

# Braxton Wild Dog Epidemic Continues

By Margret Graves

Travis K. Williams, 28, is the latest victim in a rash of feral dog attacks in the last five months in the Braxton area. According to Jessica Mallard, who lived with the deceased, Travis was killed by dogs that had threatened her earlier in their driveway. Mallard, who witnessed and reported the attack, is currently undergoing treatment for emotional trauma and panic attacks triggered by the incident, which took place Tuesday, February 20th. Mallard reported that the dog that killed Williams attacked after he shot it, which Sheriff Yates disputes. William's 30.06 was recovered, along with two spent shells; blood splatter not belonging to Williams and trace fur were found at the scene, but there were no other traces of the dog he reportedly shot. "Obviously, no dog is going to walk away

from a point-blank shotgun blast. Ms. Mallard... is obviously very upset." The Sheriff offered no comment when asked if he believed Mallard had moved a dog's body or otherwise compromised the scene, but Yates did state, "We have no reason to suspect foul play at this time." The couple's one child, age 4, is staying with Mallard's mother in Mendenhall.

This is the third person since July of 2006 killed by wild dogs in the Braxton community. Deputy Micheal Littleton, 32 and a father of three, was mauled by several dogs on July 26th after responding to a call complaining of the animals. Littleton was alive on scene but in critical condition, and died from complications three days later in Simpson General Hospital.

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In a widely publicized case, the body of Eric Johnson, age 9, was found three months ago in a wooded area near his home. A Jackson wildlife biologist indicated that feral dogs killed the child. Braxton residents believe the dogs are behind the recent disappearance of two teenagers (Molly Richards, 16, and Jesse Willem, 19), though this is unconfirmed and no traces of either person has been found.

In response to Williams' death, Mayor Hemby angrily declared, "These animals must be brought under control. That senseless deaths like this are still happening while people pass the buck is an outrage." There has been extended debate over which agency has jurisdiction over hunting and killing the wild dogs: Mendenhall Animal Control, Simpson County Fish & Game, or the Mississippi Department of Wildlife Management. The major issue of contention are how Braxton is zoned in face of the upcoming annexation, and whether feral dogs were considered wild or domesticated animals.

Locals are taking matters into their own hands. Jonathan White, a 35 year-old mechanic, has already shot and killed three dogs on his property, and has said he will continue to do so. "I can't wait until all these folks to get their [stuff] together," he said. "I ain't going to wait and let these damned dogs get my wife and daughter." His neighbors are also taking their own measures against the dogs.

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# FERALS

*A Werewolf: the Apocalypse supplement by Steven Markley*

Rejected and hunted by Gaia's deadliest, Debased yet survive, even prosper. Beneath a facade of animalistic simplicity, ferals are cunning and resourceful creatures, geared for survival while others throw their lives away in ceaseless conflicts. These dog-blooded are more prolific and widespread than anyone suspects. But as they increase, so do violations of the Veil. People are only so blind, after all, and a growing number are stumbling onto something close to the truth. And while some cower in fear, others act. And yet, some dog-blooded take the burden of responsibility onto their shoulders, helping the world in small ways here and there.



# A Short History

The origins of the Garou and other Changing Breeds are shrouded in the mists of prehistory, and their histories take the form of epics passed down through generations. There are few points of agreement between the tales of one tribe or Breed and the next, and while each group is quietly certain its own version is the right one, nothing can be known for certain. Further, the wisest among Gaia's children realize nothing *needs* to be known: the glorification of fact is a human conceit, and myth can be far more powerful.

The Debased are unusual in these regards, as in many others. Their history is a short one, as no one can trace the existence of Debased beyond the midpoint of the Twentieth Century. While all Changers bear legacies of ancient sins real or imagined, the shameful origins of the dog-blooded aren't epic or meaningful in any way. Mutts have no racial pride or oral histories, and entertain no notions of importance or Gaia's favor. This quiet modesty might be a refreshing change from the others' self-inflating tales if it were intentional, but there's no indication feral mongrels even care.

## Ultimate Origins

Little can be verified about the ultimate origins of the dog-blooded, and so perhaps in this they're like their Garou progenitors. No one knows who spawned the first crippled dog-blooded; the werewolves in question have never stepped forward (understandably), while the spirits don't whisper their names or deeds. Some attribute this fell act to the Bone Gnawers, while others are certain the Black Spiral Dancers are responsible. A couple of Garou insist Nuwisha or other malefactors must have been involved somehow, but have never been able to put forth a satisfactory explanation how or why. And no one knows who the first children of the Rite of Adaptation were. Many grant Gray this "honor", but different tales put forth other names. To be fair, not much effort has been made to uncover the truth of these matters. The mutts themselves don't care, while the Garou are reluctant to explore that shame. Perhaps the answers are still out there for any brave enough to seek them.

## Early History

The first reported Debased encounter happened in 1956 in Arizona. Sacrament Cactus was passing through an oasis town outside Prescott when she saw a large wolf-dog mix rooting around in a dumpster behind a restaurant. On a hunch, the Uktena Scout approached it and addressed it in Garou. It bolted. When Sacrament Cactus pursued, the creature turned and bit her before taking off into the scrub. She didn't pursue, but instead continued on her way to the Sept of the Roadrunner, reflecting on the event. The bite wound was painful and took a day to heal; the bite of a normal dog would have healed quickly once she shifted to another form, yet a bite delivered by even a weak Garou would have been more severe. When the Philodox arrived at the Roadrunner Caern, she told them what had happened. After some discussion, the consensus was that it was probably a canine fomor. It was a minor incident, and soon everyone forgot about it. No one mentioned it to anyone else.

There were a handful more dog-blooded sightings and encounters in the Southwestern U.S. over the next decade. In the '70s, the frequency of such episodes slightly increased in the Southwest, while a few mongrels popped up in Mexico and other parts of the U.S. Werewolves stumbled across a few Debased, and (of course) killed some of them. But when these encounters were reported to septs -- and often they weren't -- the creatures were believed to be

rogue Bone Gnawers, Spirals, metis or the sort of unexplainable anomalies that crop up every so often in the Tellurian. Garou aren't very good about sharing information with one another, and when they do, they typically relate things of importance: Wyrms activities, who has fallen in battle, who's gained rank, traded threats and the like. Minor incidents with things that might have been dogs often weren't important enough to come up.

So no bigger picture of the Debased formed for decades. Meanwhile, beneath the notice of those that would probably have been able to stop them had they only acted then, the degenerate sub-Breed grew and spread.

The first time any Garou figured out what dog-blooded were, and (unintentionally) gave them the name "the Debased", was in 1978. The Children of Gaia June Morning and Ken Tucker of Montana's Buffalo Head Sept happened upon a small Debased pack in San Diego (see pg. 10 of **The Debased** for June's narration of this event), and they took interest in them. June tracked down more mutts and learned what she could, and talked to several Garou that had encountered them. She drew some surprisingly astute conclusions about the nature of the dog-blooded. June Morning's theory caused a scandal at Buffalo Head, as did her insistence that these lost kin should be rounded up by septs and indoctrinated into werewolf culture; however, not everyone yet believed that such things as Debased were even possible. The Child of Gaia approached other Western U.S. septs, and was received with mixed disbelief, skepticism and alarm. Even those that took June seriously didn't believe Debased were anything more than a minor problem, and the mutts were overlooked in the face of the crises Garou continually face.

And werewolves missed another opportunity to avoid the feral plague to come.

