

# DARK ALLIANCE: Vancouver

By Nigel Findley and Geoff McMartin

*A Sourcebook for Werewolf: The Apocalypse and Vampire: The Masquerade*





# LEGENDS OF THE GAROU

## Blood of the City, Spirit of the Forest

Attend me, Cub, and listen. I will tell you about the city. What? Yes, I know of your background, cub. I know you lived in the city before the Kin announced to us the importance of your arrival, before we took you from the humans to learn the Truth. Yes, I know you spent what was it? thirteen winters in the canyons of concrete before you joined the Garou, before you became one with our People. You may *think* you know the city, but your knowledge is incomplete. You lack knowledge of all who live outside the embrace of Gaia herself. You may know more about the superficial world than I do. You can give the names of streets and buildings. You no doubt know the numbers assigned to you, the cold and spiritless numbers assigned to humans by other humans to define and control them. But to say knowing these things lets you truly *know* the significance of the city is as foolish as claiming that seeing a picture of a tree in a book lets you truly know the significance of Gaia. When I am through with you, cub, you will *know* the true significance of the city the humans call Vancouver.

The heart of Vancouver is the Great Caern, as your brethren have told you already. You are too inexperienced in the ways of the Garou to have been allowed to see the true significance of this fact for yourself. For reasons that are no doubt clear to you, all Garou describe their caern as the “heart” of the region they protect. Spiritually, a caern is always the heart and center of its bawn. Geographically, however, the truth is often different.

Vancouver is different. The spiritual heart of the city, the Great Caern, is also physically in the heart of the city. The city has grown up around the caern, hemming it in.

What was that? How did that happen? You will learn that in time.

I hear tell that there is another such caern in the very heart of a great city, in distant New York, but I must depend entirely on the words of others, I have never traveled so far. Truth be told, I hope I never have to travel again.

This is not the only thing that sets the Great Caern of Vancouver apart, cub. For obvious reasons, the brethren who followed the Kin Fetch to bring you to be among your people were all of our tribe. Nothing else could be acceptable. Since that point, you will have noticed that different tribes, so often at each other's throats elsewhere in the world, work together here with a level of cooperation that I believe is unique.

Why, you ask? That is the key truth about the Great Caern, as you will come to understand. The Great Caern is a Caern of Cooperation. It was created centuries ago by one of the greatest Theurges this part of the world has ever seen. We created the caern to be shared by all Garou. Its powers and bound spirits are open to all. A caern is often used by a single sept, often composed of a single clan. Any other visitors must pay that clan the Chiminage it demands. Our caern is open to anyone, regardless of sept or tribal affiliation. Vancouver is “open territory”, cub. To the best of my knowledge, that makes the city unique.

# SUCK \$& SUN



That is not the only factor that sets Vancouver apart. You have heard of the Leeches, the Cadavers: those undead creatures the humans know as vampires. They call themselves the Kindred.

What? Myths? I see you have a long way to travel down the path that is wisdom, cub. Vampires exist, and there are many of them in Vancouver. Trust what I say for the moment. Soon you will know it from your own personal experience.

Elsewhere in the world, our People and the Kindred are foes. The vampires are of the Wyrn, innately opposed to that which gives us reason for being: Gaia herself. Yet here in Vancouver, that... *tradition*, you may call it... has been set upon its ear. As there is peace between the Thirteen Tribes of the People, there is also a tentative peace, little more than a truce, between the People and the Kindred.

How? How can the People come to terms with those who are enemies of Gaia? The story is long, and others will instruct you of its details. For the present moment, this must suffice.

Although we believe the Kindred are of the Wyrn, here in Vancouver we have learned that their path and their goals are not always *with* the Wyrn. Does that make sense to you? They are spawned by the Wyrn, but the Leeches have, it seems, free will. They pursue their own goals and purposes. These frequently parallel those of the Wyrn. Thus we war against them. Yet as the history of Vancouver proves, this is not always irredeemably the case. There are wise minds among both the People and the Kindred. Those wise minds have discerned that, in this case, a path can be charted that serves the needs of both the Kindred and the People that does *not* serve the needs of the Wyrn. Remember this above all, cub: the Wyrn is the enemy. Anything else is merely diversion. Any ally, any tool, that can be used in combating the Wyrn must be so used. Though it galls some of the People almost beyond endurance, the Kindred of Vancouver fit this category. They are both an ally and a tool in our battle against the Wyrn.

