

Dark Ages WEREWOLF



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Silver Howl paced restlessly

amidst the patches of wildflowers in a small grove just outside the valley that housed the Sept of Sun's Glory, the set of her ears against her head clearly conveying her displeasure. The guards failed to notice her presence until she howled a second time. Finally, an answering howl gave her permission to enter. Homids, she thought, curling her lip in disdain. I should teach them to hunt.

Her presence finally acknowledged, she darted swiftly down the narrow path toward the caern, finally emerging into the forest at the bottom of the valley. Her silver coat blended well with the sun-dappled underbrush, and she felt a certain amount of amusement when she thought of the homid guards trying to track her progress as their duties dictated. She left them behind all too quickly. Rather than dwelling on the triumph, she lost herself in the run through the serene stretch of woods. Her nose picked out the scents of small animals, the green of growing things, the distant, sharp smell of the frozen lake waters. She outran her displeasure and finally stood at the edge of the caern, sides heaving, politely waiting for the guards to catch up. They finally emerged, sporting looks of equal shame and gratitude for not embarrassing them in front of the sept.



LEGENDS OF THE GAROU: THE METTLE OF A LEADER

The three of them entered the caern together, a lithe silver-coated bitch with two larger and more awkward brown-furred wolves. Once they had escorted her as far as was required, she released them with a chuff and a toss of her head, and they were off, trying to make an impressively quick exit to make up for their prior tardiness.

Silver Howl approached the central fire with the proper respect, waiting at a distance with head down and eyes averted so that the elders would not think her an eavesdropper. They completed their conversation with a young Carou whose name she could not quite recall and sent him on his way. Finally, after some conversation, Guillaume Sun's Glory, the sept leader, beckoned for her to approach. He was a striking figure, old enough to be a great-grandfather, with steely gray eyes, white blonde hair and an aristocratic profile. All in all, his was not an authority that she ever questioned.