

The Debased

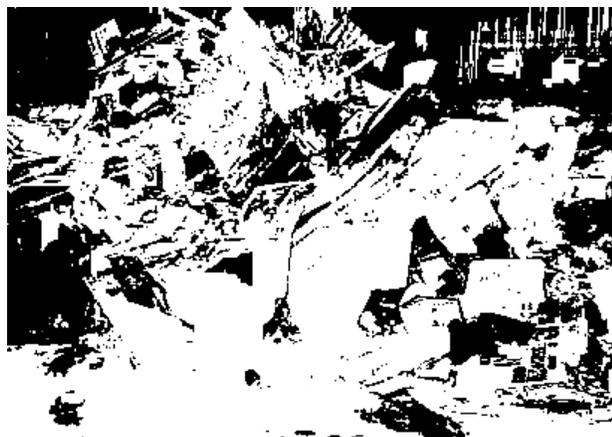


A Sourcebook for Werewolf: the Apocalypse™

LEGENDS OF THE GAROU

Infestation

Lindya drew the obvious conclusion: Spirals were here, and they didn't know how to clean up after themselves. Walking around debris formed from discarded stoves, tires, rusted chicken wire and children's books, Lindya sneered as she came across another series of fresh shit piles. She stepped carefully to avoid the feces and the dull green glass fragments nearby. The sun was up, but made an apathetic showing; the day was dim gray and overcast. The Black Fury shined her halogen flashlight at the ground, illuminating a runny trail of crap in a drag mark – it looked as if whatever left it had pulled its ass along the ground while doing its business. In the scat was a mix of bone fragments, flannel shreds, a black plastic button, and innumerable tiny, still-squirming white worms. Lindya suppressed her gag reflex. One can only ask so much subtlety from subterranean, metis-loving, destruction-worshipping freaks, but even they had the sense to not violate the Veil like this. Usually, anyway.



Winderwood was just a few streets branching out from a lonely stretch of highway, a community so small as to not even be rightly called a town. It boasted some modest-to-ramshackle houses, a church, a few stores (a Piggly Wiggly and a few small ones devoted to hardware, plumbing and car parts), and the obligatory small town garage composed of aluminum siding nailed over a wooden frame. A huge landfill spread on the east outskirts of the community, where the worst of the houses and a few trailers were; this is where the bodies had turned up. It was dead and missing pets at first, then two people were found – not just killed, but torn to shreds and partly eaten. The Muses' Vines sept were the closest Garou to Winderwood (though still a two hour ride away), so it was their responsibility to investigate and put a stop to the killings before the locals went nuts and started shooting bears, coyotes, stray dogs, owls, and anything and everything resembling a carnivore. Lindya was here to investigate and report back, and not take any action besides self-defense; a sept composed of only two packs, they could spare only her for the time being. The Ragabash didn't mind a fight, but she felt a hell of a lot safer with her pack, and she didn't intend to be detected. She wanted to get in, get the lay of the land, and get the hell out of here.

Lindya looked around at the ruined landscape, trying vainly to put the evidence together with her initial theory of Spiral activity. Once she thought about it, it didn't add up. There's nothing here they should want. Winderwood had no oil refineries, no radioactive waste dumps, or heavy industry. It was just a small community, barely able to support its few businesses. It boasted one hell of a garbage dump, true, but it usually takes a lot more than low-end pollution like this to bring the Spirals out. Maybe it was Banes or fomori...



Concentrating, the Black Fury shifted her perceptions, opening her senses to the spiritual corruption present in the landfill. She smelled rust and scum-eaten water, mildew and rot, ozone-killing residue and petroleum, soured milk and burnt tires. And of course, the rancid droppings in front of her. Nothing pleasant, certainly, but such "scents" weren't unexpected in a place like this. No traces of Banes in any great numbers. The feces in front of her smelt of human flesh, the strongest source of Wyrms-taint here, but the shit didn't seem like it came from a fomor or anything unnatural. Lindya decided she'd recon the Umbral scene, and then—

Lindya heard movement on the far side of the primary garbage pile, from which the rest of the trash spread. Reflexively, the Garou used a Gift to blur her outline and stepped behind a refrigerator jutting out of a pile of dirt, leaning her head out just enough to see what was making the noise. A few moments later, six of the largest dogs the Fury had ever seen came trotting out from behind the trash heap. Two were definite Chow mixes, the others were maybe part Husky or German Shepherd... but all obviously had some wolf blood in them. One limped on a twisted leg that stuck out at an odd angle; another had very patchy fur. *Oh shit*, Lindya thought to herself. *I've heard of these things before*. The creatures sniffed around the area where the Fury had been walking just moments before. She grit her teeth, silently praying that trick she picked up from the fox-spirit hid her scent... and she relaxed once she saw they didn't stalk toward her, but spread out and proceeded to dig through the trash, probably looking for food.

Then Lindya when she heard a low growl right behind her. She nearly wet herself right there, but maintained her composure as she turned slowly, hearing the tendons in her neck creak as she fought the onset of Fox Frenzy. A yellow mutt was no more than a yard away, flanked by three of its packmates, baring crooked fangs. A gray, oozing cataract adorned the dog's left eye. A pink tongue licked in and out between its rotted fangs. Sudden Rage swam beneath the monster's skin, deforming it, increasing its mass and proportions. Lindya bolted for the clearing and the small dirt road leading out of the dump, sure she could break through the ranks of the other mutts and get to her motorcycle... until she realized the pack had anticipated her, feigning disinterest to get her to drop her guard while cutting off her escape route. They surrounded Lindya and moved in.

Lindya cursed herself as she began to shapeshift; she wasn't some Moon-Calf, she shouldn't have fallen into a trap like this. She shifted slowly, too slowly, but she needed to conserve her Rage for the fight ahead. Some of the pack, now nine strong, were still in the shapes of dogs, the Kin that couldn't transform, but others had assumed battle-shapes; one undersized Crinos mockery swung at her with a nail-studded board. The Black Fury used a Gift to tap into beasts' primal fear of mankind; this forced the Kinfolk, all but four of her foes, to immediately flee. As she attained her full war-shape, she turned and clawed the one with the cataract, taking its lower jaw almost off; the skull broke with the force of her blow. It yelped and fell to the ground, whining and clawing at the remains of its face.

But the werewolf's counteroffensive was too little, too late; surrounded, she was unable to avoid her foes' uncoordinated but relentless attacks. For every wound she dished out, she took three; as the last of her Rage bled out of her, the monstrous dog-things closed in for the kill. A great Hispo-Chow bit her left thigh and dragged her down, teeth scraping femur and tearing muscle; he jerked the limb back and forth violently with his mighty neck muscles, popping the leg out of joint. Lindya screamed her defiance, though graying out with pain. Teeth and claws tore into her from all directions. Blows rained down from above, jagged nails and pieces of concrete laid her open. Her agony became distant and less distinct, strangely disconnected, as the Garou passed from a world of pain into numb oblivion.



The Debased



Debased concept by Steven Markley

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Introduction

Never attribute to malice that which can be adequately explained by stupidity.
– Anon

The Seeds of Heresy...

While once the possibility was discounted out of hand, considered the paranoid talk of lupus alarmists and doomsayers, modern Garou are now facing the grim fact that wolves may soon become extinct. The species has been devastated in recent centuries; wild wolves have been eliminated through most of their original range, and their numbers are low in those areas they do survive, despite wildlife preserves and recent reintroduction programs. Recent legislation scaling back protection for wolves and other endangered wildlife hasn't helped matters. There simply aren't enough wolves for the Garou Nation, leading to a paucity of lupus werewolves and wolf Kinfolk. As a result, most septs have only a couple lupus among them. Many others aren't so fortunate, and boast no wolf-born at all.

Garou need the unique qualities and insights of their lupus, but there's a more immediate, less esoteric concern: extinction. The Garou race simply can't survive without wolf blood, any more than they can survive without both males and females. The Garou look at the almost exclusively homid Glass Walkers and Bone Gnawers with disgust, but also fear, for they may be the future for all Garou. And no one in the Garou Nation – lupus, homid, *urrah* or otherwise – wants to accept the very real possibility of the wolf species' extinction. For if this happens, the Garou will soon follow. For this reason and others, werewolves fight tooth and nail to defend their lupine kin.

However, a few werewolves (typically Bone Gnawers, but occasionally Glass Walkers or the odd

member of another tribe) dared to question common wisdom, and suggested the Garou may actually survive the extinction of wolves. These dissenters discuss the late Bunyip, Garou that bred with thylacines in lieu of canine stock, as well as Red Talons that take kin from among dingoes and dholes, as examples of Garou of non-wolf stock. They also pointed to other potential Kinfolk, an abundant species that dwells openly among mankind, in no danger of extinction... and that are direct descendents of wolves.

The reaction most Garou would have to the very idea of breeding with dogs is predictable. The very idea provoked disgust, scorn and anger. In some cases, proponents of this heresy were targets of Punishment Rites, attacks and outright banishment from the Garou Nation, and could expect Renown loss and mockery at the very least. Few werewolves would even entertain the idea, and only fools among them dared broach the issue publicly. The idea never took hold.

At least until someone, somewhere, decided to explore this possibility without the blessings of the Garou Nation. At the midpoint of the Twentieth Century, the Rite of Adaptation was either developed or discovered. Knowledge and use of the rite has spread among a subculture of Garou determined to save their race from itself. There's no honor in the slow extinction of the Garou, its defenders say, considering they're Gaia's last defense from the Wyrn. They believe the Rite of Adaptation will be the Garou's, and Gaia's, ultimate salvation.

... Bear Twisted Fruit

Also called mutts, mongrels and dog-blooded (and less flattering things), the Debased are hybrids of werewolves and common dogs. They have obscure origins in the forbidden Rite of Adaptation, but since have proven more than capable of reproducing on their own. Not quite Garou, nor a Changing Breed in their own right, the Debased are less than either. Lower and more forsaken than even Ronin, the Debased eke out grim lives in the shadows of the Garou Nation, skirting the dangerous periphery of werewolf society. Some

Debased fight the werewolves, others fight for them, and still others serve the Wyrms, but most opt out of the fight and simply struggle to survive.

Are Debased harbingers of the Apocalypse, symptoms of Gaia's slow death and tools of the Wyrms? Or are the dog-blooded a hidden means of salvation, a means by which the Garou may create more soldiers in their war... perhaps to survive in some fashion until the Apocalypse, beyond the extinction of their wolf Kin?

Using This Book

The Debased is laid out in a style similar to the Revised tribebooks, though if it were printed out it would be far thinner – Debased are a very recent phenomenon by the reckoning of the ancient Garou, and haven't yet made much of a mark on the World of Darkness. Still, there are quite a few dog-blooded out there, and they've made enough of an impact to be noticed by werewolves, spirits and others – and (I hope you agree) to justify this book devoted to them.

This book is laid out as follows:

Legends of the Garou: Infestation: The introductory short story, in which a Black Fury finds something perhaps best left undiscovered.

Introduction: What you're reading, boss.

Chapter One: Diaspora: How Debased fit into the World of Darkness. Herein are details on dog-blooded survival and procreation, the reasons and nature of their conflicts with Garou, their interactions with humanity and the rest of the world's creatures, and hints of the mutts' possible fate.

Chapter Two: Laws of the Debased: Rules for mutt characters, including character creation, Gifts, and Merits and Flaws.

Chapter Three: The Vanguard of Sirius: The young tribe formed of Debased and ex-Ronin, and led by secretive Garou, the Vanguard is a beacon of hope for those of dog blood and crippled spirit. Includes game rule information, Gifts, rules for Renown and advancement, and the Sirius totem.

Chapter Four: Debasing Your Game: Wondering what in the hell to do with all this? This chapter is full of Storyteller advice on how to incorporate mutts intelligently into your **Werewolf** chronicles. Included are tips on roleplaying Debased, origin options for the Rite of Adaptation, ideas on exploring the threat (or hope) these creatures represent, and even a selection of suggested books and movies.

Chapter Five: Mongrels: First, a selection of five mutt character templates is provided, to be used as-is or to inspire your own concepts. Included are several individuals, Debased and otherwise, that merit special attention in the World of Darkness in which the dog-blooded dwell. Finally, stats are supplied for generic mutt characters, for the Storyteller's convenience.

Lexicon

Canis: Debased born to canines; when capitalized, it refers to the full dog form of a Debased, analogous to a werewolf's *Lupus* form.

Debased: The "proper" accepted term the Garou give to Garou-dog hybrids, itself considered derogatory; also dog-blooded, mongrel and mutt.

Debasement: A deformity or weakness, similar to that possessed by a metis; all Debased suffer debasements.

Feral: When applied to Debased, one with no tribe membership (the vast majority of them).

Lapdog: Also boot-licker, a mutt that accepts sycophantic servitude to Garou (almost always among Bone Gnawers); some ferals apply this term to all mutts in the Vanguard of Sirius.

Mad Dog: Slang for a Wyrms-corrupted mutt, especially one that joins the Black Spiral Dancers.

Masters, the: The secretive cabal of Garou that formed and support the Vanguard of Sirius.

Rite of Adaptation: The rite that allowed a number of Garou to sire young with canines and spawn the Debased, widely believed to have origins in the Defiler Wyrms.

Sirius: The patron totem spirit of the Vanguard of Sirius tribe.

Stray: A mongrel that has had no contact with Garou or other Debased, and remains ignorant of her true nature. The Debased equivalent of a Lost Cub.

Vanguard of Sirius: Shortened to Vanguard, this is the tribe formed mostly of Debased, with a few token Garou and Debased Kinfolk.



You're not gonna believe this, Tall Pine, but while me and Tucker were investigating those rumors of Bone Gnawer activity in the neighborhoods near the train yards, we ran across something new. And weird. (Yeah, your theory about the area being overrun with vampires moving under the guise of 'Nam protesters was right on the money, by the way.) We were hoping to find the Gnawers and convince to leave the leech-infested area when we saw what looked to be a pack of huge stray dogs milling about some run-down houses at the end of Rykers Street, about a dozen strong. Most of them looked like wolf hybrids. When Tucker, on a hunch, used a Gift to talk with what looked to be a Rottweiler mix, it assumed Homid form and addressed us in a primitive, pared-down version of Garou!

Come to find out, no less than three of these "dogs" were in fact Garou, and lupus at that, though very... debased ones, for lack of a better description. Bone Gnawers are usually very protective of their Kin, and it's not like them to sire and leave their offspring to fend for themselves. Assuming they could spawn something like this; I've heard of Bone Gnawers breeding with common dogs before, which I thought were just nasty rumors, but I've never heard of them breeding true. It's a scary thought, to think things are that desperate for them. I think something else is at work here, maybe some sort of lab experiment gone wrong. (Though the idea of scientists even knowing about us scares me even worse, much less them doing shit like this.)

These hybrids did have at least some contact with Garou society early in their lives, as they knew a little of our tongue. And, a lot like dogs, they were friendly and trusting and did everything we told them. However, they had precious little understanding of our culture, and no knowledge of their spiritual birthrights and responsibilities. And the spirits we summoned, even city-spirits normally allied with Gnawers and Glass Walkers, didn't recognize the hybrids, and wouldn't grant them Gifts or participate in the minor rites we tried to teach them. They don't smell of the Wyrms, thank goodness, but the fact even *urrah*-spirits refuse to deal with them worries me. One of them has a deformed back leg like a metis, and another can't heal even minor wounds, though both are lupus. (Or canine... or, something.)

They don't "feel right", either, if that makes sense; It's hard to explain. I deal with Bone Gnawers a lot, but even they don't seem as, well, pathetic as these things. As much as I hate to admit this, just looking at these mutts made me want to get the hell away from them. It's not a rational feeling - more a gut reaction. One of'em walked a little too close to me once, and I had a brief, insane urge to just kick the hell out of her. I didn't, of course, but some instinct kicked in and I *wanted* to.

Some Child of Gaia I am, huh?

Anyway, whatever they are, I really hope these things are anomalies, and that the Gnawers don't have some sorta breeding program with dogs going on. Whatever you do, don't let Mr. High-and-Mighty know about this (you know who I'm talking about), at least until we know more. He's real good at sniffing out lies, so don't even try that, just don't volunteer any info about this. And don't leak this to any 'Lords, either; they've been pushing hard against the Gnawers forever, and this is the all the justification they need to institute a fucking eugenics program or something awful like that.

We need to look into this situation in a bad way, Pine, confirm whether it's Gnawers or mad scientists or what, and figure out exactly what's going on. I'll be back at Buffalo Head in the next two weeks, as we still have some leeches to run down here. Seeya then.

Chapter One: Dispōra

Dahg Rastubfari, do you know/ that you're a fucking dog?!
– Mr. Bungle, “Stubb (a Dub)”

*He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare,
And he who has one enemy will meet him everywhere.*
– Ali ibn-Abi-Talib

The origins of the Rite of Adaptation may be vague, but its grim legacy is slowly coming to light. Unlike their Garou forbearers, the number of Debased is growing rather than shrinking, and this trend shows no signs of slowing. As Gaia's Warriors combat countless obvious threats, the Debased have set down roots and spread in the shadows preceding the Apocalypse. The implications of these mutts reach far beyond the politics of the Garou Nation, and they may bear influence on the End Times... for good or for ill.

The Debased are a mixed collection of outcasts, rejected by all but other dog-bloods... and often even their own. While united in oppression, the mutts have no real sense of Breed unity. They have the raw numbers to make themselves heard, if they possessed the organization and desire, though such a fractured collective almost certainly never will. Some run in packs with others of their kind (or even the odd Garou pack that will have them), though there are no few Debased facing the World of Darkness with only a few Kinfolk or no friends at all. Other mongrels are either ignorant of their circumstances or refuse to accept them, and consider themselves Garou and emulate them. More than a few, tempted by the lures of acceptance and revenge, fall to corruption. Still others have little clue or care that there other Debased or Garou out there, and tend only to their day-to-day concerns.

Debased are pack animals. Though they don't have the organization of Garou, if given the choice, most prefer the company of fellow mongrels or common dogs to being alone. While most packs are formed of a Debased and her canine Kinfolk, there are many packs

formed of several mutts, each member of which may or may not bring along her own relatives. These merged clans are uncommon, but are dangerous to everyone and everything they encounter. There are rumors of such a megapack on the outskirts of Cincinnati more than thirty strong, formed from four Debased and their Kinfolk. Debased are nearly as likely to be at each others' throats as fight outsiders, however: they scrap viciously over mates, territory, possessions and any number of other petty concerns.

Ferals aren't the only Debased that come into conflict with each other. Those rare mutts attached to Garou packs prove just as merciless in dealing with their own kind as werewolves. Motivations for such traitorous behavior includes self-interest (“Better them than me!”), ignorance, self-loathing, and a desperate need to belong. However, it's not unheard for a Debased, once indoctrinated into the Garou worldview, to feel the same moral outrage toward their degenerate kin – and ultimately, themselves – as Garou. Of course, such turncoat lapdogs are hated by their own kind and are rarely appreciated by their werewolf “masters”.

Geography

Perhaps surprisingly, Debased don't have a worldwide presence. While dogs live everywhere, the germination of the quasi-Breed was in North America, and they've not had the time or driving desire to spread very far or wide. Most mutts are in the United States, with a good number in Mexico. A few Debased, or Garou having undergone the Ritual of Adaptation, have relocated to cities in Canada, Central America, China, India, Eastern Africa and Australia, and established small breeding populations there. Otherwise, there's no real Debased presence anywhere else; an individual here and a pair there don't amount to much, especially when mongrels are prone to being killed by outraged natives of those lands (for example, they fare especially poorly in the Far East, as explained on page 18).

On a local scale, the Debased find few areas not already claimed and defended. The wild places are dominated by Garou and Fera, and aren't to the liking of the dog-blooded anyway, as most haven't the instincts or connection to the land to survive in the wilderness. The best parts of cities are claimed by Glass Walkers, leeches and various other factions, leaving little room for Debased. Even in the most run-down areas, they're forced to compete with Bone Gnawers and less fortunate vampires for territory (and usually lose). So urban mutts are forced into blighted landscapes no one else wants, forsaken hellholes where even Bone Gnawers don't tread... though certain other Garou frequent such places, and gladly allow the Debased to dwell there. Conditionally, of course.

The most successful mutts forsake the wilderness and inner cities for isolated rural communities, the outskirts of urban sprawls, trailer parks, suburbs, and "oasis towns" that spring up along interstate highways. Here, dog-blooded are better able to slip under the radar of the Garou Nation and the other supernatural factions of the World of Darkness. When slip-ups occur (which are inevitable with creatures as careless as Debased), they meet less organized resistance in those areas. Some particularly isolated communities are dominated outright by Debased packs and their Kinfolk, creating a atmosphere eerily reminiscent of certain monster movies... though Garou with strong connections to their ancestors might instead be reminded of the Impergium. This is happening more frequently as the mongrels breed unchecked, creating exploding populations outside the watchful eye of those that can stop them.

Debased have certain standards when it comes to mating – or at least, restrictions. A male dog-blooded can't breed with just any canine and expect to sire young. First of all, only dogs in good health and of a certain size and weight are viable mates for the mutts. Smaller dogs (less than 40 lbs.), and those that are malnourished and/or diseased, never survive pregnancy or carry young to term. (Thankfully, this prevents such silly possibilities as Debased of Pomeranian and toy poodle stock.)

Second, like Garou, Debased prefer strong Kinfolk. Interestingly enough, mutts are preferred to pedigrees, due to the phenomenon referred to as "hybrid vigor": mongrel dogs are typically healthier, smarter, and not as subject to congenital disorders as purebreds. Debased typically breed with large, strong dogs, like hybrids of German Shepherds, Pit Bull Terriers, American Bulldogs, Rottweilers, Irish Wolfhounds, Great Danes and Chow-chows. Aggression is a desirable trait, as Debased consider it the presence of strong instincts (though this isn't necessarily the case). Pure wolves and wolf hybrids are always greatly preferred, as they produce the strongest young.

Breeds

The vast majority of Debased are of the canis breed, the equivalent of lupus. This makes sense, as the Ritual of Adaptation was developed (or at least used) to redress the lack of lupus werewolves. Also, dogs are numerous, so there's endless potential breeding stock. Until the mid-1960s, all Debased were canis, but the last few decades have seen a small but growing number of homids and metis among them. Still, as it stands now, four out of every five Debased are canis.

The major reason the homid breed isn't well represented among mutts is because humans take a comparatively long time to breed and rear young, and Debased have only existed for about fifty years. There hasn't been a lot of time to bring much human blood into the quasi-Breed, nor much initiative to do so. Unlike Garou, the Debased as a whole have no sense of Breed identity, nor place any particular value on diversity of heritage or other such abstracts. With no obvious need to bring human blood into their bloodlines, a creature born and raised among dogs considers herself a dog first and foremost, and will naturally breed with her fellows over anything else. Their canis offspring in turn breed yet more of their kind. Most homid mutts are sired by (or born from) Garou that have undergone the Ritual of Adaptation, rather than Debased themselves. Those rare Debased with a sense of the larger picture, and that want to gain legitimacy and influence for themselves, have seen the wisdom of creating homid offspring and human Kinfolk. Homid mutts are more likely to survive the period before their First Change than canis are, for precisely the same reasons most people find it easier to survive than stray dogs.

The dog-blooded peruse the same subcultures as Bone Gnawers, Ratkin and even less savory creatures do, favoring trailer park residents, the rural poor and tenement dwellers. At a glance, it might seem that they aren't terribly picky when it comes to human stock. This is true to some extent, but their choices make a certain amount of sense when you consider how a sentient canine might think, though this leads to (for us) odd choices for breeders and sires. For example, mutts generally seek out strong and hardy individuals that are isolated and easy to keep track of, rather than the financially successful, intelligent, socially conversant or attractive.

Quite a few Debased metis have been born, probably at least equal to the number of homids. These twisted offspring are created mostly out of ignorance: many Debased know nothing of metis, or how or why they're created, and so are as quick to breed with other Debased as they are dogs. However, very few of these mules survive. Already saddled with deformities and inherent weaknesses as a result of their corrupted Garou blood, Debased metis get a double dose of this; almost half are stillborn. Few are strong or healthy enough to live to adulthood, and some are killed by natural diseases and congenital defects – something unheard of among Garou or Gaia's other children. With the exception of Vanguard of Sirius, and those that have been adopted into Garou tribes, Debased have no society or support networks to shield their metis from the untold dangers of the World of Darkness.



Demographics

There aren't many mutts, all told, but their population steadily grows. They number just under a thousand now (as of 2005), though this is easily greater than the two smallest Garou tribes (Red Talons and Stargazers). However, this number would be far greater were it not for the steady attrition from enemies, infighting, a high mortality rate, and the death of female breeding stock.

The Debased excel at reproduction, which is their one edge over Garou. Humans and common dogs are in no danger of extinction, giving the Debased many potential breeders. Dog-blooded have a better chance to breed true than Garou, as well; the chance of successfully conceiving another Debased is one in every eight offspring, instead of one in ten. However, the birth of a true-bred Debased is often heralded by death: as many as half of all female canine Kinfolk that bear one end up dying, and the entire litter, save the Debased, is always stillborn. (In rare cases, Debased mothers die when giving birth to a true-bred pup.) Larger breeds of dog, and wolf mixes, are slightly less prone to birth mortality. The death of a bitch and all but one of her litter during birth is a time for mourning among mongrels, but also a time for hope, as it's a good sign that a Debased has bred true. (Of course, this means little if the pup starves to death for lack of the mother's milk.)

In addition, mongrels and their Kinfolk are cross-fertile with both Garou and wolves; however, the offspring of such unions are always Debased and never Garou (and, if a Debased is born from a wolf, it runs a one-in-three chance of killing the mother). This outrages the Garou, as not only do mutts reproduce like mad, they corrupt and decimate wolf bloodlines.

Tribes

Most Debased are functionally Ronin, and live much like tribeless Garou. Mutts that craved tribe identity were once forced to petition Bone Gnawers or Children of Gaia (who often refused them) or Black Spiral Dancers (who didn't), as no other tribes would consider adopting them. In recent years, however, an ad hoc tribe called the Vanguard of Sirius has formed, complete with Gifts, allied spirits, and a small number of secretive Garou patrons. Though small, its membership continually grows as allied Debased reproduce, and other mutts catch reputation of the tribe and seek it out. Currently, one in six Debased is affiliated with the Vanguard or is a full member of the tribe. A little fewer than half this number have pledged their service to the Black Spiral Dancers. A small fraction of the remaining tribe mongrels claim Bone Gnawer or Children of Gaia membership. The remaining 70% or so of Debased are ferals.

Rage forever sets those that possess it apart from both man and beast, and thwarts the formation of healthy reciprocal relationships. This is as true for Debased as it is for Garou. While mutts usually run with regular or Kinfolk dogs, this isn't to say dogs really like them. In fact, Dogs are even more prone to the Curse of Rage than wolves or even humans, and are terrified of their shifting kin. And paradoxically, it is this fear that prevents canines from fleeing their Debased alphas. Millennia of domestication and selective breeding have created animals that are strongly compelled to obey and please their masters. Therefore, the cementing bond that compels canines to run with Debased is a mixture of instinctual loyalty and fear, not love or friendship.

Strays

Debased are usually good at keeping track of their offspring, but they don't have the social and spiritual networks Garou do, and quite a few fall through the cracks. Unless found and inducted into the mysteries of their heritage by feral Debased, the Vanguard or others, these strays can look forward to unpleasant (and usually very short) lives – though spare more pity also for the people, animals and others unlucky enough to come across them before they're put down. These dispossessed ferals are referred to as *strays*.

