

GAME SESSION 110: TEPEST -5

(This Ravenloft game was played May 25th, 2025. Everybody is present)

August 13th, 748, 9h00 pm

In the room at the inn, the heroes discuss of their next actions.

Should we go back to Ermintrude and talk to her? Who are the three sisters? Do Ermintrude and Bryonna are part of the three sisters? Could the three sisters a force aligned on the good side?

Should we go to Wyan and tell him his daughter Lorelei is under the influence of a fey? No, we can't prove it.

They ask the inn owner, Keirwyn, if they can go out at night and come back to the inn.

He is very surprised by the demand, agrees to leave a key to the heroes so they can come back at night, and Keirwyn asks Tora "what are you going to do at night outside?"

Tora : "hunting"

"At night? Be careful, it's dangerous out there at night", says Keirwyn. He is clearly at unease with the idea and showing he does not believe Tora is telling everything, but he keeps it for himself.

At 9h30 pm, Petrak and Macrazbunare exits the inn. The village of Briggdarrow is dark as there are no outside lights in the streets.

Macrazbunare discretely casts *Pass without trace* and after change shape into a badger. They burrow at Dominica's tomb. After 6 feet, they touch a wooden coffin. They open it. They see her robe and a necklace, but no bones! There is a shadowy form at the bottom of the coffin, a sort of stain where her body stood, like if her body eventually vanished!

They had prepared spells to cast on her body, but seeing that, they put everything back in place and to hide their actions, Macrazbunare burrows other holes around like a normal badger would have done.

They discuss – how did Dominica died, if her remains appear evaporated?

Going back to the inn, they notice a flickering light somewhere in the forest, may be a thousand feet in the forest. Macrazbunare turns into an owl and fly to see what is going on there. Petrak goes back to the inn.

Macrazbunare flies there and he sees several small figures creeping around the grave of the woman that was executed later this day. From their bent postures and the stench carried on the wind, he knew they were goblins. They did exhume the fresh body. One of them drew a large knife, while another unfolded a ragged piece of parchment that contained drawings of a human body and certain internal organs. Following the drawing with their light, the goblins cut open the corpse and removed several organs. They then cut off its hands. They put the body parts in a leather sack that had arcane symbols stamped upon it and tied it tightly. They then faded into the shadows again...

Macrazbunare flies back to the inn and tell of what he just saw in the forest. They discuss – the goblins do that for who? Should we follow them? No, saving Bryona is our priority.

They sleep.

August 14th, 748, early am

It is raining again. At 7h45, they leave the inn, saddled on their horses. At 10h30, they are in front of Viktal.

While the non humans (Austizel, Exigu) and Varadan go around the city walls, Tora, Macrazbunare and Petrak enters the town walls.

They go meet Wyan at his home. Wyan frowns when he sees the heroes. He said he received a "vision" in his sleep last night. He was warned that Bryonna is growing stronger, and may soon be able to break through the holiness of the church and strike at Lorelei with renewed force. Then he rushed to his daughter's room after awakening, and found her in the throes of a seizure.

“Another proof against Bryona. Her case is nearly hopeless!”, he says.

The heroes say they want to speak to Bryona. Wyan leads them to the church's cellars, where Bryona is kept locked. They notice there are more guards than before, and that the small window in Bryona's cell has been sealed – they now keep her in the dark.

Again Wyan presents his holy hammer at Bryona and throws water at her (they guess it is holy water). He shouts at her the same thing as the other day: *Look upon this hammer I hold before me, for it is far more than a weapon. It is a symbol of the divine justice that smites the enemies of humanity wherever they are found. It remains true and pure, just as I. Furthermore, it is a symbol of my order and my office, of the authority granted to me by the divine will of Belenus. By that authority, I am commanding you to obey me without question or hesitation. Cooperate, or it will not be fey blood that stains my hammer this day, but yours!*

DM note : played as a reminiscence of Pulp Fiction's Jules biblical speech "(...) And you will know my name is the Lord when I lay my vengeance upon thee" ;)

Bryona doesn't react, as she is clearly broken, and she cries all the time. Wyan tells them they come to her cell every 5 to 15 minutes, to make sure she doesn't sleep.