## The Population Explosion

The Debased weren't always so prolific. At first, there were only the dog-blooded sired by Garou using the Rite of Adaptation. It didn't take long for the first Debased to produce the next generation, but population growth was still very gradual, and the mutts were exclusive to the Southwestern U.S. for a more than a decade. To their credit, early Debased were responsible parents, passing on what they knew of werewolf culture, language and other knowledge. This practice remains alive today (see Teaching under Feral Society, below).

By the time the Garou Nation finally recognized the existence of Debased in the '80s, it might not have been too late to do anything about them, had they acted. But they didn't.

The dog-blooded weren't a problem when it was just a few of them knocking up a few dogs, creating a few Kinfolk dogs and even fewer Debased. But with no external controls, Debased migrated to other areas and reproduced with local dogs. Before 1960, there might have been at the most twenty dog-blooded; by the time '80 rolled around, there were already a hundred. Between then and '92 the Debased population doubled, and doubled again by the turn of the millennium. The mongrel population now stands at right over one thousand (as of 2007), and they've spread over the globe. There are concerted efforts to thin the mutts' numbers and the Vanguard is pressing many into its service, but the vast majority of dog-blooded are ferals and there's no indication their growth is slowing. Using previous growth trends as a base, conservative projections indicate Debased will outnumber Garou by 2020 unless something significantly curbs their reproduction (like, say, the Apocalypse).



Common sense tells us that after the very first Debased were born, the Garou that sired or bore them would have realized their mistake and stopped making more of them. However, clearly this isn't what happened. Close to a dozen "first generation" dog-blooded were produced by the Garou that first employed the Rite of Adaptation.

Responsible Garou would've indoctrinated their miscegenated children into the Garou Nation and accepted the consequences for their actions; smart Garou would've covered their asses by killing their misbegotten spawn and erasing the evidence. But instead, these werewolves took the time to teach their young the Garou language and basic aspects of their culture and beliefs... and then deserted them and left the mutts to find their own way in the world. One can only speculate on the motivations of these dead-beat parents, but it's safe to say that whatever it is they tried to do, they failed. It's hard to imagine any sane Garou purposely engineering the Debased near-crisis.

Even more curiously, whomever pioneered the Rite of Adaptation made a point to teach it to many others. (One might think this would be a good way to trace the rite back to first werewolves to use it, but no such luck; someone always learned it from some other Garou, who in turn learned it from someone else. In all cases, once you go back far enough, the rite's originators are all dead – which is perhaps suspicious... or perhaps not, considering how long ago that was and the mortality rate of Garou. Several leads refer to a nameless black-furred werewolf with blue eyes and a piecing, cold gaze.) Why someone would pass on such a flawed rite is another mystery. Was someone trying to sabotage the Garou Nation from within? Did the teachers hope the errors in the Rite of Adaptation would shake out? Did they feel populating the world

with warriors before an imminent Apocalypse was worth the cost?

And despite all the bad that's come from it, werewolves still learn and use the Rite of Adaptation. This practice has been on the wane in the last twenty years, however; it's clear there are enough mongrels running around as it is. Many of these Garou are still around to talk to, so it's easier to get inside their heads than those of the rite's originators.

"You understand what I have done, but not *why*. There are so few Garou left. We do not have enough sept members to maintain this caern properly, and not only is Mother Rat offended because of this, we do not have the numbers to repel a determined attack by Spirals. So yes, I learned the Rite of Adaptation, though I will not tell you from whom. I fathered three strong children, of whom I am proud, and who I intend to raise in our traditions and ways. I understand you intend to declare me Ronin me for this, and I will bring my daughters and son with me. I accept my punishment, but I offer no apologies, for I did nothing wrong. I did what I did for Gaia."

– *Dario Sanchez, homid Bone Gnawer Philodox, declared Ronin*

"Sure, Debased are weak. But it's easier to make them than more of us, and they're willing to die for our Father. Every one that dies means a true Dancer lives. Every wound they inflict makes it that much easier for us to destroy our foes. Let the dog-blooded overrun the world, I don't care. I'm glad I'm part of the 'problem'; I've produced no less than four of the bastards myself."

– *"Scab" Pickering, homid Black Spiral Dancer Ahroun*

## Feral Society



"Feral society" is a somewhat oxymoronic term, because ferals are defined by their lack of organization and unity. It's often every mutt for himself, and socializing for its own sake is something they don't have time for. The lucky have packs, but packs only watch out for their own. Ferals recognize no great society of their kind, and even if one were to form many would reject it, for they prefer independence and freedom to whatever safety or influence that unity might offer. Ferals share precious few laws, tradi-

tions or cultural axioms. Debased that meet are as likely to fight or ignore each other as cooperate, and today's uneasy allies are tomorrow's rivals and next week's packmates.

This isn't to say ferals have no contact with one another or traditions at all. Ferals are social animals, after all, and even a far-flung collection of rogues and competing packs feel some kinship with each other and recognize their common needs. There are three practices that most ferals honor: feral lore, teaching and forming packs. A few eschew these traditions and maintain no contact with other ferals, but most such radical iconoclasts are strays, and even those that aren't rarely last long; ferals don't maintain the traditions for their own sake, but because they're essential for survival.

### Feral Lore

A loose information network has formed among ferals. A lone Debased encounters a small pack, and mentions something he heard from some other mutt he crossed paths with last week; in turn, the pack shares any news they may have with him. The pack and independent go their separate ways, but tell other Debased what they heard, and thus word is passed along. This is how information and rumors spread through a region's feral population: areas safe from Garou, hiding places and safe routes, territorial claims, Vanguard activities, names of spirits that might be persuaded to teach Gifts, and a wealth of other knowledge. Favors are often traded through feral lore, and many packs started from distant members "meeting" through the rumor mill.

Ferals clearly benefit from this tradition. It costs a feral nothing to share what he knows, and in turn the other mutt may tell

him something helpful. Ferals that don't participate in this interaction don't gain from others' experiences, and in turn can't offer others the benefit of theirs. Some mutts earn respect for how much they know or how quickly they can relay information to other mutts. Others have become famous (or infamous) among ferals for notable accomplishments or dire fates, their stories told again and again until their names are known to everyone -- for example, this is how Gray became so famous. This is a very basic form of status and renown, with lore and rumor being the medium of exchange. But this is about as complex as feral politics get.

Something this loose and informal is very open to abuse and manipulation, but actually that doesn't happen much. First, the minds of most canis process and relay information very literally. This makes feral lore pretty accurate and reliable, compared this to the way humans and homids communicate, who tend to add subjectivity and bias even without meaning to. Keeping feral lore free from disinformation is a matter of practicality -- and of survival. Ferals everywhere rely on their network, and stake their very lives on what they're told. Needless to say, they take it very seriously. Liars, and those that attempt to manipulate feral lore for their own gain, quickly gain a reputation for being untrustworthy and become ostracized; some mutts have been attacked for this. There's a lot to lose for lying, and little to gain: there's no Glory for claiming kills you didn't make, no political power among your kind to seize, and no respect to garner among spirits. In short, you're only as good as your word.

Still, feral lore isn't always that reliable. First, it's not the Internet, and there's no guarantee any given dog-blooded will hear something. Debased can only pass on info to those they meet, and since feral affiliations are loose and encounters infrequent, there are huge gaps in the flow of information. This word of mouth as slow as one might expect; it can take weeks for a rumor to make its way across the county, and months for mutts in other states to hear it. Often, a particular bit of info that might have prevented a fight or saved a pack arrives months too late. Ferals endeavor to be true to what they're told, but some distortion inevitably takes place; someone misunderstands something here, while a detail is left out there. This is why things are kept short and simple -- less for mutts to remember, and there's less room for distortion.