Canis Debased often experience their First Change alone. While most are found by their fellows shortly thereafter, some come into contact with other Debased long after the event... if ever. Unless taught the rudiments of language, shapeshifting, Stepping Sideways, and other essential skills soon afterwards, strays often never learn to do these things at all, or display limited aptitude at best. Such creatures become little more than unusually intelligent and very dangerous dogs, existing as superpredators in forgotten wastes like garbage dumps, industrial districts and urban sprawl.

That is, until the stray is killed by hunters, Garou, or other Debased.

Human Kinfolk are rare, and so tend to be watched after more closely. This is a good thing, as homid mutts' First Changes are often more traumatic than those of Garou, due to the damaged and warped Garou spirits within them. When one does slip past the watch, or is born to some forgotten line of humans, a stray often suffers emotional and psychological damage. Without any sort of idea of what the hell is going on, these Debased often closely resemble the lycanthropes of movie legend, fighting their natures only to explode into periodic fits of unspeakable violence. Homid strays aren't as able to stay hidden as their canis counterparts, and quickly Garou will move in and deal with the problem. If a stray's rampages take place outside a werewolf protectorate, there are a fair number of other supernatural agencies that have a vested interest in keeping order (or the appearance thereof), including vampires and Weaver-mages, and they'll spare no expense putting such monsters down. However, they're less likely to realize the monster they took down was an aberration rather than the rule, and nearby Garou may find themselves with sudden and unexpected enemies.

Debased and the Garou

While the Debased issue hasn't yet reached crisis status in the Garou Nation (at least, in the opinion of most), it soon will if the dog-bloods are left to breed unchecked. As of now the Debased are still a cause of concern for most werewolves, subject to no small amount of disgust and outright hatred. Most Garou fall into two camps regarding Debased: they either despise them or disregard them. Depending on what side you listen to, the mutts are either the biggest threat since the fall of the White Howlers, or pathetic and unworthy of consideration; there's not much middle ground between these extreme positions, though the clear majority of Garou aren't as worried about mutts as they are other matters. The Bone Gnawers would be happy that the Debased are taking flack from them, except that they're widely suspected of perpetuating the problem, if not causing it in the first place. And this accusation, while not the entire truth, isn't entirely inaccurate either. There's no unified Garou consensus on how to deal with the dog-blooded (which should surprise no one), though broad generalizations can be made by tribe.

Bone Gnawers are the tribe most Garou associate with Debased. There are several reasons for this. First, many Garou don't understand the nature of Debased and the Rite of Adaptation, and assume the Bone Gnawers have been breeding with dogs for years; dog-blooded are simply the eventual result of such unclean and blasphemous practices. Others, including most Gnawers themselves, realize that it's not so simple a matter as breeding with dogs and producing Shifter young. Still, the tribe is saddled with the stigma of

probably having created the first Debased, and with continuing to create more mongrels than all other tribes put together.

A few Bone Gnawer packs and septs have extended offers of aid and tribe membership to Debased out of sympathy and a sense of responsibility. And, unlike most spirits, some spirits allied to the Bone Gnawers actually do recognize Debased pledged to the tribe (especially dog-spirits); however, the mongrels can only attain the rank of Adren within the tribe, due to opposition from conservative Gnawer elders and apparent lack of support among the tribe's patron spirits. But not all Gnawers like Debased. Despite their circumstances and poor status among the tribes, the Bone Gnawers are still *Garou*, the elite werewolf Warriors of Gaia, and many take great pride in that fact. A solid majority of Gnawers consider the dog-blooded every bit as freakish as other werewolves do, and resent tribesmates that would adopt Debased as kin – or Gaia forbid, produce more of them. These opposing stances create a rift in the normally liberal tribe, which while not yet severe, grows as the Debased threat does.

Children of Gaia are more likely than other Garou to feel genuine sympathy for Debased... though camaraderie and respect are out of the question for all but the most generous of them. The tribe is split on how to approach the problem. Some want to help the mutts somehow, seeing them as a mess the Garou made and therefore are responsible for cleaning up... and directing. Other Children pity the poor bastards, but strongly feel they should focus on more important things – say, for

instance, unity of the tribes and the battle against the Wyrms' corruption. So Unicorn's tribe has accomplished nothing regarding the mongrels, paralyzed on the issue (as on so many others) by indecision and endless debate.

Most Red Talons, Silver Fangs, Get of Fenris, Fianna and Wendigo despise Debased. The Red Talons consider them unbearable corruptions of Garou, and the very few meetings between them and the mutts have erupted in violence. The Silver Fangs regard the Garou blood wasted on such pathetic monsters an abomination, and are likely to adopt a very hard line stance on any mutts found in Fang protectorates (or anywhere else). The Fenrir, Fianna and Wendigo have very similar outlooks, disgusted by the weakness of body and spirit the Debased embody and perpetuate.

While disapproving of Debased, Black Furies, Shadow Lords, Silent Striders, Stargazers and Uktena aren't so quick to take a hard line approach to them. This is perhaps surprising in the case of the Shadow Lords, as they take breeches of the Litany and such matters very seriously; however, the tribe as a whole has yet to take any decisive move against the mongrels, perhaps distracted by recent events in Eastern Europe. The Uktena know about the Rite of Adaptation, and are very curious about its nature and where it came from; once they uncover the secrets of the rite, they may adopt a more assertive position on the mutts, depending on what they discover. Most Black Furies have seen too much atrocity to support another fight against creatures that didn't ask for their present circumstances, and are too busy doing important things to deal with them anyway. Regarding the dog-bloods, Silent Striders and Stargazers have a marked tendency to shrug and say something to the effect of, "Well, damn. But we have much bigger fish to fry about right now, don't we?" So while Garou of these



tribes have yet to set up any soup kitchens for the Debased, they don't attack them on sight like Talons and Get do, and are taking a wait-and-see attitude on the issue for now.

Sadly, but to no one's surprise, the tribe most accepting of Debased are the Black Spiral Dancers. The Wyrms-Garou have long profited at the expense of the Gaian tribes, swelling their ranks with expatriate metis, Ronin and exiles – though in truth, the actions of Gaian Garou have driven more of their kind to the Spirals than the tribe manages to actively subvert. The Debased are no different in this respect: being spat and shat on by Gaian Garou does much to engender resentment and outright hatred, which the Spirals find easy to exploit.

Several dog-blooded have been born into the tribe, thanks to haphazard Spiral breeding programs. However the mad dogs find their way into the Black Spiral tribe, they find that acceptance comes with a terrible price. They can expect madness, atrocity and corruption in service to the Wyrms, just like anyone else, but at least full werewolves can expect to be accepted as equals after defecting. The Debased, however, aren't equals even among these fell Garou, and they discover this bitter truth too late. These mongrel Spirals are thrown into battle ahead of their Garou betters, as the tribe is more willing to sacrifice crippled tools than true werewolves. Mad dogs also come in handy for disposing of corpses, waste and other sundry tasks at hives. It seems even the Wyrms and its spirit minions refuse to fully accept Debased: they aren't as likely to survive dancing the Spiral with their minds and bodies intact as Garou are, and those few mutts that survive long enough to gain rank within the tribe hit the same glass ceiling Gaian mutts do. However, the Debased are still too useful a resource to disregard; Spiral hives in the U.S. and Mexico actively recruit and breed all they can.

Debased In the Wider World

If problems with werewolves and their own kind weren't enough, Debased suffer continual attrition from hunters, spirits, various Wyrms creatures, strange sorcerers, and others that dwell in the dark corners of the Tellurian. The number of mongrels lost to these threats is small but steady, like an unplugged leak.

Ronin: Debased lurk in the backwaters of the World of Darkness, and occasionally cross paths with other outcasts that populate such forsaken areas. They find much in common with Ronin Garou, who in turn aren't as prone to the sort of elitism that keeps other werewolves from taking them seriously. A Ronin that doesn't know about the Skin Dancer tribe (or does, but

wisely chooses not to associate with those that might very well decide to harvest *her* pelt!) may not find the prospect of associating with mutts unthinkable. After all, compared to the desperate loneliness that the tribeless feel, any sort of companionship at all sounds pretty damned good.

Several successful Debased packs include a Ronin Garou, most of them within the Vanguard of Sirius tribe, though there are one or two independent mixed groups at any given time. These mixed packs fill each others' needs admirably: The Ronin runs with a pack, while her dog-blooded packmates benefit from the power a full werewolf can offer.

Fera: Most Fera aren't aware that Debased are creatures distinct from Garou, though a few individuals have either figured out the truth or strongly suspect something is amiss with the Wolves. Something this big and dirty certainly won't stay secret for much longer, though. Eventually, someone with a major hate-on for the Garou will find out the truth (most likely, this will be a Bastet or Nuwisha), and then the secret will be out as this individual immediately and gleefully trumpets tales of dog-werewolf love children far and wide. But at least for now, most Shifters that encounter mongrels simply assume they're particularly degenerate Garou (such as Bone Gnawers or Black Spiral Dancers).

The Fera that Debased are most likely to run across are the Ratkin, due to the tendency of both to dwell in urban wastes. Many have guessed rightly at the nature of the mongrels, if not their origins, but still consider them Garou. Being of less-than-noble origins themselves, the Ratkin aren't nearly as disgusted by the thought of werewolf-dog hybrids as many others might be – some might wonder why the Garou hadn't thought of this sooner, or assume they'd always humped dogs. Since they're Garou (or close relatives), Debased aren't to be trusted, but most Ratkin leave them alone until they feel threatened or the damned dogs do something stupid; after an explosion of violence, the bloodied Debased quickly move on. (Of course, some Ratkin kill mutts on sight – after all, they are Garou, right?)

Many Corax are well-informed on Debased – more than many werewolves or even Debased themselves – and keep close eyes on them while adopting a policy of non-intervention. This doesn't preclude their tipping off local Garou to mutts' whereabouts, if the wereraven in question thinks they're up to no good. One Corax has discovered (or more accurately, stumbled on) a conspiracy between Garou and the Vanguard of Sirius that could threaten the ad hoc tribe's very existence, if it were revealed... though what she plans to do with the information is an open question for now.

Spirits: Spirits don't like dog-blooded much, and the potential for conflict between them is greater. Spirits treat ferals with the same disdain they reserve for the lowest Ronin, and even those mongrels that claim membership in a Gaian tribe usually receive unfriendly receptions. (This doesn't apply to Debased of the Vanguard of Sirius and their allied spirits, though all bets are off when dealing with other Umbral denizens.) It seems that Wyld-spirits are somewhat more likely to attack or thwart Debased than they are Garou, though looking for any pattern or rationale in the behaviors of such random beings is probably an exercise in folly. On the other side of the coin, Pattern Spiders and other spirits of the Weaver are evidently less inclined to harass Debased, and will often overlook them while engaging nearby Garou. Banes will attack anything they feel they can, of course, including mutts – especially since they're weaker and more vulnerable than werewolves.

Due to poor spirit relations and low Gnosis, Debased don't fool around in the Umbra much. However, some cunning mutts use the Penumbra for quick escapes and ambushes when facing opponents without the ability to Step Sideways.

Despite their spiritual handicaps, Debased can learn how to deal with spirits. If they carry themselves properly among spirits, they can avoid offending them (beyond what their presence does naturally), negotiate pacts, and even learn Gifts. Vanguard Debased learn these skills as part of their training and initiation, though ferals must find a teacher or learn through trial and error.

Vampires: While Debased aren't as prone to outright enmity regarding the undead, they bump shoulders with them often due to proximity. To a vampire, a Lupine is a Lupine, regardless of whether it looks like a timber wolf or a Dalmation, and the damned thing needs to be put down, avoided or strongly encouraged to leave the area. Ferals usually want nothing to do with leeches, but will fight them viciously if cornered or enraged.

Sirius packs, and the odd Debased that run with other tribes, are the most likely to tangle with undead. The Sirius' patrons seem unusually concerned with vampire activity recently, and coordinate strikes against them in the sprawls in which they lair. Garou of other tribes, for their part, are quite willing for the mutts to prove their loyalty by taking the front lines against the leeches, and some septs "adopt" debased specifically for this purpose. All for the sake of Gaia, of course.

This said, most Debased have no reason to quarrel with the undead. With no religious duty to kill vampires, ferals are more amenable to dealing with them. In fact, this is exactly what some Garou fear: a Debased, augmented by the unholy blood of a leech, running with vampires like some monstrous attack dog. While there are no confirmed reports of such a thing happening, the very possibility of something like this should scare anyone.

Garou aren't the only people with myths, legends, and a dark history. Werewolves that know the tales the vampires tell each other (and there aren't many such erudite Garou at all) speak of a great First Vampire, a fell man cursed for some terrible act. With his "curse", however, he gained many blessings from the Eater-of-Souls, including immortal thirst for life and untold power. This creature passed its curse on to mortals it fancied, who in turn created more of their kind. Each successive generation gained a measure of the First Vampire's power, but a slightly weaker share than the previous one held. In the modern age, vampires are but pale shadows of their predecessors, weak compared to the great undead monsters that alone faced down packs of Garou heroes in ages past.

If this tale is to be believed, this is because the cursed blood of the First Vampire has spread too far and too thin, and is so diluted in the latest generations that some leeches are little more than humans with vile diets and sun allergies. Some vampires call these wretches the "thin-blooded", and persecute them as harbingers of dark times; the thin-bloods flee the tyrannical vampire nations, retreating to forsaken territories and feeding on victims other undead won't claim. Perhaps the cadavers sense the looming Apocalypse, and lash out at their weaker ilk in fear and rage.

Which, come to think of it, is disturbingly similar to how Garou relate to Debased.

Hunters: The Delirium that protects Debased isn't nearly as strong as that inflicted by Garou, and several mortals have shaken off their terror long enough to blast the mutts with guns. Still, these pose a minimal threat to dog-blooded, due to their recuperative powers and physical advantages over mortals unprepared to face supernatural threats. More dangerous are those hunters seemingly immune to the Delirium. Some wield high technology and even cybernetics, others are messianic fanatics calling upon the names of angels or dead gods, and still others brandish the cross and trappings of the Church. They all kill mongrels equally dead. Debased that attack or hunt humans are especially likely to attract unwanted (and deadly) attention from foes wielding potent powers or technology, though most hunters aren't very particular and will destroy any mutt they come across.

Last year, a field retrieval team employed by Developmental Neogenetics Amalgamated managed to capture a pair of ferals near Athens, Georgia. The scientists that studied these Debased drew some interesting, but largely misguided, conclusions about their subjects' relation to "standard lycanthropes." These theories are being disseminated among DNA scientists, though it remains to be seen if this research prompts genuine discoveries about werewolf "genetics," or proves to be yet another dead end.

This shouldn't suggest that dog-blooded are defenseless, and fall like so much chaff before those that hunt them. Though much ado is made about how weak Debased are, they are only so in comparison to Garou. Even the weakest mongrels are still dangerous forces of nature unto themselves. So while the mutts die, they take more than their share of hunters down with them. (Though this probably works more against than for them in the long run, provoking spates of revenge killings.)

Others: As diverse as the World of Darkness is, dog-blooded unwittingly run across creatures even stranger than they: mages, ghosts, kami, immortals and demons, to name a few. Such contact is infrequent, but often ends badly for all involved due to the pervasive fear and ignorance endemic to the setting. Individuals that encounter Debased, and have had limited or no contact with actual werewolves, might develop some odd ideas about the Garou.

Mutts prone to frenzy, or that have developed a taste for long pork, invariably leave bodies in their wake... and sometimes restless souls as well. Such tormented spirits dedicate themselves to revenge against their killers, which depending on the capabilities of the ghost in question may take the form of visitations, nightmares, disembodied voices, poltergeist-style hauntings, possession, and even direct physical harm. Needless to say, all of these manifestations scare the living hell out of mongrels. There's one confirmed instance of a revenant spirit climbing back into her body and choking the life from the Debased that killed her. Mutts that attract the attentions of wraiths have little recourse but death, if the spirit is determined and hate-driven enough.

It's not inconceivable that a desperate mutt, either unaware of the Wyrms or harried by its forces, might become party to a different form of damnation. Demons certainly serve the Destroyer's interests, but exist outside his hierarchy and pay him no allegiance. Demons manifest radically different abilities than Banes and offer potent advantages to their dupes, and demonic investments can offer a Debased a badly needed edge. (Of course, no matter the nature of corruption or who – or what – is doing it, the result is never good for the victim.) If such a pact hasn't happened already, it's probably only a matter of time before it does, as the growing populations of both Debased and demons leads to an ever-increasing probability of mutual contact.



THE BEAST COURTS

INTERESTING TIMES

There's no Debased presence in Asia beyond a few harried packs. This is due to the diligence of the hengeyokai, who make sure there aren't enough mutts to form a viable breeding population. The few resident dog-blooded owe their existence to a pair of Californian Bone Gnawers that moved to Hong Kong in 1981, fleeing punishment for using and spreading the Rite of Adaptation. Not having learned their lesson the first time around, they created several mongrel offspring not long after they arrived. When the Gnawers' activities came to the attention of the Nezumi less than a year later, the two Garou and the majority of their progeny were summarily rounded up and subjected to the Rite of Hell Made Flesh. Three mutts escaped, and their descendants survive in and around the shanty towns that spring up around that nation's urban centers; these are the only mongrels in China. No Debased have been sighted anywhere else in China, or in Japan or Korea, though several exist in outlying areas of Southeast Asia and India. A generous estimate places the number of Chinese Debased at about twenty, *total*; unlike their ilk elsewhere, the Chinese mutts' numbers aren't growing, and have instead steadily declined over the last few years as the Hakken and other hengeyokai step up their persecution.

The Beast Courts have a zero tolerance policy regarding dog-blooded, and are more proactive in hunting and killing them than even the least forgiving members of the Garou Nation. Debased are stains on the honor of Asian Garou, who abide the lives of no mutts or any of their number that subject themselves the Rite of Adaptation; some isolationists point to the two Bone Gnawers that seeded the Chinese Debased as justification for cutting off all contact their Western kin. Other hengeyokai don't hate the mutts quite as much as Asian Garou do, but have no interest in hosting such twisted mockeries either, as the Debased are of poor breeding and have no Gaian mandate. They relate any evidence of possible Debased activity to the Hakken, who either investigate and handle the matter themselves or make arrangements with Nezumi. Unless something changes soon, Asia's Debased will be extinct before the next decade dawns – a grim testimonial to the strength of hengeyokai solidarity.

A MOST FORTUITOUS MEETING

Though Sirius serves as the totem for the tribe named for him, the Masters always look for other Gaian spirits willing to serve as patrons for their packs. Recently, two Vanguard packs traveled to the Middle Kingdom, ordered to investigate evidence of a possibly friendly totem there. The pack that traveled to Tokyo was slaughtered to the last within hours of their arrival. The second pack, the Dominoes, fared much better in Tai'pei. The pack lucked upon a sentai following Dog, composed of two Boli Zouhiszi, a Stargazer, a Nezumi and a Tengu. While wary of one another, the two groups quietly exchanged information before the Vanguard pack returned to the States.

The Dominoes informed the Masters that Dog's Jagglings expressed the Incarna's willingness to accept Debased, were he approached and appropriated properly. But the pack also stressed the tolerance the "mixed-Breed pack" granted them was the exception rather than the rule, and that their hosts made it quite clear that dog-blooded are *very* unwelcome in Asia; the failure of the pack sent to Japan to report back supported this. This thwarted the Masters' plans to establish a few packs in the Far East, but they consider Dog's willingness to negotiate very good news.

The Dominoes will soon return to Taiwan on new orders, which is to humbly offer Dog the servitude of no less than six American Vanguard packs. While the Masters are confident Dog will see the benefit to gaining many new followers and expanding his influence beyond Asia, too much is riding on this deal for the Masters to not hedge their bets; thus, one of the Masters, a Theurge Athro personally favored by Grandfather Thunder, plans to travel with the Dominoes to negotiate Dog's introduction to the Vanguard.

变化妖怪

Miles-Fjord-Leaper, consider this missive a courtesy. I found some Debased breeding with two of our wolf packs last month. We managed to run them away, killing a couple of them, but not before they impregnated three of our wolves. One died during labor. Another had complications giving birth, and all her cubs were stillborn save one; she has mated several times since with no success, so she has probably has been rendered sterile. Of course, we killed all the mewling dog-things as soon as they were born, and performed a Rite of Cleansing in the birthing dens.

Anyway, we thought we had seen the last of the wretches. But just last month my pack ran across two of the surviving Debased again right outside the local steel mill, where we were hunting fomori. Except this time they were with a Black Spiral Dancer pack. They looked half-starved and abused, but that didn't keep them from charging us as soon as the Spiral pack leader roared at them. They weren't too hard to take down, even with their Wyrms-Gifts, but they accomplished their mission of softening us up for the Dancers. Lluisooqua died at the claws of the Spirals, and Ghost Buffalo was wounded pretty badly. With only two of us left able to fight, we had to retreat in the face of a Spiral pack still four strong. Plus, we were pretty shook up over Lluisooqua's death; not only was she a packmate, we've all known her since she was a little girl, and her death hit us all hard. Anyway, we came back later to finish the job with another Wendigo pack.

I once assumed that the Debased were always agents of Spirals, but after speaking with one of my tribe's Theurges, I am willing to consider I might have been wrong. I made a mistake in ordering my pack to attack and run the mutts off like we did, because we drove them straight into the clutches of the enemy; if they were not active servants of the Destroyer before, the Spirals fixed that. But I cannot have these mutts corrupting my Kinfolk and polluting my tribe's pure bloodline... I am sure you can relate to this sentiment. My advice to you is if you or your Fenrir happen upon any Debased, run them to ground and leave no survivors. I am sure you agree with that, too. And get the word out to other septs. We cannot afford to do otherwise.

Chapter Two: Laws of the Debased

Character Creation And Special Rules

Debased characters are generated like Garou are, with differences noted below.

Attributes and Abilities: Debased begin with "mortal" point spread values for Attributes and Abilities (6/4/3 and 11/7/4, respectively).

After thousands of years of domestication, dogs still have and act on instinct, but they lack the timeless primal drives, intuition and innate *knowing* of wolves. Debased inherit these crippled instincts. During character generation, each dot of Primal-Urge costs two Ability dots and three freebies. When raising that Ability, the exp cost is current rating x 3. Finally, Primal-Urge may never exceed 3.

Backgrounds: Debased have three points to spend on Backgrounds. Characters may not take Ancestors, Pure Breed or Spirit Heritage. Ferals can't take Fetish, Numen, Rites or Totem. (Spirit Heritage and Numen are described in *Players Guide to Garou*.)

Gnosis: Mutts aren't nearly as attuned to matters of spirit as their werewolf cousins. Degenerate genes, dulled instincts and spiritual damage conspire, with a crippled Gnosis score as the result. At character generation, homids possess 1 Gnosis, metis 2, and canis 3. In no case may a Debased character's Gnosis exceed 7.

Auspice, Rage and Willpower: Luna doesn't recognize the dog-blooded, and she doesn't offer them boons. Therefore, they don't have auspices, nor access to Auspice Gifts. All Debased start with a base Rage of 1, though many begin with higher scores than this (through freebie expenditure during character creation). Despite this, dog-blooded are as vulnerable to silver as Garou.

Ferals are weak-willed, and have a base Willpower of 2. Those belonging to tribes begin with the listed Willpower rating. As they don't have auspices, Debased find it difficult to recover temporary Willpower. They may find renewed resolve by surviving against long odds, persevering despite hardship, and attaining prosperity. Dog-blooded in service to the Vanguard of Sirius refresh Willpower by attending to the tribe's needs and following Vanguard ideals. (Storytellers with *Players Guide to Garou* may use the optional rules for Archetypes, and allow mutts to regain Willpower by acting in accord with their Natures.)

Debasements: Garou were never meant to breed with dogs, and the Rite of Adaptation is no way around that. Debased aren't "weredogs", a blending of canine, man and spirit in a gestalt whole. Mutts are unnatural hybrids of werewolves and domesticated canines, conflicting spirits and genetics in a twisted, weak creature. All Debased characters have one deformity, known as a *debasement*, chosen from the list of metis deformities. (This is in addition to the deformities metis have, meaning metis Debased have at least two deformities!)

Social Penalties: Just as Garou instinctually recognize good breeding, automatically giving those of the purest bloodlines respect, they sense corruption of the blood as well. Garou can sense a hybrid's dog heritage instinctually, and are prone to dislike or dismiss her, though they may not consciously understand why they feel this way. Two dice are subtracted from the Social die pools of Debased when they deal with Garou (treat as Pure Breed 2, except reverse the effects); Social die pools may drop to as low as 1, though a character



always has at least one die to roll. Of course, this penalty doesn't apply to other mutts. Debased are fully subject to others' Pure Breed – they may resent their betters, but they do recognize them.

Gifts, Rites and Spiritual Matters: Debased get almost no recognition from spirits. Garou ancestor spirits and nature spirits allied with the lupus won't abide those whose bloodline is polluted with dog blood. Thus, feral Debased begin play with no Gifts or rites at all, and find it difficult to gain them later (treat them as Ronin). However, a Storyteller should allow players portraying Debased to pick a single, appropriate Level One Gift or minor rite for their characters, learned from a mentor or some low spirit.

Vanguard of Sirius and other tribe-affiliated characters may begin play with two Level One Gifts from their tribal respective lists. They learn tribe Gifts according to rank as do Garou (exp cost level x 3) thereafter.

No Debased may ever learn Gifts above Third Level, even from Bane spirits or as Ronin, and few spirits will honor their rites. The underlying reason for this isn't spirit elitism (though this is often the case as well). In addition to poor social standing and physical abnormalities, Debased are dealt a card potentially far worse: their spirits are forever crippled. Remember, Debased aren't a true Changing Breed, created by Gaia's hand; they're artificial creations, the likely result of arrogant (though well-meaning) Garou seeking a way to thwart extinction. The parents of the first Debased were werewolves that could only pass on part of their spiritual nature on to their children through common dogs, due to the incompatible spirits involved. The Rite of Debase-ment addressed the genetic issues of such couplings, but it was unable to fully resolve the spiritual conflict. Thus, higher spiritual secrets are forever lost to dog-blooded.

Freebie Points: Debased begin with a base allotment of 21 freebie.

Forms

Debased have the same forms as their Garou forbearers. But the dilution of wolf blood with that of domesticated dogs has taken its toll, and Debased are weaker than Garou overall; most aren't as strong or healthy, while some lack reflexes and natural agility. Use the statistic adjustments for Garou as a base, though all Debased have the 3-pt. version of Diluted Blood (though gain no freebie points for it), and must subtract two from their Physical Attribute adjustments for non-Homid forms as per that Flaw. The modifiers for the "average" Debased is listed in parentheses below each form, so Storytellers can quickly create characters; however, these numbers aren't set, as the capabilities of individual mutts vary wildly.

Homid: The Homid form of a Debased looks like a normal human being of any ethnicity, but most are from poor backgrounds. Certain debasements may show up in this form, however, hindering assimilation into human society.

Glabro: A mutt in this form looks like a human being, though hairier with vestigial claws and sharp teeth, and often (but not always) larger than the Homid form. The Glabro is a popular form for combat, as it can easily handle guns and other weapons, and doesn't trigger the Delirium.

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

Crinos: A monstrous and often ungainly blend of human and canine characteristics, the Crinos form of a Debased may not be the equal of a Garou's, but is dangerous nonetheless. The mass of the Crinos

form varies greatly between individuals, and depends on the size and breed of the Canis form; some mutts barely exceed human mass in this form, while others are every bit as big as a Crinos werewolf; however, most Debased fall in between these two extremes. This form triggers a greatly weakened Delirium – four is added to the viewer's Willpower for purposes of determining her reaction.

(Strength +3, Dexterity +1, Stamina +2, Manipulation -3, Appearance 0)

Hispo: A larger version of the Canis form, roughly the mass of the Crinos but quadrupedal. Many Debased prefer it for combat, as the majority of them are canis and it feels more natural to them. The Hispo shape doesn't trigger the Delirium, though it's a foolish mortal indeed that doesn't run when she sees a giant dog.

