they reason, better to be the least-favored get of Fenris himself than the pampered princeling of a weaker totem. The name is beginning to stick.

## FIANNAS

Four planetoids of the Asteroid Belt are homelands for many Fiannas. This is a prolific pack, and few of its wolfbanes have to search far for loyal support forces. A number are bards, poets and artists; moreover, the tribe also claims some of the clan McGuire as contacts. As with the Children of Imperial, the bond between the Fianna and their corporate relatives is strong. Many too are the Defense troopers that fight alongside wolfbanes in bloody territory skirmishes—and give their lives for the corporation. It's leader, Algæonor Madeleine MacGuire, is the official Wolfbane representative before Her Serenity.



The Fianna live to fight a war. They strive to regain their ancient culture and their old protectorates from usurpers. Though the Sad War and Bartholomew opportunism now blanket the colonies, with the Get and Fangs following behind them. Their distant cousins, the White Howlers, are gone." Many of their members have embraced the Brotherhood, turning away from Imperial. Yet embattled though they may be, the Fianna endure.

The Fianna always acknowledge an Algæonor, who rules from the great caern at Tara in the Asteroid Belt. This ruler is chosen for their renown and does not possess a hereditary title, although leaders usually groom an heir. Most septs are organized in a manner similar to the colonies peoples living in the surrounding area.

## IRON RIDERS

The growing cities shelter many members of the Iron Riders and its leader Robert Murray; this pack's mercenary personal are growing sparse. The corporate relatives often occupy themselves in edge artisanat or business pursuits; many are members of the slowly rising high class of merchants and artisans. Victoria is a hotbed of activity for the pack, with some renewal of trade with Mercury and Mushashi keiretsu, financial success of the city planetoid and the founding of great universities and factories at Luna and Victoria. The pack encourages their brethren to get involved in all these activities which promote artisanat and scientific advancement.



The Iron Riders believe in the grace of humanity; they tell tales of a time when the humans were more learned, and they work towards encouraging the return of such enlightenment. They encourage their cubs to learn multiple languages, the better to analyze and understand ideas from multiple angles. Much of the pack is well versed in the teachings of Ancients, and more than a few Rider Galliards learn the epics of Heinsteins and parables of Hawking alongside the ancient ballads of Wolfbane heroes. Unfortunately, the other packs often scoff at the corporate works they try to share, particularly the more legendary fictions—it's a common complaint among wolfbanes that corporate myth "gets all the details wrong."

Some members of the pack blame the current environment of ignorance and xenophobia on a great Symmetry fire, which they say set back humanity's progress when it injured the great Incarna they call "the Machine." This fire allegedly occurred not long after the Fall, and was thusly responsible for the beginning of the First Corporate Wars. As a result, the Iron Riders often see themselves as working against setbacks—and so they double their efforts to encourage trade, promote learning and foster science. They have to move slowly, however, for their actions tend to attract the Second Directorate's attention. And the Brotherhood is very dubious of progress...

## RED TALONS

Led by legendary Headhunter Seamus "Shameless" Dunkirk, the Red Talons' den is deep in the outback of Mars' vast desert. Comprised largely of Necromowers and Fenris Bikes, the Red Talons come roaring over Martian hilltops at the most unexpected times. There are twelve squads in the Red Talons: six squads of Bikes, and an assortment of Pathfinders and Berserkers for the other six squads. Red Talons wear deep red leather armor, and the red furs of the 300-pounds Martian Fox.



The Red Talons are a wounded pack. Since the Sad War, they have taken exception to Bartholomews and their domineering ways. Since the end of the Great Imperial, they have been forced to give ground to other corporation expansion, and they don't bear it well. So they quietly cull Dark Legion herd where they can, and try to advise the other packs not to let the apes grow too strong—but their fight is beginning to seem futile.

In some ways, the Red Talons are more doomsayer than berserker in these times. They are painfully aware of the slow rise of Darkness, but as yet do not have convincing proof that the Dark Legion will bring doom to Imperial martian assets. They are like the soothsayers in ancient pagan drama—uttering dire warnings that their recipients choose to ignore. The Elders send the young septs on visionquest after visionquest, hoping to bring back news that will convince the other tribes; but so far, what they've found has fallen on deaf ears. The Talons' relations with the other tribes are as extreme as they were in the past. This is probably likely due to the invading of the martian colonies by the other packs; even the Iron Riders have a number of installation who can at least partially belong to the Talons. The pack's anti-Dark Legion policies do extend into bloody extremism now and again—but most just don't speak of this. Even the Children of Imperial tend to nod sagely and appeasingly at a Talon's dire preaching, rather than vehemently challenge their claims. Although the tribal Elders still mutter grimly at concolations about the wisdom of rescinding the Great Imperial, their howls have yet to take the tenor of desperation.

## SHADOW LORDS

Most Shadow Lord member dwell in the southern hemisphere, for they are not often welcome in the lands of other packs. Many of the rulers seek power and wealth through political marriages with Bauhausers, manipulation within the walls of the Brotherhood and outright warfare.



Some Asteroid Belt colonies have provided shelter to Red Talons fleeing the Dark Legion, perhaps in good faith but more likely at the behest of the Shadow Lord Elders. As in modern times, these members follow the dictates of the Wolfbane, gladly sacrificing themselves for the betterment of the pack. Its actual leader is the feared and cunning Malcolm McGregor who work hard to

kick off a Dark Citadel from his domain.

The Shadow Lords believe that they must know evil in order to conquer it. And in these times, there is evil aplenty to go around, even if some of it hides behind handsome human faces. The Lords are harsh disciplinarians, and many townships in their protectorates still suffer from enforcement rather reminiscent of the Imperial before the Sad War—"the better to keep them pliable," the Lords maintain. As always, the Shadow Lords are heavily concerned with the hierarchy of dominance and submission—and in their homelands, the rivals will damn well submit.

The pack has its talons in many pies across the second planet—it's always been the way of the Lords to keep themselves busy. Of course, there's the business of fighting the Darkness' minions, although that's laughably easy—or so the pack boasts.

Even so, there are two issues that vex the Shadow Lords in particular. The first—unsurprisingly—involves the leadership of the Silver Fangs. Many Shadow Lords believe that the Fangs rule out of tradition, not action. They contend that adhering to the laws of weak rulers will only bring doom upon the Wolfbane. Although the Fangs are still first among packs, the Lords harbor an ill feeling of discontent; after all, if the Fangs were truly so strong, how is it that Mars has fallen so far?

Secondly, the Shadow Lords are concerned with the Dark Legion, far more so than are other Wolfbane. They have felt the presence of the elder nepharites and their demonic allies in the Venusian mountains. They have uncovered the machinations of these Darkness followers even among their colonies. The Shadow Lords feel that the Dark Symmetry is the greatest threat to the Wolfbane. Once they are gone, other corporate territories can be controlled with the proper amount of manipulation and culling.

## SILENT STRIDERS

An unusual Pack, the Silent Striders is comprised almost entirely of Pathfinders and some heavy weapons squads. Led by brothers Liam and Miles McGuire, the Silent Striders is very small compared to many packs, its number barely breaking 100.



Liam's boys usually join another Pack when entering heavy combat; Wolfbanes throughout space know the Silent Striders is the best recon force money can buy. The Silent Striders is nomadic, claiming their "liberated" Imperial-built Bulldog model voidship, the Madhouse, as their Den.

The Silent Striders are homeless and adrift, wanderers in an age when territory has its greatest importance. Some seek the artifacts and lore of ancient Earth, hoping to recapture their heritage. Others seek signs of the Darkness, hoping to learn the future from their travels.

