

Sanctuary

March 2010

Hello Region of Luv,

This is our Garou/Forsaken issue of Sanctuary. It is full of fun things to make you want to play the game.

We included a little movie trivia as well as the cool character backgrounds and ingame stories.

Now, sit back and enjoy!

Shelley



“Teen Wolf” (1985) starred what actor as a mangy misfit?

- A. Sean Penn**
- B. William Katt**
- C. Donnie Most**
- D. Michael J. Fox**



Forgotten

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A wind chime sings on an empty porch. A forsaken house, left empty inside, stands alone in a forest of uncertainty. Once filled with warmth and joy, it now sheds tears of pain as the rain seeps through its decaying roof. Its window overlooking a path of prosperity is now covered with the soot of time. A windy day that causes the chime to sing, is all that is left of the joy that this noble soul once embraced.

Dell's Song

by Kevin Brian

The night had claimed the city fully as Dell walked out of the movie theatre. Without conscious thought he turned left and strolled down the street. His build was somewhat larger than average but not much so that he was overly intimidating. One could tell that he was simply a man who knew how to use his hands to work for a living. He did not smile as he walked, the much anticipated movie had let him down and he thought only of getting home. As he walked he became aware of the wind. He lifted his face into the wind and picked up the first notes of the song. It had been 3 weeks since Dell last heard the song, and this time like the last, he drifted toward it without conscious thought, knowing he would follow it wherever it would lead. Dell was a man of faith. He knew that the song was what directed him and he had never questioned the song, the faint whisper of something he knew to be pure. He felt the familiar warmth brought to him by the song. It touched his very soul and brought with it the knowledge that he was special.

Tonight the song lead him into an ally. As his eyes adjusted to the darkening shadows he could make out the form of two men before him. Neither man saw him, their eyes were on the woman lying on the pavement. Her blonde hair was streaked with blood and a small pool collected under her head.

Dell did not hear the men's comments on what they had planned for the helpless woman, he heard only the song. The warmth of the song gave him peace. It guided his actions as he moved silently toward the men. The larger of the two stood and watched as his friend began

ripping the woman's clothing occasionally making a lewd comment about leaving something for him. Anticipation of what was to come kept them from hearing until it was too late.

Dell took a deep breath. The song became stronger, sweeter, more pure than ever before. He lunged.....

With a cry of pain, the man's knee exploded. The bone ripped from the flesh and stood gleaming in the pale light. His body lurched and he fell to the ground. His face, contorted in agony and rage, looked up at his attacker as he cradled his ruined knee.

Profanity issued from his lips but Dell heard only the pure music and he knew that this was his reward for his devotion.

The smaller man reached for the gun he had used to hit the woman but before he could level it, his hand and the gun were ground into the pavement reducing the fingers to little more than fragments. The sounds of the crunching bones made a sickly sound, but the song was all that Dell knew. The larger man managed to get back to his feet and leaned heavily on the alley wall. He called to Dell and laughed as he aimed the gun at him. The man fired only once. The bullet was true. It found its way into the depths of Dell's chest. There was pain but the song had grown to a crescendo that alleviated all but the desire to obey its insistent notes. The gunman fired twice more as Dell lunged for him causing the bullets to go astray. The man's efforts were rewarded with a broken wrist as the revolver was wrenched from his hand. The barrel of the gun was still hot when the

the would be rapist felt it enter his mouth. It burned his lips and tongue and caused him to gag as the gun was jammed farther down his throat. The sound of the gun made the song begin to fade. Dell sighed. The agonized cries of the man down the alley began to replace the angelic chords of the song. Dell sighed again his desire to hold on to the song moved him toward the man. The song gained in strength as he knelt by the crippled man and slowly crushed his wind pipe. Then the song was gone. Slowly Dell walked from the ally back on to the street. His feet moved of their own will. He arrived at the church 20 minutes later. The wound in his chest just a memory but the ache in his soul was almost unbearable. He moved silently through the halls of the Church, behind the large crucifix, down the corridor to the Priest's residence. He knocked twice on the door. A voice bid him enter. The Priest looked up from his desk. His face paled when his eyes met those of his visitor.

Dell removed his shirt and knelt by the crucifix on the wall. "I heard the Angels again tonight Father Michael."

The wooden cane whistled through the air but there was not so much as a flinch as wood met flesh. The only sounds were of the prayers falling from the lips of the confessor. The priest did not ask what Dell had done, as he brought the cane down again and again. Father Michael had only heard one full confession after one of Dell's "holy missions." A confession that left him with such nightmares that only with a few extra glasses of brandy at night was he able to sleep. With unimaginable strength Father Michael brought the cane down again and again. All the while Dell prayed, and smiled longing to hear the song again soon.



Warren Zevon's *Werewolves of London* was released in 1978 and went as high as #21 on the Billboard top 40.

