

# WEREWOLF: The APOCALYPSE

## BACKGROUND

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Name: HIGE SHADOWCLAW Pack Name:

Pack Totem:

Breed: LUPUS

Auspice: Ragabash

Tribe: Bone Gnawers

Concept: Lab Rat / Runt of the Litter

TRIBAL TOTEM: Rat

AGE: CURRENT: 07

BORN: 10/14/2012

AT CHANGE: 05

Born under a Waxing New Moon

HEIGHT: 4'05"

WEIGHT: 65 LBS.

FAMILY: (KIN FOLK)

1) CAREGIVER: ANNA (FEMALE / WEREWOLF / 30 y.o.)

2) MENTOR: LEON (male / WEREWOLF / 25 y.o.)

3) DEEN ALPHA: ASIL (male / WEREWOLF / 60 y.o.)

4) ALLY: CHARLES (male / WEREWOLF / 35 y.o.)

5) CONTACT: BRAN (male / WEREWOLF / 65 y.o.)

ALLIES: (Kin Folk)

1) Moderate Influence and Power: Charles (BRAN'S SON & EXECUTIONER  
ALSO, WEREWOLF)

CONTACTS: (Kin Folk)

1) Major Contact: Bran (TOP ALPHA WEREWOLF)

ARCHETYPE: CUB (P. 488): The Cub isn't ready to take responsibility. He's still immature, perhaps innocent and tries to depend on others for protection and nurturing. Werewolves rarely keep the Cub Archetype for long - it tends to be stripped away by the vicious realities of their constant struggle. Still, some find themselves defaulting back to earlier behavior as a plea for help.

ENEMY:

(1) SCIENTIST / WEREWOLF HUNTER: STRIKER

(2) DOCTOR: HOWLAND



### FLAWS

- Short (1 PT)
- Docile (1 PT)
- Nightmares (1 PT)
- HUNTED (4 PT)

### MERITS

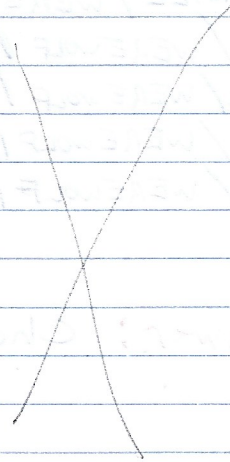
- PITTIABLE (1 PT)
- WOLF SIGHT (1 PT)
- LONG DISTANCE RUNNER (3 PT)

### OTHER POSSIBLE FLAWS

IF ALLOWED BY GM TO GO

### BEYOND 7 PTS :

- Compulsion (1 PT)
- Curiosity (2 PT)
- Pact mentality (2 PT)
- Hatred (3 PT)
- weak willed (3 PT)
- Dark Secret (1 PT)
- Enemy (1 - 5 PT)
- Cursed (1 - 5 PT)
- Sign of the wolf (2 PT)





## BACKGROUND STORY:

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Hige Shadowclaw was born on 10/14/2012 under the Waxing New Blood Moon, to Parents he has no recollection of since being killed nearly after his birth by a group of hunters. His parents were caught in the crossfire of a battle between Humans and Crinos.

Hige was taken into Foster Care Shortly after by Military officials assigning him with a family. He was doing good with the family, but had several dozen mishaps with the family. They noticed he started to act weird and pick fights a lot in the school yard at four years old. His foster parents decided to take him to a psychiatrist. The Psychiatrist decided it was best to make him a Ward of the State.

Becoming a Ward of the State opened up a doorway for a series of Experiments and tests.

Hige was transferred to Gildron Oakland Asylum, that he later figured out that doubled as a lab. Within that "Asylum", he was experimented on and watched closely. Within the next that next three years, he was "taken care of" by the Scientist, his "care giver", a doctor who monitored him through out his tests and everyday life.

It was but close to his 7<sup>th</sup> birthday, during one of the experiments, that everything went horribly wrong.

Hige was collared up, wired up laying on a bed with a bunch of tests being ran. It had been hours since he ate, his stomach growled, he was thirsty and getting really annoyed.

He started to get really nauseated for some reason. Almost like he was going to ~~vetch~~ vomit. Leaning over the bed he called for his caregiver as he set up in his bed. Putting his hand down on his bed, he noticed it was wet. Really wet. He cried out.