Eternal peace? Let yourself not be deceived by what you *think* I say, but instead pay attention to what I *do* say. There is peace between the tribes. For the moment, there is peace between People and Leeches. Yet there is not, and can *never* be, peace between us and the Wyrn. Though our alliances among ourselves and with the Kindred have helped keep the Wyrn at bay these last years, the war still continues. Not so long ago it raged, and I fear it will one day rage again.

Yes, I speak from personal experience. I see you eye my battle scars. Do not turn away your eyes; you will not shame me. Among the People, battle scars are not shame, but instead the greatest tribute of all. Honorable scars, honorably received, speak of a Garou's mettle, his soul, and his dedication to the Ways of the People.

I received these scars in the great conflict that drove one of the greatest servitors of the Wyrn from this region. You might have heard of the Pentex Corporation. It was a great battle. We attacked by night under the leadership of Roger Daly. Yes, Daly the Glass Walker. An honorable man, despite his tribe. He is a cunning tactician and a fell warrior. You would do best to keep your scorn for his heritage to yourself should you meet

him eye to eye. Human guards fired upon us. Machines of death tried to cut us down with fire, blades and bullets. Yet we won. In the heart of the poison that was the Pentex establishment, we met its final and most lethal guardians, the men who ran this perversion.

Yes, cub: they were men. They were also *not* men.

They had once *been* men, but now there were something else. We call them *fomori*, mortal souls ridden and perverted and twisted out of their true form by the Banes. We fought them. The People, the warriors of the Thirteen Tribes, fought side by side. We fought the spawn of the Wyrms.

We were triumphant. The cost was high, but we paid it. I paid it gladly. I took terrible wounds that to this day throb and burn with remnants of the evil that flowed through the fomori. I tore to pieces with my own hands. My days are agony and my nights are beyond description. I paid the price gladly, and I would pay it again gladly were the need to arise. Each bolt of pain, each moment of agony is a reminder of our victory, of the great things that can be achieved when the People set aside their petty jealousies and machinations and turn together to face the true Foe.

It was by this price that Pentex and a large portion of the taint that was the Wyrms was driven from Vancouver. We must

strive to keep the Great Caern and its bawn free of the taint that is always trying to return.

The peace between the tribes and the truce with the Cadavers give us the best chance of achieving this.

Yet now I must tell you the fact that makes my heart grieve. This peace may soon come to an end. Forces have arisen and combined to threaten what we have wrought.

No, it is not the Wyrms, not as such. I do not believe so, at least.

It is our own self-serving desires. Kindred lead us into this dark future. If we stray from the true path before us, Garou will fight Garou, Garou will fight Kindred... and the Wyrms will wait until the battle is done, when there is none to combat it any longer. Then Vancouver and its Great Caern will fall under the darkness.

Cub, we must steadfastly remain on the true path if we wish to survive if we want *Gaia* to survive.

What is this true path, you ask?

That is the question that each Garou must answer in her own heart. Only your own conscience and spirit can give you guidance.

May we all make the right choice...

Sample file

## Credits

**Authors:** Nigel Findley and Geoff McMartin  
**Development:** Bill Bridges  
**Editing:** Brian Campbell  
**Art Director:** Richard Thomas  
**Art:** Jeff Rebner, Dan Smith, Joshua Gabriel Timbrook  
**Maps:** Brian J. Blume  
**Cover Art:** Tony Harris  
**Typesetting and Layout:** Sam Chupp  
**Logo and Back Cover Design:** Michelle Prahler

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## Special Thanks

As hard as this may be to believe, we're running out of "Special Thanks" listings for folks. So, we've decided to divide the chores of mocking each other between books. Check out our new *Vampire* or *Ars Magica* books if you want to see the dirt on any White Wolfers not listed below. (No, this is not a plug. If you want to buy those books just for the Special Thanks, maybe you should consider seeking help.)

Andrew "Back Seat" Greenberg for Storytelling the nasty on the way back from GenCon.

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Sample file

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Nigel Findley

To Holly again, for keeping me (marginally) sane...  
Another Barre Sinister Production