

Epiphany Dryads

Description: Essentially, it's a dryad zombie. Resembles a regular dryad, except that the bark/skin is visibly rotting off, the eyes are pure white, the hands are extended to nightmarish lengths, and what needles still remain attached are black and oozing. Epiphany Dryads never speak.

For zombified pine and fir tree dryads, Epiphany Dryads are not all that horrible. Well, they're not that horrible towards human beings or other animals. Or even other dryads. But they're pure death on plant that's smaller than a shrub. On the other hand, they are non-aggressive towards animal life -- to the point of ignoring it completely unless attacked -- and burn extremely quickly when lit on fire.

Epiphany Dryads are also extremely rare. Responsible nymphs do not allow dryads to incarnate in Christmas tree farms in the first place; but sometimes a family accidentally gets a Christmas tree with a dryad in it anyway. Even then the doomed nymph will not become an Epiphany Dryad if there's anything like religious rituals regularly undertaken in its presence. Christmas hymns,

for example, will help lay the dryad to rest. The few that slip through the cracks can do awful things to croplands, and forests without dryads (Epiphany Dryads instinctively flee 'mortal' versions of their kind). Tracking them down can be tricky: being Undead, Epiphany Dryads can escape normal nymphs, as the latter are typically tied to a particular area. The aforementioned responsible nymphs handle this by hiring human woodsmen, who are likewise able to move around freely.

Please note: while these Undead are not aggressive towards animals, they are not passive. Attack one, and it will attack back. And if lit on fire, Epiphany Dryads will fight extremely fiercely, for as long as it can.

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