Others seem compelled to explore the entire world out of a burning desire for knowledge. Many feel as though they have a divine quest, but most admit that they simply can't find a place of their own. They alone travel far enough to see the true breadth of the world—and it is a dagger in a Strider's breast to know that the world is vast and huge, beyond anything the other packs might guess, and that he has no place in it.

Although the Striders are more comfortable in space, many commonly pass through the Asteroid belt. This is in their own best interests—they fear that without the occasional visit from a Strider, some of the more reclusive septs might forget about them entirely, and treat them as intruders. Most Wolfbane view them as mysterious and untrustworthy, but grudgingly accept that the Striders' greater perspective can be highly useful. Some septs heed the visions of the wanderers more than those of their own Theurges, while the guardians of more insular caerns go to great lengths to drive Silent Striders out of their protectorates. More fool they—for in these times, the Striders are often the only reliable source of information about the outside world.

Outsiders believe that the Silent Striders have no organization, that they are a pack of loners passing in the night. They aren't far from the truth—with the loss of their sateroids homeland, the Striders lost much of their hierarchy. But although the Silent Striders do not gather often, they still meet and even maintain a few hidden caerns in the Asteroid Belt—the most prominent of which is hidden among the hills of southern Venus. They pass information through stories, and when two Silent Striders meet on the road they spend many hours sharing their knowledge.

## SILVER FANGS

Located in the mysterious Winter Den somewhere in Ganymede' southern hemisphere, the Silver Fangs is the single largest and most powerful Wolf Pack, 10,000 warriors strong. It is the duty of the Silver Fangs to protect the Wolfbanes and their ancestral home. The Silver Fangs' Elder is the Great Wolf, Taliesin Mac Dennehey, the ruler of all Wolfbanes.



The Silver Fangs are recognized as the leaders of the Garou, the tribe of heroes. Although many of the greatest Silver Fangs are already long gone, the legends of these heroes keep growing with the passing years. The Silver Fangs do their best to live up to their heritage, sometimes going too far to maintain their glory. There are still many years of heroism left to the Silver Pack, and woe to those Darkness-beasts fool enough to oppose them.

The Fangs believe that they must control the expansion of Wolfbane; and as always, they consider it their lot to lead by example. To this end (or perhaps with this justification) they try to marry with corporates in positions of power, raising young Fangs in the stone halls of nobility. Some pack leaders are concerned that they are losing their wolf blood and their connection with the Light. Others see the young cubs becoming soft, living in luxury and being corrupted by the petty material desires and politics of Imperial.

The Silver Fangs consider the whole corporation empire their protectorate, although they pay particular attention to the steppes of Ganymede. When they travel, they often intervene where they feel other packs need their aid—which is usually everywhere. As often as not, the help they provide is resented, but this doesn't stop the Fangs.

## WHITE HOWLERS

The proud pack of White Howlers that once served as Imperial's fiercest guardian in the Asteroid Belt now exists only in its last member: Sean Gallagher. Legends tell how the White Howlers faced the Darkness in its own territory, and were killed in a surprise attack. Although all Wolfbane know of the White Howlers, few speak of their lost cousins lest they bring their fate upon themselves.



Last heir of the clan Gallagher throne, Sean has been trained since childhood to live, fight and rule with an infinite willpower. After the total eradication of his clan by the Dark Legions, the young noble, without anybody to rule, has joined the ranks of the dreaded Wolfbanes.

Clansmen respect only the strength. Sean is a simple frankly man, but emotive and impulsive too. He acts at the first time and worries about consequences after. He is animated by an inextinguishable revenge hunger.

# FORCES

## WOLFBAIRN

The Wolfbairns are the newest members of the Wolfbanes. They aren't "young" soldiers, but are renegades and lost causes from throughout the Imperial military. Wolfbairns must serve a tour of duty among the "cubs" and prove they are worthy to join the general force..



**Insignia :** Wolfbairn have not yet earned the right to wear the skull insignia

## WOLFBANE COMMANDO

The Wolfbane Commandos are composed of noble renegades who, for a reason or for another, have left their clan and integrated this crack corps. The features most characteristic of these blue blooded warriors are their tail horse, their fur coat and their reinforced leather tunic. They are also famous for paintings of war of which they cover the face..



**Insignia :** Skull seen from the front

## BERSERKER

These war-crazed Clansmen are notable for their disregard for danger and fury in combat. They announce their presence on any battlefield with a terrifying war cry, and shun the infiltration skills of other Wolfbanes.



**Insignia :** Skull seen in profile

## WAR HOUND

These are the very best warriors the Wolfbanes have to offer. Their services are expensive, and War Hounds are rarely seen on the battlefield. Enemy forces know that Imperial respects them as worthy adversaries when they field War Hounds.



**Insignia :** A wolf's head in profile instead of a skull

## HEAD HUNTER

From among the most bloodthirsty warriors in Wolfbane society come the Headhunters. Headhunters stick to their own, and few would choose to spend time with them anyway. Their practice of beheading their enemies is legendary, and headhunting has reached almost cult proportions among the Wolfbanes..



**Insignia :** An axe instead of a sword behind the skull

## FENRIS BIKE DRIVER

Noisy and fast, the Wolfbanes' Fenris Bikes scream across the battlefield to quickly engage the enemy and harass hidden forces. Fenris Bikes are small, poorly armored death traps, but their drivers swear by them and the feared Lupus flamer.



**Insignia :** A spoked wheel behind the skull

## NECROMOWER DRIVER

The Necromowers, rapid and heavily armed, are a cross-country four-wheeled vehicle incredibly fruste, especially modified to act as gun platform. Its metal reinforcement gets a excellent protection with its conductor, an over-trained soldier of the light cavalry of the Wolfbanes. Necromowers are deployed for the fast deployment of large a fire power in any point of the battle field. The vehicle is right handed directed while the left is used for the pointing of the enormous Ultracharger heavy machine-gun. Pedals control gases and brakes..



**Insignia :** A skull with mohawk, and it's seen over a spiked war hammer

## HEAVY WEAPON WOLFBANE

Wolfbanes are conceived to seek the contact with the enemy and to pass it to the sword edge. Squads of heavy weapons as Chargers are intended to mow the remote adversary. They can remain behind for pouring an extreme lead flood on the enemy time for these colleagues to engage it with the close combat..



**Insignia :** The badge surrounding by six pikes

## MOURNING WOLF

The wives and lovers of Imperial warriors fallen in the battlefield, the Mourning Wolves are a terrifying presence. Wielding their Tangle Chains and Claws of the Wolf, a pack of Mourning Wolves can lay waste to even the most notorious enemy individuals..



**Insignia :** A goat's head over the Venus Cross

## PATHFINDER

Those Wolfbanes who are too unpredictable to become Commandos, and too small to be Berserkers, become Pathfinders. Racing across the battlefield, the lunatic Pathfinders are used by larger forces to spot hidden units and lay down a wall of fire to distract them from approaching Commandos..



**Insignia :** A footprint of the most violent and fierce of all carnivores known to mankind, the Venusian Wolverine.

# RITES

Rites connect the Wolfbane to Imperial, to each other, to the spirits and to their ancestors in an unchanging sequence which stretches back beyond remembering. Wolfbanes, although they are embodiments of change, are conservative creatures. Rites are their heritage and more. Usually performed by a Theurge or Galliard (depending on the type and purpose of the rite), although any Wolfbane can lead a rite, these ceremonies are the focus of a Wolfbane's spiritual existence, the renewal of their essence. Each phase of a Wolfbane's life

is marked by a rite, from the Initiation Rite to the posthumous Wake Rite. Rites represent commonalities and differences between Wolfbane at the same time. Whilst all packs know and practice a version of the Initiation Rite, the details of these ceremonies vary wildly between the packs. The harsh and dangerous journey required of a new Fenrir cub could not be more different than the drinking competition among the Fianna, or the cryptic visionquesting of the Silent Striders.

