

The Tavern upstairs door splintered and split down the middle; and the evil leering face of Azrael the Dwarf sneered into view (Dm's note* think 'the shining', cept Azrael Is still a Dwarf he's just using his cursed Axe to intimidate his prey and to fool them into thinking he's not stronger than he is because he is indeed a dangerous Lycanthrope!)

“heh, heh, heh...” Azrael grins with a surly growl and leans against the door peering into the room to see a still burning 'blue candle' on the mantelpiece, next to a now unoccupied rocking chair sitting adjacent to the bed, there was also a small boudoir with a closet...

“Mr Burrfoot, ye are pissin me off now. Did ye think ye and the Kender Lass could be sticking your little filthy noses into my Lord's business and not face repercussions? I've not got any orders to touch a hair on ye head; You's be a coming back to milord to face HIS judgement of what he wants to do with ye. I be coming to collect, and might I add Mr. Burrfoot you're lucky I didn't pull your head out of your ass like a rabbit out of a hat for the 'wiping your bum with a badgers beard' rhyme! You dirty little shite! I've not heard that stupid song in centuries and then go sing it all smart assed whistling and ruin it for me!” Azrael fumed and tapped his Axe handle against his palm weighing the option on which to use...

The Dwarf rared back without hesitation and with a swift kick sent the door crashing inward; sending what was left of the debris into the walls above the bed. The bed was now ruined and sagged under the weight of the debris ready to collapse if it weren't for being a sturdy iron frame ensconced on the walls with chain... Perfect for maybe One Kender to hide under.. In the closet or under the bed, the Dwarf named Azrael was taking a head or a soul to his Master 'Strahd' or 'Soth'. The Blue candle still lit, albeit toppled off the mantle to roll in front of the boudoir! It immediately blew out with a whisk and Azrael eyed the boudoir but didn't make for it...

Instead; he saw the still standing rocking chair and condescendingly sat down in it; pausing only to lean his Axe down with an intimidating thump'- right in front of the bed. He absently stuffed his pipe and reached down for a smoldering splinter from the destroyed mantle that had maybe contained a

small hearth fire now destroyed by his entry.. The room was now dark except for the glowing coal of Azrael's pipe... Smoke curled along his white muttons evilly to form a dragon wreath around his head...

“You think that Black Robed Wizard ye were spying on the conversation of milord; ye thinkin ye can make it to the borders back to Sithicus to squeal to Magda about it?” Azrael sniffed the air and stroked his mutton chops, grinding his teeth and salivating like a dog...

“I smelled that Elven whore's perfume on that little Kender brat; smells almost identical I picked up on it, then I figured it out. Ye've come for the Half Elf and his Lady Strahd has locked away! Well, then Mr Burrfoot milord is prepared to give you a contemptuous offer if I do say so myself, you unworthy shitty little bastard...” Azrael guffawed and continued; “The Black Robed Mage and The Kendermaid in trade; in exchange to let you walk out of here alive; track down that Amulet that Ticklmop Toothfang decided to abscond with and bring it back to Strahd...” Azrael paused and puffed on the pipe again.. He reached for his Axe near the bed; absently forgetting he'd not paid attention out of the corner of his eye..

“It was very unwise to enter a room unannounced in my company...” Azrael's gaze shifted back toward the open door to see in the hallway a pair of glowing hourglass eyes and pale golden skin...

“Figures...” Azrael huffed, almost amused. “I've been instructed to take you in as well, Magus Majere...” Azrael sneered. “Not so much alive; either state will do...” Azrael held up the gleaming insidious looking cylinder with an open cap on one end and a large extruding needle spike on the other. A push of a button made the spike retract. “In your Arse or the Kender's, whichever works for me...” Azrael flipped the phylactery syrette once to turn and grab his axe while keeping an eye on Raistlin... It was just within his reach of the chair leaning right against the bed... A split second his eyes widened to look at the axe and then suddenly glance upward as Tasslehoff who had been split wedged against a roof beam clinging upside down when Azrael entered the room! Azrael reached up just in time for the Kender to land on his shoulders so hard it sent him crashing into the rocker pinning him to the arms for a split second before he reached up and literally flung the

Kender out into the hallway toward Raistlin like a projectile; Raistlin barely had time to catch the Kender albeit with a harshly whispered; 'Move' and shove and dump back onto the ground. Tas rolled like a ball out of the way as the enraged Azrael had grabbed the Rocking chair not finding his Axe and sending it also crashing towards the mage as he viciously lurched toward the Boudoir where he was certain the female Kender was hiding! He wrenched the doors open for a split second finding a broken piece of the Hoopak he had callously destroyed that had belonged to Astrid...

