

Preying on the Wind

Call me 'Suehtemorp,' because I won't give you my True Name. Too many people know it already; that's why I'm imprisoned under this infernal machine of yours. Pre-mortem humans *are* clever, in the aggregate.

It's all very brute-force, though. Wind pushes the blades; the blades' movement generates electrical power; and that power energizes the charms that would keep me immobilized. Oh, and the birds that get sacrificed? I can feed on their life force enough to barely sustain myself. Very self-sustaining.

Be terrified when one of your wind farms explodes, though. That means the lich underneath it is free...

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