## PERFORMING RITES

Modern Wolfbane still practice the rites of their ancestors. Each pack and sept has several minor rites which Wolfbane are expected to perform before the main rite begins. Usually these involve paying homage to totems and spirits, but they may also include a symbolic purifying of the rite location and the participants. Many rites have an almost Brotherhood-like quality to them. In more radical packs, such as the Red Talons, these formalities are discarded as too "civilized" for true Wolfbane. Wolfbanes who did not participate in rites or practice their own minor rites were treated with suspicion and disdain. Failing to successfully perform a rite was considered a great dishonor to the ritemaster. A wolfbane who interrupted a rite was considered to be making an offense against the Light. Once a Wolfbane achieves any increase in rank, she is expected to have some knowledge of Rituals, even if she is a crusading Ahroun. Performing rites haven't any impact on the game in any bonus or effect terms. Their solely purpose is to provide to GM and PC the Wolfbanes mystic flavor. Rites are important in roleplaying terms rather than forgiving real impact on the course of Game. This doesn't mean they aren't important, simply the Wolfbane performance when performing the Rite is almost important it succeeds or not. The GM may applicate the Rite effect if it fit well to scenario, i.e. The Rite Awakening Imperial Strentgh may or may not harden a castlle wall, at the GM discretion ; simply the wall don't be given any Armor Bonus but an explosive Charge may be ineffective against such enchanted wall. The duration of the effect is up to the GM too, if the Wolfbanes perform the Rite once per week the GM may decide the effect is permanent but there is no mesured duration.

You acquire the right of performing Rites with the skill Rituals, it belongs to the

technical skills and may be acquired during character creation or play and may be increased like any other technical skills. To perform the rite, you must make a Difficulty roll with Rite SV as Basic Capability and the Rite Difficulty as the Difficulty Level. This test measures solely the Ritemaster performance, en not the effect of the Rite, which is at the GM discretion. Interpretation of the result is as following :

**Automatic failure** : The Ritemaster don't know well the Rite and make a big mistake, it's Sept or Pack blame him for insulting the Light.

**Failure** : The Ritemaster has made a mistake, for the Pack or Sept the Rite is vain.

**Success** : The Ritemaster performs well the Rite, for the Pack or Sept the Rite take effect.

**Automatic Success** : The Ritemaster honors well the Light with a real performance to the Rite, the Pack and the Sept will reward the Ritemaster, for them the Rite take full effect.

A ritemaster know all rites by legend or simply with seeing another Ritemaster performs them. The Skill value measure the knowledge a Wolfbane has of these Rites, no need to learn the rite but powerful Rites ask services is return of its teaching.

## RITES OF ACCORD

Rites of Accord are ceremonies of reconciliation and forgiveness. Through ritualistic cleansing, rebirth and apology, wolfbanes use these rites to purify themselves and small parts of Imperial territory that have been harmed or damaged.

### RITE OF CLEANSING

**Difficulty** : 5

This rite ensures the purity of any person, place or object afflicted with a Darkness taint. The rite commences with the ritemaster loping counterclockwise around the afflicted creature or object. In one hand she holds a flaming branch, in the other a birch rod dipped in pure spring water. Head down, arms held high, the Wolfbane anoints the object to be cleansed with alternating flicks of ember and water. As the speed of her circling increases, any other Wolfbane participating start a low howl. This slowly rises in pitch until, at the culmination of the rite, all present are screaming like banshees, thus frightening away the corrupting influence. Although it can be performed at any time, this rite is at its most powerful at sunrise.

### RITE OF RENONCIATION

**Difficulty** : 10

The purpose of the rite is grave : a Wolfbane who performs this ceremony has some reason to want to give up his old auspice and begin again with another. Whatever the reason, be it past disgrace or deep dissatisfaction, the decision is a difficult one to make and the cost is high. The rite is performed in the presence of the ritemaster and supplicant alone. The ritemaster strips the subject of all former Rank, renown and title, and the supplicant is symbolically born again under the light of the earth he wishes to adopt. After such a ceremony, the supplicant is again treated as a cub and must undertake another Initiation Rite and find a new place in the sept. Mars has seen a small influx of Wolfbane who, having performed this rite in Asteroid Belt, have made the journey to the Red Planet where their past doesn't haunt them and they can truly begin again.

### RITE OF RECONCILIATION

**Difficulty** : 15

An unfortunate truth of Wolfbane society is that feuds occur all too often. If not for rites such as this, wolfbanes might be even scarcer than they already are. Two warring Wolfbane who have decided to end their feuding must confirm their resolve in the eyes of Her Serenity. This also applies if an Elder or one of higher Rank intervenes and demands an end to the bickering. The preparations for reconciliation involve clearing a circle of ground, in the center of which a pit is dug. Placed next to this hole is a ribbon of twined hair from the heads of the rivals. Under the direction of the ritemaster, the two observe the three stages of Reconciliation.

First is Intent : The two Wolfbane stand on either side of the hole that symbolizes the rift between them. Their arms outstretched, empty hands palm upward, each in turn loudly declares to the assembled sept his determination to end the feud: "Before my brothers and sisters I, (Wolfbane's name), say my actions have been base. I say I have wasted my blood-fire and I say I have offended Her Serenity, my sept and my pack. I declare my intent to end here and now this useless feuding and take again to my heart my sister (enemy's name)."

For the second part of the rite, Substantiation, each Wolfbane must choose a symbol of aggression. This is most commonly a weapon : a favorite knife or a firearm. Both items are placed in the hole and buried by the ritemaster.

The third stage is Confirmation, in which the rivals must signal their acceptance of one another. As the two clasp each other's forearms, their wrists are tightly bound with their braided hair. The two now join in a single howl of appeasement directed at the heavens. The reconciliation is complete. If a Wolfbane chooses to break the bond-pact she may be declared a criminal in the eyes of the sept. This rite is also used when larger groups are at odds ; in this case, each side chooses a representative to participate. Ganymede ones tend to merely break their chosen weapons rather than bury them. Fetish weapons are never sacrificed in this way.

## AWAKENING OF IMPERIAL'S STRENGTH

### Difficulty : 15

The Iron Riders learned this rite to strengthen the resilience of a structure, such as a wall around a city or the gates of a castle. Only walls and doors made of wood or carved from rock may be the subject of this rite. Glass, steel or any alloyed metals are unaffected as they are too far removed from natural materials. Most other packs believe this rite is heretical, and hold its practice against the Iron Riders during moots. Iron Riders are careful to reserve this rite for the protection of their Pack and their caerns.

## RITE OF THE WILDERNESS

### Difficulty : 20

When the Wolfbane feel that corporate expansion threatens an area of the wilds, they may perform the Rite of the Wilderness. If this rite is successful, the spirits of the land will resist any attempts by corporates to settle the area. Small animals steal food, gnaw through rope and leather, and do their best to annoy travelers or home-builders. Larger animals, such as bears and wolves, attack horses or even people in order to drive off the humans. Springs and wells become fouled with algae if humans use them as a water supply for more than a day. The wood itself radiates an aura of gloom, with the trees casting strange shadows and rustling in frightening ways. Most superstitious inhabitants of Bauhaus will avoid a place where the Rite of the Wilderness has been performed. Unfortunately, stories of a haunted wood may well draw the attention of the 2nd Directorate or Heretics seeking a base of operations.