## Feral Packs

It's not surprising that ferals often form packs. Not only is there strength in numbers, packs fulfill an essential need in the canine psyche. But feral groups are associations of convenience, and not the unions enjoyed by Garou and Vanguard. Feral Debased lack spiritual sophistication and don't enjoy the patronage of totems. With no capacity to bond on a fundamental level, feral packs function as aggregates of individuals instead of unified groups (therefore, feral packs can't employ the pack tactics detailed in 212-213 of **Werewolf** and 79-81 of **Players Guide to Garou**, nor can a feral pack's members opt to act on the same initiative).

However, there are advantages to such loose associations. Werewolf packs are stable entities (at least in the ideal), and member turnover and pack disbandments are relatively rare. Meanwhile, they're the rule in feral society. Packs form as the need arises, and last no longer than is convenient for their members; useless or unpopular pack members may be unceremoniously kicked out. Ferals freely dissolve their packs and form new ones, while a few even run with multiple groups. Packs sometimes merge when there's a need to do so (such as when they must face strong opposition like Garou or strays), but such large groups are unwieldy and rarely last long. There's no social pressure to join packs, and lone Debased aren't regarded as unusual -- they're as common as those that run with packs.

Of course, this pure chaos. With no rank or formal means of establishing who's in charge, fights for dominance are common. When a new pack forms, its members feud until it's clear who's the strongest and should lead. Since packs so frequently form and reform, battles are almost constant. Even when a pack alpha is established, it's rarely worth it: most feral packs are undisciplined mobs that can't be effectively steered by anyone. All this fighting is no small deal among creatures as deadly as Debased; deaths are rare, but they happen, and nasty scars from dominance contests adorn many mongrels. Debased instincts being broken as they are, some victors don't recognize submission and will tear the throats from whomever they defeat. These vicious creatures quickly find themselves without packs.

While packs are useful, clearly they're sometimes more trouble than they're worth, and there are good reasons for a mutt to go at it alone. First, it's always nice being able to call one's own shots and not have to take orders from an alpha, or having to continually enforce your will on unruly underlings. Also, packs attract attention; lone dog-blooded can often go unnoticed where groups can't. Many Debased get the best of both worlds by forming packs when they see the need, but do the lone wolf thing the rest of the time. This adaptability and fluidity is unique to ferals, and is something the pack-oriented Garou and Vanguard don't have.

### Non-Debased and Feral Packs

Most feral packs are composed of one or more ferals and their canine relatives. Kinfolk dogs are plentiful and obedient to their Debased betters, and are typically stronger and smarter than normal dogs. They fear more than love their dog-blooded masters, but instinct compels them to form packs and cleave to the monsters' will. Kinfolk dogs are in for hard lives, prone to being killed (by both ferals and their myriad enemies), stolen away in challenges, traded for favors, and bred with at the whim of whoever claims them at the time. It's probably best their dog brains can't comprehend how much things suck for them.

Every blue moon, a Ronin will hook up with a feral pack. These Garou are always in charge of their packs, as they're stronger than mongrels and command Gifts and other advantages. Debased hold werewolves in much the same esteem and dread that Kinfolk dogs hold Debased, and are compelled by the same pack instincts to stick around. Many dog-blooded mistrust and fear Garou, at least initially, but packs clearly benefit from having such powerhouses with them. Whether genuine trust and mutual respect ever form depends on the group in question.

Weirder associations have happened. One feral pack hosted a Gangel vampire for a short time, who used the mutts as ersatz bodyguards while it traveled. The dog-blooded were a little freaked that the wolf they ran with smelled dead, but its unusual powers proved valuable to the pack during the trip. Even better, it didn't overstay its welcome, only remaining with the group for about two weeks.

## Teaching

Ferals faithfully seek out newly changed Debased and teach them what they are. Most dog-blooded adopt and instruct new mutts they come across themselves, though some pass them onto someone better able to shoulder that responsibility. The newly Changed are almost never left to just fend for themselves, as these confused and ignorant Debased are doomed to become strays and create big problems later. The bond between mentor and student is a strong one, even among shapeshifting dogs, and they often remain strong allies for life. A feral can be adopted by an individual or a pack, though the latter is ideal: babysitting and teaching duties can



be distributed between pack members and the new mongrel gains the benefit of multiple instructors.

A pup is taught the basics she needs to survive: how to shapeshift, Step Sideways, hunt, hide and fight. She's also taught what her mentor knows of human and Garou tongues; language is useful in its own right, and it's also vital for establishing abstract thought and making the new feral something more than a cunning beast. The importance of lore, packmates and instructing new cubs like herself are imparted. This instruction is rounded out with anything else the mentor knows and feels will be useful to his student: minor Gifts and rites, spirit lore, fragments of werewolf and human culture, how to use human devices, and so forth.

These instructional periods don't last very long, as ferals maintain no volumes of tribal lore, Litany or spirit protocols to pass on. As is the case with lupus Garou, canis learn at an astounding rate during the period right after their First Changes, and within a half year most have learned everything their teachers can offer and must start walking on their own. There are no Rites of Passage or formalities observed for this hallmark; the only test the new feral must pass is survival. Some former students remain with their mentors for a time as packmates, while others go off on their own, depending on the preference and needs of the mutts in question.

## Homid Ferals

Almost all ferals are canis, and this chapter is written with that assumption. However, there are a handful of homid ferals out there, and their peculiarities bear some discussion.

Ferals typically don't watch their human Kinfolk as closely as they do canine lines (often because they're not even aware of them), and so homid First Changes go unnoticed as often as not. This means many end up as something like strays, at least possessed of reason but entirely on their own and having no idea what they are or that anything out there is like them. Madness, frenzy, suicide and worse are the fates of some, though others maintain control and look for answers. If they're lucky, they find other dog-blooded or are discovered by them, and are clued in. (It's a bit of a culture shock for someone that grew up with a human pers-



pective to be taught by dogs that turn into people, but homid mutts are about out of their minds by that point anyway and simply accept this bit of weirdness along with the rest.)

Once initiated, homids are usually accepted by ferals as one of them; dog-born Debased aren't snobs. Homids' expertise in human matters is often useful to their canis allies, and are encouraged to join packs. They're also valued teachers for new Debased, as they have a wealth of information to impart. Homids generally try to maintain human lives, keeping their jobs and whatever family they had before if possible, but the Curse of Rage and the strangeness of their new existences usually prevents this.

## Ferals and Others

Debased don't live in a vacuum. They're drawn to human communities, where they're unwelcome guests and often troublemakers. And despite how big the world is and the rarity of supernaturals in it, ferals manage to brush shoulders with them more than anyone would like, resulting in shoving, massive death and other rude behavior. While it's no secret that feral Debased have few friends in the World of Darkness, the particulars deserve some exploration. The feral situation is more complex than "X sees Debased, X attacks Debased", after all.

### Mortals

Ferals come into contact with people more than with anything else, even their own kind. Much of this contact is incidental and brief, as mutts usually stay away from people as much as they can. The natural habitat of ferals, such as it is, are the outskirts of mortal communities, where the mutts have access to civilization's amenities without having to actually live among people. Only the most resourceful and smartest live in the thick of humanity.