(Strength +2, Dexterity +2, Stamina +2, Manipulation -3)

Canis: This form is that of a wolf-dog hybrid with varying degrees of canine and wolfish features. The blend isn't a smooth one, however. Splotches of mixed fur types, large paws and muzzles, disproportioned features and an overall feral look are common. Depending on the breed of dog in the mutt's heritage, the size range of the Canis form ranges from wolf-sized to half that. The Debased can pass as a dog more easily than even a Bone Gnawer can, though it has the distinct look of a predator and will unnerve most people. It's definitely not a cute little doggy, though it doesn't necessarily trigger panicked calls to Animal Control.

(Dexterity +2, Stamina +1, Manipulation -3)

Merits and Flaws

Debased are prone to all sorts of mental and physical quirks. Storytellers should judge suggested Merits and Flaws on a case-by-case basis, as obviously some won't apply. Be especially wary of most Supernatural Merits (the Garou heritage of Debased is more a curse than a blessing), though most Flaws fit well. Those Merits and Flaws that deal with Garou society are largely inapplicable. From the *Players Guide to Garou*, the following Merits and Flaws are especially appropriate: Calm Heart, Deranged, Pack Mentality, Short Fuse and Shy.

Diluted Blood (Variable-pt. Physical Flaw)

Debased just aren't as fast, tough or strong as Garou. Diluted reduces Physical Attribute adjustments for non-Homid forms by 1 dot for every freebie granted by the Flaw above 1; this penalty applies to all forms but Homid. The standard Garou modifiers are used as the base. For example, the 3-pt. version of this Flaw (which all Debased have, but gain no bonus freebie for) reduces Attribute bonuses granted in each form by two dots. A bonus can be reduced below +0, in which case an appropriate Attribute penalty is assigned. The Attributes penalized are up to the character's player, but they must be chosen at character generation, and the penalties must be reasonably consistent from form to form (so a mutt that suffers a Strength penalty in Canis form would manifest a low rating in that Attribute in all forms).

No Debasement (6-pt. Physical Merit)

You lucky dog, you're one of the rare mutts without a debasement. You're still a Debased, of course, with all the other baggage (reduced trait maximums, Social penalties, lower form adjustments, etc. However, you're free from the congenital defects that plague most of your kind. Calling you "blessed" would be an overstatement, but you're better off than most mutts.

Quick (1-pt. Physical Merit)

You're built more for speed than power. When determining statistic adjustments for non-Homid forms, Debased with this Merit trade a point of Strength bonus for a point of Dexterity (so Glabro grants Strength +1, Dexterity +1, Stamina +2; Crinos grants Strength +3, Dexterity +2, Stamina +3, etc.). (However, remember to apply penalties for the Diluted Blood Flaw!) In addition, treat the character's Dexterity as one higher than it actually is in all forms but Homid for purposes of determining movement and running speed.

Sheep's Clothing (2-pt. Physical Merit)

Unlike most other Debased, you came out pretty. Your coat is smooth, your features proportioned, and your general appearance is non-threatening. You can even pass for a normal dog. Well, at least from a distance; you still suffer from the Curse of Rage and won't be adopted as a pet by all but the loneliest or weirdest people. Still, it's pretty convenient to be able to

walk through the 'burbs in broad daylight and not get a second look.

Stray (7-pt. Mental Flaw)

You were never indoctrinated as a Debased, and have grown up not understanding what you are or your potential. You're basically an instinct-driven beast with almost no understanding of the abstract. Even if you're found by Garou or Debased later, you may never be able move beyond your bestial state.

In addition to standard Ability restrictions for canis, no Knowledges, Backgrounds or Gifts may be taken during character creation. (This means no rites.) Anything beyond the realm of animal instinct – Stepping Sideways, shapeshifting outside of frenzy, basic human speech, even tool use – has to be learned from a teacher (and good luck finding one!).

Storytellers, be careful when allowing players to take Stray, as it's a fairly severe handicap that can derail your game. If you allow it, encourage players to roleplay this Flaw by means fair or foul.

Wolf Heritage (5-pt. Physical Merit)

You're almost a Garou. Well, no, not really, but one of your parents was a full-blooded wolf or a Garou, and you have a good bit of wolf blood in you – enough to pass for a werewolf at a distance. In addition to a little extra respect, your wolfish heritage lessens some of the weaknesses that Debased are saddled with. You suffer only a -1 penalty to Social rolls with Garou, and you only have the 2-pt. version of the Diluted Blood Flaw (in other words, you only suffer a -1 penalty to your Attribute modifiers in non-Homid forms).

Vocal (1-pt. Mental Flaw)

You can't help it. When you're excited, or angry, or scared, you just can't keep your damned yap shut. In Homid or Glabro form, you'll blab on about whatever has you excited, or loudly insult those deserving of your ire; in your other forms, you growl, bark, yip or roar at them. You're prone to arguments, barking matches with strays, and other such annoying behavior. This would be funny in a Disney movie, but it ain't so much in the World of Darkness: it can easily get you killed in situations where stealth is paramount, and will lose you Wisdom Renown if you're in a position to earn it. You must make a successful Willpower roll to not engage in this behavior.

Debasements

These debasements are a supplemental list to the metis deformities listed in various **Werewolf** books, and are particularly appropriate for Debased characters. These debasements can also be used as metis deformities for Garou or other characters.

Storytellers might allow players to take these as Flaws for their characters; as a rule of thumb, they're worth from 3 to 4 freebies.

Devolution

All breeds of dog have smaller brains than wolves, and are less intelligent, often dramatically so. Compared to wolves, domesticated canines are socially and psychologically crippled, less able to reason, express themselves in appropriate ways, restrain their urges, and pick up subtle social cues. (Sorry to all of you that think your dog is smart, I'm only stating facts here.) While the presence of Garou blood is usually enough to make up for this lack, it isn't always.

During character generation, the player must subtract a total of two dots from among the following Attributes after points are distributed: Charisma, Intelligence, Manipulation, Perception, and Wits. The player gets to pick which Attributes suffer penalties, but can't change his mind later. Also, no freebie points may be spent to improve these any of these Attributes. Finally, all these Attributes cost current rating x 5 (instead of x 4) to increase with experience points.

Incomplete Transformation

One or more of the character's limbs, or a specific body part, always retains the shape and dimensions of her breed form, and doesn't change to reflect other shapes. A homid Debased may always retain a human arm, while a canis might have a tail. A Crinos characteristic retained by a metis won't trigger the Delirium, but the effect is certainly grotesque and will attract unwanted attention. Not only are certain manifestations of this debasement clear violations of the Veil, they can aversely affect Dexterity or Strength, depending on the particulars of the retained limb. For instance, the aforementioned homid character wouldn't gain Strength adjustments for the affected arm while in Crinos form, and wouldn't be able to move around very well in Hispo or Canis. The Storyteller and player should work out the game effects of this debasement before play.

Characters can "force" the body part into the correct shape using the optional rules for partial transformations (*Players Guide to Garou*, pgs. 157-158) if the Storyteller uses those rules, though no Debased will have the Willpower reserves to do this often. (Storytellers,

beware players that take Mixed-Morph or Metamorph to get around this debasement; you're free to state that the effects of those Merits simply don't apply to congenital defects of the dog-blooded.)

Mange

Mange is caused by an infestation of miniscule mites, and is a common affliction among the stray dogs with which ferals run and breed; a mongrel with this debasement has a particularly severe case of mange he can never hope to be rid of. His hair and fur is brittle and comes out in patches, revealing flaky and reddened skin; Appearance can never exceed 1, and all Social roll difficulties are increased by 1. The character's skin constantly itches, enforcing a +1 penalty to Mental Attribute difficulties involving concentration.

Soft Claws

While still dangerous, the character's natural weapons aren't as deadly as normal. Her claws and teeth only inflict lethal damage, instead of aggravated damage. Gifts or effects that augment natural weapons, such as Razor Claws, increase the amount of lethal damage inflicted by the character's weapons, and new natural weapons created by Gifts inflict lethal damage. However, this applies only to the effects of natural weapons; Silver Claws and Gifts that cause aggravated damage independently of the character's own qualities function normally.

Stunted Healing

The character heals at a reduced rate, recovering one level of bashing or lethal damage per minute, instead of one level per turn. Healing during combat or other strenuous activity is impossible. This Flaw doesn't affect the healing times for aggravated damage.

Weak Reaching

Due to her damaged spirit, the Debased has difficulty entering and accessing the Umbra. For all purposes, the Gauntlet is considered one higher than normal, with a maximum possible rating of 10. She must spend a Gnosis point to step sideways, on top of having to make a Gnosis roll to do so (using the higher difficulty); however, the player can make the Gnosis roll first, and choose to not spend Gnosis if the attempt would have been a failure. The mongrel also suffers a one-die penalty to Social rolls with spirits and those attuned to the Umbra, which makes learning Gifts even harder for her than it is for other Debased.

You and your pack need to come to one of our moots. It don't matter if you're a mutt. It don't matter if you were born four-legged and got floppy ears, the tribe'll let you in and you become a full member. I'm more far from a wolf than you are – you should know, you sired me – and I advanced in rank. I'm a Fostern now. There are actual Garou that run with us, members of the tribe like us, and they treat us like equals. We even got a metis that hangs out and runs and pals around with the rest of us. All are accepted in our tribe, see? And we're a real tribe, too – we got a totem, and there are spirits that teach us Gifts.

I'll be honest, it ain't easy being Vanguard. I ain't trying to tell you everything is great. We train hard, keep each other in line, and go after creatures of the Wyrn. Some of us have died, and we perform funeral rites for our fallen heroes. But it's no worse than what Garou have to deal with. We act like Garou, we sing Garou songs, we learn Garou tricks, and we take on the responsibilities of Garou, because underneath it all, that's what we *are*. We're Garou, and we need to start acting like it if they're ever going to recognize us.

Just you and the pack come to one moot. You can leave if you don't like it. Face it, you ain't got nothing to lose but running from place to place, running from other tribes and eating stuff out of garbage cans. But come with me, and you'll see there's hope here. And that's something you and me and everyone we know needs real bad. You gave me life, and I owe you this.

Chapter Three: The Vanguard of Sirius



Barely a decade old, the Vanguard of Sirius is a loose but disciplined coalition of Debased and a few true werewolves, formed and directed by secretive Garou benefactors known only as the Masters. The Vanguard works in the shadows of the Garou Nation, quietly and secretly supporting it. The Vanguard of Sirius is a tribe in name only, a bold (and premature) statement of the ideals and goals of the group. This *faux* tribe's existence is unknown among the Garou, and the term "Vanguard of Sirius" holds no significance for them. The deeds of the Vanguard go unsung, their deaths go unmourned. In the dark, unseen corners of the world, packs of Debased and outcast werewolves throw themselves into battle, fighting and dying in secret battles with fomori, leeches and other creatures of the Wyrms that would, if left unopposed, spread like cancer and add to the workload of the already overwhelmed Garou. Every death is worth it, the Masters say, for the Vanguard helps preserve Gaia, and She recognizes the sacrifice they make even if others don't. Every victory claimed, every monster slain, every life given for the cause brings the Vanguard of Sirius that much closer to the day when they gain legitimacy in the eyes of the Garou Nation and the spirits. There will be an accounting of the humble Vanguard's deeds one day, even if it's as the horns of the Apocalypse are sounded, and the Debased tribe will finally be recognized as warriors worthy to fight beside the Garou in defense of Gaia. The Vanguard of Sirius will then be a tribe in truth as well as in name.

But the Vanguard have a long way to go before that happens – if it ever does. They know if they dare announce themselves now, the Garou Nation would not accept them, and may even react violently out of ignorance and fear. The result would be the extinction of the Vanguard (and likely a strike against Debased everywhere), and many werewolves would die in the fight. The carnage would result in fewer Warriors of Gaia,

which do none but the Wyrms good. So the fledgling tribe struggles and sacrifices in secret... for now.

The Vanguard of Sirius is led by the Masters, the mysterious cabal of Garou that formed the tribe (though the Masters are not themselves members of the tribe). They leave details, like coordination of the packs' activities and recognition of Renown, to high-ranking Vanguard. The identities of the Masters aren't known, as they don't give their true names or even their tribe membership. When they interact with their subordinates, they do so disguised or masked. Such secrecy is understandable; while the Masters manifestly work in the best interests of both the Garou Nation and the tribe they created, their activities would be considered treason were they found out. This revelation would force the disbanding of the Vanguard of Sirius... and kill the dreams that inspired it.

The Vanguard of Sirius is very cosmopolitan, formed mostly of Debased, but also a few Ronin Garou converts and Kinfolk. The tribe has more homid Debased than average for ferals, though they account for only about 30% of their total numbers. Debased tribe members are divided between sectaries and adopted Debased. All offer strength to the tribe. Differences between these groups cause tension, but the Masters feel the diversity and the benefit of raw numbers outweigh the tribe's problems.

Mutts born into or raised within the Vanguard, or *sectaries*, are the clear majority of the tribe. Sectaries are the most loyal tribe members, and are the best at working within the chain of command, having been indoctrinated into taking orders from superiors from the glimmerings of self-awareness. This makes them good at command, as well as obedience, as they take their responsibilities to their brothers and sisters in the tribe seriously. The tribe is often all sectaries know, and they never have to face starvation, the continual threat of



attack, and the other brutal realities ferals have to. Life isn't easy for any Debased, of course, but sectaries still have it better than most dog-blooded do. Their naiveté and lack of individuality are balanced by their effectiveness and intimate understanding of Vanguard culture. Part of this is a greater trend toward spirituality than other Debased, and better relations with spirits; feral converts are usually more concerned about day-to-day survival and other "mundane" concerns to worry about spirits or the Umbra. Even so, these mutts' knowledge is very limited compared to that of Garou. While taught to accept converts as equals, many sectaries are at least a little elitist, looking down on ferals and even Ronin Garou inducted into the Vanguard of Sirius, though few express these sentiments openly... after all, the Masters wouldn't approve of that. The strength of sectaries is their tribe and working within its framework – left to their own devices, they often find themselves unprepared to take initiative and deal with events outside the scope of the Masters' wisdom.

Converts are feral Debased adopted into the Vanguard of Sirius. The Debased outside the tribe range far and wide, and most maintain no social organization beyond the pack level. Still, as the mongrels run in the same circles, advice and tales of events slowly spreads among them. Usually the news amounts to, "Stay away from this area, 'cause Garou are here," or, "Stay away from this area, 'cause *we're* here," but other information gets passed around as well. Word of the Sirius tribe has been circling around in mutt circles for some time now, and as good news in a world of bad, it has been embraced and disseminated with an enthusiasm rarely seen among the apathetic Debased. Some attempt to run down the source of the rumors, usually either out of curiosity or desperate hope. If they manage to find the Vanguard of Sirius, they discover the tales are true: A tribe composed (mostly) of Debased willing to accept them.

There are rules, of course; Debased too used to calling their own shots might not like being ordered about, and these malcontents are quickly weed-ed out and sent on their way. Those that agree to the Vanguard's terms, and are willing to start at the bottom of the pile and climb up, are made members of the tribe in a ceremony culminating in the Rite of Welcoming. New Vanguard are formed into packs, taught the ways of the tribe, and trained and indoctrinated fully before being sent on missions. Once having found the tribe, most Debased choose to join, for the freedom they leave behind is a lonely and dangerous one. However, inductees are worldlier than the ones raised within the tribe, and less likely to blindly take orders and sacrifice themselves on command; they may obey their superiors, but they grumble about it. The majority of the tribe's deserters are converts, who aren't as afraid as their "domesticated" counterparts to plunge into a dark world they've already proven they can survive.

A handful of werewolves are members of the tribe. These former Ronin make up a very small number of Vanguard of Sirius (one Garou to every thirty or so mongrels). Garou candidates for induction are screened carefully by the Masters through use of Gifts and months-long surveillance; presumably, this is to weed out spies and saboteurs from the Garou Nation and Black Spiral Dancers. Once inducted into the tribe, they're generally granted greater status than other Vanguard, and are groomed for the roles of pack alphas, ritualists and war leaders, due to their greater natural prowess in these areas. And Debased, genetically wired to obey bigger predators and just happy to belong to a tribe at all, usually don't bristle too much at this. (Still, the Masters try not to show too much open favoritism to the tribe's Garou, as that would negatively affect the morale of the tribe's rank-and-file.)

Finally, a small regiment of Debased Kinfolk (and several Garou Kinfolk) support the Vanguard of Sirius. Their memberships are usually informal and honorific, and most Kinfolk have nothing to do with the internal affairs of the tribe. Instead, they form the support networks in the human world that make it possible for the tribe to function. They earn money, purchase and rent property, procure weapons, run kennels and puppy mills (full of canine Kinfolk, of course), diffuse attention from all the "stray dogs" running around town, and otherwise perform duties that Debased can't and the Masters can't be bothered with. Some Kinfolk, however, take a more active role in the Vanguard, interacting with Sirius as full-fledged members of the tribe. More often than not, they serve support roles for tribe members, providing transportation, fake IDs, medical/veterinary services, animal training, and teaching mutts the basics of human culture and language. An elite few actually join packs and gain rank within the Vanguard, though Kin wash out (read: die) quickly unless they're especially competent or tough. Still, while they can't learn Gifts or perform rites, the Masters appreciate what Kinfolk have to offer, and allow them the opportunity to

earn political status (or at least accolades) within the tribe. In any case, they're leaned on heavily by the Vanguard, as there are only a few Kinfolk of either the Garou or Debased variety to shoulder the burden.

But the Vanguard of Sirius has problems, cracks in the facade the diehard loyalists and the Masters can't quite repair or cover up. Primary among them is the mortality rate of tribe members: the membership turnover of the tribe is astounding. The tribe recruits so aggressively because, even with the prodigious reproductive ability of the resident Debased, the Vanguard loses warriors faster than they're replenished. As it now stands, with the converts it's bringing in, the growth of the tribe *almost* matches its mortality rate, reversing the growth trend it experienced in its formative years. (Meanwhile, feral Debased steadily grow in number.) Many Debased are every bit as willing to sacrifice themselves in battle as your typical Get of Fenris, but others are beginning to say too much is too much. The tribe's members die in droves fighting monsters, and nothing ever gets any better, as there are always more monsters to hunt. The tribe's leaders speak in terms of casualties, losses and gains, though to those on the front lines, it's *packmates* and *friends* and *family* that are dying. And, to top it off, if they fail to avoid the Garou they sacrifice so much to defend, the Vanguard can expect further (and often lethal) abuse. While the Masters urge their soldiers on, telling them of a glorious future when the Vanguard of Sirius stands beside the Garou, this rallying cry is falling on increasingly embittered ears. If the Garou ever do accept the Vanguard into the Nation – by no means a foregone conclusion – the tribe will assume the unenviable social position directly below the Bone Gnawers. In the last few years, the tribe has suffered an increasing number of desertions; a mutt slips away here, a Kinfolk deserts his post there. While the leak is slow for now, it's getting bigger, and the leaders of the tribe aren't toning down their siege tactics one whit.

Appearance: Vanguard of Sirius mutts look like other Debased, though they look well-fed, cleaner and are better equipped.

Kinfolk: The Vanguard of Sirius has small breeding populations among stray dogs, like ferals, but the tribe also maintains large kennels staffed by Kin where canine Kinfolk are well-fed, have veterinary care, and can be selectively bred. The majority of the tribe's sectaries hail from captive dogs. Under such conditions, canines that produce Debased young have a slightly better chance of surviving than their wild counterparts. However, domestication results in even lower Primal-Urge scores among offspring produced from these mutts than the Debased average.

Territory: If the Vanguard had a territory, it would be North America, as the majority of the tribe (and other Debased) dwell there. Vanguard are generally nomadic, sent by their patrons wherever they're needed, and have few established protectorates. There are a few permanent settlements that may be considered "septs" of a sort, the largest in San Diego, New York City, Atlanta, Nashville, Guadalajara (Mexico), and Calcutta (India). However, few Debased remain at such places for very long. These settlements are more like way stations, as

packs arrive to refresh, stock up on supplies, and await new orders from the Masters before being sent out again. Typically a single small "squatter" pack or group of Kinfolk stays at Vanguard septs to keep order, relay messages, and keep the area free from trouble. The Vanguard of Sirius holds no caerns, and probably won't in the foreseeable future.

A half-dozen metis mutts born to the tribe have survived long enough to become functional Vanguard.

Vanguard Garou are strongly encouraged by the Masters to breed with both humans and wolves, and thus increase the number of werewolves and Garou Kinfolk in the tribe; thus far, however, no Garou has yet been born into the tribe. Garou that have undergone the Rite of Adaptation, metis, and those Garou somehow rendered unable to breed (such as through battle scars) still have the respect of the Vanguard and can win leadership positions in the tribe, but they aren't quite as valued by the Masters.

The "only the alpha may breed" law of wolf society is strictly enforced in the Vanguard, and drilled into its members along with the Garou Litany (with almost as much emphasis). Furthermore, pack alphas are strongly urged to practice restraint, and to choose mates from among Kinfolk hand-picked by the tribe's elders, rather than shagging any random dog or person that walks by. Debased Vanguard, and Garou that have undergone the Ritual of Adaptation, aren't allowed to breed with wolves or human Garou Kinfolk; however, unadulterated Garou tribe members have free reign to breed with whomever they please, and are encouraged to do so. (Many Vanguard bristle at this double standard, but breeding rights hasn't become a big issue for the tribe yet.) Even with these restrictions, obviously enforced to check the already rampant Debased population and proclivity to breed, many mutts are born into the Vanguard.

Tribal Totem: Sirius.

Initial Willpower: 3.

Background Restrictions: Vanguard of Sirius are severed from Garou society and spiritual ties, and are greatly restricted in their selection of Backgrounds. Kinfolk of the canine variety is the most common Background. Vanguard may not take Ancestors, Fetish, Numen, Pure Breed or Spirit Heritage. Totem may be taken, but is restricted to Sirius, the tribe's patron totem; Garou Allies and Mentor are limited to fellow Vanguard of Sirius. Resources is rare, especially for Debased Vanguard, though isn't disallowed. (Spirit Heritage and Numen are described in *Players Guide to Garou*.)

Beginning Gifts: Blur of the Milky Eye, Hide the Wolf, Inspiration, Prey Mind, Sense Weakness, Sense Wurm, Squeeze.

Quote: *Yeah, we got it rough, but don't see what we're doing as the Garou's war. It's ours, too. We have to live here, on Gaia, yes? Still, us being torn to pieces by our Garou "allies" and our enemies is getting real fucking old...*

Stereotypes

Fleacatcher, a Vanguard sectary, grumbles when none of her superiors are listening.

The Masters: They say they'll get us in good with the Garou. They say they want us to be renowned for our deeds. What the Masters *do*, though, is make us fight and get us killed. But they say they know what's best, and we know better than to argue.

Ferals: We have it better than these guys, it's said, because we have a family and are fed and are taught Gifts and speech. Can't argue with that.

Garou: Hateful monsters, and very strong. Stay away from the ones not of the tribe! Working with the ones that are in our tribe is scary enough...

Bone Gnawers: We came from these guys, it is said. But most of'em don't recognize us as family. They're okay, though, as far as Wolves go. What I mean to say is, they don't hunt us as much.

The Wurm: The enemy, the Masters say. We hunt and kill those that follow the Wurm, like the Dancer tribe and the leeches, because the Wurm is evil and death. Okay. But I ask you, why do our brothers and sisters in the Dancer tribe look so fat?

Others: We don't mess with anyone the Masters don't want us to. And when we deal with anyone else at all, if they're weird humans or leeches or other monsters, it's always to hunt them. Or when they hunt us.

The above rules assume you're creating a Debased Vanguard of Sirius. If you want to create a Vanguard character that is Garou or Kinfolk, you need to go about it a little differently.

As if it needs to be said, werewolf Vanguard stand head and shoulders above their mongrel compatriots in terms of power, and are given a lot more respect. Meanwhile, even the toughest Kinfolk will never equal the weakest Shifter in many respects. Before allowing a player to create such characters, be sure that she and the other players understand the power differential between the characters and are okay with it.

Garou: All werewolf Vanguard were once Ronin. Create a Garou character as normal, as a member of a tribe and with breed, auspice and tribe Gifts. Then, write in "Vanguard of Sirius" under tribe, and adjust the character sheet to reflect having been banished from her tribe. For example, Allies and Contacts in the Garou Nation will almost certainly be lost, as well as any points invested in Totem. The Storyteller may well rule one's connection with her tribe's heroes and spirit allies is severed by either becoming tribeless or by swearing allegiance to a mock tribe (resulting in the loss of Ancestors and Numen). Redistribute Renown according to the character's experiences in the Vanguard, as all previous Renown and rank were lost upon being cast out of (or renouncing) her former tribe. (While Storyteller character Ronin can conceivably have been any rank, player character Vanguard should probably be created as Cliaths.) It might be appropriate for the player to hold aside some freebie points to buy a Vanguard of Sirius Gift, if the Storyteller doesn't want to give it to the character outright.

Henceforth, the character advances in rank and learns Gifts and rites as would a Debased member of the Vanguard. She's still technically Ronin as far as the spirits are concerned, so she doesn't have the option to learn the Gifts of her breed and auspice. She gains rank according to her total Renown, like a Ragabash; her auspice no longer matters insofar as advancement, though she otherwise functions as being of whatever auspice she was born (for example, when regaining Rage from seeing her moon), and will probably fulfill her auspice's role in her pack.

Kinfolk: Kinfolk that are full members of the Vanguard and run with a pack are even rarer than that tribe's Garou, and are prone to have a short shelf life unless created and played carefully. Mortal relations of both Garou and Debased are created as normal Kinfolk (see *Players Guide to Garou*, pg. 200 or *Kinfolk: Unsung Heroes*), though a Storyteller that wants to offer extra points or freebie wouldn't be out of line at all – after all, it's not like you have to worry about overpowered characters, right? Emphasis should be devoted to Physical Attributes and combat-oriented Abilities, because let's face it, any bozo running around with agg-dealing shapeshifters, and facing even worse things, should need to know how to defend himself. Those with the Gnosis Merit can learn a single Level One Vanguard Gift, and Sirius will visit his favor upon such Kinfolk (allowing them to invest points in that Totem and gain its benefits). Debased Kinfolk can't take the Pure Breed Background, and it would be difficult to justify well-bred Garou Kinfolk being associated with the Vanguard (since members of such pure bloodlines are watched carefully by the Garou Nation). A few rare, lucky Kin may display aptitude with Numina, such as psychic ability or sorcery, and such luminaries make potent player characters. Every edge helps.

It bears repeating that while they may earn the respect and admiration of their peers, Kinfolk can't earn actual rank in the tribe, no matter how badass they are or how many Hives they single-handedly took down with their silver frag fetish-grenades. Such is the lot of Kin everywhere.

Even Kinfolk characters that are loaded down with dots, cool powers, equipment and every advantage the player managed to squeeze out of the Storyteller need to be played intelligently. They shouldn't be on the front lines during combat – hell, it's often wise for them to not participate in some fights at all (since Glory Renown isn't a concern for them). When the shit does go down, firearms are a far better option than melee or fisticuffs for squishy mortals. Make sure the character provides some vital service to the pack, to help avoid the Fifth Wheel syndrome endemic to games featuring Kinfolk, as there are many ways to help other than killing stuff: a Kinfolk that offers transportation, veterinary skill, social panache, or money is a valued asset.