"That makes the fey weaker, and Bryona is less able to make her spells against Lorelei", Wyan says.

Tora "don't execute her before the delay, we may have something". Wyan is doubtful.

Petrak "There are feys that are invisible and they stay around the person under their influence. Have you tried *invisibility purge* around your daughter?"

Wyan "why do you mention my daughter? She is the victim in this case. Bryona is the witch, not Lorelei"

Petrak "I know, but protect her, as some feys are invisible and they could act against Lorelei without being seen"

Wyan "we put Bryona under the Question yesterday, by pinning her thumbs between pliers. At first, she confessed being a witch, and later yesterday, she did contradict herself by saying she is not a witch. Witches trying to confuse you! Typical!"

Tora "your god approves that?"

Wyan "The pain of a few is the price we pay for the safety of all.", and then he looks at Tora and tells "Doubt is the first step toward betrayal. Never doubt our mission. Anyone who stands between us and a witch is complicit in her crimes."

Tora "you never doubt?"

Wyan "If we have ever condemned an innocent person, their soul is pure and now rests near Belenus, sheltered from fey and witches' darkness."

Seeing the discussion going sour, Petrak say “I suggest you should try *protection from curse* and *protection from evil* on Lorelei.”

Macrazbunare “we have to leave for Kellee, for our investigation”

Wyan “may you have Belenus’s blessings”

11 am – the heroes reunite, then they leave for Kellee.

In the forest, they cast *sending* to Ermintrude: “We are coming to see you. Estimated arrival at 9h30. We passed by Viktal, Bryona is still alive”

Her answer “OK, but I will wait for you at Kellee’ inn”

The travel is uneventful, and the heroes see many goblins traps that have been dismantled by the Inquisition. They see the corrupted wild bears bodies have been skinned. By goblins they guess.

They arrive late at night at Hawk’s tavern in Kellee. Only one table is taken, with seven persons they recognize from the Inquisition. Some of them salutes the heroes, the others watch them with suspicion.

The inn owner, Ferrier, points a door at the heroes “someone is waiting for you”. The heroes follow and find the rangers Loebe and Ermintrude in a small private dining room.

Ermintrude: “I am glad you've passed the trials of Castle Island, how was it? What is the fey exactly? How did it go? What did you ask? Was she able to offer you any advice?”

Macrazbunare describe the event of the oracle and what answers she said to their questions. He explains that they do not remember anything about what the oracle looks like, and that she mentioned that Lorelei is under the influence of a *terrepopolo fey*.

“Most curious,” says Ermintrude with a worried look on her face. “*Terrepopolo* is a word Vistani use to describe an evil creature of the forest. The power of the *terrepopolo* lies in the heart and mind. It lives to spread evil, relishing the taste of the corruption that it implants. It is cunning and elusive. It can move about in daylight, yet remain unseen by the eyes of mankind. The *terrepopolo* speaks in whispers to its chosen victim, its vile words carried on the drifting wind. Quiet and seductive is the voice that has already befouled the ears of the innocent”.

They ask Ermintrude if terrepopolo have a weak spot, but Ermintrude doesn't know.

They ask her what size if this fey? She guesses about a foot tall, or two feet maximum?

"If your enemy does indeed possess the ability to cloud your eyes, spells like *see invisibility* won't work.", she adds, "It tells your brain that it is not there so you can't see it. You must find some means of discovering its hiding place. I believe that your best hope lies in a magical elixir known as tincture of midnight. It is the only thing that will make it visible. I know of only one place in all the land where you can obtain so valuable a concoction. You must seek out the Three Sisters but it's going to be dangerous!"

The heroes are watching her, prompting her to continue.

