

Somnolent Wanderer

Zastyt the Feeder (704.3)

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The whip-thin, sallow-eyed creatures have slipped sloer. You can hear them faintly muttering and grumbling, a lifting-and-falling sound without words, ebbing and flowing like water on the seashore. There is something unsettling about the noise, but you do not sense that they are a threat – and after all you should be safe on the road.

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Following the voice, past the herb garden, you find a barn behind the cottage. Lamplight spills out through the wide open doors, and the voice of the singer, but also a stream of effluvia and blood. You pause at the entryway, looking within.

Within is a big man, wearing a mask of straw and ivy in the shape of a smiling sun. He wears a short-sleeved brown robe beneath a leather apron that strains against his paunch. He is slaughtering a pig with a razor-sharp sickle - the air is stick with the smell of terrified animal, and excrement, and blood. He wields his blade with expert skill, and blood gushes into a bucket. Your stomach lurches. There is something not right here, but you cannot work out what it is. Your vision dims, swims slightly. The man turns toward you, sickle raised, blood running over his gnarled fist.

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Marzanna Verchernyaya Zorya (5097.2)

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Zoria (10516.1)

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Vaclav Mladenovich Kosti (438.2)

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Nadya Aldona Straconeva (11898.1)

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