## CAERN RITES

A caern is the spiritual focus of a sept, the heart of its Wolfbane and a place of purity and peace on the surface of Imperial territory. Caern Rites have no meaning outside of a caern, and generally only succeed if performed at its very heart. Their purpose is to renew and refresh the caern, as well as to tap the energy stored there in a constant and fine balance of giving and receiving between the Light and Its children.

### MOOT RITE

#### Difficulty : 5

This rite is called to begin a moot. Although Wolfbane gather all the time in groups of various sizes, no gathering is officially a moot until the Moot Rite is performed. The rite varies from the extremely simple, such as a unified howl to Mother Earth led by the ritemaster, to the complex and creative, such as weaving intricate dance patterns and reciting the Litany. The Moot Rites of Asteroid Belt Wolfbane and the Martian Ones vary so greatly that moots involving both groups have only been possible if a special rite were devised for the occasions—a rarity at best.

Individual packs have many variations on this rite. Some packs, such as the Shadow Lords, keep some Moot Rites for beginning secret moots and use others when members of other packs are present. Other packs, such as the Red Talons, tend to be minimalist about their Moot Rites, scratching the ground and howling together more as a signal of beginning than anything else.

### RITE OF THE OPENED CAERN

#### Difficulty : 5

A caern is not merely a place of worship and a focus of spirituality for the Wolfbane. Caerns have practical purposes too, and a Wolfbane who knows this rite has learned to tap the mystical power of a caern and use it for her own purposes. The Asteroid Belt Wolfbane refer to this practice as "opening" a caern while the Martian Ones, who use this rite infrequently, call it "borrowing" from the caern. Strange and rare caerns may be even more potent.

Caerns do not freely give their assistance to Wolfbane; indeed, the practice of opening a caern is dangerous to the ritemaster. The Wolfbane, through performing this rite, tries to show that she is worthy of the caern's energies, and coaxes them from the heart of the caern's spirit. The exact form which this rite takes differs according to the nature of the caern's energies. At a caern of Leadership the supplicant might demonstrate, through tales of her deeds, how she is a mighty leader of Wolfbane. At a caern of Rage the supplicant might prove her burning anger and inflame the caern's with descriptions of the horror she wishes to avenge. In every case, the ritemaster must convince the caern that her cause is worthy of its help.

### THE TRODDEN TRACK

#### Difficulty : 15

A caern's history is of great importance to the Wolfbane. The caern's past, its roots and its lineage can be a source of comfort and strength, invigorating the sept in its struggles. The Trodden Track enables the Wolfbane to observe visible and audible echoes of the caern's past. The echoes of times gone reverberate in the Umbra, and a good ritemaster can snare these echoes and tame them. The Trodden Track requires a map of the caern and its surroundings as they appeared when it was first created. Placed in the center of the caern and burnt, the map symbolizes the passing of time that affects all things. As the map crumbles to ash, the other Wolfbane present growl deep in their throats, producing a grinding, asynchronous rumble. The ritemaster begins his litany, a recitation of the caern's life. The off-center growls combined with the sonorous drone of the ritemaster's recounting have a disorienting effect on those present, easing the transition from present to past. Like a fever dream, the caern's history is replayed hazily about the participants, looking like reflections in a murky pool. The nature of the rite ensures that only joyous and important events from the caern's past are revealed. Watching these events fills all present with strengthened resolve and renewed vigor, as well as a deeper con-

nection with their ancestors. Only one who has known the caern and its history has any chance of successfully enacting The Trodden Track.

### RITE OF THE OPENED BRIDGE

#### Difficulty : 20

One of the most complex and important rites, the Rite of the Opened Bridge provides the mechanism by which many of the Wolfbane in the Solar System came to be everywhere. With the Harrison propulsion discovery, this rite has become important than ever and more and more Theurges are being instructed in its complex details. The Rite of the Opened Bridge creates an Earth Bridge, connection between two caerns, a path along which Wolfbane can travel in a hundredth of the time that the real-space journey takes. The bridge must be renewed once per year in a ritual enacted simultaneously at both participating caerns.

To create a Earth Bridge the ritemaster must possess a Pathstone (or Earthgem), a flat, paw-sized, very rare white rock. The retrieval of a Pathstone is often the object of a quest; the only other way to obtain one is to steal it, which destroys its previous bridge and inevitably leads to bloody conflict between a sept and the thief. The bridge exists as a spiritual connection between the two caerns through the foci of the stones' resonances. At the height of the rite the bridge is opened and Wolfbane can travel freely both ways across it.

No Earth Bridge could be established until the first Wolfbane reached the colonized territory and commandeered a caern there. After several unsuccessful attempts, during which a few Wolfbane became lost in the dimension, a caern opened a bridge to the Winter Den in Ganymede. Since then, several more bridges have been opened up and travel is virtually unrestricted.

### RITE OF THE TEMPEST

#### Difficulty : 20

It's said that Grandfather Thunder himself taught this rite to his favorite pack, the Shadow Lords. This rite brings down terrible storms, full of driving rain and gale strength winds, against the enemies of their sept. Allegedly, other packs have learned similar rites, including a Silver Fang rite which summons blizzards and snowstorms.

The ferocity of the storms depends on the skill of the ritemaster and the natural weather conditions. These storms are not gentle and may last for days; in the crags of the Carpathians. The tempest may destroy poorly constructed homes. It can also wash out roads, and lightning strikes may start wildfires. The eye of the storm centers on the caern, which suffers little effect from the raging weather. A sept that performs this powerful rite frivolously or often typically finds itself the target of angry Storm-spirits.

The rite itself involves chanting and dancing, to the sound of pounding drums which imitate and invoke the thunder. During the performance, the participants splash water liberally to represent rain, and loose long howls to call the wind.

### RITE OF CAERN BUILDING

#### Difficulty : 25

The Rite of Caern Building is the most important rite in the Wolfbane repertoire. Without it the cycles of destruction and renewal, death and rebirth would fail and the wolfbanes themselves would lose their identity. Although many caerns are ancient, none are immortal; every year a few are destroyed by the Darkness, infighting or by the capricious nature of time. Some doomsayers argue that this is an irresistible progression toward the end of humankind, and that all caerns will soon perish, but the Rite of Caern Building gives others the hope to establish something worthy.

The rite creates a new caern through the exertions and devotions of a powerful ritemaster and many supplicants. The attempt is dangerous for many reasons. First, creatures of the Darkness are known to be able to detect the enacting of the rite and almost always try to disrupt it. In particular, Nepharites often attack in great numbers and with insane ferocity. Some Theurges figure that the

enacting of this rite causes pain to the Darkness directly. The other danger is direct physical damage from the backlash of energy should the ritemaster fail. The area meant to be the heart of the caern is cho-

sen, and many Wolfbane must gather on an important night of the year (Samhain, the spring equinox, etc.). At least 13 Wolfbane are required, and more are usually needed to pool enough energy to perform the ceremony.

## RITE OF DEATH

A wolfbane's life is often tragically short, but tends to burn very brightly. The Wolfbane have a realistic attitude toward death: They do mourn for the departed, they harden their hearts and continue with life. Death rites are vital as the vehicle for Wolfbane mourning. Death is common in the wilderness, and sometimes wolfbanes perform this rite for a valued pioneer or settler as well.

### WAKE RITE

#### Difficulty : 5

This rite is held when one of their number dies. The clan gather round and the ritemaster, always a wolfbane and often a Galliard, leads it in mourning and then in celebration of the life of the departed one.