Ferals aren't well-received by people, no matter what shape they wear. First, the Curse of Rage is a problem, though less so for ferals with low Rage. But Rage or no, few people care to have big, dangerous-looking stray dogs just wandering around, and only the kindest (or craziest) people will feed or "adopt" them. Far more often, Canis-form dog-blooded are chased away or hounded by animal control. While mutts are usually smart enough to escape capture, they quickly learn to stick to the shadows and avoid scrutiny. But these dogs do learn new tricks. For example, people are more inclined to overlook dogs wearing collars, and so many ferals wear one when ranging into populated areas. Collars interfere with shapeshifting, but most ferals are smart enough not to do that around people anyway.

In their Homid forms, ferals come across as unwashed, socially retarded bums (which is what they are, really), possibly with mental illnesses or substance abuse problems. Illiteracy and a poor grasp of technology doesn't help matters. Ferals are often targeted for harassment by police and "concerned citizens". That these apparent vagrants are often deformed or sickly further puts people off (though it sometimes earns them pity as well).

If mortal-mutt interactions remained at this (admittedly dysfunctional) level, there would be no major problems. Of course, mutts are rarely so lucky. Many ferals have a morbidly poor understanding of human culture and behavior, and have trouble with concepts like hygiene, where to pee, personal property and consent. And some that do understand just don't care. Many mongrels think nothing of stealing food, clothes or anything else, and take the man-shape to gain access to the things they want. Add in the behavioral quirks that plague the Debased (pacing, staring, chewing on things, growling, etc.), and you often end up with ostracized freaks that frequently land themselves in legal trouble. Even well-socialized ferals (like former pets) seem a little *off*, and find some aspects of

humans interaction challenging. There are rare exceptions to the rule that find human interaction fascinating and participate whenever they can, but few can be described as smooth or well-adjusted.

The misadventures of dogs pretending to be people might sound pretty funny; certainly there's a sitcom in that. What's not so funny is when things go really wrong. Because a hungry feral that doesn't understand people and being treated poorly isn't laughing; he's confused, afraid and probably pissed off. And those are all the ingredients you need for frenzy. A car horn, a local tough looking to fuck with somebody, even being refused desperately needed food... that's all that's necessary to set off some mutt already on a hair trigger (frenzy-prone mutts and other problem ferals are discussed under The Feral Epidemic).

Many ferals find the complexities of mortal culture daunting, and would just as soon not subject themselves to undue stress. They avoid humans and deal with them only when necessary. Obviously, this doesn't help them develop the interpersonal skills they need (any more than staying away from water helps one learn to swim), and so they remain socially stunted.

### **Garou**

Unfortunately, the majority of discourse between ferals and werewolves involves claws and teeth. Most Garou see ferals as problems, and feel getting rid of them is the most direct and permanent solution. Ferals that kept low profiles could expect to remain unmolested by Garou, or at least some of them, at least until recently. Since the Vanguard of Sirius scandal, however, more Garou are actively hunting Debased. It's only fair to point out that many werewolves don't hate mutts, not do they actually enjoy killing them. They see the deed as necessary, but harbor secret doubts and guilt over their actions. (Of course, a mutt probably doesn't care why he's being attacked or how the Garou might feel about it later.)

But even in these tense times, not all werewolves engage their claw-claw-bite routines when they encounter ferals. Some just want to understand the Debased and keep an eye on them. Those that try talking with them rarely receive warm receptions, as ferals often assume a trap or are too scared of Garou to hang around when they show up. Trust is earned on a case-by-case basis, though particularly friendly or helpful Garou will become known as "safe" through feral lore. One example is the Silent Strider Walks-the-Forlorn, who discovered mutts plied with food and favors are quite happy to share what they know. Walks' knowledge of safe routes and hiding places through the Eastern U.S. has improved greatly, and in exchange he helps ferals dodge Garou on the hunt.

Finally, Garou aren't always the aggressors. Many ferals hate and fear werewolves (a sentiment often cultivated by persecution), and would rather kill them before they're killed. Such mutts are opportunists: they don't actively hunt Garou, but they happily tear into any lone wolves or scouts they come across, especially if they have the advantage of surprise or numbers. This often provokes reciprocation by werewolves.

### **The Vanguard of Sirius**

If ferals have any allies in the World of Darkness, it's the Vanguard of Sirius. Relations between the new tribe and individual ferals are friendly, assuming the mutts aren't doing anything they shouldn't. This isn't surprising, since much of the tribe were once ferals. In fact, in the minds of most Vanguard converts and ferals, there's no strict demarcation between them; they recognize each other as being of like kind. This doesn't keep Vanguard converts from fighting ferals when they have to, or the latter from fighting back. But the Sirius are more more likely than Garou to relate to and understand feral dog-blooded. This makes the Vanguard better

### **Pet Monsters**

Some ferals were pets before their First Changes. Some are born to pets, while others are adopted when people find them or they wander into back yards. Most are outside dogs, too big and full of energy for most people to want in their houses. These dog-blooded grow up used to people, and are better able to adapt to human society later in life than their wild cousins.

Few make the transition from pet dogs to pet Debased. Even if the events surrounding the First Change don't impact the humans in a dog-blooded's life and he keeps his true nature secret, the relationship between he and his owners always changes. Most people are frightened and confused by the strange new behaviors and Rage their dog exhibits. Few Debased, once possessing full sentience and their miraculous new abilities, are content with table scraps and pats on the head; even fewer tolerate "bad dog!", rolled-up newspapers or other disciplinary measures meted out by weak humans. Most mutts leave soon after the First Change, and the rest are run off. A couple of ex-pets occasionally return to former owners to be fed or to check up on them, or allow themselves to be "adopted" by other humans in exchange for food and companionship, but such relationships are always fleeting.

A handful of ferals grow up as fighting dogs or are abused by human owners. They never turn out well. Their First Changes are triggered by violence, and every living thing and the Veil are left in bloody tatters as the monster flees into the wilds. These mongrels tend to fear and hate humans, and are likelier than others to become maneaters. High Rage and cruel pre-Change experiences make them unpredictable and deadly foes.

able to combat them, but it also wins the tribe converts. More ferals are entering the tribe's service, especially since feral lore has been buzzing about a Vanguard cure for debasements...

### **The Fera**

For a while after it "discovered" the dog-blooded, the Garou Nation kept that dirty little secret to itself; the Debased were an embarrassment, and frankly were no one else's business. And for a long time they did a good job, though the Fera themselves unwittingly assisted in the cover-up: they often disregarded ferals as isolated freaks (sound familiar?), and many Shifters are individualists even worse than Garou about sharing what they know. Nonetheless, a growing number of Fera have pieced together disturbingly accurate pictures of the truth, even if incomplete and lacking details. It's worth mentioning that many Fera aren't familiar with the specifics of werewolf reproduction, and assume that Garou have always bred with canines.

That Garou are willing to breed with common dogs have caused many Fera to think even less of them than before. Some find the very idea hilarious, and some openly mock werewolves or insult their heritage... though only the foolish or very confident are so brave. Some Fera mistake ferals for Garou scouts or occupiers, and lash out at all perceived invaders. One notable conflict erupted in Virginia, in which a Pumonca bitterly harried both ferals and the Garou pack that came to stop them. Many Shifters don't understand why Garou and Debased fight, and don't care. They either back off and let the dogs tear into each other, or help things along – however it shakes out, there are a few less around.

Dog-blooded that find themselves in territories claimed by Fera are rarely greeted with tolerance. Some mutts receive a firm warning, many others only a quick death that comes out of nowhere.



