Creptio dwells on the island Hydra,

off the Southern most coast of Ithaca a days journey by ship,

in the Miro Sea.

The island is rocky, large cliffs create

a dangerous boarder along the sea but three approaches are available

to the practiced sailor,

look for three identical horseshoe coves

on the northern coast to beach There you must travel over the mountainous

terrain until you have

reached the only spot where acres of olive

trees flourish, reaching to Dawn Push through these arches and search for a

land where three times

the earth has been scorched by Zeus

leaving nothing but grains of sand. Follow theriver of silt down to the pit of grit

and powder and summon Creptio.

The last time she appeared

the villagers had been led astray by a louse named Miko. He preached

to them to

leave their fields and duties

to explore the rest of Hydra to see what wonders and better lives they

could find.

Look for his headstone,

lay in the sun and dream of better days

Creptio appears as an undersized

downy feline playful and welcoming. Her fur is a auburn,

ginger, and black

dappled. She has olive eyes

that have a dullness to them. She has an ability

to warm the

hearts of stony men, melting

their edges and opening their arms. Her scent is one of

clean linen and

the memory of home.

Her low bass purr reassures her companion

that all is

well, that they are loved

and life is better here. Creptio emerges with

little warning, only

the slightest tilt of her

head and odd glimmer in her eyes and the

rush of electricity

then flies across the spine.

With the beat of a pulse the monster grows

to five times

it’s size, claws ripping through

her skin and tears at the earth around, searching

for a stronghold.

Where fur once greeted a

loving stranger, whip like vines erupt in a chaotic

explosion, ensnaring any

one with in view, pulling

them in to the chaos. Once ensnared the victims lose all

sense of comfort,

of knowing, of logic, they

become the chaos. No matter how you attempt to attack

the monster it

won’t work. You can try to use logic but it defies it, strength is sapped by the violent thrashing, prayers fall unanswered.

You emerge, drained, confused and

weary of her. Yet there she lays, still, tiny and helpless.

Her empty eyes,

her weak infinitesimal whimper produces

a simple tear and Creptio begins to be enveloped by the

pit. It is

then that you must strike,

with one bold move, grab hold at the nape of her neck with

one hand and

clench the rear paws with

the other, expose her underbelly offering her up to Zeus and

his lightning bolt.

His searing blade will lay

waste to her body sending electric impulses every which way.

As long as

you are brave and hold

her thight she we shield you as all her powers are

turned to sand.