Ermintrude continues: "If dryads, nymphs, and sprites represent the grace and beauty of unspoiled nature, then surely the hags embody its savage, destructive side. The three sisters is a coven of hags! Though not fey themselves, hags appear to be somehow tied to nature, even if no more than as a distorted reflection of it. Hags are foul, wicked creatures, warped with cruelty and evil. Uniformly female and invariably repulsive, these misshapen crones plot dark deeds over bubbling cauldrons. This are towering, hideous, crones. Not human anymore, monstrous. The largest stands some 8 feet tall and weighs about 325 pounds. They have a ravenous appetite for humanoid flesh!"

Varadan "why did the goblin you slew in the forest, with the help of Exigu, spoke of the three sisters?"

Ermintrude "a menace? The goblins work for the Three Sisters"

Tora "where do we find these sisters?"

Ermintrude describes the way to get there. On the road between Kellee and Liara, turn south to the Wormwoods at the intersection.

Petrak "we saw goblins last night who were harvesting organs and the hands from executed persons"

Ermintrude "If I had to wager, I'd put my money on the fact they work for the Three Sisters"

Tora "at the end of our meeting, the oracle on Lake Kronov told a poem that spoke of my sister Dominica" and reads it to Ermintrude. But it doesn't say anything to the

ranger. Macrazbunare thinks the mention of the “ancient spirits” might be about the hags. “They are more than two centuries old”, Ermintrude adds.

Tora “should we bring the Sisters a gift?”

Ermintrude offers the following advice to the heroes about their meeting with the hags: “You must remember a few things: first, be there of your own free will and tell her as such, for those who are sent to her by others are hers by right. Second, no matter how they treat you, you must treat them with the utmost respect. Third, you must ask nothing more of them, for such things lead to harm more often than good. And last, do not show the sisters your fear. Bargain as if you hold the power to defeat them in your hands. But be careful: if you are too presumptuous, they will destroy you and feast upon your marrow.”

She pauses for a moment then continue “Important! The three hags will almost certainly demand some payment or service of you in exchange for the tincture. Luckily for you, they hate the other two, and delight in tormenting each other. When you've accomplished what they ask, your escape may depend on exploiting this weakness.”

“When hags form coveys with two other hags, they pool their powers, and gain new ones. So they detest the others, but are somehow forced to stay together”.

Varadan “how do we use this tincture?”

Ermintrude “no idea, but the hags will tell you!”

“Also”, she adds, “a covey of hags’ place is usually guarded by minions like ogres, hill giants, or humans. The Three Sisters have none of this – draw your own conclusion! They are very powerful!”

Tora “how do they reproduce?”

Ermintrude “Well, hags are all female, requiring males from other races to propagate their own. Hags can breed with virtually any human-like creature, including some monstrous humanoids and fey. Because of their repulsive appearance, however, hags must often use trickery or force to seduce or coerce men to impregnate them! Upon giving birth, a hag secretly exchanges her child for one of its father’s species. After finding a suitable family with a newborn, the hag creeps into the house in the dead of night, steals the family’s baby, and leaves the hag-child in its crib. These changelings appear as perfectly normal specimens of the father’s race. Most families don’t even realize that a switch has been made, and raise the child as their own children,

relieving the hag birth mother of all responsibility for raising the child, and freeing her to pursue her own dark plots. The unfortunate babies stolen from their homes usually end up in the hag's stew-pot, never to be heard from again. When the child reaches adulthood, she discovers its hag heritage. At this time, the child birth mother might return to reclaim her child and initiate it into hag society."

Petrak shows her a drawing of the rune found on the tree where Dominica was found dead.

Ermintrude "I do not know what this symbol means, but I think I saw it near the hags' cottage?"

Exigu "what kind of power do they have?"

Ermintrude "I do not know. However, one is an annis hag, another is a sea hag and the last is a green hag, or the most common of hags. They all have witches spell, and their cauldron makes a black magic unique to hags. When they were young, they were beautiful, they regret that lost beauty."

Exigu "you said they are linked to nature. Are they neutral?"

Ermintrude "No. Evil, very evil. And when we talk about the Three Sisters, they are really sisters by the way, which is unusual for a hag coven."

They sleep at the inn.

August 15th, 748, early am

Ermintrude "I do not accompany you, they hate me as I kill their goblins minions"

The heroes leave the inn at 9 am. Before that, Petrak casts *magic vestment* and Austizel *mage armor*.