Sirius (Totem of War)

Background Cost: 4

The Sirius is a great dog-spirit of mythical significance, and the Dog Star that rises in the Southern Heavens is named for him. The celestial dog Sirius is one of the guardians of the Heavens, fixed in one place at the bridge of the Milky Way, keeping watch over the abyss into incarnation. Sirius epitomizes power, will, and steadfastness of purpose. Not a leader, he serves Gaia and greater totems, accepting the honored role of protector and loyal companion. This great spirit is also a hunter and killer, and his mythical pursuits of monsters are the humans' translations of his battles against Wyrm beasts.

Traits: Sirius offers his children the ability to serve the tribe and each other, bolstering the efforts of their companions (and themselves in turn). All his children's attacks rolls involving pack tactics (see pg. 212 of the core rulebook) gain a bonus die. In addition, he grants all of his children the benefits of the Bone Gnawer Gift: A Friend in Need (pg. 144), though it only applies to members of one's own pack.

Ban: Sirius demands his children always assist each other, even if it means sacrificing their own lives for the pack or tribe (though exceptions are made for goldbricks that take advantage of their others' good natures). Leaders are always to be obeyed, unless it's clear they're incompetent or being unnaturally influenced.

Gifts

The Vanguard of Sirius have a small circle of allied spirits that teach them Gifts, presumably at the request of the Theurges among the Masters. The spirits are kept busy, as there are far more tribe members than spirits to teach them, and any given spirit ally is relied on heavily. Some Gifts, like Sense Weakness and Sway Frenzy, are taught by tribemates or the Masters instead of spirits. The Vanguard has a wider range of tribal Gifts than Garou tribes do, but this hardly mitigates the mutts' lack of breed and auspice Gifts – these are the only Gifts the tribe has. The mongrel tribe excels at hiding, subterfuge, and at detecting and tracking foes of Gaia.

Gifts listed with only page numbers refer to the core rulebook; Gifts drawn from other sources list the book and page number.

Blur of the Milky Eye (Level One): Same as the Ragabash Gift (pg. 137). This Gift is taught by a cat-spirit.

Hide the Wolf (Level One): Rage hinders mutts' interactions with both humans and canines, and keeps them from passing as normal dogs. This is doubly true of Garou Vanguard. Hide the Wolf allows a character to hide his Rage for a time, allowing him to pass among man and beast without radiating primal anger. However, the Rage is still there, hidden though it is, and this Gift doesn't prevent frenzy or lessen the effects of the Delirium. This Gift is taught by a chameleon-spirit.

System: The Vanguard of Sirius spends a point of Gnosis and rolls Charisma + Primal-Urge. Success allows the character to function at an effective Rage of zero for purposes of social interaction for a scene, though at the Storyteller's discretion especially high Rage scores may require additional successes to abate, or cause a decrease in the functional duration of the Gift.

Inspiration (Level One): Same as the Ahroun Gift (pg. 142), and is taught by a spirit servant of Sirius.

Prey Mind (Level One): Same as the Lupus Gift (*Players Guide to Garou*, pg. 185). The Vanguard version of the Gift is taught by a rat-spirit, and the Gift's difficulty is always 8, no matter where it's used.

Sense Weakness (Level One): Same as the Shadow Lord Gift: Fatal Flaw (pg. 150). This Gift is only taught by the Masters or higher-ranking Sirius, not by spirits.

Sense Wyrm (Level One): Same as the metis Gift (pg. 135). This Gift is taught by a spirit servant of Sirius.

Sharptooth (Level One): As the Ahroun Gift: Razor Claws (pg. 142); except that it augments the character's bite damage instead of her claws. This Gift is taught by a rat-spirit.

Squeeze (Level One): As the Black Spiral Dancer Gift: Rathead (pg. 273). This Gift is taught by a rat-spirit.

Alter Scent (Level Two): Same as the Ragabash Gift (*Players Guide to Garou*, pg. 186). This Gift is taught by a stinkbug-spirit.

Blissful Ignorance (Level Two): Same as the Ragabash Gift (pg. 186). This Gift is taught by a chameleon-spirit.

Curse of Hatred (Level Two): Same as the metis Gift (pg. 135). This Gift is taught by the Masters or higher-ranking Vanguard.

Distractions (Level Two): As the Galliard Gift (pg. 141). This Gift is taught by a dog-spirit.

Divine the Quarry (Level Two): Same as the Ragabash Gift: Sense of the Prey (pg. 137). This Gift is taught by a dog-spirit.

Sense the Unnatural (Level Two): Same as the Lupus Gift (pg. 136). This Gift is taught by a spirit-servant of Sirius.

Wolf's Skin (Level Two): Sometimes it's useful to pass for a wolf (or wolf-form Garou), when there are werewolves present, and also for intimidation and combat. While the Debased doesn't gain the instincts or spirit of a wolf, sometimes appearance and raw power are all that's needed. This Gift is taught by a spirit servant of Sirius. (This Gift is useless to Garou Sirius, for obvious reasons.)

System: In order to use Wolf's Skin, the mongrel must be in Canis form. The player spends a point of the character's Gnosis and rolls Stamina + Subterfuge; if the roll is successful, the character assumes the guise of a wolf for up to a scene. The change is real, not illusory; the character actually becomes a normal, gray-colored, nondescript wolf. For the scene's duration, she doesn't suffer from the Diluted Blood Flaw, and uses the standard Attribute adjustments for Lupus form in place of her Canis form stats (Strength +1, Dexterity +2, Stamina +2). The character still "smells" Debased, so it's not ideal for social interaction. Wolf's Skin may not be used to mimic any form other than a wolf, nor can it alter any form other than Canis (so the Gift user can't mimic a Garou's Crinos form with the Gift). The Gift's effects end immediately if the character shapeshifts.

Belly Bite (Level Three): As the Philodox Gift: Weak Arm (pg. 140), except the roll is difficulty 7, and Vanguard may only gain this benefit when fighting as part of a pack. In addition, the number of successes attained may not exceed the number of members in the pack, excluding the Gift-user herself. Belly Bite is taught by a dog- or ant-spirit.

Flee (Level Three): One of the secrets brought to the tribe by Ronin Garou, this useful and powerful Gift transports the user far away by means of the Umbra; the character using the Gift Steps Sideways immediately, and reappears in the Penumbra miles from her previous location (an unfamiliar and unfriendly territory for most Debased). This Gift is taught by a Wyldling.

System: The Vanguard of Sirius must spend a point of Gnosis and make a Wits + Occult roll (difficulty 7); if the character has the Secondary Ability Cosmology, she may use that instead, and the difficulty of the roll is reduced to 6. The character may not always end up where she wants; the greater the successes attained on the roll, the better her control over her destination. A single success is sufficient for the Gift to work but plants the character anywhere the Storyteller wants within five miles (better hope she likes you), while three successes allow the character to designate a general location known

to be within range (like "woods" or "city"); five successes grant total control of the character's destination, so long as the location is within twenty-five miles. Botches trap the witless character in the Gauntlet, between the worlds of matter and spirit. Stating a destination that's nonexistent or out of range causes the Gift to automatically fail. The range of the transport is five miles per success rolled.

Sway Frenzy (Level Three): As the Shadow Lord Gift: Direct the Storm (pg. 150). Like Sense Weakness, this Gift isn't taught by spirits; one must approach the Masters to learn it, and have a record of exemplary service.

Ultimate Sacrifice (Level Three): Through this Gift, the greatest of Debased heroes can claim victory even when death seems eminent. The user of the Gift becomes a slaving engine of destruction, far stronger and more deadly, but uncontrollable. (For this reason, this Gift is usually used while another Debased employs Sway Frenzy.) This Gift has been known to kill users that are wounded or in poor condition at the end of the rage, and even the strongest require a lot of time and rest to recover from its use. This Gift is taught by the Masters.

System: The character spends a point of Rage on two successive turns (for a total of two). On the first turn, he starts slaving and shaking; on the second, he explodes into a supernaturally-enhanced frenzy (the Thrall of the Wyrms, actually). On this turn, and for each turn he remains in the frenzy, he gains a bonus dot of Strength and Stamina (non-cumulative; the bonus is gained once), and he gains a point of temporary Rage each turn (which can take him past his maximum). All those he bites must check for Frenzy or fall into the Thrall of the Wyrms. At the end of the battle-rage (the duration is one turn per point of permanent Rage), any Rage in excess of the character's normal maximum is lost, and the character takes seven dice of aggravated damage – though this may be soaked at a difficulty equal to 6 or permanent Rage, whichever is higher.

Rites

The Vanguard of Sirius has a limited selection of rites, mostly those that have immediately practical benefits. Debased, as a whole, don't have the patience or spiritual background for rituals, and not many spirits heed their supplications anyway. Seasonal and minor rites pro-vide little immediate, practical benefits (so many Vanguard consider them wastes of time), while caern rites are completely out of the question (most Vanguard don't even know what caerns are). The consensus for now is that while ties to Garou culture are important, there are more pressing matters the Vanguard must attend to (basic survival being paramount among them).

Vanguard rites are spartan in comparison to those performed by Garou. An astute ritualist would

notice they've been stripped down to their bare bones, with extraneous mysticism and extra steps removed. This was done so they may be easily understood by mongrels not steeped in a spiritual worldview, and performed quickly. Vanguard rites require only half the normal time to perform (five minutes per level of the rite), but difficulties to perform and learn those rites are increased by one (difficulty equals the rite's level + 4). (Of course, Garou with a background in performing rites, and those Debased with the patience, can "do it right" and use the normal rules for rituals.)

The Vanguard have one exclusive rite, the Rite of Welcome. The Garou rites known to the Debased are Accomplishment, Baptism of Fire, Cleansing, Contrition, Gathering for the Departed

(which sees a lot of use), Ostracism, Passage, Summoning, Talisman Dedication, Totem, and Voice of the Jackal. Other rites may be known, taught and performed (usually by the Vanguard's Ronin Garou), but only rarely.

Rite of Welcome

Level Two

This rite is performed when a feral Debased or Ronin Garou joins the Vanguard of Sirius. The ceremony is fairly straightforward, as the inductee presents himself in turn to all tribemates present, during which they take in each others' scents. If everyone accepts the petitioner, he finally presents himself to a Master or the highest-ranking Vanguard present for his formal coronation. Acceptance of the inductee signifies

his official status as a Vanguard of Sirius. After the Rite of Welcome, a minor celebration is held, as the new tribe member revels in the company his newfound brothers and sisters, and they celebrate him in turn. Finally, the inductee is taught his first Gift by an attending spirit.

Any that would deny the subject's entry into the tribe may make their objections known, though this is very rare (the tribe actively wants new members). The inductee may attempt to reason with objectors, challenge them single duels, or resolve the dispute in some way that doesn't involve death to participants. If the challenge is won, the dissenters are forced to accept the subject of the rite; defeat indicates the subject may petition for tribe membership again in one month.

Renown, Rank and Advancement

At the direction of the Masters, the Vanguard of Sirius follows the same Renown categories as Garou do. Understanding the significance of Glory, Honor and Wisdom, much less gaining it and getting recognized, is often a bit much for ferals inducted into the tribe to grasp (though in fairness this is true of many young Garou, too). Still, it's important for the Vanguard to adopt to werewolf values if they ever expect to be accepted into the Garou Nation, and to fulfill their duties to Gaia and the spirits.

The Renown and rank of the Vanguard are only recognized within that tribe, by the Masters and their small circle of spirit patrons. No one else cares whether a Vanguard calls himself Cliath, Athro or King Muckety-Muck; they see only a Debased or Ronin. In fact, the awarding of Renown and Rites of Recognition are only pale imitations of the timeless practices of werewolves; Vanguard ceremonies carry little weight, and are performed to satisfy Sirius, the Masters and attending spirits.

Induction into a new rank grants the character in question more respect among his peers, and access to new Gifts, but he gains none of the other benefits associated with rank (such as altered frenzy difficulties). And though Vanguard can attain Rank of Athro (four) or Elder (five) in the tribe, there are no Vanguard of Sirius Gifts above Level Three. Those of the highest ranks can expect admiration and obedience from their subordinates, and perhaps a little respect from the Masters, but little else.

Vanguard of Sirius are all functionally Ragabash, and increase in rank according to the total Renown they've earned. They begin with three points of permanent Renown in any combination. Use the requirements for Ragabash in the core rulebook (pg. 185), though Storytellers may want to shave a point (or even two) off the required Renown for a particular rank, considering the lousy benefits package of the tribe. As Wisdom is a bit esoteric for the "average" Vanguard, they're most likely to advance through Glory and Honor.



I've stumbled onto something *big*, here, Charlie. You haven't heard from me in a while, but I wanted to make sure I had my facts straight before I said anything. Here goes.

You know those rumors of the Shadow Lords breeding better Bone Gnawers? They're bullshit. The truth is worse. A cabal of about a dozen Shadow Lords and a couple of Gnawers (no joke!) calling themselves "the Masters" have set up this scam called the Vanguard of Sirius. You may have heard of it already; most our kind have known about this little "tribe" for a while, now. Well, it's the secret front for an even more secret Lord operation. The Masters invite Debased and the odd Ronin to join the tribe by feedin' em lines about equality, pride, belonging, brotherhood, and all that right-wing reactionary shuck-and-jive Garou get all worked up over. Somehow, these high-ups managed to pull some major strings, probably with Grandpa Thunder, and got Sirius to stand in as a totem. The Vanguard even has spirits that teach their initiates Gifts. (Don't ask me how they managed to pull *that* off, spirit matters ain't my forte.)

And before those mutts ask too many questions, they've already been sent off to die fighting Wyrms Baddie of the Week. And they do. By the dozens. Does sacrificing your pawns so cavalierly sound unsustainable? Not if you have kennels churning out plenty of replacements – apparently the tribe motto is "crunch all you want, we'll make more." Through these patsies, the Masters have managed to weaken the Wyrms' forces, assault personal rivals, and drastically reduce the number of Debased out there, all without risking their asses or even getting their own claws dirty. And these guys take credit for the Vanguard's victories at moots when they can get away with it, passing their pets' hard work off as theirs. Get this, I even overheard two Shadow Lord Masters planning to introduce Debased "breeders" to wolf packs claimed by Silver Fangs, to "water down the line." I mean, can they possibly get any more birds with this one stone? (Poor choice of words, I know. Sorry.)

Vanguard setups are working out all over, with Vanguard fighting Spirals, Banes, fomori, hunters and whatever else the Masters decides needs killin'. It racks my balls (well, ovaries) to say this, but truly, it's a thing of beauty. The Lords even got plausible deniability in this. None of the other Garou know about the Sirius tribe – they just see a bunch of Debased running around, and don't connect the drop in local bad guys' numbers with the mutts, so they tear into 'em. (God, werewolves are stupid.) And no one (but me) knows who these self-titled Masters are – definitely not the Vanguard themselves, and maybe not even other ranking Shadow Lords. (Hell, after three months of observation, I only have six Masters pegged. But I do have informed suspicions about who the others are.) So even if some other nosey somebody were to stumble onto the tribe's dirty little secret – and the Masters didn't manage to sic their dogs on him before he got back with the info, because they'd do it in a hot second – all the Masters have to do is melt back into obscurity and let their straw tribe take the fall.

Until then, the Masters use these witless, well-meaning, flea-bitten loyal doggy bastards for all they're worth. I know the mutts are a problem, and something has to be done to keep them from overpopulating, but damn, this is just *wrong*, even for Garou – even for Shadow Lords. (Oh wait, let's not forget, some Gnawers are in on

this too.) These Sirius guys really believe in their tribe, and think their Masters have their best interests at heart. The poor fools even think this is their "in" with the Garou Fucking Nation...

I know, I know. Stacy, be objective. Report, Stacy, don't rant and rave. It's just betrayals always get me worked up, and I've never seen anything on this scale before. It's not our nature to sit on information, but I'm thinking maybe we better just this one time. At least, for right now. Only tell those you know can keep their beaks shut, and don't blurt this out at the next parliament. I don't know how far up this conspiracy reaches, though these "Masters" all have enough rank between them to cover each others' asses from now 'til the Apocalypse. And honestly, I can't think of any good coming from outting the Masters anyway. We'll piss off some powerful Garou (maybe even the whole Shadow Lord tribe, wouldn't *that* be lovely?), the Sirius tribe would fall, a ton of shit will hit a massive fan, and everyone will hate us for it. And, honestly, it's not like the Vanguard really have a better gig at the moment. They're doing good work, cleaning up messes the overworked Garou can't. It's better the dog-blooded have a purpose, I guess, than to be out in the suburbs raiding trash bins and fighting over the prime honeys tied up in back yards. I just hate who they're doing it for and why, you know?

Come to think of it, do you think maybe the Masters (or someone connected to them) somehow created the Debased for this very purpose? Think about it: a self-replacing and expendable army sounds like a great idea, right? Of course, in true B-grade sci-fi movie fashion, some of the test subjects would have escaped and begun breeding unchecked -- and *viola*, instant problem that unfortunately can't be resolved in a two-hour story arc. Or did the Masters just come along and capitalize on someone else's mistake? I realize this is all academic, but I can't help but to wonder.

Anyway, I'll keep you posted as I find out more. I've been chasing this angle so much I hardly sleep or eat anymore, Charlie. My nerves are about shot, and I've neglected this "life" thing I once had going. I think you can appreciate the gravity of this Vanguard thing, and like I said before, it's a good idea to keep a lid on all this until we figure out just what the hell to do. Or not do.



Chapter Four: Debasing Your Game

Nobody has any conscience about adding to the improbabilities of a marvelous tale.
— Nathaniel Hawthorne

Okay, Storyteller, you've read Debased in the World of Darkness, and have a pretty good idea of how the dog-blooded fit into the big picture. You've grokked the rules for them in Laws of the Debased, and maybe skipped ahead and shuddered a bit at the character templates. If I've done my job (and I probably have if you've read this far), you're at least a little interested. Now for the invariable, "What do I do with all this?"

Not an unfair question. So tell you what. Go pour yourself a drink (preferably something caffeinated), get comfortable, and prepare to read for a while. Because now we're going to explore how to bring Debased into your game, figure out what function they'll serve in it, and how to use them to greatest effect. This section is a fairly long read – werewolves breeding with dogs should have disturbing implications in your World of Darkness, regardless of whether the product of those unions are irredeemably corrupt, unwitting victims of happenstance, or something in between, so properly Storytelling these monsters deserves special consideration.

If you pay attention as you read, you'll notice frequent contradictions. In one paragraph I describe the Debased as witless victims of Garou arrogance, another portrays them as heroic (well, antiheroic) player characters, and a yet another gives you ideas on how to use them as pawns of the Wyrn. So how about it? Which are the real Debased? There is no correct answer. The dog-blooded are whatever you want them to be, and serve whatever role you need them to for your stories. This book is modular, giving you the tools necessary to incorporate what I've written into your chronicles. Yes, I could have written the mutts as either the salvation or doom of Gaia, setting in stone what they represent and how they're to be used. However, that would discourage you from doing your own thing with the mongrels, and increase your workload as you strip my own "canon" from the writeup so you can spin them your own way. So instead, I made this supplement as Storyteller-friendly as I can, exploring multiple interpretations and permutations of the dog-blooded. Grab the stuff you like and run with it, and ignore the rest.

As important as understanding what Debased are is what they are *not*. Some of you might miss what I'm doing here, despite the dark cast I've written the mongrels in, or you may just skim over or skip all the relevant stuff to get to the crunch. So let me hammer the point in; even for those of you that get it, reiteration of the following can't hurt.

Debaised are not cute little doggies. Debaised are not comic relief. Debaised are not Garou in German Shepherd skin. Anyone that plays a Debaised trying to simulate a shapeshifting Lassie with Gifts is missing the point by a mile. The mutts are degenerate creatures possessed of watered-down Garou blood and powers, out of tune with the rhythms of Gaia, rejected by spirits and the society of werewolves that spawned them. Despite their inherent weakness and poor position in the supernatural world, they're still monsters possessed of Rage, preventing them from finding solace among man or canine. If a Debaised is lucky, he can find camaraderie in his fellow mongrels, though many don't even have that. Any game that includes the Debaised should reflect this near-universal alienation if they're to be anything more than funny-looking werewolves or running jokes.

The Rite of Adaptation

Garou have always been able to reproduce with domestic dogs (though very few ever stooped so low). However, the offspring were always Kinfolk, never Garou. Even these Kinfolk fail to bear Garou young; only hybrids three-quarters or more wolf, and feral, are eligible to produce werewolves. The reasons for this aren't genetic, but spiritual. Though all dogs are descended from wolves, and share their ancestors' genetic code, they don't have the same spirits that wolves do. This incompatibility has frustrated Bone Gnawers, Black Spiral Dancers and other fell werewolves that sought to increase their numbers through breeding with dogs.

At least, until recently.

The Rite of Adaptation, thought to have been developed or discovered sometime in the 1950s, allows the Garou that undergo the rite to breed true with domestic dogs and produce Shifting offspring. These spawn can in turn produce more of their kind. In the ideal, this vastly increases the number of animal-born Garou, canine counterparts to lupus werewolves that can dwell among man with less suspicion. This influx of new blood is bound to save Gaia's Warrior race from extinction.

However, the result of this initiative – the Debased – is far from ideal.

Where'd the Rite Come From?

Hey, your guess is as good as mine.

Seriously though, I'm purposely leaving this open so you Storytellers can choose the origins of the Rite of Adaptation, which will in turn reflect the role of Debased in your chronicles. Before you do anything with the Debased, you need to decide how they came to be in the first place. What you decide now will influence everything that follows; for example, an origin rite with Wyrmmish origins will lay the groundwork for using Debased as antagonists, or at least cast them in a very dark light. The truth of the matter should remain dark to the players and their characters for most (if not all) of the chronicle, whether they're normal Garou, werewolves subjected to the rite, or even the Debased themselves. But it's important for you (the Storyteller) to know how the Rite of Adaptation came to be in your World of Darkness.

Following are some possible origin stories for the Rite of Adaptation. Feel free to mix and match theories, abuse or reinterpret them, or discard in them in favor of your own. For example, you can alter the rite's timetable to suit your needs: the Rite of Adaptation may have ancient origins in your World of Darkness, and has been recently rediscovered and put to use. In this case, you can pepper your setting's history with legends of Debased or similar creatures, and account for why previous generations of mutts failed to gain a solid foothold (if indeed that is the case).

- **The Wyrmm:** The Garou Nation is right. The Rite of Adaptation was borne of the Defiler Wyrmm, designed to slowly weaken the Garou's genetic integrity

so they're unable to fight off the encroachment of the Wyrmm. Black Spiral Dancers with the Rite of Adaptation, unconcerned with such taint in the face of a potent new tool (or in any case), abduct canines and breed minions in dark pits.

Even if the Rite of Adaptation itself isn't corrupt, Debased are so persecuted by Gaian Garou and spirits that most may be driven to the Spirals or other Wyrmm forces, making the product of the rite tools of the Destroyer by default. This possibility is a particularly tragic one, as the actions of Gaia's defenders serve to feed and strengthen the Wyrmm. The Black Spiral Dancers, quite possibly the progenitors of the very first Debased, gladly accept the mutts into the fold. This tribe has reaped a rich harvest from the Garou Nation for centuries, tempting its heroes, absorbing its outcasts and welcoming its metis. As the Spirals are already the largest tribe of Garou, this new influx may well all the Wyrmm-tribe needs to utterly overwhelm Gaia's warriors. And if the origins of the mutts lie with Gaian werewolves instead of the Spirals, all the better for the Wyrmm-tribe, as the intelligence the expatriates will provide the Dancers on caerns, prominent Garou leaders and the like will be invaluable.

Another possible origin of the rite is Pentex. While Black Spiral Dancers often work closely with Pentex, the tribe has proven increasingly unreliable to the megacorp in recent years. The Russian Spirals' rebellion against the company is one notable example of this, though there are other instances of the twisted Garou working at cross-purposes with Pentex. The problem is that the tribe's ultimate loyalty is to the Wyrmm and the dark spirits that serve it, rather than the megacorp. In this scenario, the Rite of Adaptation could have been developed by a subdivision of Project Iliad. Other possible origins of the rite are include rogue Spirals that chose loyalty to Pentex over their tribe, corrupt Garou from other tribes working with Pentex, or dark sorcerers with great understanding of spirit magics. Or, Pentex may have simply stolen a Gaian rite and put it to use – after certain modifications, of course. In any case, Debased in Pentex's service are slavishly loyal warriors not bound by such inconvenient trivialities as spiritual ties and tribal obligations. As the Debased project proves successful, and as dog-blood are far easier to deal with than Spirals, the latter are being phased out in Pentex operations. Dog-blooded may well end up being favored over fomori, too; the average Debased is healthier and more powerful than most fomori, can more easily infiltrate human communities, and aren't nearly as expensive to produce. While the number of creatures serving the Wyrmm's aims steadily increases in this scenario, these events may potentially trigger an official split between Pentex and the Black Spiral Dancers... and lay the seeds for a war between them, as each struggles to define the nature of the Wyrmm. While a chilling scenario, having the Wyrmm's forces so divided against itself can benefit the Gaian Garou if they can capitalize on it.

• **The Weaver:** The Weaver can prove every bit as insidious as the Wyrms, especially since Garou often overlook its encroachment in the light of other threats. The Rite of Adaptation is a potential object lesson on how dangerous this can be. The Rite of Adaptation could be the product of genetic experiments performed on Garou by Developmental Neogenetics Amalgamated or mages, or it could have even been created by the Weaver herself for her own reasons.

Dogs (and thus Debased) would have a natural attunement for the Weaver Garou lack. Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers might find a salvation of sorts among the Debased, especially since these tribes badly need an influx of wolf blood. However, this would cost them reputation and honor among other tribes, something they can ill afford as it is. This could well trigger another split within the Garou Nation, two tribes claimed by the Weaver as the White Howlers were claimed by the Wyrms, dividing the Garou against their myriad foes when they can least afford it. Even if the rift isn't that drastic, anything that undermines Garou solidarity can't be a good thing.

• **The Mokole:** The Mokole retain rites reputed to have been developed by the extinct Apis, the auroch Shifters that served Gaia as overseers of fertility and breeding. These adopted rituals allowed the Mokole to breed with a wide variety of reptile Kinfolk, allowing them to survive on almost every continent and in a variety of environments. Gaia's Dragons granted these rites to the late Bunyip, allowing the Aboriginal tribe to breed with the thylacines in Australia and Tasmania, and more recently to the Kucha Ekundu of Africa. Considering this, it's not inconceivable that Mokole also taught the Rite of Adaptation to the Garou... though on the surface, admittedly this possibility seems unlikely.

The Mokole in most parts of the world are very mistrustful of Garou, to say the least; even those of the African and Asian streams that work closely with some Wolves closely eye them warily. Why, then, why would they offer the Rite of Adaptation to the Garou? Perhaps they wish to assist the werewolves... though if so this was their intent, they've helped them in a very backhanded way, as the Debased offspring aren't accepted by either proper werewolves or the spirits associated with them. This may have been the intention of particularly treacherous Mokole all along – the rite may have been spread by a vengeful individual or small group of werecrocodiles that knew (or hoped) the rite would ultimately spark divisions within the Garou Nation and/or slowly weaken the Wolf Breed as a whole.

• **Gaia:** You may be saying, "I thought you said Debased are out of sync with the Earth Mother and serve no purpose." Yes, there's a lot of emphasis on the alienation of the Debased from Garou and the spirits. However, it's not like the Debased are the first time something didn't turn out quite like Gaia planned – say for instance, the Garou.

The Earth Mother may well have created the potential for Debased, but lacked the ability to grant them much in the way of benefits or status among Her brood. She's certainly much weaker than She once was,

and Her creative powers have drastically weakened as She slowly dies. (An example of this weakening is the Kitsune, created by Gaia during the Fourth Age without the healing powers and strength of her other children.) So what of children that Gaia would create in this benighted century, when She is weaker still? Certainly, any contemporary creations of the Earth Mother would be crippled and without much power.