## Spirits

Spirits and feral dog-blooded have as little to do with one another as possible. Debased rarely enter the Umbra, and don't stay there long; they see the spirit world primarily as a means to dodge humans. While there, mutts do their best to avoid spirits. Spirits don't recognize Debased as being Garou, and either punish them for their temerity or (more often) simply disregard them. Debased are in much the same boat as Ronin are, though inspire even less respect. But with a great deal of effort, a spirit-savvy feral can win the respect of a specific spirit, and learn minor Gifts or beseech other favors. These ferals are rare, though.

Needless to say, ferals don't form pacts with totems. There have only ever been two confirmed exceptions to this rule: a mutt that joined a Skin Dancer pack was adopted by Minotaur, and the mysterious pack known as the Heads of Death. Beyond this, no other ferals have ever been known to receive spirit patronage.

### The Heads of Death

Unique among ferals, this pack of three has been adopted by a mysterious spirit known as Cerberus. They wield strange and potent Gifts, allowing them to control ghosts and manifest wings of shadow. Whether this Cerberus is related to the guardian spirit of Erebus is unclear. However, its attributes and the boons it grants its children, as well as the subtle Wyrms-taint they evince, suggest the spirit might be connected in some way to the Dark Umbra.



## The Feral Epidemic

Mutts that attract the attention of Garou and other supernatural agencies are weeded out quickly, but smart ferals keep low profiles and often pass under enemy radar. The only opposition many ferals face are mortals. Debased hold the clear advantage in direct confrontations, but the brightest avoid conflict if they can. Some use the Umbra to avoid hunting parties or make surprise attacks. Through superior physical power, supernatural advantages and cunning, a small group of ferals (or even just one) can dominate isolated areas. While certainly not a common event, it does happen.

The Veil hasn't come crashing down... yet. In some places it frays badly as people gather bits and pieces of the awful truth; in others, it simply doesn't exist anymore and monsters walk openly among men. It's only a matter of time before irreparable harm is done to the Veil – if indeed that hasn't already happened.

### Why So Many Ferals?

By most estimates, the Rite of Adaptation has only been around since the 1950s. While more fecund than Garou and most other Shifters, only about 13% of young sired by a dog-blooded (or Adaptation-“enhanced” Garou) result in Debased offspring. Of the ferals that breed true, nearly two thirds die before the First Change from starvation, predation and other dangers. Only about 60% survive the first year after they change, and only half that number live five years or longer; the ranks of adult Debased are thinned by the same factors as their young, with rival ferals, Garou, hunters and other threats taking the role of predators. Debasements stack the deck against ferals even more.

All this considered, it might seem strange that an imperiled line of crippled Shifters that have been around less than a century can become an epidemic, yet they are. Even with recent surges in culls and Vanguard recruitment, there are more than a thousand ferals out there.

Rampant breeding is why. Debased have countless breeders from which to choose. The pheromones of male dog-blooded trigger estrus in female dogs; after a few days of just being around a male mongrel, a bitch goes into heat and is ready to mate; pregnant dogs spontaneously miscarry, and within a few days are ready to mate. And like humans, female mongrels remain fertile year-round.

So dog-blooded bloodlines persist through neighborhood strays, backyard pets and rural wild dogs; future shapeshifters are born under junkyard cars and culverts, in puppy mills and doghouses. Not only do Shifter young result from these unions, but numerous dog Kinfolk that carry and perpetuate Debased “genes”. Even with their grim mortality rates, enough ferals survive for their numbers to steadily grow. The huge feral population might not be an issue if people spayed and neutered their pets, but too many don't. A huge population of stray dogs is a legacy of that carelessness, and feral Debased are their terrible progeny. The sober truth is that until everyone takes proactive steps to correct the stray pet epidemic, ferals will always be a big part of a much bigger problem.

### Maneaters

There are a lot of reasons Debased are hunted as they are, ranging from the practical to the esoteric. But one fear keeps coming up, a fell practice that disgusts and horrifies almost everyone: eating humans. To starving or truly degenerate dog-blooded, people start looking like viable food sources. This is what makes ferals so hated, and the primary reason they're a danger to the Veil.

Most Debased that eat people do so for lack of other options, and honestly would rather eat anything else. It's hard to overstate the psychological impact starvation can have on a Debased. A mutt that would have never entertained the notion of eating long pork before isn't so picky once he's gone a week without food. Eating people is usually a spontaneous act, rather than one of pre-



meditation -- the feral becomes overwhelmed by hunger and simply acts. And all too often the decision is taken from the feral; he comes out of a hunger-induced frenzy only to realize he's gnawing on a human arm. Either way, the feral is sloppy and leaves one big mess behind. Some have the presence of mind to try and clean up after themselves (usually poorly), while others panic and flee the scene. Such circumstantial maneaters are usually easy to find. Werewolves, hunters and others that track and eliminate maneaters perform a necessary service, but the ones they usually catch pose the least actual danger to people. Most mutts lucky enough to get away with isolated incidents of maneating never develop a taste for it, and endeavor to find alternate sources of food.

Far worse are serial maneaters. Unlike those forced to eat man or starve, these Debased cultivate a diet of human for years, and prefer it to other fare. Some even enjoy hunting people more than the meal itself. A common hunting pattern has developed independently among maneaters. The Debased moves into an area and spends a few days its learning hiding places and escape routes. He also finds out which members of the human herd are least like to be missed -- transients, isolated minority groups and other outcasts are usually safe victims. (The Homid form is ideal for this sort of reconnaissance, assuming the Debased in question is adept at human interaction.) Then the maneater begins the hunt, restricting his predation to target groups. Bodies are disposed of in previously secured hiding places. After a month or so, the feral moves to another area and repeats the grisly process.

Individual cannibals have developed a variety of hunting strategies. One maneater specialized in truck stops, flashing cash to lure "lot lizards" away before a couple of other ferals caught onto what he was doing and killed him. Another that went by "Meemie" was taken into a small charity mission for abused and homeless women; she killed the two other residents and the woman that ran the center, devouring them at her leisure. Meemie is still at large.

The horrid specifics vary, but a hard line stance against maneaters is pretty universal. Wherever they go, mongrels found dining on human are killed. Among their most ardent hunters are other ferals, who (on top of personal issues they might have with eating humans) definitely don't appreciate these monsters bringing foes down on all of them.

Black Spiral Dancers don't respond to maneating with the revulsion sane creatures do, but they do respect and maintain the Veil. They're no more tolerant of stupid Debased that can't bother cleaning up after themselves than other Garou. However, a mutt intelligent enough to maintain a human diet for years and not get caught... well, that's a creature to be admired. Maybe even recruited.

## Strays

Ferals and the Vanguard of Sirius alike carefully monitor Kinfolk dog populations, and indoctrinate dog-blooded fresh from the First Change. These groups do an admirable job, all told, but

they can't be everywhere at once or keep Debased-strain dogs from wandering off and creating new lines. And so a growing number of newly Changed mutts fall through the cracks and become strays.

What makes strays so dangerous is they don't have the intellect and self-control that other ferals do. Because the window for them to learn language, reasoning and other higher mental functions has passed them by, strays are mentally little more than the dogs they were, yet they possess the killing power and Rage of a full Shifter. Strays live violent and short lives, but can cause enormous harm during that time. They see all creatures are prey animals, which means most strays are maneaters. Unrestrained, strays' Rage grows, leading to more frequent frenzies and increased deadliness.