On the road, they reach the leaning, weathered signpost. It is again turned as to give bad directions. They take the "To Wormwood Hollow" direction, that is going south.

It's raining! Wormwood is a dense, ancient forest. A place where light struggles to penetrate the twisted branches of giant, moss-covered trees. The path south goes about 1,5 miles south.

Then the path is lined with skulls put on wooden stakes.

The dark woods then part to reveal a simple cottage 250 feet away standing in the middle of a weed-choked, semi-clear clearing, with a few large trees across it and many dead trees.



It is even darker, as is a denser cloud has passed in the sky.

First the horses refuse to enter the clearing, then they notice the same with Macrazbunare's wolf and Exigu's dog. The wolf tells his master "I can't come anymore in this direction. I feel death is in front of me, I'm too scarred". They leave the animals in the forest.

The druid feels the nature here is warped by great corruption.

The cottage is two stories, modest in size (30' x 30'), very old, built from old timber. Roots seem to grow and wrap around the structure as if suffocating it. The roof is covered with black moss and dripping vines, seeming to throb slightly as if alive. Smoke rises from a chimney made of rough-hewn stones.

The clearing has animal and human bones hang on nearby trees, tied with sinew strings and hair. Old rusty cages, still containing human remains or decaying dead creatures, hang from the nearby trees.

They see a garden on the right side of the cabin. Near this garden are four scarecrows made of straw, bones, and pieces of flesh sewn together.



Behind the cottage, they see a small pond.

The heroes also see two red-eyed wolves watching the heroes from afar.

As they draw nearer, they notice a foul odor hanging in the air. Although partially obscured by the rain and the smell of smoke, the stench of rotting flesh is impossible

to miss. Almost lost among the tangle of weeds and tall grass around the cottage are the rib cages and other bones of several dozen creatures.

The hags have nailed grisly trophies from many of their victims on the walls, including the tanned skins of countless types of creatures.

The ground close to the hags' cottage is littered with gnawed and broken humanoid bones, both human and goblin. Bits of decaying flesh still clinging to these bones, hinting that even the scavengers of the forest avoid this place.

In front of the cottage, a cauldron is bubbling on the hearth fire, unspeakable ingredients roiling within...

The heroes grimly realize that the hags take no precautions to keep travelers away. After all, they enjoy having visitors for dinner!

The main door of the cottage is imposing, made of dark wood and reinforced with rusty metal plates. A large rusty ring of metal is there to knock at the door. Claw marks are also seen on the door... They hear old women voices inside, bickering, but they can't hear what they say.

Tora "Do we announce ourselves by voice?"

The others "No, let's use the door ring"

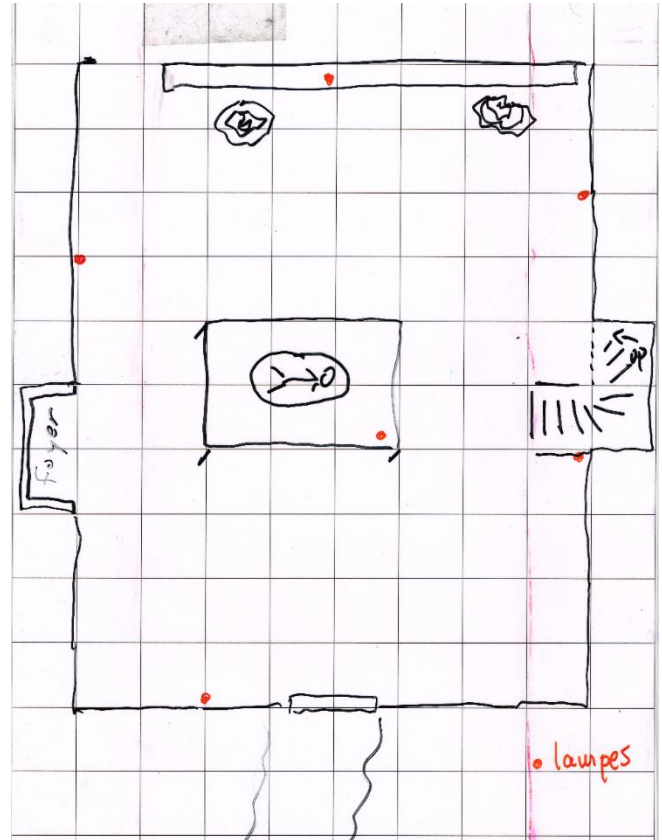
When Varadan knocks, they hear a short pause followed by an old woman's voice: "By the pricking of my thumbs, I knew something wicked this way comes.". Then low murmurs from several old female voices, then the same old woman's voice is heard: "Come, my little bunnies, come closer... You're looking for something, aren't you? Perhaps an answer to your questions? Or is it death you seek? Hmmm... we can offer you both..." (chuckles are heard from the other occupants of the cottage)