Also, as the end of the world looms, some spirits once subject to and allied with Gaia – from mere Gafflings to Incarna, and even Luna and other Celestines – fall out of touch with Her, unable to hear Her voice and driven to distraction by their own affairs. Due to this disconnection, they wouldn't see the Debased as Gaia's creations, and so few spirits grant the mutts Gifts or even recognize them. Thus, the Debased are left as weak reflections of the Garou, largely severed from the privileges and responsibilities for which they were created. This leaves them open to despair, impotence and corruption, which doesn't help Gaia in the least.

The Rite Itself

The Rite of Adaptation is a Level Five Mystic Rite, performed upon (and usually by) a single willing Garou, the subject of the rite. This rite isn't to be undergone lightly: once it's performed, its effects are dramatic and irreversible. The specifics of the rite are left to the Storyteller, who should tailor the rite's semantics with its origin and nature – for example, if the Rite of Adaptation was born of the Wyrms, it might involve the sacrifice of a Gaian Garou and a dog, while a Weaver-oriented rite might bring special spirits that reweave the Garou's very essence.

If the Rite of Adaptation is performed successfully, the spiritual nature of the target Garou is forever changed. He looks and functions as a normal werewolf, keeps the Gifts and rites he learned before, and in most ways is the same as he was before the rite. However, while any werewolf that subjects himself to the Rite of Adaptation doesn't become a Debased himself, he does "debase" himself in another, very real way. First, he's severed his link with the spirit of wolfkind, and now treated as a Debased for purposes of breeding, henceforth unable to create Garou offspring (see pages 13 and 44 for details). Second, the subject loses Renown (and possibly rank); even if the participants don't blab, the spirits certainly will, and the Garou quickly finds he has hurt his standing among other werewolves. The character loses two permanent dots each of Honor and Wisdom, and finds Gaian spirits often refuse to teach him Gifts and don't recognize the rites he performs; even a Rite of Contrition isn't enough to stop this Renown loss, though it may restore the character's status among the spirits and prevent exile from his tribe. (Note: Black Spiral Dancers suffer little Renown status penalties from performing this rite, if any at all.)

(Note that Debased themselves don't need this rite to procreate, only Garou that themselves wish to create Debased do. Debased can reproduce naturally with normal and Kinfolk dogs, humans, and each other, just as Garou that have undergone the Ritual of Adaptation.)

Focus

What's important to decide is how much attention you want to give Debased in your game. Will they serve as the focus of the chronicle, as primary enemies or even the players' characters, or will they become part of the chronicle's backdrop and play only minor roles? Both these approaches are touched on below.

What I don't intend to do is rewrite **Werewolf**, and shove my creation into the spotlight at the expense of the Garou. This isn't **Debased: the Breeding**. The dog-bloods aren't meant to replace werewolves. Remember, while the mutts may serve as grist for many great chronicles, and even be the focus for some of them, they aren't supposed to be the focus of the setting. It won't be the Debased that defeats the Wyrms' army on the Plain of the Apocalypse while werewolves sit idly by – though they may help or hinder Gaia's Warriors during the Final Battle. While **Werewolf** chronicles may focus on Debased (or a Fera Breed, the Beast Courts, Kinfolk, Kami, etc.), the fulcrum upon which the World of Darkness as defined in that game spins should always be the Garou; like it or not, everyone else is just supporting cast, including the dog-blooded.

Starring Roles

In this style of game, the Debased play a central role in the chronicle, which means the Storyteller will include storylines that feature them often, or at least semi-frequently. (This is unavoidable if the chronicle features a dog-blooded player character.) This book is written with the assumption you'll be featuring the Debased as a primary element of **Werewolf**, and there's more than enough material here for you to do that. However, even in chronicles in which they are a central element, not every game session needs to be about the plight/looming threat/great mystery of the Debased. You need to back off a little from that angle, or you'll soon end up with burnt-out players and a dead (or at least

lackluster) chronicle. Bring other conflicts and plot hooks in, especially things that remind players of the importance of true werewolves and their conflicts in the game setting.

An advantage of chronicles that feature Debased is that it allows you and your players to explore multiple facets of the mongrels, showing their good, their bad, and the many shades between. The danger of this type of game is focusing too much on the misbegotten mutts and not enough on the Garou that spawned them; thus, this option is recommended only for skilled Storytellers with a good "feel" for **Werewolf** that can juggle the game's focus with skill.

Supporting Cast

Playing down the emphasis on the Debased is probably the best option for preserving the "pre-packaged" **Werewolf** theme and style. In this case, the Storyteller relies mostly on the traditional cast (Garou, spirits, Kinfolk, Spirals, Pentex, etc.), and brings the Debased in as occasional foils, antagonists or weirdness. As I mentioned before, I've written dog-blooded as a serious and growing problem in the World of Darkness; I did this not to stroke my own ego, but because it's easier for you to trim what I've written than to add more material where I neglected to. So feel free to house rule my house rules, so to speak, and tone the mongrels' presence down as needed. Perhaps there's not as many mutts in your setting, or there are more pressing concerns for Gaia's champions. This level of focus doesn't mean the mongrels aren't important, it just means in most game sessions they won't demand the players' attention. This is probably the best option for those inexperienced with **Werewolf**, or those that approach the game conservatively and aren't prone to add stuff from the Internet to their games without playtesting it first.



Roleplaying Debased

The wise are instructed by reason; ordinary minds by experience; the stupid, by necessity; and brutes by instinct.
– Cicero

Debased are individuals, as much as everyone else; the sub-Breed is comprised of Gaian heroes, self-interested rogues, corrupt monsters and even defenders of humanity. It's impossible to make sweeping statements about their philosophy and nature. However, there are several key elements to portraying mutts effectively, as a Storyteller or a player.

Debased, even the least socialized strays, are sentient creatures with free will and the capacity for abstract thought. But they also have instincts that drive them to act contrary to reason, hardwired behaviors and responses they can't just ignore because they're inconvenient... though they can *resist* them, with effort. This is a legacy of thousands of years of domestication, and the price of breeding with something that has had the wild bred out of it and selected for certain behaviors. Dogs are a microcosm of humanity, the numerous breeds shaped by man into something that strangely reflects their masters. As such, they're prone to all sorts of mental illnesses, behavioral disorders and full-blown psychoses; every year in the United States, thousands of dogs are treated with Prozac, Ritalin and other psychoactive medications. All that remains of wolfen instincts are those compulsions that lend well to "civilized" life; instinctual submissiveness around humans, an urge to protect people or areas, barking or whining when agitated (something adult wolves never do), misplaced forms of aggression (like killing non-prey animals), and the like. When these instincts manifest in sentient, thinking creatures, strange behavior and internal conflict result. This, along with the Curse of Rage, causes humans and dogs alike to shun Debased.

Primary among a mongrel's instincts is the "Beta urge" that compels them to submit to stronger creatures. While dogs have an innate tendency to submit to humans, Debased don't recognize people as being stronger, and are under no compulsion to abide the average shmuck on the street bossing them about. (In some cases, though, a mutt with especially strong submissive instincts might actually do just that.) But dog-blooded *always* perceive Garou as alphas, even those verifiably less powerful than they, whether they want to or not. They must fight the urge to not kowtow, grovel

or run when challenged by werewolves, or even just addressed by them; most just do this without thinking about it.

Canine instincts manifest in other ways, too. Some Debased dig like mad, pace, or display other obsessive-compulsive disorders when bored. Others risk frenzy at triggers, typically certain creatures, smells or threats. Particularly chilling are those, often of Pit Bull stock, unable to accept submission or surrender; simple dominance contests or play-fighting are bloodbaths waiting to happen. Many mongrels verbalize aggression or displeasure: they bark in Canis, Hispo and Crinos forms (even while fighting); thankfully, this compulsion takes the form of ranting or verbal threats for Debased in Homid form, and not barking – though this can still land one with poor impulse control in hot water.

All sorts of interesting Derangements and Mental Flaws are appropriate for the dog-blooded, and you're encouraged to be creative here. These behaviors aren't meant to be a straight-jacket for your character, but you should at least give them consideration as you portray her. A potentially rewarding roleplaying experience can be had when the character's personality contrasts with his instincts. Perhaps a strong and aggressive Debased is determined to not let Garou push him around... but whenever he meets one, he can't help but to feel the urge to submit, even if he doesn't act on it.

What you should *not* do is turn Debased characters into car-chasing, fire hydrant-watering, stick-fetching jokes. While a little comic relief is good for a game, and one can't help but to have a little fun at the expense of some dog in a human's body trying to learn human social nuances, remember the Savage Horror theme we're going for here. Someone that bares his teeth at you when you get close, stares intently at anything and anyone that's moving, or kills cats and leaves the corpses to rot in the yard isn't funny. It's disturbing as all hell, and causes a world of trouble for Debased living among humans. Such behavior also hamstring their attempts to be taken seriously by werewolves. It's your responsibility to play dog-blooded so that they come across as conflicted, tormented and unexpectedly savage, and I'm counting on you to do that.

Debased as Protagonists

As protagonists, Debased are cast in a more sympathetic light than Wyrn-tainted Glory-fodder. This isn't that difficult to do. After all, they're intelligent creatures, of common soul and kind as the Garou from which they hail. Like metis, they have a pretty sorry life they didn't ask for, born cripples with no say-so in the matter, and they have to make do with what they have. Unlike metis, however, most mutts aren't dependant on a werewolf tribe, and are able to lead lives independent of those that would abuse and persecute them. While some Debased are certainly corrupt, the majority aren't, unless you've decided the Rite of Adaptation has distinctly Wyrnish origins (which is unlikely if you're portraying Debased as protagonists).

Garou as Allies

While Debased present a real problem as they breed unchecked, they can also serve a valuable role: an auxiliary army against the forces of the Wyrn, Eleventh Hour reinforcements at a time the Garou need them most. Few in number, scattered and quite likely not up to the task of defending Gaia during the imminent Apocalypse, Gaia's Warriors can use all the help they can get. Mutts could play National Guard to werewolf Marines, serving as combat support, skirmishers, spies and messengers. Though not as powerful as Garou, Debased aren't slouches, and can take down minor Banes, fomori, leeches, and human dupes, while "big brother" handles the stronger spirits, Black Spiral Dancers, fomorach and greater threats. One only need look as far as the Vanguard of Sirius to see what a cohesive unit of Debased are capable of, with the proper leadership and motivation. Even if the mongrels aren't brought fully on board, and only a non-aggression pact or treaty of some sort is secured, that still frees up the Garou to deal with more pressing matters.

Of course, it ain't gonna be easy.

• **The Garou Side:** From a Garou perspective, Debased aren't ideal allies. They're weaker than true werewolves, deformed and denied health in ways only metis can understand. They smell and look and act funny. They copulate with and are birthed from dogs, for Gaia's sake. They feel *wrong* to primal Garou instincts, and most want nothing to do with them. Before dismissing this social aspect too glibly, consider first how poorly Bone Gnawers, werewolves through and through, are received by their fellows; and dog-blooded aren't Garou any more than a Welsh Corgi is a wolf. It would take a lot to get the Garou Nation to approach the Debased as allies. Such a monumental task as selling such an alliance would be worthy of the Nation's most skilled and determined diplomats. Players willing to play Debased advocates should be prepared for disappointment, stonewalling, ridicule and the possibility of failure; the Garou race has never been guilty of excessive compromise or empathy.

The most likely strategy for success would be for a small pack of highly renowned werewolves (with an "average" rank of at least Adren) to approach the highest-ranking Garou in each tribe and convince them individually of the wisdom of allying with the mutts, instead of wasting resources and time fighting them. After all, one might rightfully point out, there are far worse things out there to worry about. Hopefully, with much perseverance, favor-pulling, persuasive arguing and won challenges, the diplomatic pack might be able to force some form of positive consensus on the Debased. While it sounds unlikely, stranger things have happened – for example, Garou and Balam working in tandem (if not really together) in the Amazon.

• **The Spirit Side:** The spirits must be courted, too. Acceptance by Garou would do much to encourage allied spirits to receive Debased more favorably, but this by itself isn't enough. Converting individual Jagglings might prove useful, but they only reflect the will of the greater spirits they serve, and the disposition of one spirit has no bearing on how his ilk act. The Garou must aim higher, and seek out Incarnae with the purpose of convincing them to accept feral dog-blooded as they would Garou. Even the smallest concessions will involve rites, massive chiminage and epic quests. Gaining the support of even one of these spirits will be very difficult, and those with hopes of unification should count themselves fortunate if they accomplish this feat once in a chronicle. (Caveat: once a prominent Gaian totem accepts feral children, that precedent makes it easier to convince other great spirits to do the same.) Characters are more likely to be successful if they seek the support of totem spirits that commonly sponsor packs, but without tribal followings; Sirius' support of his tribe is proof this is possible (though how the Masters managed to pull *that* trick off is a mystery). Such minor totems might be more easily swayed with the possibility of gaining more followers, even if accepting the servitude of mutts is scraping the bottom of the barrel. The spirits that are probably the most likely to accept Debased are Bacchus, Boar, Bull, Chameleon, Coyote, Cuckoo, Flea, Fox, Goat, Shark and Wolverine. Totems with tribal followings are more conservative, and will prove harder to convince; of these, Rat, Cockroach, Unicorn and (as strange as it may seem) Grandfather Thunder are the most likely tribal totems to accept worthy dog-blooded supplicants. Some Incarnae are likely lost causes; there's no way one can realistically expect Falcon, Pegasus, Stag or Griffon to have anything but unrelenting hatred for the degenerate spawn of dogs, but one must take what one can get.

The Debased aren't favored by Luna, and though they possess Rage and are afflicted with weakness to silver, they have no auspices. Repairing this rift is probably far beyond the ability of even the most persuasive and high-ranking Garou, though it's a noble goal worthy of the greatest heroes. One is probably best accepting this as an immutable law, and attending to

more realistic goals. If you decide this is possible, there's no way a Garou pack with an average rank below Elder can have any chance of swaying a Celestine, and it would be such an task as to make influencing a totem seem simple. The nature of such an epic undertaking is up to you to decide, but could involve the spiritual redemption of the Debased, the recovery of a priceless fetish sacred to Luna, or even the sacrifice of the petitioners' lives to her. Don't underestimate the difficulty of pulling something like this off – *it's that big a deal*. If the Elder werewolves do manage to convince Luna to grant Debased her favor, the mongrels will have much of their Garou heritage restored to them, and things will become easier as far as winning acceptance for the mongrels among werewolves and spirits.

• **The Debased Side:** Getting the Debased on board will prove as nearly a great a challenge as recruiting the Garou and spirits. The Debased are scattered to the four winds, disorganized, and have no central culture or commonality. And most want absolutely nothing to do with Garou – when the Wolves move in, even to investigate an area, most Debased quietly relocate... but a few, particularly those fed up with being kicked around, will dig in and viciously defend their territory. Needless to say, this is the legacy of persecution at the claws and jaws of the Garou. Running the mongrels down, convincing them to join a cause many of them care nothing about, and *then* getting them to restrain their natural reproductive urges, will be a truly Herculean undertaking. It'll take investigative skill, a willingness to make compromises and perform contrition on behalf of the Garou (as the mutts have a lot to be sore about), persistence, and perhaps a streak of masochism. The payoff for success is an upswing in the fortunes of werewolves and their beleaguered cousins, a tense alliance that will require constant reinforcement and gentle handling to maintain. The Garou responsible for pulling this can't expect lots of Renown (for many of Gaia's warriors will resent the alliance), but they just *might* be responsible for the salvation of their race and its cause.

Failure to recruit the majority of the Debased and sell them on the cause of serving Gaia will end badly. The mutts' apathy and disinterest in the face of the Wyrms' deprivations is all the excuse the Garou Nation needs to say they were right all along, that mutts are unworthy of alliance or even their lives, and that any that supported their inclusion are fools. All the peace-makers' progress will be washed away in blood and recrimination, and the failed diplomats will be lucky if they're merely stripped of rank and cast out as Ronin.

An essential factor needed to cement a Garou-Debased alliance will be the support of the Vanguard of Sirius. To start, the player characters would have to know of the faux-tribe, which is by no means a forgone conclusion; the Vanguard survives because of its official nonexistence. They must find a way to contact the Vanguard that doesn't send them running for the hills, which is their official policy for Garou nosing around and asking questions. However, the Garou seeking an alliance with the tribe may not even have to look for them; as the would-be unifiers recruit sympathizers and make enemies trying to drum up support for the Debased,

they'll make waves that the highly-placed Masters (the secret founders and sponsors of the tribe) will pick up on. The diplomats would soon be contacted by a liaison from the Masters (likely a Shadow Lord, Bone Gnawer or Ronin), who will try to ascertain the characters' true intentions. Once the Masters are certain the proposed alliance isn't a ruse, and if given enough reason to think that it's actually feasible, they may offer information or covert help. For their part, the Vanguard of Sirius themselves will be willing to get on board with minimal prodding from their patrons, as such an affiliation is what they've been hoping and fighting for all along. Also, attempts to recruit feral Debased will go much easier with the assistance of the Vanguard, who can redouble their efforts to bring them into the tribe and then enforce their pro-Gaia policy on them.

As Player Characters

One option is to run a Debased chronicle, in which one or more players take on the role of portraying these tragic creatures. This places the dog-blooded front and center in a way other chronicles can't. While this can be as rewarding as any other game of **Werewolf**, there are several important things to keep in mind.

In case you haven't figured this out by now, let me spell it out for you: Debased are, on the whole, weak. They don't "balance" with Garou or Fera, and they're not meant to. On top of being spat on by everyone, they're saddled with weaknesses and Flaws they get no compensation for. You may ask yourself, rightly, why anyone would want to play such a crippled character. I wrote the Debased with Storyteller use in mind, as creatures to be introduced to chronicles as potential friends or foes, and as an object lesson of the consequences of mucking with Mother Gaia's plan. While mutts do have potential as interesting and tragic characters, the player must accept the fact he just won't match up to his Garou counterparts on some levels... hell, on practically *all* levels. Like thin-blooded Kindred, the draw of Debased *is* their weakness, and in the unique sort of conflicts their tragic natures offer. The merciful among you may offer some compensation for Debased members of a Garou pack; if you look at all the weaknesses they have, both in the short and long term, an award of five or seven freebie points (on top of their higher base freebie) isn't unfair at all.

Another option, and probably a better one, is to run a Debased chronicle in which everyone plays a mutt. Here, inter-character imbalance isn't an issue, with everyone on a level playing field, so the character creation rules presented in *Laws of the Debased* should be fine. This sort of game presents an alternative to a typical game of **Werewolf**, as mutts deal with things no werewolf has to, while still being similar enough to the Garou that many of the same conflicts and dilemmas still apply. (Kinfolk characters may be viable options in this game, as well, as the disparity between them and Debased in terms of power level isn't as extreme.) A Vanguard of Sirius chronicle is ideal for this sort of thing, as the characters and players will have a sense of purpose and advancement as they carry out missions and advance through the tribe's ranks.

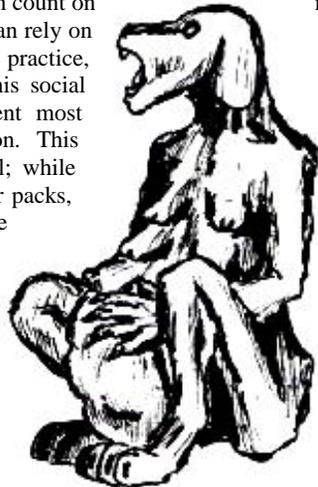
Debased as Antagonists

While the battle against evil angle may seem hackneyed and overdone, this doesn't have to be the case. It's a timeless theme, featured in countless classic fantasy and mythological epics. This conflict serves as one of the foundations of **Werewolf** (though the Garou are cast more as antiheroes than valiant knights, and good and evil are not as defined). It can be rewarding to explore the battle against darkness anew with a dog-blooded twist. The Debased needn't be slavering Wyrminions to be antagonists, and those that aren't are probably the most effective; remember, not all evil is of the Wyrms, and not all foes are actively malevolent.

Feral Debased are particularly vulnerable to corruption for several reasons. The strength of Garou is community, and each level of the hierarchy is important, from the Nation as a whole all the way down to the pack. Not only does this reflect the social nature of both wolf and man, it provides a vital network in which werewolves support each other. In the ideal, a Garou that slips from the proper path, becomes disillusioned, risks corruption, or otherwise needs help can count on his packmates for support; a pack in need can rely on the sept to which it belongs; and so on. In practice, things don't always work that way, but this social structure functions well enough to prevent most Gaian werewolves from falling to corruption. This is true of the Vanguard of Sirius, as well; while members of the tribe can only rely on their packs, the tribe's "septs", and the Masters, the Vanguard ardently attend their own. On the other hand, feral Debased are like Ronin, cut off from this resource; their social organization never advances beyond the pack level, while many run alone or with Kinfolk dog packs. As Rage builds, it vents more frequently and violently. Often starving and unable to detect tainted food (or even able to appreciate what taint *is*), toxins build up in the bodies of dog-blooded and begin to affect their minds and spirits; a few mongrels have become fomori this way, but most just slowly go insane and die. Desperate hunger can also overwhelm mongrels' instinctual aversion to hunting humans, especially once they realize what easy prey they make; probably a quarter of ferals have partaken of man-flesh at some point in their lives (scavenged or fresh), and a good third of that selection do so regularly. And finally, dog-blooded are quite prone to recruitment by Black Spiral Dancers, who offer companionship, protection and regular meals; never underestimate the importance of food and safety to any creature. Debased fear Spirals, but their tendency to play beta to any Garou makes it easy for Spirals to pressure them into submission. The effect of all this is a growing number of mutts falling to the Wyrms; while the rate of corruption isn't exponential, it's something any right-thinking Garou would worry about.

Also, though the Wyrms probably presents the strongest threat to Debased, it's not the only spiritual force that influences them. The fecundity of the Debased, insofar as their chance to successfully breed true, is a twisted manifestation of the Wyld, though dog-blooded have little innate affinity for that aspect of the Triat and don't serve it consciously or otherwise. The Weaver is strong in dog-blooded, as it is in their dog kin; all things being equal, the Debased prefer developed areas to untamed wilderness. Apocryphal rumors circulate among young Bone Gnawers and Glass Walkers of Debased Drones, but these are usually tongue-in-cheek and told along with wild tales of alien abductions and killer cyborg mages.

It's a cop-out to ascribe everything someone does to the Triat, however. It downplays the significance of free will and the individual. Like people, dog-blooded do what they do to get by right now, even if what they do is harmful in the long run. Their urges to eat, prosper and reproduce are only natural, the instincts that drive all creatures great and small, from bacteria to hominids. Like Garou (and Kindred, fallen, mages and the rest of the World of Darkness crew), Debased are dramatic caricatures of people, the problems of humanity writ large and given a dramatic context in a supernatural setting. In this case, the theme of Debased is the thoughtless survival urge taken to a destructive extreme. It's pretty hard to condemn Debased for doing what we'd probably do in the same situation, even if we can see how harmful such actions are. People do selfish things all the time in real life just to survive. There are no simple solutions to this; recrimination and condemnation are pointless, and we can only hope that



we learn from our mistakes as we mature as a species. This is the story of the Debased, except they have very little time in which to grow and learn, akin to children thrust into an adult world and forced to mature before their time. The true test of the dog-blooded as a whole is whether they manage to redeem themselves despite the shitty hands they've been dealt, or if they deny their responsibility to the world and thereby passively contribute to its slow death.

But a bad life doesn't excuse bad behavior, and feeling sorry for the Debased doesn't help them or anyone else. They are causing damage, intentionally or not, and someone needs to stop them, or at least stem the tide and play damage control. And the Garou are the only ones that can, or will, fulfill that responsibility.

• **The Underhanded Route:** Evil comes in many forms, not all of them blatant and willingly doing evil. While a Balefire-throwing Black Spiral Dancer or Satanist Pentex executive is pretty obviously evil, the

Debased can serve as a more subtle threat just as dangerous to the Garou in the long run. This dovetails well with chronicles in which the Rite of Adaptation has Wyrms origins, but it isn't necessary. Having the product of a Gaian rite fall to corruption is a bitter pill to offer your players.

A reasonable Garou might say, "The dog-blooded didn't ask for their lot; who can help the circumstances of their birth? They know nothing of Gaia, but if there are none there to teach them, that's not their fault. The Debased breed unchecked and threaten the Veil, but they only do what comes naturally to them. They mutts are a problem, yes, but aren't *evil*, because evil requires intent. Common sense tells us there are much bigger problems. Like, for example, Pentex drilling in the recently opened Alaskan wilderness preserves, the fact the Spirals keep growing in number, and that the sept just north of us just lost their caern. Fomor are becoming more common, and stronger. The Red Eye of the Wyrms opens in the sky, and Banes are beginning to attack more frequently and with greater organization. As you can see, we have much bigger problems than Debased to worry with."

Such an argument stands to reason, and is the unspoken policy of the Garou Nation. And all the while, the dog-blooded population swells. The violations to the Veil cumulate. With no guiding Litany or moral constraints on their behavior, Debased fall to the Wyrms singly, in pairs and by the pack. While Gaia's Warriors valiantly battle overt threats, another menace waxes in the shadows, willfully overlooked by an already overwhelmed Garou Nation. And when the Apocalypse arrives, the Wyrms will strike with a new arm as the tainted bastard children of the Garou come to claim their due, swarming out of suburbs, urban blights and rural towns in untold numbers.

Hint to player character Garou of the folly of overlooking the Debased and the very real threat they represent. The players' pack hunting down and killing individual Debased doesn't address the bigger problem, and is like swatting flies in a garbage dump. To make any lasting effect, they have to convince the Garou leadership the Debased issue *is* a priority, and offer ways for the Garou to effectively fight them despite being stretched thin already.

It bears repeating that in this scenario (unlike the one that follows), Debased aren't intentionally evil, simply the doomed offspring of a Gaia-forsaken union. They might not want to serve the Wyrms, but can't help but to do so if allowed to continue doing as they do. They are victims, but are nonetheless too dangerous to be allowed to live. Drive this point home even as you make the players realize the necessity of eliminating them. So don't present the players with slavering, rabid monsters screaming for blood. Show them some hairless creature defending a bitch swollen with his pups, pleading with the characters in broken Garou tongue to please spare his mate. Give them starving dog-blooded driven to desperate acts, eating vagrants and pets for lack of other options. Offer them cute puppies they have to run down and crush underfoot, because if they escape they may well breed true as Debased and continue the

corruption. Play up just how pathetic and hopeless these guys really are. Present the characters with difficult choices, and make sure they feel awful no matter what decision they make. Feed on the angst and grow strong, young Storyteller.

Death isn't the only contraceptive; certain powers can strip fertility, though "spaying" Debased one at a time isn't terribly efficient – the idea is to find a really powerful rite that can affect the Debased as a whole. This is an epic power, and will require heroes appropriate to that task to quest into the Umbra and beseech the aid of Incarnae, track down the greatest heroes of the other Changing Breeds with powers related to breeding and fertility, or develop the rite themselves. This is probably a better option for those games in which you want the players to retain some hope. When you feel the "kill the poor Debased and hate yourself for it" angle is starting to get played, drop hints of this possibility to the players, giving them another, more humane angle to resolve the Debased problem. Whether the hope is genuine or not, it's important for you to offer it to the players. It's kinda hard for players to rage against the dying of the light when there's no light to begin with.

• **The "Screw Subtlety" Method:** Sometimes you have to let up on the "thespian elitism" (to quote Gary Gygax) and just let the players whack stuff. This isn't an indictment for people to throw story out the window and wade through foes like they're playing a video game (which of course some you'll do anyway). However, the theme of **Werewolf** is Savage Horror, and the World of Darkness that game portrays is brutal and violent. Some enemies can't be reasoned with. Sometimes, veiled threats, political maneuvers and intricate plots don't get the job done. Sometimes, folks just plain need killin'. The occasional session of combat does a **Werewolf** game a world of good, letting players blow off steam and flex their characters' muscles. There's something satisfying about seeing a tangible threat and eliminating it with a few well-placed claw rakes. (And a little Glory never hurts.)