“I'm taking out her yolk! I don't need the little egg...” Azrael pushed a button on the phylactery again. “It's gonna hurt you a hell of a lot more that it will me, but I reckon I'm going to enjoy your screams..” Azrael snapped the rest of the Hoopak fragment in his fist and flung it callously over his shoulder toward the door as if to mock Raistlin and Tas; as he'd just thrown Tas out of the room...

Where was the Kender? Under the bed? The little...

A split second Azrael feigned to look behind him as he bent over to peer into the boudoir closet not seeing the Kendermaid hiding wedged to the inner cabinet or even perhaps a trunk. A split second he looked away; he heard the sharp scrape of his Axe upon wood; he heard a startled anguished scream of the Kendermaid... And then he heard his own scream of rage to accentuate the sudden surprise that Astrid had swiped his Axe and rolled right out from underneath the bed to plant it right in the crack of his ARSE, split! Right between the Mutha and The Fatha! Sideways, and no mercy!

The Axe landed with a satisfying Twack' into the stunned and annoyed Dwarf's backside! Meanwhile Astrid the Kendermaid was still holding onto the handle ; albeit something was wrong! Her face contorted into an anguished sneer and she was so red in the face and angry she was crying! A sudden stream of rapid and increasingly obscene insults poured out of her mouth in a gnomelike fashion although for a acolyte of Chislev and one so chaste as Astrid to utter such blasphemies and language it was disturbing yet comical, yet horrific and obscene at the same time what of it dared to be intelligible...

“KENDERKIN URSURPER!” Astrid screamed at the top of her lungs breathing heavily unable to dislodge the Axe from Azrael's backside or turn loose of the handle.. She screamed in annoyance at the fact she was held fast but so angry she couldn't stand it! Tears began streaming down her little impish face and now that she was angry her wrinkles were accentuated now and her little green eyes blazed with fury at Azrael the Dwarf as she spat and hissed and uttered blasphemies at him! (Dm'sNote* The reason for this is simple Astrid Damaris is a good aligned character who happens to pick up Azrael's Cursed Axe; although she is immune to most magic the particular events occurring in Ravenloft have slowly started to affect Astrid adversely; the Dm can choose to play this to their detriment as although Astrid or a good aligned character may not seek to kill or attack anything in sight; but will still hold an alert highly erratic attitude towards everything in the party from then on!

Raistlin immediately along with Tas rushed into the room; Raistlin uttering a quick incantation to dislodge Astrid's hold on the pommel of Azrael's Axe! Astrid fell backwards tumbling into Tasslehoff's arms sputtering and gibbering while rolling her eyes and tongue in a manner that looked like she was about to puke...

“Get her out of here, Now Tasslehoff!” Raistlin didn't hesitate as suddenly an enraged Azrael whirled on them and pulled the axe out albeit with some difficulty... He wasn't too quick to follow the Kender out as he now noticed Raistlin had his own Phylactery cylinder and spike... Raistlin held it like a Dagger in his hand as he held onto the Staff of Magius with the other...

“Did ya think ya were gonna take ME back to Fizban?” Azrael guffawed. “Oh pray tell them wizards at the conclave back on Krynn would love to study my yolk if they could get it...” Azrael viciously shook his head and began assuming his Wearbadger form! “I'll make you a corpse and then use ye own spike on ye! We'll see who takes who back to Mount Celestia to the Foundry or the Conclave to have they secrets pried out from the yolk! I'll take ye ALL back to Baator myself; cut Strahd out of the deal...” “Shirak!” Raistlin's staff flared and the two went at it...