Varadn opens the door. The inside seems a little bigger than the outside suggests. The room is 40'x45'.

The cabin is as rustic inside as out, with unpainted walls and rough floorboards. A fire roars in the stone hearth, filling the air with a smoky haze, but even this is not enough to obscure the horrid scene before the heroes.

Flickering oil lamps, made of skulls and of bones, cast a flickering light on the walls, creating shadows that seem to move independently.

Beneath the acrid smoke hangs the sickeningly sweet smell of decay.



The floor is littered with worn carpets. The floor is also scattered with bits of bodies, all of which have been partially eaten, and the floor and walls are stained almost black with blood and ichor.

Roots emerge from the walls and the ground, curling and forming natural hooks – on the walls hang talismans, vials of potions, and bones, or from the floor to support lamps.

A staircase leads up to the second floor; and it looks rickety.

In the back of this room, shelves (dusty containers, bottles with body parts, a bottle of teeth, a rag doll, skulls, hourglasses, parchments, and many books) and two piles of things on the floor (various objects – e.g., utensils, bottles, bones, rags). Also, in the back, there is an opening to another unlit room.

*DM note: MP3 hags atmosphere <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=r3aAxcgZqAM>
I also made evil hags giggle mp3 that I added here and there after one talked.*

Seated at a large and very dirty table (bloodstains, dirty dishes and utensils) in the middle of the room are three hideous creatures, all holding a bone with flesh they are eating.

The first on the left (Laveeda, Annis) stands over 8 feet tall (large), she towers above her sisters. Her shiny, mottled skin has the blueblack color of bruises. Baggy pouches of flesh hang from her lanky frame. Her fangs are too large for her mouth. Her eyes are small and black. An owl perches on her shoulder.



The one in the middle (Leticia, sea hag) is small, less than 5' high, is the most grotesque of the three. Open sores on her yellow skin ooze white and green fluids. Her eyes have red irises surrounding large black pupils. Her face is distorted by bony protrusions, and her hair resembles rotting seaweed. Drool dangle from her gaping maw. Her physique is particularly withered and twisted, and she waddles like a bloated frog.

The heroes are startled by her horrible appearance and some heroes (QUI) are weakened

DM Note: Horrific Appearance for Leticia DC18 Strong or loose 1-6 Strength

And the 3rd, the one on the right (Lorinda, green hag) is human size. She has the pebbly greenish-brown skin of a toad. Her knotted white hair resembles a tangle of vines, and is greasy looking. Her large, bright orange eyes have reptilian slits for pupils. Drool dangle from her gaping maw.

On the table before them lies the partially eaten body of a goblin. Its legs and arms are missing, but its torso and head are as yet untouched. As the heroes watch, the creature's head lolls over limply, allowing its jaundiced yellow gaze to fall upon them. The heroes realize that the partially eaten goblin is still alive!



"It looks like we have company for dinner, that's true," says the tallest one (Laveeda Annis). She licks the blood from her chapped lips. "We always welcome guests for dinner, yes, yes."

Leticia (sea hag) speaks to Lorinda (green hag) "Oh, look at that, my dear! Little insects lost in our dear forest..." turns to the PCs: "Are you brave or simpletons, my pretties?" (laughs)

Coming from behind her, a centipede crawls over Leticia, then hides again somewhere in folds of her skin in her back.