The only option for dealing with strays is putting them down. This is easier said than done, especially for other ferals, but even they spare no trouble to kill strays, who attract the sort of attention that brings ruin on every mutt for miles around. (Of course, smart ferals simply tip off local Vanguard or Garou and make the stray their problem.)

## Problem Areas

Debased exist everywhere in North America and in all environments. Ferals are rarely a problem in cities or large towns, however. There are far too many people for even large mutt packs to manage, and their residents can present a strong defense against Debased that get uppity. And urban areas often contain vampires, mages and other groups that are more than able to repel incursions of dog-

blooded; while few of these secret defenders are benevolent, they maintain the status quo for their own reasons and won't tolerate anything that threatens it. This isn't to say mutts don't live in cities -- many do, in subdivisions, slums and wherever they can between. But they only survive by laying low and not causing problems. Rural areas with strong Garou or Fera presences are even safer than cities, as Gaia's defenders understand what they face and can better counter their tactics.

The places most vulnerable to feral predation are isolated rural communities that pass beneath others' notice. It might seem the Garou Nation, Camarilla, Technocracy and other such agencies are omnipresent in the World of Darkness, but this isn't the case. Supernatural entities are rare, and either cluster together on groups or spread out thinly. They can't be everywhere in force, and many places don't support any such presence... at least until something (like feral Debased) fills the vacuum. Ferals, singly and in packs, move into remote backwaters all over North America where their activities escape notice of those that can stop them.

Ferals were once exclusively a U.S. phenomena, but now Mexico hosts a large number of ferals. And a growing number of Debased infest Canada, South America, Western Europe, India, Southeast Asia and the Middle East, untouched by the recent pogroms initiated by Garou in the Americas. While these new territories have their own hidden defenders, they're as thinly spread as supernaturals elsewhere and are often -- but not always -- poorly prepared to deal with an entirely new threat. While China's hengeyokai have apparently exterminated all the mongrels in their nation, European Garou are just now catching on that things called dog-blooded exist and that they might be a problem.





## People Fighting Back

In the absence of other forces arriving to save them (such as the spontaneously imbued hunters or enraged ghosts that sometimes pop up when people start dying), communities harried by ferals have little recourse but to either fight the monsters, placate them or flee. Those who choose the first course have a tough fight, but mortals are far from helpless. While dog-blooded are supernaturally resistant to injury, they're not invincible. A well-placed shot on a target in breed (Canis) form is often all it takes to bring that mutt down. But the window of opportunity is small: if the shooter misses or just wounds the beast, it's likely to shift to a deadlier form and inflict untold damage to everything and everyone around. Traps and poison bait are far less effective, and the discomfort they cause just make dog-blooded angry (assuming they fall for the trick at all).

Killing the ferals isn't always necessary. A strong resistance is often enough to discourage many mongrels from causing problems. Remember, ferals are all about survival, and if they don't find easy pickings in an area they'll often move on. This isn't a given, however; mongrels aren't mere animals, and it's not unheard of for them to attack out of revenge, spite, outrage or other reasons. Mutts driven by complex motivations are typically harder to route, and often killing them is the only way to be rid of them.

In many ancient cultures (and some modern ones), people gave offerings to dark gods, demons and angry ghosts in the hopes they'd be spared their wicked attentions. Some modern people take the same approach to Debased, and turn a blind eye to their depredations or even sustain them in exchange for survival. It may be tempting to dismiss such people as fools or cowards, but not everyone has the Garou inclination to fight to the death. What fate awaits a man's wife and child if he dies in a blaze of bloody glory? How does it profit one to make a daring run for the next town if she's torn apart for her temerity? Seeing dog-blooded shrug off bullets and tear through people like tissue is enough to convince many witnesses that they're unstoppable, and so they don't try to fight anymore. The Delirium assists in this, because it's difficult for mortals to fight things their rational minds simply can't comprehend. For lack of sane options, sometimes it's easier to keep quiet and keep the dog-monsters happy. In turn, unless they're just depraved, mutts have little desire to torment people as long as their needs are provided for – namely, food and safety. Of course, the situation is prone to change dramatically when the mortals' bargaining chips run out...

When a purge of canine predators takes place, the biggest and wildest-looking specimens are the first to go. While going after the things that actually look like threats is understandable, it's often a mistake. Debased don't always look woolly and mean, and smart ones will realize something is up and book when the local dogs start dying by the truckload. Also, debasements can work in mutts' favor: hunters will often pass up the poor three-legged doggy or twitchy runt, confident the gimp can't be what's been killing things. So lots of unfortunate dogs die and the problem often remains.

### Gunnison County Sheriff's Office bulletin

The dismembered body of Janette Beal, 36 year old white female, was found in her Rolling Fields home yesterday afternoon, following a tip from a neighbor that saw her front door left open. The coroner places her time of death sometime between 12:00 am and 4:00 am; the condition of the body makes a more precise indication impossible.

Intruder entry into Beal's residence was through the front door. The door had multiple locks and the house was equipped with an electronic security system, but these were disabled by unknown means. The intruders apparently allowed several trained animals ingress into the house. Sections of Beal's body were found distributed between her living room and kitchen, torn into several pieces: both arms and the left leg were detached from the body, while her torso was eviscerated and almost torn in two. Teeth and claw marks, plus tracks left in blood, indicates Beal was attacked by two or more dogs, and at least one larger predator -- possibly a cougar or brown bear, judging by the size of the wounds, dentation marks and tracks. There is evidence that Beal was pursued through her house during the attack, and that at least some of the dismemberment was inflicted postmortem. (If I may offer commentary, in my twelve years of law enforcement, I have NEVER seen anything as awful as this, even after those blood-cultists on PCP came through here ten years back. I think we all threw up yesterday.)

The residence was was ransacked, and a large collection of unregistered firearms and archaic weapons were apparently taken by the intruder(s), though many more were left behind.

Beal's death has been ruled a homicide. Gunnison County retains jurisdiction of this case in regards to the murder itself. In light of the number and nature of weapons Beal had, including converted automatics, sniper rifles and thousands of rounds of ammo, the Colorado FBI is now investigating possible connections between Beal and local anti-government extremist groups. Beal's collection also included two tranquilizer guns and various veterinary sedatives; whether her possession of these items bear any relevance to her manner of death is unknown.

Beal had no children, and has never been married. Relatives have been contacted, and are covering funeral expenses. The FBI is taking interest in the Beal clan for reasons unknown.

## The Final Solution

Wiping out dog-blooded is enough of a challenge, whether it's a Get of Fenris pack or a farmer with a gun taking them on. But killing the mutts only part of the solution, and by itself it's often insufficient to eliminate the mongrel menace. Ferals are eliminated in an area only for more to crop up years later, often savage strays more dangerous than their predecessors. The problem is the persistence of Debased genes. Where there are Debased there are often dog Kinfolk (especially if they're been in the area for some time), and thus the potential exists for mutts to be born generations later. And it's not like Kinfolk wear collars identifying them as such; the wolfish-looking curs by the abandoned gas station are likely candidates, but what about the devoted family pet that wandered into the yard last year?

So the logical thing to do after purging an area's Debased, then, is to eliminate all the dogs in the area that don't predate their arrival, including pets Debased may have come into contact with (such as dogs kept outside). This measure may seem excessive and cruel, especially since all those poor dogs aren't really doing anything wrong, but it's the one sure-fire way to makes sure that little surprises don't pop up later. And lately, some Garou and mortals have been doing just that. Werewolves understand enough about how mutts propagate to take precautions, while people terrified of animal attacks are prone to paranoid excesses (and are likely to destroy much of the local wildlife while wiping out the dogs). While scouring an area of dogs doesn't prevent other Debased from wandering in, a lack of local breeders will prevent their bloodlines from getting a foothold. Further, ferals have a marked tendency to stay away from areas where they've heard reports of dog genocide. A far more merciful solution would be to round up all the local dogs and spay and neuter them. This approach would be expensive and a lot of trouble, however, and sadly no one is known to have explored this option.