Then all the sudden, all the alarms starting to go off. The sensors from his wired set up alerted them of any sudden changes.

"Doctor! Look at this!" called one of the Scientists.

"What's happening?" he said.

"His brain waves!" "They're surging!", the nurse and scientists replied.

"Let's run another scan!" The Doctor instructed. Everybody started running around, talking, calling orders.

"CARL!...CARL!", Hige called out, raising up, holding his hands to his head as he tried to stand.



Carl, his caregiver at the time, came rushing over to him. "It's okay Hige. You're fine. You only wet your bed. It's ok!" he said trying to calm him down.

It was only after <sup>he</sup> got to <sup>his</sup> feet, that ~~he~~ he retched, before collapsing to the ground, and going into a seizure.

"Doc!!" Carl cried out, "Doctor Howland!".

"What is it?", he called as he ran over. "Stabalize him, quickly strap him down!" he ordered.

"But sir! we...."

"I said do it!" He demanded.

Carl obeyed the doctor's order and started to bind him.

Once the Seizeing had stopped, the alarms were still continuing, before they started to go crazy. They thought it was over, but they were dead wrong.

Hige's eyes shot open, a blistering red behind them. He started growling, panting and crying.

"Quickly! Hdd him down!"

They all ran to try and keep Hige from breaking loose.

But they're attempt failed. His strength over whelmed them, breaking the binds as he began to transform. A change in his body as he cried, howled, and tried to get away. But as his transformation overwhelmed his body, so did his rage. He became an uncontrollable monster.

It was then he transformed into a full fleshed werewolf. Uncontrolled. Raging. Crying. And Hurting.

With one bloody howl, he ripped the wires and cords from his body, the rest of the restraints broken, only to leave his collar still on him while everything was ripped away.

And he blacked out, going on a bloody rampage. Tearing everything apart. People apart. Limb for bloody limb. Till he thought ~~there~~ there was nothing left.

Hige managed to injure both the doctor and the Scientist, killing his caregiver in the mean time. The other two slipped away.

Hige managed to escape the lab as he tore through it



Hige transformed into a full formed wolf and ran for miles before collapsing deep into the woods.

His rage subsided and he transformed back to a human being, a little kid.

He noticed that the change broken into his growth along with all the experiments, shots, IV's ran into him, he was to forever be (short) at his height of 04'05", despite his age.

He layed there, crying till he noticed a helicopter flying above him, hovering, till another wolf of great power jumped out and quickly asserted dominance over me. I quickly went to wolf, layed on my back, piddled a bit and scared.

He went back for the helicopter, nodding for me to follow. I got up and quickly jumped for it without hesitating.

I crawled in as he told the pilot to take off. And with that, we we're up in the air.

While we were flying, it was explained to me by Bran, that I was an experiment used to make a weapon out of me in a war between Humans and the Fey, the werewolves.

And now because of my "Change", Doctor Howland and Striker, the scientist, will be (hunting) me.

"And for now little (Cub) sleep. Get some rest. You'll need it."

Bran fixed me up with some clothes and then I layed down, while he petted me and my (Pitiabile) self.

While I slept, I was constantly bogged with (Nightmares), of the tests, the change, the Slaughter. All replayed in my mind. I began crying, Grawling, And Panting.

I awoke with Bran rubbing my back to comfort me.

We had landed.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"The Caern. A den in the woods. This is where you'll meet the rest of the pack."

"The pack?"

"Yep. Those who want to fight for Gáia," he turned back to look at me, "what about you?"

"I want vengeance."

"Well," he chuckled, "You have a lot to learn yet."



"You'll need a pack. There is no way, you can do it alone," Bran's son Charles said coming up.

"I wish I can go back," I said as I started to cry.

"What? Back to the lab?" He questioned.

"NO! Anything but there! I want my life back."

"There is plenty of time for that young one," he said as we walked to the den.

As I entered the den, I was greeted by the Den Alpha, the Mentor and Caregiver.

The others looked at me and reacted with derision towards me, like I was some (docile) domesticated dog with a collar than a wolf.

"And these, are your pack mates," Charles announced greeting everyone as a whole.