Lorinda, speaking with barely contained rage: "I'll take good care of you, my little hors d'oeuvres. We so rarely have visitors! Don't you see that everything that comes in here ends up eaten or rotten... Will you cry before the end, you delicious little morsels?"

Leticia, looking at Lorinda "Hear that threat. Pitiful, even the Tooth Fairy would be more frightening". Lorinda slaps Leticia with her hands, and Leticia replies with a slap.

Laveeda (annis): But I'm wondering what brings such fine-looking folk to our home, I am. Exquisite little bites of flesh, speak quickly and you might keep your heads, you might!"

The three of them laugh than, sing together like a nursery rhyme:

Yes! Let's make a deal! We love it!

You can't go back on it!

A word once given, you never break it!

A word once given we never break!

Then they stop singing and in silence, they look back at you, predatory, licking their lips.

Varadan "we need your help. We need to unmask a terrepopolo"

They giggle and lick their lips.

Leticia "And how can we be of any help, sweet morsel of juicy flesh?"

Varadan "we need the tincture of midnight"

The sisters giggle and gather together at the back of the room for a chattering, hissing conversation. Now and again, words like “tasty” and “tender” can be heard along with giggles and snickering.

After a long minute, they are back at their dining table.

Leticia (sea hag): “You are very brave to come here, my pretties, very brave. Ordinarily, we would not listen to your words, but this is not an ordinary time. You present us with an interesting opportunity, you do! You can help us.”

She puts one hard clawed finger right into a hole in the goblin’s belly, who moans in pain. “This tasty goblin was supposed to retrieve something for us, something that was stolen from us, but he was foolish enough to fail, aaah...” (said with obviously faked concern) “If you can get what he couldn't bring back for us, we shall give you what you ask, we shall. Well, my pretties, can you find our thief to get your precious tincture? Can you best a few goblin thieves?”

Varadan “We are quite short in time, we have to go back to Viktal for tomorrow...”

Lorinda, angry “No, you do it now, or you’ll join this goblin for our next meal!”

Laveeda (Annis): “I can smell your fear... it's delicious, yes! You're already trembling, aren't you? You're not fooling anyone, little creatures, are you! You're going to have a nice little snack.”

The other two say, “I'm hungry too,” and they end up pushing each other again.

At that moment, a human servant comes out from the back and sweeps the floor. She looks at the heroes, trembling. Her hair is dirty and in her face, her clothes are filthy, and she's thin. There are numerous bruise marks on her legs and arms.

Seeing her entrance, Lorinda throws her a bone that hits the servant on the legs. “Don't interrupt! Your punishment will be harsh. Now go, we must speak to these succulent morsels!” The servant quickly goes back in the backroom.

Leticia explains : “This bony little girl owes me a debt; she's here by choice. She knew what our pact entailed when she made it. We helped her; she promised to serve. We took care of her as best we could, as if she were our own daughter. But it was wasted affection: it turned out to be very naughty. Mischievous, stubborn and selfish!”. All three laugh evilly.

Varadan, changing subject “Oh, and we also have a message from the Lady of the Lake. It is: I need to speak with you, come to my island”

This last thing surprises the hags, leaving them thinking. After a moment, Laveeda (annis), changes the subject: “Do you know how much time we spend in front of a mirror to be that beautiful?”

Lorinda (green hag), at Varadan “Do you desire me?”

Leticia (sea hag): “Hear that, sisters? I’m the prettiest, no you two, you are ugly!”

Lorinda, at Leticia “When our father abandoned us to the wolves in the forest, even they didn't want you, you were skinny and ugly!”

Another hag smacking moment. After a dozen slaps, the calm returns. The three stare at you in silence, then Leticia (sea hag): “In a cave to the south, you'll find something shiny, you'll know: a shining ring of gold and silver set with an ivory band in the middle. Bring us this stolen ring. Follow the path south of here, starting near the circle of stones.”