Other packs, notably the Martians, perform very different rites, and seldom are any public present at all. Their rites are lonely and mournful, solemn and spiritual. The ritemaster is the focus of the ceremony, although many contribute, especially those who knew the warrior well. Whatever exact form the ceremony takes, the aim is the same: to remember the fallen Wolfbane and her deeds, and to speed her spirit back to the womb of heavens.

### FACING THE FINAL JOURNEY

#### Difficulty : 10

Death comes to the Wolfbane often, frequently painfully and all too suddenly. Yet a Wolfbane might have an rankling of his coming demise. When a Wolfbane knows he may be about to die, this rite is indispensable. It reconciles the doomed Wolfbane to his fate, allowing him to calm his dread, collect himself and marshal his resolve. The subject and ritemaster together must construct a small hut from baked clay in a secluded locale. Both now enter, and a volunteer seals the entrance with more clay. At the center of the interior is a deep fire pit; the supplicant bestrides the pit and the fire is lit. Howling a long, low keening of mourning, the ritemaster presents him with a specially prepared draught. This potent mix of spirit blood, rattlesnake venom and peyote soon puts the Wolfbane into a trance. He spends the rest of the long hours of the ritual straddling the flames and slipping in and out of the Umbra as his trance waxes and wanes. The closed environment in the hut is especially important to this ritual.

The ritemaster slowly recites a prepared speech, recounting the story of the Wolfbane's life, reinforcing his sense of pride and worthiness as a servant of the Light. The rite doesn't touch on the doomed one's future, but the knowledge that one is facing probable death, having lived a worthy life is certainly empowering. At the rite's completion, the subject breaks out of the hut, shattering the clay in a symbolic rebirth.

## RITE OF THE FRONTIER

Rites of the Frontier are not a group that Wolfbane recognize, but loosely represent some examples of rituals from the homelands which have an important effect in the Imperial territory. These rites are typical of the wolfbanes who are intent on changing the frontier to suit them; they aren't necessarily part of the repertoire of every Conquistador ritemaster.

### RITE OF NEW TERRITORY

#### Difficulty : 5

In their colonization of Mars, some Wolfbane from the Asteroid Belt have found the need to define their territories in a way that they can understand. They don't recognize or acknowledge the ways in which the Martian Ones delineate territorial boundaries, and don't tend to respect these boundaries when they do perceive them. The resulting conflict has manifested itself in open war between

the packs. Among the Asteroid Belt Wolfbane, however, distribution of new territory isn't always an easy matter of consent and cooperation. Some areas of Mars are more desirable than others, and in the race to claim new territories for pack and sept, conflicts do occur. This rite is designed to ritualize and regulate these conflicts; it isn't used to determine the ownership of caerns or other significant sites, but to allow Kinfolk rights to various frontier outposts and towns. Each of the competing parties, be they packs or septs, chooses a ritemaster. This ritemaster need not have any Rituals Skill at all. The two ritemasters circle each other as the rite begins, surrounded by the Wolfbane. They then strike each other with fists, each giving and receiving punches. The first to fall is the loser, and his group must lead their flock elsewhere. Although the onlookers are responsible for preventing these contests from getting out of hand, several have become lethal brawls. Despite this, the Rite of New Territory remains a safer form of dispute resolution than sword dueling.

## MYSTIC RITES

Mystic Rites are most closely related to the mainstream idea of shamanistic ritual. These rites are often performed by a lone Theurge, though it isn't unheard of for the Theurge to have an audience. The Martian Ones tend not to perform these rites alone.

### RITE OF BLOOD

#### Difficulty : 10

This is a rite of single combat between two Wolfbane. Many believe that the Children of Imperial initiated this rite as a way to resolve conflicts between septs, and even packs with a minimum of bloodshed. Although only two combatants face off during the rite, all Wolfbane present must take part in the ceremony. The ritemaster may be one of the combatants, although this happens only rarely.

The two sides meet during the night of the full earth after agreeing to participate in the rite. The totem spirits of the two sides at odds are summoned to bear witness to the event. Each Wolfbane must pledge before the two totems to accept the outcome of the rite. Each side chooses a champion. Most times, but not always, these champions are chosen in advance.

Each champion has the symbols of her sept and pack painted on her skin; the two face off in a circle of silver. Only fists and kicks are allowed in most versions of the rite; however, many Wolfbane have begun using swords as well. The totem spirits protect the circle of combat, not allowing any Wolfbane to interfere or either combatant to leave until the matter is settled. The fights are often to the death, although usually if one wolfbane wishes to yield, the victor will grant her opponent his life. All Wolfbane who are present for the fight must accept the victory or defeat for their side. Variants on this rite are sometimes used to settle differences between Wolfbane within septs. Any Wolfbane who fights in a Rite of Blood earns Renown, even if defeated.

### RITE OF THE FETISH

#### Difficulty : 15

This powerful rite is the province of Theurges and Philodox. With it they create fetishes—items with powers granted by spirits bound within. Fetishes vary greatly in power and potential as do the specifics of this rite among the packs. One version of the rite uses coercion and brute force to instill the spirit in the fetish. An Red Talon ritemaster may prepare an item for inhabitation by notching it with patterns specific to the task it is to perform and then anchoring it with twine to a great bulkhead of Imperial territory in the physical world—a huge tree, an outcropping of rock—for at least three days. After this time the ritemaster calls the spirit and forces it into the fetish-to-be. The Silent Striders favor a more cooperative approach; many of their fetishes have a lifespan resulting from bargains made between spirit and ritemasters. Once this time has elapsed, a spirit is freed and may negotiate with the fetish's current owner.

### RITE OF THE TOTEM

#### Difficulty : 15

Most commonly performed at the formation of a new sept, this rite binds a group of Wolfbane to its sept totem. Any wolfbanes who want to hitch their fate to a totem must participate in this rite. Each Wolfbane coats his eyes with a mix of spit and mugwort, the better to focus his attention from the mundane plane to the spiritual. The pack must still consider the worthiness of the supplicants. A wary Elder may even require a quest from the Wolfbane, but this rarely happens if the sept has successfully completed a Initiation Rite.

## PUNISHMENT RITES

The society of the Wolfbane is surprisingly regimented and regulated. When a serious transgression of its rules occurs the offender is sanctioned by a Punishment Rite. The severity of the particular rite chosen varies with the crime committed. Punishment Rites are as important for those who perform them as for those who are their targets. The accusers strengthen their commitment to each other by defining what is not the Light's will.

### RITE OF OSTRACISM

**Difficulty :** 10

If a Wolfbane commits an act that offends her sept, but is not sufficiently heinous to warrant death, the Rite of Ostracism is enacted. The wrongdoer is estranged from her pack and sometimes even her sept. Once this rite has been performed the offender is ignored, treated as a nonentity and left to fend for herself in every way. Sept members are discouraged from direct hostilities against the offender, but accidents have been known to happen. Pack members who are related or close to the ostracized one sometimes choose to aid her in a life-or-death situation.

The Wolfbane performing the rite form a circle about the offender (if she is present). One by one the participants step forward ; while pointing stiffly at the offender each wolfbane intones: "Hear me, Her Serenity, I know this Wolfbane called (the offender's name) no longer, nor will I help her." The accuser then raises both paws over her eyes and slowly turns her back and walks away from the offender, symbolizing her "nonexistence" to the sept. The ritemaster is the last to let her howl fall silent. She leaves without the ceremonial rejection, for by this stage the accused is considered without the wolf. The transgressor is left alone in the night.