Of course, if people don't take steps to prevent new stray dog populations from forming, even a clean sweep of an area's canines might not do much good in the long run.



## Muttbusters

When it comes to detecting and eliminating problem ferals, no one does it better than the Vanguard of Sirius. This may seem ironic, but it actually makes a lot of sense.

First, many Vanguard were once ferals. They know how ferals think, the places they go, and how they're likely to react to a given situation. Plus, they often know enough about a region's ferals to get needed information, by threat or force if necessary. The tribe's converts can often predict what a feral quarry will do and effectively counter them. A Vanguard pack can often accomplish in a week what might take others a month (or forever), and do so without attracting much attention.

Why would Sirius converts turn on their own people like this? First, Vanguard don't hassle ferals not causing real problems; they don't really care if a mongrel is a public nuisance or eats a few cows. The tribe wants converts, remember, and they won't gain many by killing all their potential recruits. However, when ferals are a clear danger to people or they threaten the Veil, the Sirius comes down on them *hard*. They don't play around when it comes to maneaters or other careless Debased.

After taking down problem ferals, Vanguard packs either leave a single survivor or inform nearby ferals. After that, word of the deed spreads through the loose information network ferals maintain. While this alienates some, it provides ferals a very clear object lesson on what to *not* do if they don't want the same thing to happen to them. Whether this has any substantial effect on general feral behavior remains to be seen, but it certainly makes a difference in territories the tribe patrols.

Another Sirius objective is recruitment. Not all mistakes are worth death sentences, and sometimes a clear, firm explanation from a pack about what she did wrong is all it takes for a feral to straighten up. Mutts treated fairly often end up joining the Vanguard, and those that don't remain friends of the tribe. Finally, the Vanguard often adopts canine Kinfolk ferals leave behind. They watch them carefully, even going so far as attach allied ferals or Kin-Fetches to promising lines. Debased born from these dogs are quickly inducted into the tribe.

So the Vanguard corrects serious problems and grows in the bargain, making policing of ferals a win-win policy.

## Unsung Heroes

It's unfair to characterize all ferals as stupid malefactors that make a bad world worse. Granted, many fit that description. But most simply try to survive as best they can. They're careful to avoid the attention of hostile people and more malevolent beings, and neither hurt the world nor contribute to it. Ferals turn their awesome potential toward survival and fulfilling their immediate needs, and do little more. This may sound lazy and irresponsible, but you can replace every instance of "feral" with "people" so far in this paragraph and the statement would be as true. And if all feral dog-blooded took the low profile, low-impact approach, then they wouldn't be a problem. But it's perhaps unfair to ask responsibility from creatures spawned by the most blatant act of Garou hubris since killing the Bunyip. Yet some ferals do contribute in small ways, here and there. It's not in their power to do much, but every little bit helps. And it gives lie to the stereotype of good-for-nothing dogs. Even the mangiest mongrel has a Garou soul, after all, and sometimes it shines through.

Garou Nation werewolves and Vanguard alike pat themselves on the back and congratulate each other whenever they put a stop to Debased malefactors. No doubt hunters and others also feel good about the mutts they put down. But unseen and unsung, brave ferals reject the path of apathy and inaction. These mutts bitterly fight a tide of maneaters, Veil violators and mad dogs. Others stake out human communities and valiantly protect them from all threats. These sacrifices aren't celebrated beyond feral word-of-mouth – and when no one survives to tell tales, martyrs disappear without even a whisper of their deeds. But they fight anyway, because they must.

Here are some surprising numbers for you. About half of all ferals put down for bad behavior – eating people, shapeshifting in public, and such – are killed by other ferals. They're more likely to witness such violations, and to hear about it after the fact through feral lore. A single Debased can sometimes take down an offender, but ferals aren't in it for the glory and prefer to have numbers on

their side. Some feral packs convene to hunt down a mutt causing problems, after which point its members go their separate ways. For this reason ferals are actually more effective at detecting problems than even Vanguard, as individuals spread themselves over a wide area and attract less attention than a pack traveling together. And when it comes to strays, ferals catch more of them than anyone else. These near-mindless creatures are always met by a unified force, often a convergence of Debased from miles around.

Mad dogs are another problem, one not so easily countered. Wurm-corrupt Debased – including those adopted by Black Spiral Dancers – tend to pass unmolested among ferals... until they slip up. Wurm-taint isn't a passive force, and it takes its toll as it seeps into the minds, bodies and spirits of those it afflicts. Sooner or later, signs of corruption manifest: the mutt acts on her depravity, or her fur goes a sickly color, or she smells sour – no small problem among scent-based creatures. Dog-blooded subjected to the Black Spiral skip the gradual decent into madness and go full bore into mad dog mode, however, which at least makes them easier to spot. And the "slips" mad dogs make aren't harmless *faux pas* or excusable gaffs, but the sort of things even the most laid back mutts get upset over: maneating, homicidal episodes, spreading disease, rape, forcing other ferals to dance the Black Spiral, and depravities of that nature. A subtle minion of corruption encounter little resistance from ferals, but those that make their degeneration evident can expect ostracism, attack and even death.

It's rare that ferals tangle with "real" Spirals, fomori, murderous leeches, or the myriad other threats slowly killing the world. But some do. These ferals detect these cancers without the benefit of Sense Wurm or an in-depth understanding of cosmology – they have the sense to know *wrong* when they see it. They spring into action, acting on a primal motivation they don't fully understand but are strongly compelled to act on. Such fights rarely go well for the crippled Shifters, but they fight (and die) bravely.

### **Christ's Grace, Montana**

This tiny, isolated agrarian settlement was established in 1998 by radical Christian Identity separatists. Prompted by Ruby Ridge and Waco, they left "Satan's miscegenated Babylon" and returned to a traditional way of life. They awaited Jesus' return, which they believed was imminent. Grace's residents lived off the land and off the grid, and grew and raised their own food. They disavowed all modern conveniences they believed were controlled by Zionist interests, which was pretty much everything: electricity, running water, banks, and even telephones.

Three Debased and their nine Kinfolk picked off a cow and her calf that strayed from the small herd Christ's Grace kept. Two armed men went looking for the missing cattle, and found the pack chewing on what was left of the animals. While shotguns did little to the Debased, two of their kin were killed before they could take down the mortals. Enraged beyond reason, the vengeful dog-blooded laid siege to Christ's Grace, killing anyone that attempted to leave their houses – they weren't even allowed access to the communal well or their gardens, but hunger and thirst drove many to try anyway. The people were convinced that Armageddon had arrived and demons had come for them, and prayed fervently for deliverance that never came. The citizens of Christ's Grace had plenty of guns (one modern convenience they were willing to indulge), and they killed three more Kinfolk and one of the Debased before the last of them fell.

The remnants of the pack have settled in the town in the months since. No one's the wiser, as Christ's Grace always discouraged visitors and is more than an hour from the nearest town. The ferals have done a remarkable job of feeding and maintaining the cattle they inherited, and so have a steady supply of food – which is all they really wanted in the first place.