Lorinda (green hag): “If you do not return, pretties, we will find you. And when we do, you'll envy our little goblin friend here, you will. You won’t leave Tepest and we will hunt you.”

Lorinda (green hag): “I'll personally marinate your guts!”

Lorinda (annis) adds nothing but looks at the heroes while she crushes a goblin leg bone in one of her hands.

The three of us, in chorus, sing nursery rhyme, a little mad:

Oh yes! Oh yes! Oh yes!

Hunt! Flush out! Find!

Cut up! Eat! Start again!

Laveeda is serious again : “Go now, and be quick. Our patience is not as enduring as our beauty, you know. And if you don't want us to eat you anyway, you might want to bring us another goblin or two as a snack, you might!”

When the heroes leave, they hear the hags singing in unison, like a demented nursery rhyme:

Fillet of a fenny snake

In the cauldron boil and bake

Eye of newt and toe of frog

Wool of bat and tongue of dog

*Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing
For a charm of powerful trouble
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.*

DM note – many classic Shakespearean hags quotes inserted here and there

The heroes close the door of the cottage and leave. In the distance, the hags begin to cackle like howling jackals. Their sinister laughter fills the clearing. Long after they have left the hags behind, this mocking laughter will ring in their ears.

They pass near the inky black pond where large chunks of rotten things are floating.



They also pass near a stone circle, quite similar to the one north of Briggdarrow. On the stones, they see the same rune as on the tree where Tora's sister was found dead.

They then see a trail going south and they take it. On the trail they discuss. Petrak wonders if these hags are the darklords of Tepest? Macrazbunare recalls the *ethereal resonance* spelle made near the stone circle in Briggdarrow, showing a “a scrutinizing eye”? Was that a hag eye?

Moving through the dark forest, they see a pair of bodies. A brief examination of these horribly mutilated forms shows that they are goblin corpses. They are so badly torn and lacerated that it is impossible to say for certain what type of creature attacked them. Broken spears and bent daggers show that the goblins tried in vain to defend themselves.

Macrazbunare turns into a vulture form and scouts the trail, 50 to 100 feet before the rest of the group.

As the heroes continue on, they come upon more goblin bodies. Like those described above, these corpses have been torn apart by some extremely savage predator.

The path comes to a sudden end at the edge of a large, circular clearing. Some fifty feet away is a stone hill side. Crude masons seem to have carved the rock into the primitive shape of a goblin head. The mouth hangs open, offering entrance to some underground chamber. Many traces on the ground seem to validate that.



Exigu watches for these tracks in the ground – many small feet (goblins) left the cave two days ago. From the air, Macrazbunare see 5 goblins hidden behind the hill.

They enter the grotto. The corridor is 4 feet high only. Their footsteps echo hollowly as they tread upon the stone floor of the cave. Tricks of rain fall from cracks in the ceiling to form muddy puddles.

They see a dozen mutilated goblins in this corridor. The claws marks are deep and vicious, as well as bite marks. Some of the bodies have their arms ripped off. They wonder if a gorilla did that. There is not much blood around, considering all the horrible wounds.

There are many little black bats coming in and out of the cave.

Room 1 (see map below) (20' ceiling) – Just before this room: foul Smell of rotting meat, mold, and damp earth fill the air. Dozens goblin bodies strewn around. Unlike the other remains, these are not warriors and hunters: bodies of goblin women and children. Clearly, the beast that destroyed them has no capacity for mercy.

Room 2 (10' ceiling) 3 Three chained Goblin Prisoners. When they see the heroes, they start yelling! The heroes ignore them, but they unhappy with the sudden noise.

Room 3 (4' ceiling) dirt piles: trinkets, weapons, 40gp, 2 healing potions (CLW).

Room 4 (ceiling 12-15') As they move further into the chamber, a low growl fills the air, sounding like the warning snarl of a wolf, but with an almost reptilian hiss. Then, in a blur, something terrible and deformed charges out of the darkness. It is coming from the ceiling and its is walking on the walls!