I saw a werewolf with a Chinese menu in his hand,
Walking through the streets of Soho in the rain.
He was looking for the place called Lee Ho Fook's,
Going to get a big dish of beef chow mein.
Ahhwooooo... Werewolves of London,
Ahhwooooo!
Ahhwooooo... Werewolves of London,
Ahhwooooo!

You hear him howling around your kitchen door,
You better not let him in.
Little old lady got mutilated late last night,
Werewolves of London again.
Ahhwooooo... Werewolves of London,
Ahhwooooo!
Ahhwooooo... Werewolves of London,
Ahhwooooo! Huh!

He's the hairy handed gent who ran amok in Kent,
Lately he's been overheard in Mayfair.
You better stay away from him,
He'll rip your lungs out, Jim,
Huh! I'd like to meet his tailor.
Ahhwooooo... Werewolves of London,
Ahhwooooo!
Ahhwooooo... Werewolves of London,
Ahhwooooo!

Well, I saw Lon Chaney walking with the Queen,
Doing the Werewolves of London.
I saw Lon Chaney, Jr. walking with the Queen,
Doing the Werewolves of London.
I saw a werewolf drinking a pina colada at Trader Vic's,
And his hair was perfect.
Ahhwooooo... Werewolves of London, Huh! Draw blood!

Werewolf Syndrome: What is it?

Most of you might say, well, yes, I have werewolf syndrome at least two weekends a month (or more depending on your particular urges) but did you know that there is an actual medical condition that is called “Werewolf Syndrome?”

This medical condition called **Hypertrichosis** describes hair growth on the body in an amount considered abnormal; extensive cases of hypertrichosis have informally been called **werewolf syndrome**. There are two distinct types of hypertrichosis: generalized hypertrichosis, which occurs over the entire body, and localized hypertrichosis, which is restricted to a certain area.

Aconitum known as aconite, monkshood, wolfsbane, leopard's bane, women's bane, Devil's helmet or blue rocket, is a genus of flowering plant belonging to the buttercup family.



Wolfsbane has been ascribed with supernatural powers in the mythology relating to werewolves and other lycanthropes, either to repel them, relating to aconite's use in poisoning wolves and other animals, or in some way induce their lycanthropic condition, as aconite was often an important ingredient in witches' magic ointments. In folklore, aconite was also said to make a person into a werewolf if it is worn, smelled, or eaten. They are also said to kill werewolves if they wear, smell, or eat aconite.

Aconitum or wolfsbane features in literature and movies in a number of instances:

- A gypsy poem was written for the Lon Chaney, Jr. series of werewolf movies; it has been quoted in other werewolf movies as well:
- “Even those who are pure of heart, and say their prayers at night, can become a wolf, when the wolfsbane blooms and the autumn moon is bright.”
- Wolfsbane in the Harry Potter series is a toxic plant that can be used as an ingredient in the Wolfsbane Potion, a potion werewolves use to maintain their rationality and conscience when transformed into a wolf.
- During the events of Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban the werewolf Remus Lupin forgets to take his dose of Wolfsbane Potion that Severus Snape prepared to him and ends up turning into a werewolf during the full moon.

A few interesting websites that might help you to get more into the game! There are White Wolf sites and then a couple of fun sites.

WW Venue Directory of WTF

http://www.jessilaur.com/Cam-Venue_Directories/WtF_Guide.pdf

WW Wiki pages for Forsaken

<http://wiki.white-wolf.com/camwiki/index.php?title=Category:Forsaken>

WW Character sheets

<http://sheets.camarilla.ca/>

Werewolf name generator

<http://rumandmonkey.com/widgets/tools/namegen/4831/>

Werewolf movies dot com

<http://www.werewolf-movies.com/>

A Handy Surprise!

I had a Get of Fenris Ahroun.

In the mortal world, he was a professional boxer. Far from his weight class champion, he made a good living. After he became a Garou, he continued to fight, but put a lot less effort in it for obvious reasons.

During one gather, we were investigating a disappearance and ran into a lair filled with animated Tremere hands... hands with an eye and teeth... and they swarmed us. They were raining from the ceiling. There was a couple I couldn't shake off, and they managed to bite through my right wrist.

They turned my hand into another one of them!

Now my dad is a certified pedorthist, orthotist, and prosthetist. Not prostitute, prosthetist. So he made a cast for my right arm that I could take off at will.

I came in to the next game with the cast in a sling, and told them I faked having a broken wrist so I could continue to box and not break the masquerade...

But it was February in Arkansas and the roads are all covered in ice...

So before I could tell them what happened everyone was like "Mark, what did you do to your arm?"

And for those of you who don't believe I have a twin brother, just ask they guys down in Fayetteville. A shout out to Corey, Nancy, Bill, Bob, Mike, and the rest of the Fayetteville crew!

It was great.

Mark Collins

US2008113152

Thanks to all those who ran for RC! You made the region proud to have so many awesome choices!! Sadly there can be only one so without further ado....

**Let's give a great big
"HELL YEAH!"
to our new RC,
Mr. Paul Hackett.**