Debased, played wisely, make ideal foes for Garou. There are many reasons why conflict would erupt between them: they may haunt industrial parks and eat junkies, run with Spirals, threaten Kinfolk with their breeding practices, attack Garou to "even the score" for slain packmates, and so on.

Keep in mind that dog-bloods are survival-oriented creatures, and don't fight unless they have to. They won't insanely throw themselves at foes like MUD mobs, and choose fight over flight unless the situation favors them; they have no compunctions against retreating, and when they must fight they fight dirty. Mongrels belonging to the Vanguard of Sirius tribe are exceptions to some of these generalizations: they're extensively trained for battle, are more willing to sacrifice themselves in battle, and have access to a small number of Gifts; however, they're also far less prone to fight Garou than ferals, and will do so only when cornered. Mad dogs that have joined with the Black Spiral Dancers are more frightening, as they join the fray with lethal Gifts, insanity, no love for Gaian foes, and nothing to lose.

Speaking from a purely game mechanics perspective, feral Debased lie between fomori and low-ranked Spirals: they're capable of dealing aggravated damage and have access to the Umbra, but are weaker than Garou and (usually) have no Gifts. The real danger with feral Debased is they tend to travel with their Kinfolk in large packs, and understand pack tactics well enough to cause werewolves real trouble. While rarely as organized and disciplined as Garou, there are deadly exceptions to this rule.

Threat to Kinfolk

One of the biggest threats Debased pose is the pollution of werewolf bloodlines. For the most part, feral mutts produce offspring with domestic dogs, resulting in a huge canis population that in turn breeds with other dogs. If this is all they did, and if the only source of Debased were other Debased, there wouldn't be much of a problem. However, the problem is more insidious, and werewolves who are aware of just how fecund the mutts are have cause for grave concern.

In a cruel twist of irony, the heritage of "weak" Debased is dominant over that of "stronger" Garou. This means in any union involving both pure werewolf strain and Debased strain, the latter always takes precedence. So a mating between a Garou and a mutt (and it happens in Spiral caerns everywhere) produces a dog-blooded metis, never one of the Garou variety. This includes Kinfolk, as well, so a Garou that breeds with Debased Kinfolk always produces more Debased Kinfolk and possibly a Debased, never a Garou. Keep this little fact in mind as you read.

The dog-blooded prefer to breed with wolves whenever possible. While a great strength of the degenerate quasi-Garou is the ability to breed true with dogs, they're instinctually compelled to breed with wolves (which are spiritually and physically stronger), and will go out of their way to mate with them even when dogs are available. The offspring of these unions are always Debased or Debased Kinfolk. Giving birth to a pup that has bred true runs a good chance of killing the mother, whether dog or wolf; even female dog-blooded have a small chance of dying during birth. Females that survive birth typically suffer reproductive problems later, including barrenness or a tendency to miscarry. Not only do wolves often die giving birth to Debased, but even when no pups breed true, the cubs that are produced are wolf-dog hybrids – and Debased Kinfolk. If allowed to breed back into the wolf population, the resulting pups are also Debased Kinfolk. Entire wolf packs have been rendered into Debased Kinfolk by a single chance mating a generation back, and Garou have unwittingly produced Debased pups through these tainted bloodlines. Of course, once the Garou realize the wolves of that pack have been corrupted, they typically (and with great sorrow) destroy those wolves, and with less pity they kill the wretched Debased they spawned. But by then the damage has been done.

How bitter it would be if the rite employed by Garou to save lupus from extinction renders the wild wolf population unable to produce werewolf offspring.

A few bloodlines of Debased Kinfolk exist among humans. Rarely, they are sired by ferals, but far more often they're the result of Sirius dog-bloods and werewolves who have subjected themselves the Rite of Adaptation. These aren't as much of a danger as Kinfolk wolves are, because the Garou have a much larger population from which to breed and they aren't likely to hedge into mutt breeding stock, but it happens. Debased generally can't afford to be picky, and choose mates among the riffraff frequented by Bone Gnawers and Spirals. On occasion, a Garou will inadvertently produce Debased young through dog-blooded Kinfolk, with predictably disastrous results. (In one such case, a Bone Gnawer that unwittingly sired a Debased child was cast out of her tribe, but in an interesting turn of events was adopted by the Vanguard of Sirius.) While a very rare occurrence, the frequency of "accidental mutts" is increasing as tainted Kinfolk spread through the general population.

Through a Mirror Darkly

Debased are twisted reflections of Garou, ugly caricatures cast in a funhouse mirror. They possess many of the advantages werewolves do, including shapeshifting, access to the Umbra, and (with some exceptions) miraculous healing ability. However, ferals share none of the responsibilities. Feral mutts feed, fuck, fight and attend whatever urges are dominant at the time, unconcerned with the fate of the world as it dies around them. Worse, by dint of their neutrality in the war against the Wyrms, they open themselves to it. Existing in garbage dumps, polluted wastelands and urban blights isn't spiritually healthy for anyone, and ferals grow steadily more tainted from exposure. Without the moderating influences of the Litany or appreciation for nature, Debased are far more prone to mate with one another, fall to the Thrall of the Wyrms, thoughtlessly overhunt their territory, and treat people as prey animals. And the Black Spiral Dancers subvert a mutt here and there, their gifts of madness and Wyrmpowers turning mutts into terrifying and potent minions of corruption.

While all this touches on some of the previous antagonist options discussed above, it can highlight the issues of responsibility vs. freedom issue every Garou must wrestle with. Feral mutts are a nation of Ronin, what the Garou would be if they turned their backs on their duties and reverted to urge-indulgence and base behavior. They serve as a wonderful example of why the Garou exist and do what they do – why they continue to fight, to struggle, to sacrifice, to persevere, all to save a world that offers them little solace... only to die horribly at the claws or fangs of some nameless Wyrmonster. To do all this is to endlessly suffer. But to do otherwise is to invalidate one's very reason for being, and become little better than a dog. In this way, the Debased can teach a valuable lesson to the players' characters, have they the mind to learn. Don't beat the players over the head with the moral – if they're paying attention they'll catch on, and find in themselves a renewed dedication to Gaian ideals after encountering their misbegotten cousins.

Scandal

A clever Storyteller can get lots of mileage out of the very shame the Debased represent, a passive but effective way to use the quasi-Garou to damaging ends. After all, the dog-blooded didn't just fall out of the sky one day. Regardless of the ultimate origins of the Rite of Adaptation, for Debased to exist at all, some Garou had to have considered producing young through domesticated dogs to be a *good idea*. They had to look at a Rottweiler, or Doberman, or whatever, bring themselves to copulate with it, and then tend to the twisted pups that resulted from the union long enough to let it loose on the world. This sort of thinking isn't hard to imagine in the case of Black Spiral Dancers, but most evidence points to well-meaning but misguided Gaian werewolves having produced the first dog-blooded.

If this mistake had happened only once, if the first werewolves to create Debased had seen the twisted spawn of their folly but spared them out of pity, it would be excusable. But the Rite of Adaptation is spreading through Garou culture, and to this day werewolves are still using it to produce Debased children; to no one's surprise, the Spirals have gotten a hold of the rite and are gleefully putting it to use. The reasons for this vary, though most commonly it's a desperate desire to populate the earth with warriors before an imminent Apocalypse. However, none of them reflect well on the Garou. Any Gaian werewolf known to have produced Debased young will suffer the loss of permanent Renown (even rank), and probably endure a more direct form of displeasure from other Garou; even knowing the Rite of Adaptation causes one to lose face. Any Garou, but especially one with rank and/or that is a member of a highly regarded tribe (especially Silver Fangs), would probably use every resource at his disposal to cover up a "mistake"... and elders have a lot of power, both mystical and political, to leverage against those that would "out" them. Player characters may uncover such a conspiracy, be charged with continuing one in

exchange for favors, or even caught in the middle of an investigation of other Garou.

Saving face doesn't only apply to individual werewolves. The honor of the Bone Gnawer tribe, such as it is, has been even further soiled by the Debased. After all, they've created (and still create) more of them than any other tribe, and are credited by many with having developed the fell Rite of Adaptation in the first place. Not much will help this; if the Bone Gnawers woke up one day with a miracle solution to the Debased problem, they'd still be remembered as the ones that started it all. Such is their lot.

Moreover, the mongrels are a blemish on the integrity of the Garou as a whole, as if they needed any more. While a variety of Fera interact with Debased, only a handful have a clue what the mutts really are (beyond being especially fucked-up Garou). It's yet to become general knowledge among the other Changing Breeds that the Wolves have bred with dogs and produced heirs apparent, though it's only a matter of time before it does. While Corax rumormongers, spiteful Bastet, all Nuwisha, and others will revel in endless jokes about Silver Fangs seducing Collies with spiked Alpo, such lowbrow mockery isn't the real danger. This revelation will erode what little respect the Fera have left for werewolves, especially in light of the very real problems Debased cause wherever they live. The loss of respect will cost the Wolf Breed allies and offers of assistance. The werewolves arguably deserve it, but this does nothing to help Gaia, and that's not very funny at all. (Except maybe to the Wyrm, but he has a pretty sick sense of humor anyway.)

The werewolves realize the gravity of this, and understandably want to keep their dirty little secret to themselves for as long as they can. A nosey Fera that stumbles onto the true nature and origins of the Debased could probably extort some pretty big favors to not sing the truth from the rooftops – if she plays it really smart and avoids being killed.

Inspirational Stuff

You can't wait for inspiration. You have to go after it with a club.

– Jack London

I'll briefly suggest some material for you, to get you into the proper mindset for telling stories about the Debased. None of the following stories portray Debased precisely, of course, but they do provide a nice dramatic context for chronicles featuring them.

Read *Cujo*, a classic Stephen King novel. The degeneration from good-natured dog to rabid monster is artfully written from the victim's point of view, and is a compelling parallel for succumbing to Rage and Wyrmtaint. The movie isn't as good as the novel, and lacks the dog-eye insights, but it's nonetheless a good horror flick. During the recent Hulk movie, there's a pitched battle between the protagonist and three mutated dogs; while it sounds funny, it's honestly pretty disturbing, and the appearance and behavior of the dog-monsters portray raging Debased in Hispo form pretty accurately. Some

Lovecraft fiction tells of canine-man hybrids dancing in forbidden rites, dog-faced demons, and a death cult known as the Cult of the Dog.

For less contemporary material, mythology and folk stories abound with dogs that serve as guardians, psychopomps, companions, hunters and horrors. British Isles folklore features the black dog that haunts crossroads, paths and moors. *The Mythology of Dogs* by Gerald and Loretta Hausman is a fine read, but offers more fanciful and inspirational tales than horror. One persistent theme, from Classical Greece and Ancient Egypt to Europe's black dog, is canines' connection with death and the underworld. If an enterprising Storyteller wants to tie the dog-blooded to the Shadowlands in some way, he'd have a strong mythological foundation to support him.



When we got to the alley Carl brought us to, everyone else was already scared. There was blood everywhere, body parts and clothes all over the place. It was sick, but really, it was nothing we hadn't seen the last few weeks.

Except the paw prints. *Those* were different. I think I noticed first, then Alex. He said "It looks like a bear," or some shit like that. Then we heard a howl. Everyone stopped. I mean, it only sounded like a dog, but nobody fucking stops because of some stray dogs, especially guys like us. Sheriff Kale said "Lupine tracks," whatever that means. I figured it all out when he said they moved in packs. My sire didn't tell me much, hell, he barely told me anything before he set me loose on the world, but he did tell me stories of the other horror movie things that walked around at night. Just mentioning the bastards made me nervous. Kale and Vladimira argued about what the howls were from — Kale said they were just dogs, Vladimira said werewolves.

Kale was wrong.

Suddenly, four... things... blocked our only way out of the alley. One man, two dogs, and... some other thing. The guy started twisting, moving like he shouldn't be able to. Bones cracked and skin split open, over and over, while it moved around to put fur on its arms. The dogs did the same thing, and changed. It looked like they actually hurt trying to change into whatever the hell they were changing into. I almost lost it before a fight even started, staring into one of those thing's eyes. It looked like it actually hated me just for being there. Just for *being*.

Kale moved in and tried to stab the lead dog. I tried to hit the bastard and he jumped, like, ten or fifteen feet back. We all tried to fight the monsters, but they jumped out of the way like they knew what we were doing before we did. Alex did something scarier than he's ever done, and when he turned into that shadow... whatever it was, I lost it. I know I did, because I don't remember much of what happened next. I do remember feeling one of the others bite me while I was leaning down over a dead one, and he just picked me up and shook me around. I don't remember anything after that. I came out of my rage with someone mashing my face into the pavement, and blood and shit was everywhere. Lupine blood was in my mouth and on my face. And in me.

None of us died. We won the fight... barely.

And Kale said those were *weak* ones.



Chapter Five: Mongrels

*Do you understand me? Do you think about me when you're peeing?
Do you really think you'll grow into a human being?*
– Mr. Bungle, “Stubb (a Dub)”

Goddamn, but these things come in all shapes. I've seen some Debased that look like Chows, like Pits, some with Shepherd or Bloodhound or Lab in'em, and precisely a metric assload that were mutts through and through. While most mutts'll run instead of fight, if they can, lot of'em can throw down pretty damned well when cornered – what they lack in raw power, they make up with skill and determination. Some are just as strong as us, though, and as likely to fight. Others, usually the smaller ones, are smarter and sneakier. I even seen one born from human stock, though I don't imagine that's happened more than a few times. All of'em are deformed some way, like metis, but they get by fine.

What I'm tryin' to say is they're not just flea-bitten dogs that get bigger and try to bite you. They come in all shapes and varieties, and the mutts are a lot smarter than most of us give'em credit for. They survive, no matter what we throw at'em. They're smart enough to hide, to move, to work together, and even fight back hard enough to hurt us. I used to just run the

poor bastards down and kill'em, but now that I've done that a few times, I'm not sure I want to any more. It's not that I'm goin' soft, but I'd honestly rather be killing Wyrms freak shows, and I'd rather see if we can make the Debased work for us in some way. Or at least not against us.

One thing Debased have going for them is diversity. An eclectic mix of canine bloodlines allows for lumbering powerhouses and sleek runners, cunning spies and raging brawlers. And while mutts don't have the cultural history or complex social dynamics of the Garou, nor the raw power, they're as much individuals as anyone else. Each Debased is unique, as the character templates here reflect.

Feel free to use these characters straight out of the package, or alter them to suit your game. Just wash your hands after handling them; there's no telling where they've been.

Dog Fighter

Quote: *A'ight, wanna bet \$300 that pit over there can take your boy down in under ten seconds? I'll even give his punk ass a gun.*

Prelude: You grew up street, running with a set. Every rapper, wannabe thug and ex-gangsta-turned-his-life-around motivational speaker on TV talks the same noise, but you *lived* it. At a young age you learned how to use guns and throw up dukes, and you played lookout and delivery boy for the local crack dealers. By the time you were thirteen, though, you realized drugs and jacking folks for chump change wasn't the life you wanted. You found your calling in life: dog fighting.

You always had a way with animals. They seemed scared of you, and eager to please you. You could get the biggest, baddest dogs to obey when nobody else could, even if they weren't yours. You took what money you had earned from small jobs and bought two pit bulls, a breeding pair, from a local fighter. Within three years, you had your own fighting ring, and had taken over your competitors' operations (including the guy who got you started in the business). You didn't have to deal with too many raids, because Animal Control never came 'round in your neighborhood, and the local cops (those not on the take, that is) had their hands too full with busting street hoers and crack fiends to worry about your game.

Then your First Change hit, while you were in a basement after a dog fight. Some mark tried to stiff you on a bet, and he and five of his boys got up in your face, trying make you back down. The next thing you remember is waking up in an alley blocks away, covered in blood, and some old white guy trying to rush you out of there. You went with him, which probably saved you from jail and death row. He told you that you left those boys, and everyone else in the place, in pieces. He explained to you what you were, some kind of dog-werewolf thing that had to stay low. He spent a week teaching you what you had the patience to learn, then left you to fend for yourself. You avoided the police long enough to liquidate your assets and move out of state.

Concept: In the two years since you found out what you are, you have reestablished your dog fighting business in another city, and business is booming in a way it never could have before. You fight bitch pit bulls to determine the strongest specimens, and then you breed with them, producing strong Kinfolk pups that you fight or sell off to other breeders. You've made contact with the Debased of this area, and you ply your trade with them as well. Combining the sensibilities of a pimp and slave trader, you sell off your prime Kinfolk stock and roll the profits into access to more dogs. Eventually, you hope to sire a strong changing son or daughter by one of your prizewinners, but you're happy with the progress you've made so far.

Though a monster, you're an amoral and short-sighted one, rather than actively malevolent. It's not that you like seeing animals in pain, you just don't consider their suffering – when you see a pit bull, you see money, nothing more. You're smart enough to dodge the ASPCA and make money hands over fist, but you have a chronic inability to see beyond your immediate material concerns or consider the abstracts of a situation. Debased society (such as it is), the larger world of Garou and Gaia are mostly meaningless to you; everyone is a potential ally or potential threat. You've found your niche, and you're happy there. The primary difference between you and a Black Spiral Dancer is that you don't care enough to actively make the world a worse place, you do it naturally (though you'd gleefully make money off Spirals, too, if they came to you). Something needs to wake you up to the realities of the world, and soon...

Roleplaying Hints: Whenever you deal with anyone, be it a person or a fellow Debased, glare, flex and swagger; while you really don't want trouble, folks seem to respect that. Show little tolerance for talk of spirits, Umbras, werewhatevers and that sorta shit, and remain stoically silent until you can bring the conversation around to dog fighting and profit. When the shit goes down, fight as dirty as you can, and bring reinforcements if possible (in the form of Kinfolk fighting dogs).

Equipment: Gold chains and foss, rows upon rows of cramped dog pens containing no fewer than forty fighting dogs, an SUV with small cages (for transporting your dogs), a first aid kit (for your dogs), steroids and hypos (again, for your dogs), a 9mm.

Debasement: Weak Reaching



the Debased

Name:

Breed: Homid

Pack Name:

Player:

Tribe:

Pack Totem:

Chronicle:

Debasement: Weak Reaching

Concept: Dog Fighter

Attributes

Physical

Strength _____ ●●●●●
 Dexterity _____ ●●●●●
 Stamina _____ ●●●●●

Social

Charisma _____ ●●●●●
 Manipulation _____ ●●●●●
 Appearance _____ ●●●●●

Mental

Perception _____ ●●●●●
 Intelligence _____ ●●●●●
 Wits _____ ●●●●●

Abilities

Talents

Alertness _____ ●●●●●
 Athletics _____ 00000
 Brawl _____ ●●●●●
 Dodge _____ ●●●●●
 Empathy _____ 00000
 Expression _____ 00000
 Intimidation _____ ●●●●●
 Primal-Urge _____ 0 0 0
 Streetwise _____ ●●●●●
 Subterfuge _____ ●●●●●

Skills

Animal Ken _____ ●●●●●
 Crafts _____ 00000
 Drive _____ ●●●●●
 Etiquette _____ 00000
 Firearms _____ ●●●●●
 Leadership _____ 00000
 Melee _____ 00000
 Performance _____ 00000
 Stealth _____ 00000
 Survival _____ 00000

Knowledges

Computer _____ 00000
 Enigmas _____ 00000
 Investigation _____ 00000
 Law _____ ●●●●●
 Linguistics _____ 00000
 Medicine _____ ●●●●●
 Occult _____ 00000
 Politics _____ 00000
 Rituals _____ 00000
 Science _____ 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts _____ ●●●●●
 Kinfolk _____ ●●●●●
 Resources _____ ●●●●●
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000

Gifts

Beast Speech _____

Gifts

Renown

Glory

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised _____ □
 Hurt -1 _____ □
 Injured -1 _____ □
 Wounded -2 _____ □
 Mauled -2 _____ □
 Crippled -5 _____ □
 Incapacitated _____ □

Weakness

(Optional)

Polluted Blood:
 -2 to Social die pools with Garou

Forsaken Pet

Quote: *I kill for you... I good dog, now? I come home?*

Prelude: You were a hungry, stray puppy that wandered into a yard one cold day, and was adopted by the family that lived there. They became your family. And you loved them, especially the Boy and the Girl, who would play tug-of-war with you, and help you explore the woods behind your house, and feed you, pet you, and love you. Timeless days, full of joy and children's laughter and play.

But heaven was fleeting. It confused you when the Boy and the Girl had less and less time to play with you as the summer waned, and the adults never paid attention to you. The Man stopped coming around after a while, leaving only the Woman and her young. Soon after they tossed you out of your home; the drafty doghouse to which you were exiled offered little protection from the chill autumn and bitter winter. Then, in the spring, a new puppy came and your family stopped playing with you altogether. Some days they wouldn't feed you at all; whether it was because they had forgotten to feed you or the newcomer had eaten all of the food, you never knew. You barked to remind them you were there, and they yelled at you to shut up. Once, the Boy came out and hit you for barking so much. At least he came to see you then, so on some days that you were very lonely, you barked in hopes he'd return – even if it was with a strap.

One night, the Man came back, stumbling, smelling of sour grain and shouting at the house. Like you, it seems, he had been cast out of the house, and like you, he wanted back in. But he wasn't content to wait. The Man yelled at the woman, and Woman yelled back at him. Then the Man kicked in the door and attacked her while the Boy and Girl screamed and cried.

The Man attacked the Woman.

The Man attacked your family.

So you did the only thing a good dog could do. You killed the Man. (While you were at it, you killed the damned puppy too.) You didn't understand at the time why everything and everyone was so small, or why your body felt so strange, or why the family fled screaming. What you understood was that your family was in danger.

But your family moved away the next day, and you were truly alone this time. Even worse, you couldn't protect them now! Not long after this happened, you were found by your sire and his pack. He wanted you to stay with them, and join a great, extended family of warriors. But you wanted nothing to do with him, his tribe, or his fight. You wanted your family, and the simple life you once had. You managed to convince your father to teach you some Gifts and a little man-speech, and then you quietly left them one night and never looked back. You traveled across states to find your family again, through wilderness, towns and sprawling cities, fighting starvation and enemies along the way.

Only to suffer rejection yet again.

Concept: You are among the hundreds of thousands of stray pets abandoned by their owners annually. What makes you different is your relentless cunning, and the fact you become a 350-pound killing machine when angry. All you want is the simple life of a dog and the love of your family, but you refuse to accept that's something past, and that can never be again.

For you, sentience is a curse. What little reasoning you have tells you your family doesn't want you anymore, that your desperate attempt to save your family destroyed any chance they would ever love you, and that the idyllic days as a pet are gone forever. You hate this new clarity, this understanding of loss and pain, the prospect of a future of interminable loneliness. As a dog, you were sad and confused; now, you're utterly tormented. And with Rage, you're a danger to everyone and everything – your former masters most of all.

Roleplaying Hints: Your family wants nothing more to do with you; they scream and run when you approach. Men with guns came and shot you once, and your family moved again. Now you secretly shadow them, and protect them, and stalk them, using Divine the Quarry to find them wherever they go. You wait for your family to welcome you home, lurking near the house but out of sight. You kill any new pets or strays or intruders that enter their territory, driven by out-of-control protective instincts and jealousy. Perhaps if you protect and love your family enough, you can earn their love again. You put uncomfortable thoughts out of your mind and try to live a simple life of instinct, like before. You will leave the monster you are now behind, and become the dog you were. And then the life you had before will come back.

Equipment: Your worn, snapped dog collar with chain. For when the Boy walks you again.

Note: This character bends the rules a bit, as he starts with a Level Two Gift (at the cost of 14 freebies). This isn't meant to set an easily-abused precedent, but a creative application of the Silver Rule to complement this tragic character's concept. Even so, Storytellers should be very wary of allowing other such special cases.



the Debased

Name: _____

Breed: Canis

Pack Name: _____

Player: _____

Tribe: _____

Pack Totem: _____

Chronicle: _____

Debasement: Devolution

Concept: Forsaken Pet

Attributes

Physical

Strength _____ ●●●●●
 Dexterity _____ ●●●●●
 Stamina _____ ●●●●●

Social

Charisma _____ ●●●●●
 Manipulation _____ ●●●●●
 Appearance _____ ●●●●●

Mental

Perception _____ ●●●●●
 Intelligence _____ ●●●●●
 Wits _____ ●●●●●

Abilities

Talents

Alertness _____ ●●●●●
 Athletics _____ 00000
 Brawl _____ ●●●●●
 Dodge _____ ●●●●●
 Empathy _____ ●●●●●
 Expression _____ ●●●●●
 Intimidation _____ ●●●●●
 Primal-Urge _____ ● 0 0
 Streetwise _____ 00000
 Subterfuge _____ 00000

Skills

Animal Ken _____ ●●●●●
 Crafts _____ 00000
 Drive _____ 00000
 Etiquette _____ 00000
 Firearms _____ 00000
 Leadership _____ 00000
 Melee _____ 00000
 Performance _____ 00000
 Stealth _____ ●●●●●
 Survival _____ ●●●●●

Knowledges

Computer _____ 00000
 Enigmas _____ ●●●●●
 Investigation _____ 00000
 Law _____ 00000
 Linguistics _____ 00000
 Medicine _____ 00000
 Occult _____ ●●●●●
 Politics _____ 00000
 Rituals _____ ●●●●●
 Science _____ 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

Kinfolk _____ ●●●●●
 Mentor _____ ●●●●●
 Rites _____ ●●●●●
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000

Gifts

Blur of the Milky Eye _____
 Divine the Quarry _____

Gifts

Renown

Glory

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank

Rage

● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised _____ □
 Hurt -1 _____ □
 Injured -1 _____ □
 Wounded -2 _____ □
 Mauled -2 _____ □
 Crippled -5 _____ □
 Incapacitated _____ □

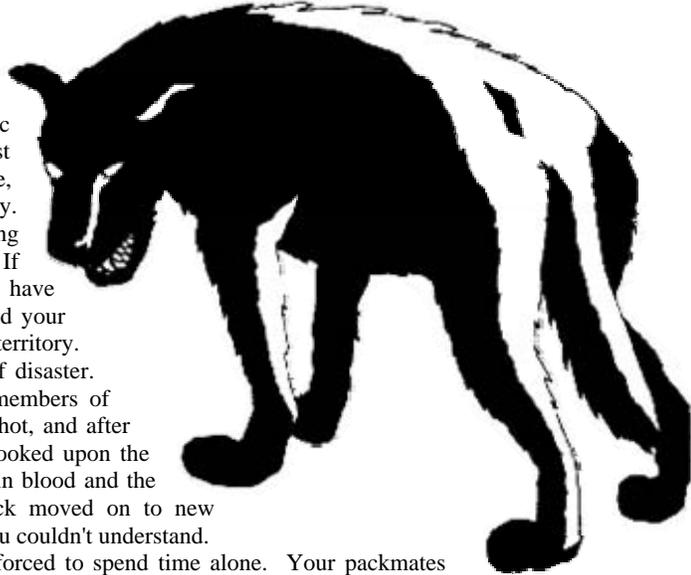
Weakness (Optional)

Polluted Blood:
 -2 to Social die pools with Garou

Wolves

Quote: *Better you than me.*

Prelude: Life was far from idyllic even before you sold out your family. You lost pack members to vehicles, starvation, disease, guns, and men in trucks that took them away. And always, there was this sense of something terrible just beyond the range of perception. If you had possessed forethought, you might have sensed disaster on a quick wind when you and your pack scented Wolves in your newfound territory. However, it was men that sowed the seeds of disaster. They came with guns and started shooting members of your pack. You remember the sting of buckshot, and after that it was a blur of Rage. When you first looked upon the world with self-awareness, you were covered in blood and the humans were in pieces. You and your pack moved on to new territory, fleeing a sense of impending doom you couldn't understand.