### SANCTION OF DISHONOR

**Difficulty :** 10

If a pup has, through acts of dishonor, offended an Elder or the sept at large, the Elder may prescribe this rite. This rite is basically looked on as a chastisement and a way for those involved to vent their frustrations so that all may go about their business. It's also a way to show the Light the sept's disapproval, thus ensuring that Her anger isn't stirred.

The Elder who calls for the sanction is also the ritemaster. He escorts the subject to the place of punishment in silence, offering no hint of what is to come. Even if the pup guesses his fate, he is unlikely to attempt escape. It's his duty to stoically receive his just punishment, thus avoiding shame for himself and his sept. There the other Wolfbane involved in the insult stand shoulder to shoulder, in two rows on either side of a path strewn with sharpened stones. The accused whelp stands at one end of this gauntlet, the ritemaster at the other. All present with the obvious exception of the offender, carry stout branches, sticks or rocks. The rite commences in earnest with the declaration of grievances ; the Elder states his full name, the offense (often in shameful detail) and the full name of the accused. When he has finished, the punishment begins. The violent heartfelt howl loosed by all is the signal for the youngster to start his run. Feet slashed by stony shards, body bruised by clubs and hurled rocks, the guilty one must reach the end of the gauntlet. At the far end, between agony and freedom, stands the Elder, weapon of choice brandished. If the cub has comported himself well, the Elder may refrain from taking a shot himself. Another version of this rite is somewhat less ritualized and consists mainly of vicious pummeling ; the stony shards are replaced with broken glass.

## UTES OF RENOWN

Enacted to acknowledge accomplishment or achievement, rites of Renown bestow honor and praise upon Wolfbane who have earned them. Sometimes these rites involve tests, making a rite both trial and reward. On the frontier, not all recognize the status conferred by such a rite.

### RITE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT

**Difficulty :** 5

When a wolfbane has distinguished herself by her words and deeds, her sept enacts this rite to honor her accomplishments and call upon the spirits to acknowledge her Renown. An Elder calls the subject forward, just as he might summon her to face punishment or censure. As she advances, the Elder recounts a list of her recent deeds, and tells the sept that the Wolfbane has rightly earned her standing. With that, the ritemaster enacts the Rite of Accomplishment, allowing any others who desire to step forward and speak on the recipient's behalf to do so. In conclusion, the Elder says something along the lines of, "She is made greater in her pack, her sept, and among all the People. Let this be known."

### INITIATION RITE

**Difficulty :** 10

The first rite any wolfbane ever participates in is his own Initiation Rite. Although the rite is easy to perform, ritemasters are chosen carefully for this rite. Wolfbane understand the critical nature of the ceremony, and the impression it makes on cubs. During the rite, which may last for several days, the young wolfbane undergoes trials which are designed to prove his worth to the sept and to the pack. These trials, often undertaken by a sept of young Wolfbane, are decreed by the ritemaster at the opening of the rite. A wise ritemaster chooses trials that are both challenging and attainable, stressing upon the

young cubs the difficulties facing their kind, but not disheartening them with impossible tasks.

The tests themselves vary from pack to pack and ritemaster to ritemaster. Some stress individual achievement, notably those of the Fenrir and the Shadow Lords. Other packs prescribe goals which can only be achieved through sept coherence and cooperation. At the McCraig line, as the war redden and scars deepen, some ritemasters subscribe to the ugly practice of sending their cubs across battlefield trench with various missions of mayhem and destruction. Needless to say, this practice is discouraged by responsible sept leaders. If and when the cubs are successful, the ritemaster completes the rite, often inscribing them with a ritualistic tattoo or scar to indicate their full membership in the sept and pack (although they remain cubs in the eyes of their Elders). If the cubs fail they are generally offered a second chance. Few packs allow their cubs a third such rite, and those who fail twice are lucky to survive.

### BRAND OF HONOR

**Difficulty :** 15

The deeds of Wolfbane are as bold and powerful as the landscape itself. The septs who live there exist in a rough environment, with little subtlety or finesse. This rite has been developed by these Wolfbane. Although the practice was begun by the Fenrir, it has caught on among all Wolfban. The rite is performed to commemorate a great and invaluable deed by a single Wolfbane or, less often, an entire sept in the service of a caern.

Each caern that practices this rite has its own brand, a variant of its pictogram forged in iron. The hero is summoned into the caern's bawn, where the brand is heated in a ceremonial fire. At the closing of the rite, the caern's brand is burned into the Wolfbane's shoulder, marking him forever as a champion of the sept. Some wolfbanes have taken to wandering the frontier looking for opportunities to perform deeds which are worthy of these brands, and collecting them.

## MINOR RITES

Spiritual clansmen such as the Wolfbane are constantly affirming their connection to the world at large, its cycles and currents. Almost every wolfbane knows a few minor rites, small prayers to the Light and other superstitions. Generally these rites involve only one wolfbane, who performs the ceremony in private.

### TEAR FOR THE PREY

**Difficulty :** 5

Although the spirit of the hunter is strong in the Wolfbane, most try not to blindly kill, or slay for no reason. This rite allows a wolfbane to make peace with the spirit of a being he has just slain, either in battle or in the hunt. The Wolfbane must take time to kneel over the corpse and close his eyes, silently thanking the spirit as it departs the body. This rite is never performed over slain Darkness-things.

### HUNT BLESSING

**Difficulty :** 5

Before any hunt, the wolfbane takes a moment to solicit Her Serenity's grace and to praise Her and all Her works, principally Her clansmen. The Wolfbane must choose a talisman to hold her prayers ; it may be a trophy of combat or an item of clothing, but it must be carried on the hunt. This rite has almost as many different forms as there are individual Wolfbane, but it's always performed immediately before the hunt, and in private.

### HAIL THE SUN

**Difficulty :** 5

The wolfbane sings out a joyous welcome at dawn, following the sun's long journey through the darkness beneath the world. The wolfbane howls an elaborate ululating greeting while squatting atop the nearest high ground. The tones, rhythms and duration vary with the season and the planet.

### WELCOME EARTH

**Difficulty :** 5

This greeting must be performed at Earth's zenith. When she reaches her peak, the Wolfbane must howl as loudly as possible to attract her attention. The earth's phase determines the length of the howl ; the fuller she is, the longer the howl.

### CHANT OF THE RUN

**Difficulty :** 5

This rite is used in the New World before any long journey. The wolfbane stamps and shuffles in one spot while turning a slow circle, face toward the horizon. All the while, she chants to the Light, entreating Its for guidance on the coming trek. Upon completing a full circle, the Wolfbane see Glowing footprints across the ground indicate the best path to take.

## NEW SKILLS

### COMBAT

#### WOLFbane CLOSE-COMBAT

**BASIC CAPABILITY :** (Strength+Coordination)/2

Since centuries, the Wolfbanes have perfectionned the close-combat art to an astonishing level. They are alone to teach these techniques. This skill is similar to Brawling skill but inflict 1d4 + Offensiv bonus damages with hands and 1d6 + Offensiv bonus damages with kicks .

### TECHNICALS

#### RITUALS

**BASIC CAPABILITY :** Intelligence

Rituals are a Wolfbane's grasp of the tradition, history, myths and liturgies of the Wolfbane. This knowledge confers understanding of how wolfbanes in other packs differ from your own, how to read Wolfbane glyphs and proper honorifics for addressing your Elders. For more details on Performing Rites see above at the Rites section.

#### WOLFbanes KNOWLEDGE

**BASIC CAPABILITY :** Intelligence

Wolfbanes Knowledge is a sub-skill from the larger group skill Imperial knowledge. With this skill, you know the different forces/packs heraldry ; the political situation of dominance during a moot and how to avoid mistakes when talking with Elders. A smart skill for any Wolfbanes.

