

Voices from the spirit world can be heard through the dark  
winternights, the heartbeats of the spirit. It is the holy twelve  
days of Yule. Dark shapes can be seen in the sky; riders of  
death. They suddenly charge down from the clouds in wonderful  
wilderness; kings and chieftains, thieves and murderers - all in  
the same phalanx, drifting mysteriously through the air on spirit  
horses, arriving when least expected. Black shields, furs from  
bear and wolf, shining blades, open wounds and ropes still tied  
around their necks; they are Wuotan's pack of wargers, the undead  
and the dead - the immortal warriors of Ansuzgarda! The  
werewolves haunt the sacred twelve days of Yule in packs, looking  
after the living; hail the sacred traditions, hail the spirits  
of  
the dead, hail the holy ritual of Wuotan, or face the wrath of  
the Ansuz and the hooves of Sleipnir. Face the Ansuzgardaraiwo!