After your First Change, you were forced to spend time alone. Your packmates were scared of you, and you could no longer enjoy the simple things with them as you once did. One night soon after, others that changed caught up with you. They offered to tell you who you really are, and protect you from further attacks by men with guns. But first, you had to prove your loyalty.

Concept: It's been a while since you led the Garou to your family, including the bitch that carried your pups in her belly, and helped run them down; they said they couldn't risk another like you being born. You've not broken your stride since then, and you've led many more to their doom. Your new pack has discovered your talent for infiltrating other Debased packs and leading them into ambushes, and for tracking down survivors – and they put you to work as frequently as they can.

You're not quite certain why you do this. It's certainly not out of love, for the Garou spare none for you. You are your pack's omega, but only because there is no lower position to be had. You are punished for mistakes, but receive no praise when you do well. The werewolves speak of duty to Gaia and the tribe, and you assume this must be yours. While an unhappy existence, anything is better than being alone; during those times, you hear the howls and cries of those you've sent to their deaths, and are prone to terrified frenzies as you snap at their ghosts. Better to stay with the Wolves, even if you're denied their companionship and the campfire's warmth.

Roleplaying Hints: You have overdeveloped self-preservation instincts, underdeveloped ethics, and a knack for gaining others' trust. You're filled with self-loathing; you're a betrayer, a dog-blooded affront to Gaia, and unworthy of your pack's respect or love. Which is just as well; you'd sell your packmates down the river just as quickly as you do other Debased and their Kinfolk, given the chance. Just lose yourself in the moment you're in, like life before the First Change, and you won't have to think of the past. With every betrayal, every death you're responsible for, another voice is added to the chorus in your head... one day, there will be too many for you to bear. Until then, you'll throw yourself into your duty to escape them, and attain peace in atrocity... or die trying.

Equipment: Dedicated shirt and jeans, old shoes, a stash of miscellaneous items stolen from Garou packmates and Debased you've set up.

Debasement: Deranged.

the Debased

Name:

Breed: Canis

Pack Name:

Player:

Tribe: Bone Gnawers

Pack Totem:

Chronicle:

Debasement: Deranged

Concept: Judas

Attributes

Physical

Strength _____ ●●●●●
 Dexterity _____ ●●●●●
 Stamina _____ ●●●●●

Social

Charisma _____ ●●●●●
 Manipulation _____ ●●●●●
 Appearance _____ ●●●●●

Mental

Perception _____ ●●●●●
 Intelligence _____ ●●●●●
 Wits _____ ●●●●●

Abilities

Talents

Alertness _____ ●●●●●
 Athletics _____ 00000
 Brawl _____ ●●●●●
 Dodge _____ ●●●●●
 Empathy _____ ●●●●●
 Expression _____ 00000
 Intimidation _____ 00000
 Primal-Urge _____ ● 0 0
 Streetwise _____ ●●●●●
 Subterfuge _____ ●●●●●

Skills

Animal Ken _____ ●●●●●
 Crafts _____ 00000
 Drive _____ 00000
 Etiquette _____ 00000
 Firearms _____ 00000
 Leadership _____ ●●●●●
 Melee _____ 00000
 Performance _____ 00000
 Stealth _____ ●●●●●
 Survival _____ ●●●●●

Knowledges

Computer _____ 00000
 Enigmas _____ 00000
 Investigation _____ 00000
 Law _____ 00000
 Linguistics _____ 00000
 Medicine _____ 00000
 Occult _____ ●●●●●
 Politics _____ ●●●●●
 Rituals _____ ●●●●●
 Science _____ 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

Contacts _____ ●●●●●
 Rites _____ ●●●●●
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000

Gifts

Cooking _____
 Resist Toxin _____
 Tagalong _____

Gifts

Renown

Glory

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rank

1 - Cliath

Rage

● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0
 □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised _____ □
 Hurt -1 _____ □
 Injured -1 _____ □
 Wounded -2 _____ □
 Mauled -2 _____ □
 Crippled -5 _____ □
 Incapacitated _____ □

Weakness

(Optional)

Polluted Blood:
 -2 to Social die pools with Garou

Runt

Quote: *Never thought to look down, did ya?*

Prelude: You should have come out big and strong. Hell, you took the nutrients meant for your brothers and sisters, and from your mother too. She spent the last of her strength giving birth to you, and died. You remember none of this, of course – this is what you were told by the other Sirius after your First Change. Everything before this is a bit of a blur; the time before speech and thought are mostly images and impressions. But you remember enough.

Your first hazy memories were of being kicked around a lot, and dominated by those bigger than you. Of course, as fate would have it, *every-one* was bigger than you. You recall a world of giants, running through legs and under bellies to snatch food and escape snapping teeth. You didn't hew to your place in the pack; had you, you'd have starved. No matter how many times you were barked at, bitten or abused, you wouldn't accept the lowest position in the hierarchy. In fact, you willingly submitted to no one.



Then came an event that you don't clearly remember, but you'll never forget its aftermath. You got into a fight over something, you can't even recall what it was, and suddenly you were lost in a sea of red anger. When you came to your senses, the first thing you saw through the lenses of self-awareness was the tattered, bloody remains of every dog in the kennel. You had fought your way to the top of this little hierarchy, but this wasn't quite what you had in mind. It wasn't long before others came and got you, monsters in dog's skin like you, and introduced you to your tribe.

Concept: You carry the same tough-as-nails, don't back down attitude you did as a pup, though it's tempered with a little more wisdom. You're determined to make alpha, despite your small stature (or perhaps because of it), and you continually train to compensate for the weakness of your small body, learning the tools of humans when you wear the man-shape. You're quicker and tougher than most of your fellows, and have seen the wisdom of using hit-and-run and ambush tactics that favor your natural strengths. The Sirius above you in rank are worthy of your respect, and are considerably more dangerous than the dogs you once tussled with (as you quickly found out upon introduction into the tribe). However, your fellow Cliaths are fair game in dominance contests, and most of them now follow your lead. You've discovered a knack for leadership, and your superiors tell you that very soon you'll be given the chance to prove yourself against the foes of your tribe.

Roleplaying Hints: The key to playing this character is attitude. Some characters act like the toughest game in town; you, however, *know* you are. When slapped down, bounce back, spitting and growling. Find some way to persevere. Don't back down unless it's someone higher in the chain of command. When you gain dominance, however, you become responsible for your subordinates, and you'll protect them with your life if necessary. You aren't mean or cruel, but failure or servile submissiveness isn't your lot in life. You were the shitcatcher back at the kennel, and you won't ever be again.

Equipment: Dedicated sweat suit and tennis shoes. Sometimes you tote a dedicated shotgun when you're expecting trouble.

Debatement: Tiny.

the Debased

Name:
Player:
Chronicle:

Breed: Canis
Tribe: Vanguard of Sirius
Debasement: Tiny

Pack Name:
Pack Totem:
Concept: Runt

Attributes

Physical	Social	Mental
Strength _____ ●○○○○	Charisma _____ ●○○○○	Perception _____ ●○○○○
Dexterity _____ ●○○○○	Manipulation _____ ●○○○○	Intelligence _____ ●○○○○
Stamina _____ ●○○○○	Appearance _____ ●○○○○	Wits _____ ●○○○○

Abilities

Talents	Skills	Knowledges
Alertness _____ ●○○○○	Animal Ken _____ ○○○○○	Computer _____ ○○○○○
Athletics _____ ●○○○○	Crafts _____ ○○○○○	Enigmas _____ ○○○○○
Brawl _____ ●○○○○	Drive _____ ○○○○○	Investigation _____ ○○○○○
Dodge _____ Ducking _____ ●○○○○	Etiquette _____ ○○○○○	Law _____ ○○○○○
Empathy _____ ○○○○○	Firearms _____ ○○○○○	Linguistics _____ ○○○○○
Expression _____ ○○○○○	Leadership _____ Inspiration _____ ●○○○○	Medicine _____ ○○○○○
Intimidation _____ ●○○○○	Melee _____ ○○○○○	Occult _____ ○○○○○
Primal-Urge _____ ● ○ ○ ○	Performance _____ ○○○○○	Politics _____ ●○○○○
Streetwise _____ ○○○○○	Stealth _____ ●○○○○	Rituals _____ ●○○○○
Subterfuge _____ ○○○○○	Survival _____ ●○○○○	Science _____ ○○○○○

Advantages

Backgrounds	Gifts	Gifts
Rites _____ ●○○○○	Prey Mind _____	_____
Totem _____ ●○○○○	Sense Weakness _____	_____
_____ ○○○○○	Sharptooth _____	_____
_____ ○○○○○	_____	_____
_____ ○○○○○	_____	_____

Renown

Glory

● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Honor

● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Wisdom

○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Rage

● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Gnosis

● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Health

Bruised		<input type="checkbox"/>
Hurt	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Injured	-1	<input type="checkbox"/>
Wounded	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Mauled	-2	<input type="checkbox"/>
Crippled	-5	<input type="checkbox"/>
Incapacitated		<input type="checkbox"/>

Rank

1 - Cliath

Willpower

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □

Weakness

(Optional)
Polluted Blood:
-2 to Social die pools with Garou

Tribe Mystic

Quote: *You may not see the spirits, but they see you. And with their eyes, I see what you do.*

Prelude: Before your First Change, you never felt like a member of your pack, as the other dogs shied away from you. Truth be told, you didn't care, as you preferred your own company to that of your continually barking, bickering kin. You felt a certain affinity for your alpha, a skin-changer with the scent of spiritual power and Rage about her, though your fellows feared her. But even she was strange to you, and you to her, for her way was violence and dominance. Though you shunned them, you knew you were never really alone. You felt your true family around you, unseen but always present. Scents and sounds and movement were always just behind the veil of perception, beckoning you, there but always beyond reach...



Then another skin-changer came, a giant wolf that smelled of oil and sewage. He tore into your pack with savage abandon, and even your powerful alpha was unable to stand against him. You felt a wellspring of Rage as your family's blood hit your nostrils, and you changed... as did everything around you. You were drawn into the other world, the one that was always before just beyond your reach. After that, everything was a conflicting mix of pain and violence. The first rational sight to your new eyes was the shredded remains of a bloated Bane, with its filthy ichor staining your teeth and fur. You saw that the evil Wolf was passing between the curtain of this world and the next, himself a great spirit and perhaps sensing the distress of his companion. You fled into this new world world, finally free to run with the spirits that were always with you. You didn't know how to get back to the other side, but you didn't care, as the crude world of matter was no longer your concern.

At least, until another Wolf found you and offered to tell you of your purpose and heritage. She brought you back across the Gauntlet, and introduced you to your new family, the Vanguard of Sirius.

Concept: You're adjusting to Vanguard of Sirius life well, a member of an elite pack serving the great star-spirit that guides your tribe. Few there have your affinity with spirit matters, and your talents are valuable to them, so you're given more leeway and freedom other Vanguard don't have. You spend every moment you can in the Umbra and learning the ways of the spirits there, and performing your tribal duties – including leading minor rites, and teaching other Debased how to interact with spirits. Besides, considerations must be made to keep you out of fights, as your frail body heals even minor injuries slowly. Your pack alpha and mentor is the Garou that found you wandering the Umbra and brought you into the fold. She's found in you a quick study; from her you've learned rites, Gifts, the ways of Sirius' tribe, and (most valuable to you) spirit lore. Soon you'll be binding spirits into fetishes, healing your comrades, and tracking corrupt spirits through the Penumbra. Perhaps it's not the life you would have chosen, but they tell you it's better than being forever alone on this side of the Gauntlet.

Roleplaying Hints: You feel more spirit than flesh, and more at home in the Umbra than in the material realm. If it were not for your close friendship with your mentor and sense of obligation to your tribe, you might have fled the physical world already. You wouldn't spurn your tribe, but you believe you can offer it more by seeking the wisdom of Sirius and other great spirits directly. As for now, however, loyalty to your tribe and pack tethers you to this world and its concerns, and you perform your duties without complaint.

Equipment: Ritual tools (including herbs, incense, ceremonial knife and chiminage tokens), cloak, paper with glyphs scrawled on it.

Debasement: Stunted Healing.

the Debased

Name:

Breed: Canis

Pack Name:

Player:

Tribe: Vanguard of Sirius

Pack Totem:

Chronicle:

Debasement: Stunted Healing

Concept: Tribe Mystic

Attributes

Physical

Strength ●●●●●
 Dexterity ●●●●●
 Stamina ●●●●●

Social

Charisma ●●●●●
 Manipulation ●●●●●
 Appearance ●●●●●

Mental

Perception ●●●●●
 Intelligence ●●●●●
 Wits ●●●●●

Abilities

Talents

Alertness ●●●●●
 Athletics 00000
 Brawl 00000
 Dodge ●0000
 Empathy ●●●●●
 Expression 00000
 Intimidation 00000
 Primal-Urge ● 0 0
 Streetwise 00000
 Subterfuge 00000

Skills

Animal Ken 00000
 Crafts 00000
 Drive 00000
 Etiquette 00000
 Firearms 00000
 Leadership 00000
 Melee 00000
 Performance ●0000
 Stealth ●0000
 Survival ●●000

Knowledges

Computer 00000
 Enigmas ●●●●●
 Investigation 00000
 Law 00000
 Linguistics 00000
 Medicine 00000
 Occult ●●●●●
 Politics ●●●●●
 Rituals ●●●●●
 Supplication ●●●●●
 Science 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

Mentor ●●●●●
 Rites ●●●●●
 Totem ●●●●●
 00000
 00000

Gifts

Sense Weakness
 Sense Wyrms
 Spirit Speech

Gifts

Renown

Glory

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Honor

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Wisdom

● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Rank

1 - Cliath

Rage

● 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Gnosis

● ● ● ● ● ● 0

Willpower

● ● ● ● 0 0 0 0 0 0

Health

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

Weakness (Optional)

Polluted Blood:
 -2 to Social die pools with Garou

Characters of Note

In some way or another, the Debased are forever doomed to live in the shadows of the Garou. Even if the mongrels manage to survive (or hasten) the extinction of werewolves, they carry the heritage of their forefathers in their veins, and inherit their crippled souls... reminding them of what they'll never be. However, this isn't to say the mutts are impotent, useless or doomed to obscurity, as a group or as individuals.

Despite their degraded origins and humble lot, some Debased rise above the fray and attain distinction or infamy. Others are defined by their response to the mongrels, acting as allies to or foes of the Debased. The following are only a few of the characters worthy of mention in the wake of the Rite of Adaptation.

Gray

Gray is probably the oldest and most powerful Debased alive, and living example of the perseverance and cunning of ferals. By most accounts, Gray was the first Debased, or one of the first, born in the 1950s somewhere in New Mexico to the Garou that developed or discovered the Rite of Adaptation. Some say Gray was born a Bone Gnawer, cast out of his tribe once his degraded nature manifested; he's silent on this matter, and doesn't confirm or deny this. Gray isn't particularly big or strong, but has proven smart and wary enough to survive, and has a lifetime of experience to call on. Gray can use numerous Gifts, a rare quality for ferals, and even knows a few rites. He has also collected no few fetishes and talens over his lifetime (and has scored big recently).

Gray runs the Southwestern U.S. with a large pack of Debased and Kinfolk. His pack never stays in one place for long; they move into a rural town or settlement quietly, and leave the same way after about a week, leaving few traces of their passing. Among the Debased of his pack, Gray alone has the rite to breed, and has successfully defended his position (and policies) as alpha for better than three decades; this has prevented the birth of countless other mongrels, and has won him



less foes among the Garou than he might have had otherwise. However, on a few occasions Gray's pack bloodied the noses of werewolves and escaped to tell about it. This is a source of embarrassment for those Garou and their allies, and earned him foes he might otherwise have not.

Recently in Arizona, Gray baited a Debased-hunting Garou pack into territory claimed by Spirals, where a pack of the latter ambushed and slaughtered the former; after the fight, Gray's pack fell on the weakened Dancers and killed them. He and his pack then looted the bodies and left. This outrage has local septs *and* the Hive of the Choked Gully howling for Gray's head, uniting a sizeable majority of Arizona's were-wolves against him and his pack! So far the wily Gray has eluded capture, despite the independent efforts of Gaian and Wyrms Garou. (These groups are by no means working together, but are unknowingly working toward the same goal.)

The Vanguard of Sirius has been trying to convince Gray and his pack to join them for some time now, as the tribe wants the experience and morale boost the wily old dog-blood's induction would offer. Thus far, the stubbornly independent Debased has expressed little interest. The Masters are hoping with a price on his head, Gray will see the wisdom of the Vanguard's protection, and have renewed their efforts to recruit him; two packs have been assigned to find him and do whatever they can to bring him on board.

The old dog-blood's Canis form displays the heritage of a true mutt, an ugly and unsettling mixture of lupine features and various dog breeds: wolfen large paws and muzzle, a dull light gray coat with gray spots, and shaggy patches of fur on his sides and legs. The gray that's his namesake is more white now, as is his hair, betraying his age. Gray is missing an eye to a battle scar, and retains his breed shape's front left leg through all five forms (though he tucks it under a dedicated old pea coat in Homid form). He bears numerous scars as mute testimony to his ability to weather the violent vicissitudes of the world.

Janette Beal and Animal Control

Janette Beal is one of the premier hunters of Debased, and popular lore credits this well-connected and competent Louisiana-born Fianna Kinfolk, and her cadre of Kin hunters, with a little over twenty kills (and the deaths of uncounted Kinfolk dogs). Equipped with silver weapons, tear gas grenades and a variety of traps,

Animal Control travels from sept to sept, offering to rid the area of mutts in exchange for expenses and a “reasonable gratuity.” The group cycles through members regularly, as Kinfolk volunteer for a time and then leave to attend other responsibilities, or are killed (hunting Debased is only slightly less suicidal than hunting werewolves). At any given time, Animal Control has five to seven members, with Janette and her cousin Byron Mills the only constant members. Animal Control performs so exemplarily that they often earn “tips” of money, equipment and talents, above and beyond their normal payment – and they also profit through referrals made between septs. On occasion, low-ranked Garou have asked to tag along on Animal Control’s “dog hunts” for Glory, combat training and bragging rites. Beal and her crew are most implacable foes to the dog-blooded.

While Janette talks a good game, able to enflame the passions of the Garou she relies on for support by railing against the impurity and corrupt nature of the Debased, her interest in dog-blooded is more fiscal than ideological. She and the rest of Animal Control have earned a small fortune killing Debased (and a few scars, as well), and she has earned the respect of some important Garou. Beal likes the income and status, and doesn’t intend to relinquish either anytime soon.

Lately, however, Janette and her group have been encountering unexpected opposition. As someone who’s used to getting her way, this isn’t something Janette likes at all. In November of 2004, Animal Control encountered an unusually well-armed and organized group of Debased north of Cincinnati; after a pitched battle, Janette lay on the ground, injured, with two Animal Control members dead and three mutts having escaped. While members of Animal Control had died on hunts before, never had they been beaten so soundly, nor had they ever lost a quarry. Since then, some septs have been turning Animal Control away (even if they were previously friendly), and they’re not getting as many “job offers” as they used to. Janette suspects that either her reputation has been damaged, or that something else is going on; on the conspiracy angle, Beal’s prime suspect is the Child of Gaia Litany of Mercy, who has been whining pretty loudly about what she’s been doing. But Janette hasn’t the investigative skills or connections within the Garou Nation to figure out what’s going on, and there are more than enough septs still willing to deal with her.

Beal is no cover model. She has a solid, muscular build the envy of many men, claw marks adorning her freckled arms and stomach, a swaggering gait, and a voice thick from shouting and too many cigarettes. But there’s something of a rough beauty about her, if you’ve the eyes to see it, with her alert green eyes and short brown curls. For obvious reasons, she’s considered prime breeding stock by many Garou. Janette is being “courted” by three Fianna, and bids are even being made from Garou outside her tribe for breeding rights. (These requests are checked with her, of course, and not her home sept, as she won’t abide her tribe or anyone else telling her who she’s going to have kids by.)

Litany of Mercy

This Child of Gaia is a noted Debased advocate and apologist, and is tireless in her crusade to stop the persecution of the dog-blooded. While it’s not out of character for one of Unicorn’s Children to advocate a position of tolerance and moderation, it surprises many that Litany of Mercy is both lupus and an Ahroun. While several Children of Gaia have tried to convince their fellow werewolves to shift their attentions from the mongrels to other threats, few have publicly defended the Debased as being Gaia’s creations like Litany has. She claims the Garou have a responsibility to Debased, considering that they are not only relations but likely the result of witless werewolf tinkering with Gaia’s plan. She points to the mutts’ activities and states very plainly that it’s a problem, but blames the Garou for it – had not Gaia’s Warriors not shirked their duties to educate their kin, and not driven them away by hunting and killing them, they wouldn’t be a problem. She has been known to not only verbally defend dog-blooded, but physically as well, and as a Full Moon is quite capable of doing so (though thankfully she hasn’t had to take any lives). Litany has lost Renown for this, but she stands firm to her beliefs, and her conviction has earned the respect and support of a number of other Garou.

Many fear that a nasty confrontation between Litany of Mercy and the mutt-hunter Janette Beal is inevitable, as Litany has openly stated her desire to end what she calls Janette’s “murderous rampage” one way or another.

Spinner

Spinner is a terrible example of the cause and effect of Garou persecution, as well as an example just how dangerous a Debased can be. Spinner was born with severe equilibrium problems, unable to stand without struggling to keep his balance. To compensate, the half-Dalmatian feral always stayed in motion, effectively shifting his imbalance from one foot to another, to stay on his feet. Spinner often spun in place if he had to remain in one spot, making it look like he was chasing his tail, earning his name. This constant motion made it possible for him to stay upright, though was unable to hunt effectively even after his First Change, having to scavenge food from road kill and garbage cans. He was unfortunate enough to be born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, smack in the middle of Garou territory. Spinner and his pack suffered frequent attacks from werewolves, and being surrounded on all sides they had no place to run. Once composed of four other Debased and close to a dozen Kinfolk, their numbers were whittled down to two Debased (including Spinner) and five dogs. All the feral and his pack could do was run and hide whenever the Garou found them.

Until Spinner and his companions saw their tormentors fighting some other werewolves on the outskirts of Pottsville.

The rest of his pack fled the battle, but Spinner saw an opportunity to take revenge on those that had so tormented him. His anger overwhelmed his instinct for self-preservation, and Spinner didn’t care these new

Garou may be no better than the last. He lay in wait, tensed, steadying himself by sheer force of will, until one of the familiar Garou fled past the bushes he had hidden in. He leapt on her back, and delivered several vicious bites before she could react to defend herself. By then she was bleeding out, and even as she frenzied and threw Spinner aside, he lunged for her belly and finished his grim work. She clawed the mongrel nastily before she went down, however, and Spinner collapsed with his wounds. The dying mongrel soon found himself surrounded by the strange Garou his enemies had fought: a pack of Black Spiral Dancers.

Amused and impressed by the little mutt's heroism and cunning, the Cataract of the Third Eye pack took him back to the abandoned anthracite mine they used as a base, and from there to their Hive through secret Umbral tunnels. After the wounded dog-blood was healed via Gifts, they tossed him into the Black Spiral, not expecting the misbegotten creature to survive but honestly unwilling to kill or abandon him after he helped them. They were surprised when the gibbering Debased crawled out of the Umbra, madness dancing in his eyes. Spinner led them back to Pottsville, where they recruited the surviving mongrel. Spinner's intimate knowledge of the area's best hiding places has helped his new pack gain a foothold, and he's always willing to put the hurting on some Gaian Garou when the opportunity presents itself.

Spinner attained a mad apotheosis in the Black Labyrinth. He now believes that he was born to dance the twisting maze, the Defiler Wyrms "gifting" him with the debasement from which he suffers, marking him in the womb as his. The mongrel's damaged equilibrium always forced him to reel in circles, but after having danced the Spiral, Spinner's awkward steps have gained a disturbing pattern. As he runs in place, he retraces the steps he took in the Labyrinth, his feet and body remembering the Destroyer's lessons. Sometimes the mutt will run in tight circles for hours, dancing beyond the point of exhaustion, foaming and barking out exultations to the Wyrms until he collapses into fitful unconsciousness. This behavior is bizarre enough to disturb even his fellow Spirals, and most of them leave Spinner alone out of superstitious dread and respect for his mad insights.

The pack that found him has adopted the insane little freak as a sort of pack mascot, though the pack's totem, G'louogh, has granted Spinner its favor as a true bastard. The pack's Theurge swears she gleans occasional insights from the mongrel's manic dances, and has taken to using him as a sort of living auguring device, but she admits Spinner is mostly just nuts.

Tabloid Stacy

Tabloid Stacy (Stacy Patterson by birth) is a young Corax that has yet to make a name for herself. She's great at getting information out of people, mostly due to her persistent questioning, overbearing personality and propensity to snoop (hence her moniker), but until recently has failed to uncover anything important by Corax standards. High-society scandals, corporate corruption and interstate fugitives have given Stacy a reputation in the press, but such stories don't do much to

earn a wereraven Renown among her kind. However, Tabloid Stacy's situation has changed recently, and she's found herself sitting on a secret so big she dare not share it.

While flying over the city on her way to a rumored illegal dumping site last year, Stacy chanced upon a meeting in an alleyway. She decided to blow off the site for the time being, and swoop down and listen... such clandestine meetings are always juicy. It was a discussion between a group of Debased and someone else. The Corax realized that the mutts were part of the "secret" Vanguard of Sirius tribe, but she wondered at the agenda and identity of the individual they met. She tailed the mystery man as he left the scene for a few days, carefully watching where he went and with whom he met. Stacy discovered he was an Elder Shadow Lord participating in a conspiracy with other powerful Garou to support and direct the Vanguard of Sirius. She now divides her time spying on the other conspirators, and she knows the identities of most of the Masters. She's also uncovered the connections between them.

Obsessed, Stacy has abandoned everything to follow the Vanguard conspiracy, recognizing just how big it is. As a result, she hasn't sold a story to a paper recently, has fallen off the media radar suddenly enough to provoke concern from her sources and compatriots, and is so deep in debt she's in danger of losing her small apartment and battered Toyota pickup truck.

While aware of all this, and rightly concerned, Tabloid Stacy realizes the Masters conspiracy is too big to just drop. She has single-handedly uncovered a secret no one outside the Masters should know. So far, she's only told her mentor in a letter what she's learned, with the very unusual request (for a Corax) to keep a lid on this, at least for the time being.

Stacy is now faced with a difficult choice. Stacy can share this information with her fellow Corax and leverage it into rank and bragging rights. But she knows how chatty her people are; the dirt would certainly end up in the ears of Garou sooner or later, which would compromise the Vanguard of Sirius to no good end. However, to learn such juicy info and *not* blab it to all that will listen flies in the face of every instinct she has as a Corax, especially since she's sacrificed so much to get it...



Sample Characters

Here's a selection of ready-made Storyteller characters for use in **Werewolf** chronicles. With the exception of the Tailchasers pack, these characters are generic and incomplete, lacking much in the way of motivation, depth or individuality. That's where you come in, fleshing them out and personalizing them for use in your games. And as if it needs to be said, don't hesitate to mutilate the sample characters until they fit your vision.

Ferals

Most mongrels are ferals, with no tribe affiliation or interest in the Garou. In most **Werewolf** games, even in many of those with a Debased focus, characters are more likely to encounter ferals than Vanguard mutts or tribal lapdogs. Really, there's so damned many ferals it's hard *not* to encounter them.

