

Prophecy of the Phoenix

Phoenix took me.

Carried me in his claws.

High above the world.

So that I could see beyond tomorrow.

And I looked.

I beheld the future.

I saw the decimation of our kin. Hunted beyond hunting, death beyond death, to the last one. There were no more children, or grandchildren, or fathers, or mothers. This was the first Sign Phoenix gave to me, that the Children of the Weaver, the Humans, would give us, the Garou.

I looked.

I beheld the future.

I saw the Children of the Weaver birthing. A great tide of Humans rising. I saw more and more, until Gaia groaned at having to carry them all. Their houses overrunning, their rakes raping, their hands clawing at the parched earth, trying to feed from Her. This was the second Sign of the last days, that the Phoenix showed me, that the Humans would do.

I looked again.

I beheld the third Sign.

So many. So many Children. So many Humans. And they fell against one another, one to one, and the W^orm Brought forth corruption and gave each a measure. And the strange fire I saw, out of control, the great Plume rising over the wilderness, spreading death wherever it shone in that dark and cold land. And I heard the agony of the Sea as She keened, for some drunken fool had poured a lake of black death out upon her.

I turned my head away in disgust, but I could not help but look again.

I beheld, then, the fourth Sign.

The W^orm grew powerful; its wings fanned the breezes of decay. It spread its diseases, and they were horrible: the Herd became afflicted with diseases of the head and the blood. Children were born twisted. Animals fell sick and no one could cure them. In these final days, even the Warriors of Gaia could not escape the palsied talons of the sickness-bringing deathbird.

A tear in my eye, I looked again, and the Phoenix showed me the fifth Sign.

I saw other Plumes rising like death-spears toward the beautiful sky, piercing it, letting Father Sun burn and parch Gaia. The air grew hot; even in the darkness of Winter it was warm. The plants withered in the sun. A cry of pain and disease arose from the dying forests; as one the relations cried tears of mourning.

Then, as though the veil were torn, the sixth Sign showed itself to me.

In these last days, Gaia shakes in rage. Fire boils from the depths. Ash shrouds the sky. The W^orm skulks in the shadows made by these...and rears to strike. The old ones are gone; the Guardians of the Pathways and the Crossroads are finished. In these final days, the sixth Sign will make itself known in the Packs that form. Each Pack will have unto itself a Quest, a Sacred Journey it must perform. Such is the will of Gaia.

And I saw the sky turn black, and the moon was as blood.

*And the seventh Sign I glimpsed, though I could not look on it in full. But its heat
I could feel.*

*The Apocalypse. The final days of the world. The Moon was swallowed by the
Sun, and it burned in His belly. Unholy fires fell to the ground, burning us all,
twisting us and making us vomit blood. The W^orm made itself manifest in the towers
and the rivers and the air and the land, and everywhere its children ran rampant,
devouring, destroying, calling down curses of every kind. And the Herd ran in fear.
And the Dark Ones, children of the W^orm, crawled from their caves and walked
the streets in the daylight.*

*I turned my head from the sight. Phoenix told me: "This is as it shall be, but not as it
should."*

Phoenix left me then.

*Now, I cannot dream. I can only remember the Signs, each one in perfect detail.
These are the last days.*

May Gaia have mercy on us.