

Interview Entry 1

Case 10028 Department of Defense Classified

When The Disaster struck, no one believed it was real. Even when videos of werewolves started flooding the internet, I thought it was all some elaborate, coordinated hoax. I was working late that day, and I left just as the sun was setting. My commute home was one bus ride and a walk through the park like any other day. The bus was unremarkable; I even managed to doze by the window for a bit. The park however, was another story entirely. Unerringly silent and devoid of life, no one was out walking their dogs, birds had vacated their nests in trees—nothing. Even the wind had left for greener pastures. Halfway through, the hairs on the back of my neck prickled. Although I could see nothing around me, I remembered the videos from earlier and picked up the pace. Leaves rustled nearby. Against my better judgment, I turned to see the source of the noise. Hulking like an unnatural behemoth nearby, a wolf-like creature well over two meters tall fixated its haunting, yellow eyes right into my soul. Its thick, ebony fur dissolved against the backdrop of the night, making it appear everywhere at once. My apartment building was just on the other side of street. I ran, but it wasn't enough. The beast pounced on me in the middle of the street, sinking its teeth deep into my arm. I tore my arm away, scuttling backward against the pavement as a passing car barreled down the road and struck the werewolf, hurling it into the distance. With a furious rumble of a growl, the creature was already righting itself back to its feet as I ran for the door. I sent a silent wish of safety for the driver as I flung myself into the building, unknowing that the danger was still closer than I ever could imagine.

{Image 1}

Interview Entry 2

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Gnashing teeth sought entry as I managed to force the main building door closed. The beast relegated itself to watch calmly from outside. A sense of dreaded and knowing expectation reflected itself in its demeanor as it observed me through the window in the doors as I moved to my apartment. I looked at my arm to see what damage the bite had done. Changes were already taking place. My fingers were becoming stubby, my nails curling into canine claws with thickened pads forming beneath the digits.

{Image 2}

Interview Entry 3

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The changes only accelerated from there. I only managed a few steps forward before my feet started to hurt and I tripped, falling onto the stairs. When I looked back, my boots were left behind at the bottom of the stairs, and out of my ripped socks, a pair of furless paws were sticking out. While I was staring, a sharp pain jolted through the end of my spine. The pain was quickly replaced by the firm, odd sensation of something rubbing between my jeans and shirt. A

tail, worm-like and furless like my misshapen feet peaked out from under my shirt. Before I reached the first mezzanine floor, my tail had flourished and my four paws continued their ungainly transformation.

{Image 3}

Interview Entry 4

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Not wanting to fall again, I continued my climb on all fours. By the time I had reached my floor, my tail was fully grown and my body hair was well on its way to becoming a coating of black and white short fur. I tried to stand up and walk upright to my apartment, but I was unable to keep my balance. Leaning on the wall and sliding to the door was all I could manage. Thankfully, my hand had retained enough dexterity to be able to fish out the keys from my pocket and unlock the door.

{Image 4}

Interview Entry 5

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I leaned on the door, tumbling inside. From my prone position on the floor, I loosed a firm kick behind me and slammed the door shut. "I did it. I finally got to my apartment. I'll be safe here," I thought. Broiling pain in my chest quickly disputed my wishful thinking as I crawled over to and heaved myself onto the couch. At first I thought I was turning into a werewolf like the one that bit me, but looking myself over, I realized I was becoming something entirely else. The short, smooth fur covering almost my entire body and encroaching across my face didn't match the thick, uniformly dark coat of the beast. My nostrils broadened, the end of my nose growing bigger and darker as my face began to lengthen out into the first true vestiges of a snout. I took off my clothes seeking out further indicators of what exactly I was changing into. From the waist down, my body was completely transformed into one of a common dog. Everything: legs, tail, even my private parts were dog-like now. My chest had barreled out into truly bestial proportions. All of that combined with the floppy dog ears I felt at either side of my head, reminded me of the pit bull hybrid I had had as a kid.

{Image 5}

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A sudden bolt of pain pushed me onto the floor again. Excruciating pressure squeezed my skull from the sides inward. Kneeling, I grabbed my head in my paw hands, new muscles growing and churning beneath my touch. Moments later, further pain compounded itself as my muzzle stretched out in a series of rapid jerks. The world grew darker; hunger dominated my thoughts,

as my body screamed for anything to sustain or distract me through this terrible affair. Last thing I remember before passing out was thinking: "Thank goodness, there's food in the fridge."

{Image 6}

Interview Entry 7

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I later regained consciousness on the kitchen floor. A piece of meat dangled from my mouth, the heap of my body laying in front of the pillaged fridge surrounded by food scraps. My body was still dog-like, but my mind was back to normal—human. I sighed in relief. No one was hurt of my accord. It was only later I discovered some of the dog brain from my experience had remained. It existed seamlessly alongside the rest of my identity and senses. Largely, the alterations were for the better. Sure my sense of taste had changed, sharpening in some areas and weakening in others, and I enjoyed running more and got excited more easily, but I am still wholly me, and I wouldn't have it any other way.

{Image 7}

Interview Entry 8 (Final Entry)

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FINAL EVALUATION:

I believe subject is safe and ready to reintegrate into society. During subject's stay in out care we didn't observe any worrying tendencies.

Psych evaluation shows even with subject's positive response to change, desire to transmit is not present.

INFECTED- (Found Safe)

Presiding Physician: Anna Bór

(Stamped) Release Back to Society (Stamped)
(Over Stamp) APPROVED (Over Stamp)