Wolves and Ghosts and Erisar Oh My!

It was the most fascinating thing. There I was, lounging about the square, looking passively bemused as I tend to. Moments later, I was called off to defend the city, in what was to become the longest, most drawn-out series of maulings I had ever experienced.

We chased a group of wolves about the roads for quite a time, their leader always coaxing them into retreating as we cut through their ranks. After a great deal of muttering and pith, members of the group decided to listen to the advice of an anonymous thief, and a charge was made right for the leader of the pack. Before he could be cut down, he transformed to a hybrid form. This wasn't much to his benefit however, and he quickly fell to the ground. Of course, being a particularly stupid and stubborn wolf, his ghost decided to rise again, only to be cut down again shortly thereafter. Not knowing much about Were-Magicks, the same anonymous thief advised the cleric with this party to cast a blessing over the remains of these beasts, and they were then lit fire to.

And then our good friend the Render decided to taunt us for a while. He confirmed that it had indeed been his wolves responsible for the attack on Erisar's temple, and further stated that his people had some personal vendetta against the church of Erisar. The followers of Erisar I had spoken to earlier seemed to have no idea of such a motive, so I inquired. Mollok decided he would remain cryptic about these events, and advised that were Erisar's followers so curious, they consult their Lord. The wolves announces they would continue to prowl the roads at night until they had their revenge. We, in turn, promised, doubly so because of how uncourteous they had been, to get in their way.

Jokes aside for the moment, I would like to remind people that while these werewolves clearly come across as intelligent creatures, they are still wolves. They have the instincts, motivations, and tactics, and reasoning, of wolves. We have seen them travel in packs, rely on a leader, and attempt to herd potential prey into ambushes. They think both like you, and like an animal. At the same time. Possibly backwards. Be wary.

And now, on a more personal note: Because he clearly cared little for our feelings, I have decided to share the same disrespect. Mollok has a stupid name. The Render. My, how frightening. What does that mean? Yeow, he's going to claw us for a while? That's certainly intimidating when compared to dragons who take the names of magicks we can barely comprehend, and dark servants of dark forces, who name themselves in languages long since dead. Booga Booga?

Mollok, if that gash on my leg leaves a visible scar, you shall be the front mat for my home.

Kirin, Seeker

Revision #1
Created 2023-05-09 07:36:05 UTC by Maldred
Updated 2023-05-09 07:36:41 UTC by Maldred