# NEW EQUIPMENT

## MISCELLANEOUS

### MEDICINAL HERBS

In the Wolfbanes way of life, cybernetics and drugs are prohibited but a special medication allow wolfbanes to prepare them to battle. These medicinal concoctions are assimilable to drugs in their effect in spite of less dependancy to them. They are administered either by feed or ointment and their effect are relatively similar to the drugs effect (Mutant Chronicles 2nd Edition pg. 207-208). Their cost is the same but the dependancy consequence is ignored. Other herbs are used by the Theurges for their meditations.

**TANAISIE** 60 to 300 crowns, availability C  
Vaccines for most natural poisons; artificial poisons require more sophisticated stuff. Feed administration.

**ANGELIC** 60 to 300 crowns, availability C  
Preventive vaccines used to fight infections. Feed administration.

**AUNEY** 20,000 crowns, availability C  
This drug gives the clansman a short-term boost of adrenaline. Add +2 to OB, Avoid and Parry for 4d6 Crs. When the drugs wears off, the user is temporarily at -10 MST (regain +1 MST per hour of rest). Feed administration.

**OINTMENTS & SALVES** 5 to 25 crowns, availability A  
Thses are simple compounds for cuts and burns. Ointment administration.

**CORSIC** 5 to 8 crowns, availability A  
Common off-the shelf brand pain killers. Good against headaches, sore muscles, hangovers, etc. Ointment administration.

**SASSAFRAS** 400 crowns, availability C  
This drug puts the recipient into a comatose state for 48 hours. It is a perfect field drug for when a clansman has been mortally wounded. The suspended animation effect of the drug may save a life until the victim gets back to some real medical facilities. Feed administration.

**AZADARACHTA** 25,000 crowns, availability C  
This drug revives an unconscious clansman and puts the poor fellow back into action for eight hours, after which time he or she must rest for twelve hours. Feed administration.

**MORELLE** 300 crowns, availability C  
This prevent an injured clansman from going into shock in the field. Effets last seven hours. Feed administration.

### MYSTIC TALISMAN

These amulets are manufactured by the theurges of many packs. They come in various strengths but are very useful for those who have to face the Darkness. They add +1 to +3 to any attempt the user makes to resist the Dark Symmetry. If the user fail the attempt, the symbol will negate the affect of the Dark Symmetry anyway but will melt and be useless forever afterwards. You can wear multiple Mystic Talismans but the protection bonus is not cumulative. Clansmen carry many talismans on their body so that they have a alisman ready even if one is destroyed after a failed save. When you wear multiple talismans of different protective value, always use the one with the greatest value first.

**COST** : (20+1d6) x 1,000 crowns per +1.

## NEW VEHICLES

### HEDGEHOG NECROMOWER

Hedgehog is an all-terrain combat vehicle designed for scout fast deployment through varied broken terrains. Its four motor-wheel, with harden caoutchouc teathed tires, are impeded by a diesel motorization which roar threaten the enemy. It forgives no real protection for its pilot, who is supposed to wear an individual body armor.

The Hedgehog design allow to the pilot to go out fast to engage adversaries in close-combat. In the same way, it has a rack to store the sword at hand. It doesn't lack ranged combat with an Ultracharger left-handed mounted and a right handed stick.

#### HEDGEHOG NECROMOWER

**DIMENSIONS (L/H/W)** : 2,3 / 1,6 / 2,5  
**CREW** : 1  
**ARMAMENT** : 1 Megacharger HMG  
**SPEED** : 60 mph  
**AMMO CAPACITY** : 1,000  
**MODE** : A  
**RANGE** : 1,000 / 1,500  
**DAMAGE** : 1d6+7  
**ARMOR** : rear 5 ; below : 3 ; other : 0

### FENRIS BIKE

Fenris is a three-wheeled vehicle designated to be the wolfbane mechanized cavalry. With its Lupus Flame-Thrower, the Fenris Bike lack of long ranged combat but its light design provides more flexibility on broken terrain than its Hedgehog counterpart. Wolfbanes use Hedgehog as mobile support unit whereas Fenris are use as offensiv spear against an enemy position.

Its Fielhausen motorization allow it to perform fast start off and its three-wheeled design allow to turn around easily. Its weaponry engage its pilot to wear an MK I body armor and personal gun in case of ranged threaten.

#### FENRIS BIKE

**DIMENSIONS (L/H/W)** : 2,9 / 1,3 / 2,4  
**CREW** : 1  
**ARMAMENT** : 1 Lupus Flame-Thrower  
**SPEED** : 70 mph  
**AMMO CAPACITY** : 10  
**MODE** : M  
**RANGE** : 20 / 30  
**DAMAGE** : 2d10  
**ARMOR** : front 5 ; sides : 3 ; other : 0

# NEW WEAPONS

Any Wolfbane warrior designated as armed with a Clansman Claymore may be armed with any of the close combat weapons in the Wolfbane armory. Obviously Wolfbanes may use any weapons, assault rifles, light machine guns, rocket launcher, flame-thrower they see fit for the job done.

## PICK HAMMER



This is a terrifying and spiked weapon forged from the smelted remains of enemy weapons claimed by victorious Wolfbanes.

W	L	STR	DAM(1H)	DAM(2H)	COST
5	95	12*	-	1d6	-

## NEPHARITE HAMMER

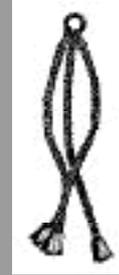


This massive hammer, so named for its ability to fell even the Dark Legion's nepharites.

W	L	STR	DAM(1H)	DAM(2H)	COST
7,4	110	18*	-	1d10/1d10+10	65,000

The second value is the explosive damage but after you must reloading the charge which takes 3 actions.

## IRON BOLA



The Iron Bola is a thrown weapon (STR Square Range).

W	L	STR
1,9	82	10
COST		
500		

On a successful strike, your opponent must make a STR test (Difficult) or loose one action entangled. Roll this untill the opponent break the entangling.

## CLANSMAN CLAYMORE



These fearsome two-handed swords have an almost religious significance among the clansfolk, who often carry them in battle instead of firearms, without any obvious logical reason.

W	L	STR	DAM(1H)	DAM(2H)	COST
4,8	114	11	1d4	1d6	540,000

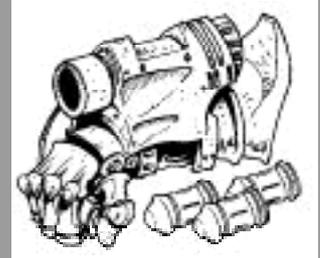
## CLAWS OF THE WOLF



The Claw, a weapon unique to the Mourning Wolves, is a set of three long blades extending from reinforced gauntlets strapped to the forearm.

W	L	STR	DAM(1H)
2,1	47	8	1d4
DAM(2H)		COST	
-		1,500	

## HOWLER SHORT RANGE GRENADE LAUNCHER



The Howler GL is basically a launch tube strapped to the warrior's forearm. It may launch different grenade types. The stats below concern fragmentary grenades.

W	L	MC	FUNC	RANGE	STR	RT	JF
3,4	50	1	M	50/75	8	1	5
#TA	SR	DAM	COST				
1d3	1	1d6	5,000				

## CLANSMAN VIOLATOR



The great Violator sword has a power blade. Its lethal effect mow frequently several enemis with one astonishing strike. Despite this weapon is feared, some clansmen consoder its technological nature makes ii a cheat weapon.