### **Cedar Grove, South Dakota**

In a widely publicized case, Cedar Grove Police arrested Eric and Jeremy Carter last month for killing twenty-six dogs. All of them were shot in the head. Most were stray dogs, but three of the slain were pets the brothers stole from their owners. The Carters apparently intended to kill all the dogs in Cedar Grove to prevent "killer demons" from possessing the animals. The two men are currently being held in Brown County Jail and will be tried and sentenced pending psychiatric evaluations.

The chicken-rustling Debased that provoked this purge isn't among the dead, having fled after being shot by Eric Carter. But she intends to avoid shifting in front of humans from now on.

### **Meadleton, Alabama**

Not rightly even a community, Meadleton is comprised of an Amoco, a garage, the tiny Mount Zion Baptist Church, and a few trailers and houses. It's just off a lonely stretch of Interstate 65, and there's nothing but road and woods for miles in all directions. Two Debased and their Kinfolk quietly took over Meadleton about a year ago. Its sixteen residents keep their heads down and their mouths shut. Calling people only got that poor highway patrolman torn apart; his bullets didn't even slow the monsters down. Besides him, two natives have paid the ultimate price for not abiding by the new law. But as long as they cooperate, feed the ferals and don't try to leave, everything is fine.

Every once in a while, a hitchhiker or transient stops in Meadleton, passing through or trying to find work... and he just disappears. It's a bitter toll, but one Meadleton must pay for its continued existence.

### **San Viallo, Mexico**

About a year ago, some strangers started passing through the tiny town of San Viallo, and locals came down with a mysterious sickness. People called it el Debilidad (the Weakness), for it made people pale and too tired to get of bed. The sickness spread, sometimes affecting entire families; five people died, including two children. The town's doctor said something about sudden onset anemia, but he couldn't figure out what the problem was or how it was spread. The best anyone could figure was that el Debilidad had something to do with all these outsiders coming and going.

Then a dead white dog with pink eyes came into town, a big and dangerous-looking thing that only moved around at night. People tried chasing the dog away, but the albino still hung around and begged for food. Curiously, new cases of el Debilidad tapered off around the time the animal arrived. Strange sounds came from the desert some nights, as if the white cur fought coyotes, dogs or other animals... though one would swear it sometimes sounded like people screaming. The dog bore nasty wounds after these nights and would sleep all day in the shade, eating whatever some kindly soul gave it.

And oddly enough, about a month after the white dog showed up, cases of el Debilidad stopped altogether. And since he's been there it hasn't come back.

The dog, who's been named Blanquecino, has been adopted by the people of San Viallo. Some folks believe Blanquecino was sent by God to drive away their sickness, and treat the dog as if he were some sort of canine saint; others consider the dog good luck, and will let him lick their dice or playing cards before they gamble. And everyone stops to pet the dog, especially the town's children. Blanquecino seems to enjoy the attention, and has gotten fat from all the scraps he's been fed. He's scary-looking, sure, but he's as good and content as a dog can be.

### **Whitehead, Washington**

Whitehead is a rustic fishing town in the northwestern corner of Washington State. It has a population of less than 800, and employs a single peace officer that rarely even carries his service pistol, and has never had the need to use it. The sleepy town isn't prepared to repel incursions of supernatural predators. This is why, when the partially eaten corpses of two Whitehead residents were found, Constable Bradley Harris didn't strap on his sidearm and go avenge his friends' deaths. Instead, he immediately called the Whatcom County Sheriff's Department, the FBI, wildlife management agencies and anyone else that would listen to him. Rangers from nearby Birch Bay Park and Whatcom County deputies combed the area until a pair of park rangers found the culprit, a mangy feral that had developed a taste for people. One ranger's leg was mangled (forcing him to retire from active service), but a clean head shot from his partner took down the beast.

Bradly Harris' common sense and lack of action movie bravado doubtlessly saved lives, but epics aren't told of such acts of modest heroism.



# The Debased

Name:

Player:

Chronicle:

Breed:

Tribe:

Debasement:

Pack Name:

Pack Totem:

Concept:

## Attributes

### Physical

Strength ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Dexterity ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Stamina ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Social

Charisma ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Manipulation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Appearance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Mental

Perception ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Intelligence ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Wits ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

## Abilities

### Talents

Alertness ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Athletics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Brawl ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Dodge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Empathy ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Expression ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Intimidation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Primal Urge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Streetwise ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Subterfuge ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Skills

Animal Ken ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Crafts ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Drive ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Etiquette ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Firearms ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Leadership ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Melee ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Performance ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Stealth ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Survival ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

### Knowledges

Computer ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Enigmas ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Investigation ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Law ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Linguistics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Medicine ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Occult ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Politics ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Rituals ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐  
Science ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

## Advantages

### Backgrounds

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### Gifts

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### Gifts

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## Renown

### Glory

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### Honor

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### Wisdom

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## Rank

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## Rage

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## Gnosis

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## Willpower

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## Health

Bruised ☐  
Hurt - 1 ☐  
Injured - 1 ☐  
Wounded - 2 ☐  
Mauled - 2 ☐  
Crippled - 5 ☐  
Incapacitated ☐

## Weakness

(Optional)

Polluted Blood:  
-2 to Social die pools with Garou

# The Debased

*Homid*

*Glabro*

*Crinos*

*Hispo*

*Canis*

No  
Change

Difficulty: 6

Strength( )  
Stamina( )  
Appearance(-1)  
Manipulation(-1)

Difficulty: 7

Strength( )  
Dexterity( )  
Stamina( )  
Manipulation(-3)  
Appearance 0

Difficulty: 6

INCITE DELIRIUM  
IN HUMANS

Strength( )  
Dexterity( )  
Stamina( )  
Manipulation(-3)  
+1 Die to Bite Damage

Difficulty: 7

Strength( )  
Dexterity( )  
Stamina( )  
Manipulation(-3)  
-2 Perception Diff.

Difficulty: 6

## Other Traits

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Battle Scars: \_\_\_\_\_

Metis Deformity: \_\_\_\_\_

Experience: \_\_\_\_\_

## Fetishes

Item: \_\_\_\_\_ Level: \_\_\_\_\_ Anats: \_\_\_\_\_  
Power: \_\_\_\_\_  
Item: \_\_\_\_\_ Level: \_\_\_\_\_ Anats: \_\_\_\_\_  
Power: \_\_\_\_\_  
Item: \_\_\_\_\_ Level: \_\_\_\_\_ Anats: \_\_\_\_\_  
Power: \_\_\_\_\_  
Item: \_\_\_\_\_ Level: \_\_\_\_\_ Anats: \_\_\_\_\_  
Power: \_\_\_\_\_  
Item: \_\_\_\_\_ Level: \_\_\_\_\_ Anats: \_\_\_\_\_  
Power: \_\_\_\_\_  
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Power: \_\_\_\_\_  
Item: \_\_\_\_\_ Level: \_\_\_\_\_ Anats: \_\_\_\_\_  
Power: \_\_\_\_\_

## Rites

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## Combat

Weapon/Attack	Diff.	Damage	Range	Rate	Ammo	Conceal

### Brawling Chart

Maneuver	Roll	Diff	Damage
Bite	Dex + Brawl	5	Strength + 1/A
Body Tackle	Dex + Brawl	7	Special/B
Claw	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength + 1/A
Grapple	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength/B
Kick	Dex + Brawl	7	Strength + 1/B
Punch	Dex + Brawl	6	Strength/B

A=Aggravated Damage B=Bashing Damage

Armor: \_\_\_\_\_