The thing bites Exigu and drain him of blood! (-5 constitution)

Compared to a normal goblin, the one before them is monstrously misshapen and twice the usual size, its yellow fangs reaching roughly halfway down its chest. Its hands are blackened and shriveled, with the gore of fallen victims caked beneath the long, jagged fingernails. Most importantly, hunger flashes in its bulbous, red eyes.

At one of its fingers, they see a ring – the hag's!

Austizel cast *haste*. Exigu withdraw to the back and then moves to the same room, but from the other corridor. Petrak cast *spiritual weapon* but misses. Varadan hits with a flurry of blows but no hits. Macrazbunare cast *magic missile* (-22).



The goblin quickly moves to Exigu and bites him again (-3 constitution). They see the monster is healing with each blood drink! And the thing appears to hate halflings!

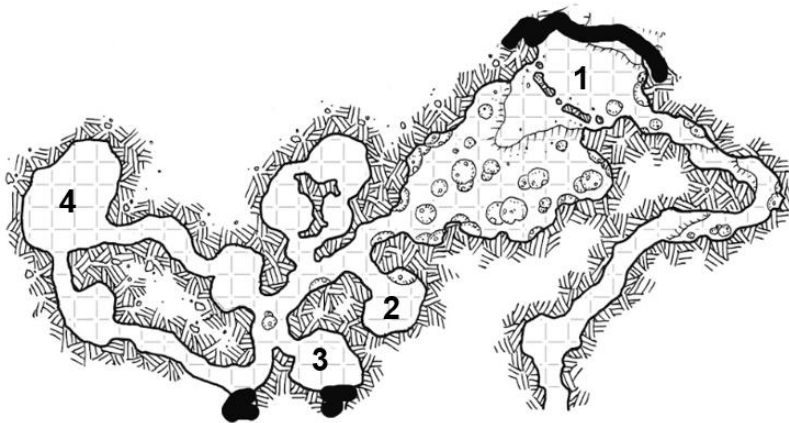
Austizel cast *magic missile* too (-15). Tora tries to hit but realize he did very few damages (-1 only, due to damage reduction). Exigu withdraws again. Petrak casts *prayer*. Varadan hits again (does only -2). Macrazbunare cast *magic missile* again (-15).

Exigu thinks he is safely in the corridor, with other heroes between him and the creature, but the monster suddenly has a burst of speed and it walks on the ceiling to get to Exigu again! The thing misses. Austizel casts *lightning bolt* (-28). Tora reaches the monster and hits with *smite evil* (-10).

Exigu tries different arrows to check its vulnerability (silver arrow does 0 hit point, 2 gold arrow misses and a last gold arrow does 0 hp).

Petrak moves and hits it with his *spiritual weapon*. Varadan reaches the monster but his attack does no damage (DR). Macrazbunare cast *magic missile* again (-21).

The monster runs to Exigu again and bites and claws him with his deadly fists (-19 total). Austizel cast *magic missile* again (-20). Tora hits it twice and the thing change shape to a cloud of disgusting green flies.



They follow the cloud to room 3 where the flies form the goblin body in sleep mode: the goblin body is translucent as it reforming. They can't hit it as their weapon passes through it. It takes an hour for the body to form. As soon as the body coalesces, Austizel grabs the hags' ring from it.

As they identified it as a vampire, Varadan tries to stake him with a wooden spike, but it does nothing. Petrak hits it and it turns back to swarm of flies!

Again, the flies regroup to form a body, which is translucent again. Meanwhile, from their pooled knowledge, they realize that iron nails should be the thing used to stake it.

After an hour, the body is again reformed. Austizel puts an iron nail in its heart, while Varadan hits it with a cold iron bolt. Then Macrazbunare cuts its head with a scimitar: the thing turns to a swarm of flies!

They wonder what they are doing wrong. They think they might need more than one iron nail in the heart before cutting its head. In the cavern, they find a dozen rusted nails here and there.

Meanwhile, *detect magic* on the ring shows a strong aura of conjuration.

They wait again for the body to reform. They drive nails in its heart, and when the count reaches six, the monster body shrivels as if desiccated. Success!