W	L	STR	DAM(1H)	DAM(2H)	COST
5,1	125	13	1d6	1d10	-

## TANGLE CHAIN

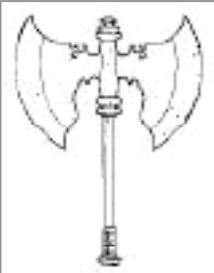


A mass of hooked and barb-wired chains, exclusively used by the Mourning Wolves.

W	L	STR
2,9	150	11
DAM(1H)		DAM(2H)
-		-
COST		
2,500		

On a successful strike, your opponent must make a STR test (Difficult) or loose one action entangled. Roll this untill the opponent break the entangling.

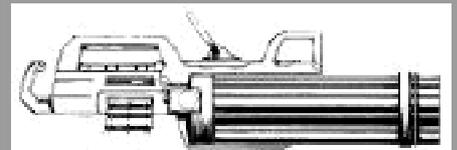
## BATTLE AXE



This is a 2-handed, 2-headed axe, often preferred by Berserers and Headhunters for the increased damage.

W	L	STR
6,2	68	14*
DAM(1H)		DAM(2H)
-		1d8
COST		
550,000		

## HMG MK. XIXA MEGA-CHARGER



This eleven canons version of the famous Charger HMG has been warm welcomed by Imperial forces. It's oftenly mounted on a vehicle and very rarely hold by a trooper. Its extreme rate of fire (4,800 rounds per minute) with its big caliber (20 mm) makes this a mortal threaten in the hands of anyone enough strong to operate it.

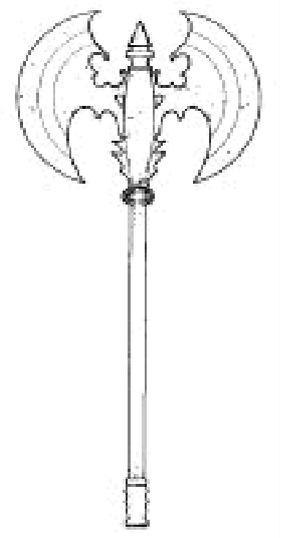
W	L	MBL	FUNC	RANGE	STR	RT	JF
24,1	88	-	A	280/420	30*	3	4
DAM		COST					
1d6+7		29,000					

# CLAN BLADES

Wolfbane smiths have been forging enchanted weapons, armor and other items for their clansmen since the early years of the Age of Faith. Guided by the righteous Light of the Cardinal, these smiths discovered how to harmonize these items with the natural Light that is present in the Universe, and in the souls of the righteous. For each special bonus a blade gives, roll once on the table below. Roll 1d20 and note the Blades special abilities. If the result has a ° next to it and you have already rolled it, roll again ; otherwise all bonuses are cumulative. You only get the benefits of a blades special powers when it is drawn and held in your hand. (Note : although Murray Blades only go up to +3 OB, Clan Gallagher Blades can go up to +5. Such blades are never found in the hands of any except Imperial Highlander and Wolfbane clan warriors).

**COST :** Gallagher blades are almost never for sale. Should one come onto the market, the minimum price for a +1 blade would be 50,000 Crowns. +2 would be 125,000 Crowns. +3 would be 250,000 Crowns.

**SPECIAL BONUS :** The most common property of a Murray or Gallagher weapon is a special bonus. For close combat weapons this is added to the users OB when inflicting damage.



**SWALLOWER OF DARKNESS**

This is a massive, enchanted 2-bladed axe (2-Handed).

<b>W</b>	<b>L</b>	<b>STR</b>
8,2	160	24*
<b>DAM(1H)</b>	<b>DAM(2H)</b>	
-	1d8+1	
<b>COST</b>		
-		

**Special Abilities :**

- +3 OB
- Darkslayer
- Truesilver
- Bonded Blade

**1 DARKSLAYER.** This blade doubles its special bonus OB versus Dark Legion creatures and Heretics. It also adds its special bonus to any attempt to resist Dark Symmetry.

**2 HATING BLADE°.** This blade was forged for use against a specific foe. it gives +5 OB versus that particularly foe. Roll 1 d6. Foe is 1: Mishima. 2: Bauhaus 3: Capitol. 4: Cybertronic. 5: Dark Legion. 6: Specific Wolfbane Pack (your choice.)

**3 FIREBLADE.** When used in battle this blade burns white hot and is surrounded by a blazing nimbus of flame. Add +1d4 to its damage. Wounds inflicted by it cannot be regenerated.

**4 BANEBLADE°.** On a roll of 1 any foe hit by this weapon is slain if he is hit in the chest, head or stomach.

**5 HEADTAKER°.** This blade always strikes the foes head, if there is one on your target.

**6 BONEBREAKER°.** This blade causes an enormous shockwave when it hits, adding 1d4 damage. This 1d4 ignores any armour.

**7 ACCURATE BLADE°.** This blade allows you to modify your hit location roll by plus or minus 5.

**8 DEFENDER°.** This blade allows you to make a parry roll against any close combat attack. You do not need to have a saved action to parry.

**9 SHIELDING BLADE°.** This blade allows you to parry bullets at half your parry skill. You do not need to have a saved action to do this. You can parry any incoming bullet or grenade but not rockets or flamethrowers.

**10-11 SPIRIT BLADE°.** This blade contains the spirit of its previous wielder. The spirits of the blade's previous owner will sometimes give information or advice to its owner. Whether the blade is helpful or harmful is up to the GM. The GM roles up a character who possessed the blade previously. The current owner of the spirit blade may use any of the skills of the previous owner instead of his own. Note : Spirit Blades are notoriously difficult to handle. A spirit may not be freed from the blade until the current owner dies and takes its place. Needless to say, most spirits are anxious to see the current owner die as quickly as possible. On the other hand, spirit blades give its possessors more abilities.

If you are killed carrying this blade then your spirit will be stored within it.

**12 RENDER.** This blade doubles the OB bonus the blade has. If you re-roll it it triples it. And so on.

**13 TRUESILVER BLADE.** This blade has a core of truesilver, which is a rare and potent material. Truesilver blades render its wearer completely immune to all effects of the Art and Dark Symmetry. You cannot be harmed or healed by the Art or the Dark Symmetry, nor can use either while carrying this weapon.

**14 LIFESTEALER.** This blade sucks the life force from wounded enemies and passes it to you. For every three wounds it inflicts on a foe you may heal 1 point of damage on a specific location. A lifestealer cannot take lifeforce from anything which is already dead (i.e. undead legionnaires). They have no life force to steal.

**15-16 LIVING BLADE.** This blade fights with a life of its own. For each special bonus you get an extra close combat attack per combat round. Thus a +3 blade will let you hit an extra three times in close combat.

**17-18 HEARTBREAKER°.** This blade inflicts triple damage whenever it strikes to the chest.

**19 SEEKER°.** This blade automatically seek out weak spots in armor. Treat an opponents armor value as halved, round down.

**20 BONDED BLADE°.** When this blade is forged, the sword maker has mixed some of the blood of its intended owner with the steel. As a result of this arcane practice, the blade is bonded to its owner. While the original owner is alive this blade's powers or damage bonus will not work for anyone else. The owner can call the blade to his hand from up to ten meters away and it will fly to his hand. The blade is resistant to being used by others so much that it will turn against them. If someone besides the owner of the blade uses a bonded blade, subtract its special bonus from the user's weapon skill during close combat. This blade can only be passed on by its original owner to his chosen heir or to the person he chooses. The original owner must perform a special ritual in which he mingles his blood with his heir's blood. Otherwise, the sword will not work for anyone else except a descendant of the original owner's bloodline.