While often quite intelligent and cunning, and not the dumb dogs so many make them out to be (strays aside), ferals tend to have fairly simple motivation: find food, protect their loved ones, avoid bigger predators and so on. Most prefer flight to fight (and so are in fact smarter than many Garou in this regard), though they can be potent and resourceful enemies.

Green Mutt

History: This Debased grew hungry up in a harsh world, and then things got both easier and harder for him at the same time when the First Change hit. The power and superior intelligence are great, but biting hunger and homicidal Wolves are still constant threats. Luckily, someone taught the Green Mutt about what he is, and he has some understanding of his capabilities and place in the world. He probably has a sizeable Kinfolk pack or runs with another mongrel or two.



An "average" feral reflects this template. You can use Green Mutts as stock combat monsters if you want, though they're probably more effective when used to evoke pity and a sense of desperation.

Image: A mongrelized creature with hints of lupine heritage, about three-quarters the mass of a wolf in Canis form. The Homid form is almost never taken, which is usually unwashed and poorly dressed.

Roleplaying Notes: Stick with your pack, and protect them as best you can. Run from werewolves if possible, fight dirty if not. Protect your territory from foreign dog-blooded. And by-God *survive*.

Breed: Canis

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Survivor

Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4), Charisma 2, Manipulation 2 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2, Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3.

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Primal-Urge 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2.

Backgrounds: None.

Advantages: Rage 2, Gnosis 3, Willpower 2

Gifts: Sense Prey.

Rites: None.

Equipment: Some old dirty clothes.

Debasement: Incomplete Transformation

Old Veteran

History: Unlike most of her compatriots, the Old Veteran has survived everything the world has thrown at her for several years. She has a wealth of knowledge and experience to draw on, and the Veteran knows her way around her forgotten corners of the World of Darkness like no one's business. She's picked up a few tricks and several scars along the way – and a small following, whether she wants them or not. But there's strength in numbers, and though more mutts in an area means an increase chance of unwanted attention, her pack is more a benefit than a bane.

Though not a "power character," an Old Veteran that is played intelligently can allow you to portray how resourceful and practical Debased can be: she operates with a pack, uses strategy, and plans for the long term. Depending on the story you're telling, she can be a potent nemesis, a sympathetic character, an ally, or even a mentor.

Image: Take a Green Mutt, and add about six years' worth of age, scars and hard experience. The Homid form is apt to be better-dressed, and though still a socially inept freak, the Veteran moves with far greater ease among humans than younger Debased. The character radiates a sense of competence and power.

Roleplaying Notes: You've been alive this long because you're smart and tough. You don't believe in honor, fair fights, or much beyond practical concerns of day-to-day life. You grasp the abstract just fine, but you don't let it get in the way. You care enough about your subordinates to want them to survive (as well as caring about your own ass enough to not let their mistakes compromise it), so you keep them in line and demand strict obedience.

Breed: Canis

Nature: Director

Demeanor: Alpha

Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (4/5/5/4), Charisma 3, Manipulation 3 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3.

Abilities: Alertness 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 2, Primal-Urge 2, Leadership 2, Melee 1, Stealth 2, Survival 3, Occult 1, Rituals 1.

Backgrounds: Rites 1

Advantages: Rage 4, Gnosis 3, Willpower 5

Gifts: Blissful Ignorance, Resist Toxin, Sense Prey.

Rites: Talisman Dedication.

Equipment: Dedicated khakis, running shoes and old shirt (all in good repair), a large knife you know how to use, and several bolt holes with food and supply caches.

Debasement: Silver Sensitivity

Stray

History: This mutt experienced his First Change alone, and without the benefit of guidance from other Debased, Garou or anyone else. Such a stray is among the most dangerous Debased one can encounter, as he's almost always starving. But things are looking up: he's found that man is a good prey animal, and is becoming increasingly bolder and more skilled in hunting them. Paranoia is a way of life for this Debased, and he's hard to root out when he goes to ground.

Thankfully, Debased like him are uncommon. They're best used as memorable and horrifying encounters, not something one runs across every other day.

Image: Either (A) an emaciated, ugly, dirty Debased in Canis form running away in all due haste, or (B) an emaciated, ugly, dirty Crinos running toward you in the throes of frenzy.

Roleplaying Notes: Only attack lone enemies, and only if they're weaker than you. Otherwise, run and hide. Desperate hunger may drive you to take certain risks, though, so do what you must to survive.

Breed: Canis

Nature: Survivor

Demeanor: Survivor

Attributes: Strength 3 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 4 (4/5/5/4), Charisma 1, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 1, Wits 3.

Abilities: Alertness (danger sense) 4, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Primal-Urge 3, Stealth (hiding) 4, Survival (garbage dump) 4.

Backgrounds: None.

Advantages: Rage 6, Gnosis 3, Willpower 7

Gifts: None.

Rites: None.

Equipment: None.

Debasement: Reek

Two-Legger

History: This character is a rarity, a homid Debased. Her father was probably a roaming Bone Gnawer, though one can't be too sure – daddy ran off right after he knocked up momma, and it's not like he's bothered to come back and claim her. She fell in with some canis Debased right after her First Change at 16, and they taught her the ropes about being a werewolf (or whatever she is). In exchange, the Two-Legger helped instruct the ferals on human culture and language. She also feeds them whatever she can afford, and lets them hang around her secluded trailer. One of them even gave her some kids... and the idea doesn't disgust her nearly as much as it should.

Image: A wiry, blonde, horse-faced country girl of questionable hygiene and little education, with a lot of big dogs in her yard. Thankfully for her, that describes pretty much everyone where she lives, so she doesn't stand out too much. Her Canis form is a wolf-dog mix with floppy hound dog ears.

Roleplaying Notes: You make your living pulling minimum at the local O'Tolleys during the day, and turn the occasional trick for extra money. You've only had to "go furry" a few times, mostly when dumb guys come to your trailer and didn't understand the meaning of the word "no," or thought that paying you once entitled them to take what they wanted whenever they wanted. They deserved what they got, anyway.

Like your dog-born relations, you just survive from day to day, unaware of the dark world around you and its myriad opportunities and dangers.

Breed: Homid

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Bravo

Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3), Charisma 2, Manipulation 2 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2, Perception 2, Intelligence 1, Wits 2.

Abilities: Subterfuge 1, Drive 2, Firearms 1, Crafts (cooking) 1, Performance (guitar) 1, Rituals 1.

Backgrounds: Resources 1, Rites 1

Advantages: Rage 1, Gnosis 1, Willpower 2

Gifts: Cooking

Rites: Talisman Dedication

Equipment: Not much.

Debasement: Stunted Healing

Mad Dogs

These characters make good antagonists, but not much of anything else. They're meant to be on-screen just long enough for them to kill or be killed. They may seem a two-dimensional, but you're not going to get a lot of subtle Storytelling mileage out of such thoroughly corrupted dog-blooded (though more power to you if you want to personalize them and use them as recurring characters).

Corrupted Canis

History: Some Debased fall through the wrong cracks. For a creature that faces starvation and Garou harassment as a regular part of her life, the "all you can eat, and we got your back" pitch sounds pretty good. In retrospect, mutts initiated into the Black Spiral Dancers discover a quick death might have been better. But servitude has its perks, and though she'll never be treated as an equal in your tribe, less respect is better than none at all. Plus, the man-flesh is plentiful.

Image: A basic, run-of-the-mill Debased, except a little plumper than normal, with oil-stained fur and insane eyes.

Roleplaying Notes: Maybe you had potential to not be such a bad dog, but you fell for the wrong recruitment pitch, and now a life of abuse, madness and servitude is your fate. May as well make the best of it. There's some Gaian Garou you've been meaning to take revenge on anyway...

Breed: Canis

Tribe: Black Spiral Dancers

Nature: Omega

Demeanor: Omega

Attributes: Strength 2(3/5/4/2), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4), Charisma 2, Manipulation 2 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2, Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 2.

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 1, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Survival 3, Wyrms Lore 2.

Backgrounds: Totem (Bat) 2

Rank: Cliath (1)

Advantages: Rage 3, Gnosis 3, Will-power 3

Gifts: Ears of the Bat

Rites: None.

Equipment: You're kidding, right?

Debasement: Incomplete Transformation

Derangement: Overcompensation

Monstrous Metis

History: History? That's for other folks. This guy grew up in a dark cave for about a decade, a slave to the worst urges of full members of his tribe, and then was thrown into the Black Spiral. He was unfortunate enough to have survived, and the world's even less fortunate it now has to deal with him.

Image: Take the worst qualities of a diseased stray dog and a Wyrms-corrupted Garou, and square it. You'll end up with this guy. Ugly beyond the ken of most Spirals or Debased, this thing can deal agg damage with looks alone.

Roleplaying Notes: You were born in a Hive, and been told all your life you're a Black Spiral Dancer. And so that's what you are. So what if you came out ugly and weak? That's pretty much all metis, right? So let's go kill some Garou.

Breed: Metis

Tribe: Black Spiral Dancers

Nature: Beta

Demeanor: Bravo

Attributes: Strength 3 (5/7/6/4), Dexterity 3 (3/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3), Charisma 1, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 0, Perception 3, Intelligence 1, Wits 3.

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 3, Primal-Urge 1, Survival 1, Rituals 2, Wyrms Lore 2.

Backgrounds: Rites 2, Totem (Whippoorwill) 2

Rank: Cliath (1)

Advantages: Rage 5, Gnosis 2, Will-power 4

Gifts: Bane Protector, Razor Claws

Rites: Binding, Summoning.

Equipment: A gnawed, rotting limb that was pulled off someone.

Debasement: Hideous

Metis Deformity: Weak Immune System

Derangement: Misomania



Refuse Heap Reject

History: This Debased didn't need the clumsy lures of the Black Spiral Dancers to corrupt him – the Wyrms-tainted refuse he's been feasting on at the local medical waste dump has served that purpose nicely, and now a Bane has come to roost in his soul.

This stray is now an elemental force of the Wyrms unto himself, and a challenge for even an experienced pack of Garou to take down. So when you meet him, be sure to bring a cleric— er, Theurge.

Image: A huge, vaguely dog-like thing swollen with unnatural muscle mass, its body adorned here and there with tiny, writhing tentacle-like appendages.

Roleplaying Notes: Hunt. Kill. You're eating for two now, you know.

Breed: Canis

Nature: Predator

Demeanor: Predator

Attributes: Strength 7 (8/10/9/7), Dexterity 2 (2/3/4/4), Stamina 1 (2/3/3/2), Charisma 1, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 0, Perception 2, Intelligence 2, Wits 3

Abilities: Alertness 2, Primal-Urge 2, Brawl 3, Dodge 1, Survival 3

Backgrounds: None.

Rank: De nada.

Advantages: Rage 8, Gnosis 4, Willpower 2

Gifts: Zilch.

Rites: Bupkis.

Formori Powers: Mega-Strength, Mouth of the Wyrms

Equipment: That's a negatory.

Debasement: Mange



The Tailchasers

The Tailchasers is an archetypal Vanguard of Sirius pack, though not an "average" one, as it has a Garou alpha as well as a Kinfolk member. However, the mutts profiled aren't atypical of their tribe, and the stats given can easily be used for generic "scout", "warrior" and "soldier" templates, and adjusted up or down to reflect experience and rank. You can insert the Tailchasers anywhere in North America, and with a little tweaking you can put them wherever else in the world you need them to be.

Angela Skydancer

History: Though smart and attractive, Angela Skydancer committed the cardinal sin of being born half-white. So the Wendigo didn't want her, and sent her off to an Uktena-dominated urban sept in Montana. Disgusted with being uprooted and sent away from her life on her rural Minnesota reservation, then pushed onto a tribe she had no spiritual connection to, Angela left Garou society not long after her Rite of Passage. She spent two years fending for herself, lonely and falling into despair, but too proud to go slinking back to the Garou Nation and facing the Wendigo or Uktena.

Angela was about to bite the bullet and return anyway when another Garou, once a Ronin like her, invited her to become a member of the Vanguard of Sirius tribe. She pretended to drive a hard bargain, demanding financial considerations and other compensation (which she got), but in truth was desperately happy for the opportunity.

Image: Angela Skydancer is a very attractive blend of Ojibwe and Germanic bloodlines. She has long black hair, dark blue eyes, and a face that's quick to smile. Her curvy frame is 5'5" and 159 lbs. (and she's proud of it). Angela is in good shape, and more athletic than her build might suggest; her rounded figure is proportioned, and her weight is more muscle than fat. She dresses nicely when she can, but has no problem kicking around in a pair of fitted jeans and t-shirt.

Roleplaying Notes: You portray a person that, though friendly and charismatic, knows her worth and abides disrespect from no one. Your confident manner belies doubts and worries, however, and you have a lot to worry about right now.

While you're loyal to your pack and tribe, your heart's not really into this whole pack alpha thing (a position that was gently thrust upon you). You have a lovely singing voice, and as your sept's lone Galliard you sing tales and recite poems of the Vanguard's heroic deeds, much to their delight. You feel *this* is what you were meant to do. But you won't say so to the Masters or ranking Vanguard – after all, being pack leader is an honor, and you don't want to seem ungrateful to those that gave you a second chance. And showing doubt in front of your pack could compromise its unity. So you bear your cross alone.

You agonize over what to do about Maw, who frenzies ever more frequently since joining the Tailchasers, and has fallen to the Thrall of the Wurm on more than one occasion. While you appreciate Maw's fighting skill, and his friendship even more, something must be done about him soon – especially after last month's frenzy, in which he wounded you and most of the pack after he ran out of fomori to chew on. Your superiors have mentioned the possibility of putting Maw down, but you'll avoid that possibility no matter what.

And finally, while Trey is rather cute, he's a consummate pretty boy and player if ever there was one. You don't know how you feel about being expected to have his kid. Isn't this the sort of thing you wanted to get away from when you fled the Garou Nation?

Breed: Homid

Auspice: Galliard

Tribe: Vanguard of Sirius (ex-Ronin, once Uktena)

Nature: Conformist

Demeanor: Jester

Attributes: Strength 2 (4/6/5/3), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 2 (4/5/5/4), Charisma 3, Manipulation 2 (1/0/0/0), Appearance 4, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3.

Abilities: Alertness 1, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Expression 3, Primal-Urge 1, Streetwise 1, Drive 2, Firearms 2, Leadership 1, Performance (singing) 4, Survival 2, Occult 2, Politics 1, Rituals 3.

Backgrounds: Pure Breed 1, Resources 2, Rites 2, Totem (Sirius) 3

Rank: Fostern (2)

Advantages: Rage 4, Gnosis 3, Willpower 5

Gifts: Level One - Hide the Wolf, Master of Fire, Mindspeak, Sense Magic, Sense Wurm; Level Two - Curse of Hatred, Distractions

Rites: Accomplishment, Summoning, Talisman Dedication, Totem, Welcome

Equipment: A Jeep Wrangler with amenities, a fashionable mix of Lane Bryant clothes and casual wear, and a Glock you carry on missions.

Maw

History: Maw doesn't remember much of his life before joining the Vanguard. A feral rescued from certain death by the Tailchasers (back when Racer was alpha), his bleeding was body taken back to a safe place and made whole again after he tangled with a Garou. Since then, Maw has found his purpose and reason for living: the Vanguard of Sirius, and his pack. Nothing that came before is important.

Image: Maw is large, stocky white canine of obvious bulldog lineage. He remains in Canis form almost all the time, except for going Hispo when a fight breaks out (which is his default form for frenzy). His Homid form – on the rare occasions he manifests it – a white man in his late thirties, with a short mussed haircut and layers of slab muscle.

Roleplaying Notes: Now you're with the Tailchasers, a pack with Debased like you, and you get to fight monsters and do good for Gaia, the great world-alpha. You eat regularly, learn tricks from spirits, and

enjoy the admiration of your pack and tribe; they praise your strength and fighting ability. You love your pack and tribe, and Sirius, and Gaia, and will happily die for them. But sometimes they tell you not to fight so much, which confuses you. However, soon you forget, and confusion leaves you as you do what you do best.

Breed: Canis

Tribe: Vanguard of Sirius

Nature: Bravo

Demeanor: Bravo

Attributes: Strength 4 (6/8/7/5), Dexterity 3 (3/3/4/4), Stamina 2 (3/4/4/3), Charisma 1, Manipulation 1 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2, Perception 2, Intelligence 1, Wits 3.

Abilities: Athletics 1, Brawl 4 (bites), Dodge 2, Primal-Urge 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Rites 1

Backgrounds: Totem (Sirius) 2

Rank: Cliath (1)

Advantages: Rage 7, Gnosis 3, Willpower 4

Gifts: Sense Weakness, Sharptooth

Rites: None

Flaw: Forced Transformation (assumes Hispo during Frenzy)

Equipment: None

Debasement: Devolution

Patches

History: Every family has its pariahs, and even outcasts have their outcasts. Rat-Hunter was fine until just after his First Change, and everyone at the kennel thought that maybe he was one of the lucky ones that was born without a debasement. But not long after, Rat-Hunter started itching, scratching his fur out in clumps to reveal diseased skin. No one ever caught his mange, as it was his burden, but no one ever wanted to get too close to him or touch him. His infirmity earned the poor mutt the nickname "Patches," and it stuck.

So the newly christened Patches started skulking around, so as to be unseen and unnoticed; it eased the sting of being actively avoided somewhat. And he discovered he had a talent for it.

Image: Patches is a true mutt, a vaguely wild-looking thing of no discernable breed. He obviously has an advanced case of mange, with angry red, scaly skin showing in those areas not covered with brittle tan fur. His Homid form looks even worse, similar to a victim of radiation poisoning, so he rarely assumes that form.

Roleplaying Notes: It's not really all that bad. The Vanguard considers you one of the tribe, and Sirius himself blesses you with his favor. You even have a pack. The Tailchasers appreciate your scouting skills, and you're pretty sure it's not only because you're away for long periods, but also because you provide them with useful information. You miss your old name sometimes, and you really don't like being called "Patches," but next to the itching and ugliness, you guess your nickname isn't a big deal.

You've come to love Skydancer and Trey in an innocent but profound way, because sometimes they rub soothing cream on your skin and talk to you about life in the human world, and it's been ages since you've been touched by *anyone*.



You know Racer wants to lead the pack again, as you see her look at Skydancer when she thinks no one is watching. You've nothing against Racer, she was a good leader. But her time as alpha is past. If a struggle for dominance ever erupts, you'll support Sky-chaser, because she loves and pets you.

Breed: Canis

Tribe: Vanguard of Sirius

Nature: Penitent

Demeanor: Loner

Attributes: Strength 2 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 3 (3/4/5/5), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4), Charisma 2, Manipulation 3 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 1, Perception 4, Intelligence 2, Wits 3.

Abilities: Alertness 3, Athletics 1, Brawl 1, Dodge 2, Subterfuge 3, Stealth (overlooked) 4, Rituals 2

Backgrounds: Rituals 1, Totem (Sirius) 2

Rank: Fostern (2)

Advantages: Rage 2, Gnosis 3, Willpower 3

Gifts: Level One - Blur of the Milky Eye, Hide the Wolf, Prey Mind, Sense Wurm, Squeeze; Level Two - Alter Scent, Blissful Ignorance, Divine the Quarry

Rites: Talisman Dedication

Equipment: Dedicated binoculars and sweatpants.

Debasement: Mange

Racer

History: Racer was born into the Vanguard of Sirius, and grew up fully indoctrinated in the ways and philosophy of the tribe. She spent her entire life in the Vanguard, learning the nuances of rank, Renown and the Litany, and preparing to become alpha of a pack one day. She even mastered human speech and reasoning, as well as learning their weapons, to a degree most canis don't - all to become a better leader and more effective soldier.

And it finally paid off two years ago, when Racer became alpha of the Tailchasers. And she was a damned good leader, truth be told, carrying out her directives and never losing a pack member through the many missions she led. She was certain to make Adren soon, for she was widely regarded by other members of the tribe as a paragon of her tribe.

And now some Garou that's only been with the tribe for a year or so comes in, and the Masters hand leadership over the pack over to her. Oh fucking well.

Image: In her breed form, Racer is small Greyhound-wolf mix, agile and built for speed. Her Homid form is a gaunt Caucasian woman with a blonde pixie cut and piercing blue eyes.

Roleplaying Notes: You don't have much to say. As pack beta, you stoically follow and carry out Skydancer's orders, which often seem half-hearted and inefficient. You see how badly she's managing Maw and his temper, especially since he recently flew off the handle and nearly killed all of you – including the alpha! Skydancer seems to mean well, but really, *this* is one of the Garou heroes we're trying to emulate? If these great saviors of Gaia are all like her, no wonder the world is falling apart.

Also, you've qualified for the rank of Adren for some time now, but no one wants you to advance before your alpha does. But Skydancer is taking her sweet time earning rank. So you wait for her to learn and improve. And wait.

You know any attempt to wrest leadership of the Tailchasers from the werewolf will erode the pack's solidarity, upset your superiors and in all ways end badly. Your duty is to your tribe and pack, after all, not your ego. Still... isn't an effective leader in everyone's best interests?

Breed: Canis

Tribe: Vanguard of Sirius

Nature: Alpha

Demeanor: Beta

Attributes: Strength 3 (3/5/4/2), Dexterity 4 (6/6/7/7), Stamina 3 (4/5/5/4), Charisma 2, Manipulation 3 (0/0/0/0), Appearance 2, Perception 3, Intelligence 4, Wits 3.

Abilities: Alertness 2, Athletics 3, Brawl 2, Dodge 3, Empathy 2, Expression 1, Primal-Urge 2, Animal Ken 1, Crafts (guns) 1, Firearms 2, Leadership (pack tactics) 4, Melee 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2, Enigmas 1, Law (Litany) 2, Occult 1, Rituals 4.

Backgrounds: Rites 4, Totem (Sirius) 2

Merits: Quick

Rank: Fostern (2)

Advantages: Rage 3, Gnosis 4, Willpower 7

Gifts: Level One – Hide the Wolf, Inspiration, Sense Wurm, Sense Weakness; Level Two - Blissful Ignorance, Sense the Unnatural, Wolf's Skin

Rites: Accomplishment, Questing Stone, Gathering for the Departed, Stone of Scorn, Talisman Dedication, Totem, Welcome

Equipment: A dated but well-maintained sniper rifle, machete, dedicated clothes.

Debasement: Soft Claws

Trey Philadeaux

History: Trey grew up Bone Gnawer Kinfolk in a small Louisiana bayou town, brother to a notable member of the tribe... who became all the more noteworthy when he fell to the Wurm and sold his pack down the river, and damn near doomed his sept. That was more than ten years ago, and his family still hasn't lived that down; the Gnawers don't even claim the Philadeaux as Kin anymore. One would think that of all Garou, Bone Gnawers would realize you can't judge someone by his relations, and that blood that has borne bad fruit doesn't make for bad people. But go figure.

However, the Vanguard quietly adopted the Philadeaux, and Trey was offered an opportunity to go to veterinary school on their dime, due to his special talents with animals and healing. All he'd have to do is work for them, all expenses paid. They even threw in a posh RV as an incentive. And Trey couldn't agree fast enough.

Image: Trey is a tall, attractive Creole in his early 30s. He has light brown skin with freckles, black hair fashioned into braids, and an easygoing manner. His Creole French accent only increases his charm. He enjoys dressing well, and Ray Bans and Dockers aren't always ideal for his line of work. But Trey is learning to dress (and act) more practically now that he's been assigned to a pack.

Roleplaying Notes: Your approach to life is "No sweat." You always keep cool, and you never let anything get to you. You can run through a hail of bullets to save a comrade while laying down cover fire or face down an acid-belching fomori without losing it – and crack wise the entire time. A level head and a smile will get you through more than you might think, and charm is always useful for making new friends.

True, the Vanguard doesn't give you hazard pay, and they played down the danger inherent in your job when they roped you on board. But truth be told, you love what you do, and can't see yourself doing anything else. It doesn't hurt that your pack leader is hot, and the Masters have tapped you to be the father of her kids! Man, do you like calling her "alpha"...

Tribe: Vanguard of Sirius (Bone Gnawer Kin)

Nature: Caregiver

Demeanor: Celebrant

Attributes: Strength 2, Dexterity 3, Stamina 2, Charisma 4, Manipulation 3, Appearance 3, Perception 3, Intelligence 3, Wits 3.

Abilities: Alertness 2, Dodge 2, Empathy 2, Expression 1, Streetwise 1, Subterfuge 2, Animal Ken 3, Drive 2, Etiquette 1, Firearms 2, Academics 2, Garou Lore 2, Medicine (veterinary) 4, Science 3.

Backgrounds: Equipment (medical supplies) 1, Mana 2, Resources 3

Advantages: Willpower 5

Numina: Animal Psychic 3, Psychic Healing 2

Equipment: Late model Streamline RV (with the works), medical equipment, leased medical studio in an unobtrusive area, a nice wardrobe, and reinforced clothing for dangerous missions (rated Armor 1).

the Debased

Name:

Breed:

Pack Name:

Player:

Tribe:

Pack Totem:

Chronicle:

Debasement:

Concept:

Attributes

Physical

Social

Mental

Strength _____ ●0000
 Dexterity _____ ●0000
 Stamina _____ ●0000

Charisma _____ ●0000
 Manipulation _____ ●0000
 Appearance _____ ●0000

Perception _____ ●0000
 Intelligence _____ ●0000
 Wits _____ ●0000

Abilities

Talents

Skills

Knowledges

Alertness _____ 00000
 Athletics _____ 00000
 Brawl _____ 00000
 Dodge _____ 00000
 Empathy _____ 00000
 Expression _____ 00000
 Intimidation _____ 00000
 Primal-Urge _____ 0 0 0
 Streetwise _____ 00000
 Subterfuge _____ 00000

Animal Ken _____ 00000
 Crafts _____ 00000
 Drive _____ 00000
 Etiquette _____ 00000
 Firearms _____ 00000
 Leadership _____ 00000
 Melee _____ 00000
 Performance _____ 00000
 Stealth _____ 00000
 Survival _____ 00000

Computer _____ 00000
 Enigmas _____ 00000
 Investigation _____ 00000
 Law _____ 00000
 Linguistics _____ 00000
 Medicine _____ 00000
 Occult _____ 00000
 Politics _____ 00000
 Rituals _____ 00000
 Science _____ 00000

Advantages

Backgrounds

Gifts

Gifts

_____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000
 _____ 00000

Renown

Glory

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Honor

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Wisdom

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Rank

Rage

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Genesis

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Willpower

0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

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

☞ Hemid ☞

☞ Glabro ☞

☞ Crinos ☞

☞ Hispe ☞

☞ 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

_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000
_____ 00000

Battle Scars: _____

Metis Deformity: _____

Experience: _____

Fetishes

Item: _____ Level: _____ Anasks: _____
Power: _____
Item: _____ Level: _____ Anasks: _____
Power: _____

Rites

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: _____

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The Debased

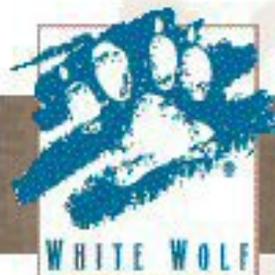


The fecund fruit of a forbidden rite, these crippled spawn of foolish Garou dwell and breed in the forgotten wastes of the World of Darkness. The Debased may yet prove their worth, fighting Gai's foes in the shadows... or they may compromise and divide the werewolves as the Apocalypse dawns.

Not a tribe or new Changing Breed, but something else entirely, the Debased offer Storytellers a fresh threat to the Werewolf setting.

The Debased includes:

- *A detailed discussion of the dog-blooded and their activities in the World of Darkness.*
- *Character creation guidelines and complete rules for running Debased.*
- *A Storyteller section with advice on incorporating Debased into their stories.*
- *Sample characters, fiction and more.*



<http://www.gocitrus.com/prehappily/wod-werewolf-index.html>