

**W**INE IS THE LIFEBLOOD OF THE BAROVIAN PEOPLE. IT IS ONE OF THE ONLY INDULGENCES LEFT TO THEM. WITHOUT IT, MANY OF THEM WOULD LOSE THEIR LAST SHRED OF HOPE AND SUCCUMB TO UTTER DESPAIR.

MANY OF THE MALICIOUS SPIRITS ROAMING THE DEMIPLANE OF DREAD CAN SENSE WHEN MORTAL CONFIDENCE IS FLAGGING AND TAKE GREAT DELIGHT IN TOYING WITH THEIR PREY, TRYING TO PUSH THEM PAST THE BOUNDS OF SANITY.

THERE IT IS—  
THE WIZARD  
OF WINES.

THE VINEYARD  
AND WINERY'S BEEN  
OUR FAMILY'S PRIDE  
FOR YEARS.

OH MAN,  
AFTER THE DAY  
WE'VE HAD, I AM  
SO UP FOR A  
DRINK...

# SHADOWS OF THE VAMPIRE

Part Three: Field of Regrets



LET ME DO THE TALKIN', FRIENDS.

PA CAN BE A BIT SUSPICIOUS...



ADRIAN!

WHO IN THE DARKLORD'S DINGY DIRT DIDJA BRING HOME THIS TIME?!



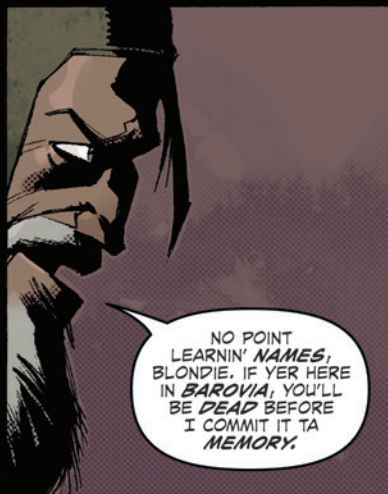
PA, THESE ARE GOOD FOLK WHO WAS TREKKIN' THE OLD SVALICH ROAD...

GREETINGS, I'M KRYDLE.

MY COMPANIONS ARE SHANDIE, DELINA, NERY'S, AND MINSC.

DO NOT FORGET BOO, OUR HAMSTER ALLY.

SQUEE-



NO POINT LEARNIN' NAMES, BLONDIE. IF YER HERE IN BAROVIA, YOU'LL BE DEAD BEFORE I COMMIT IT TA MEMORY.



WELL, THIS GUY'S A REAL PEACH...



WE SAVED YOUR SON AND HIS WAGON FROM *STINKY GHOULS*!

YE WANT ME TA GIVE YE A *MEDAL*, ER WHAT?

SOME *THANKS* WOULD DO FOR A START!



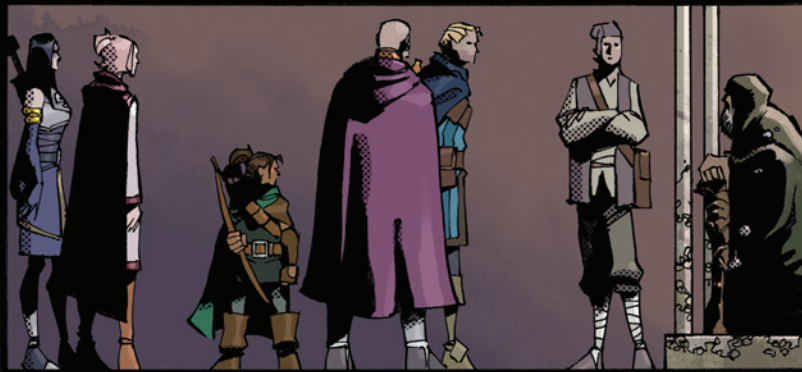
*PA!* YOU'RE EMBARRASSING ME AND THE *MARTIKOV* FAMILY NAME.

THEY RISKED THEIR SKINS TO SAVE MINE! I TOLD THEM WE COULD GIVE THEM SHELTER TONIGHT WHILE THEY GET SORTED OUT.



YE DAFT IDEALISTIC LAD...

YE KNOW THAT STRANGERS BRING NUTHIN' BUT *TROUBLE* 'ROUND HERE.



*\*SIGH\** FINE.

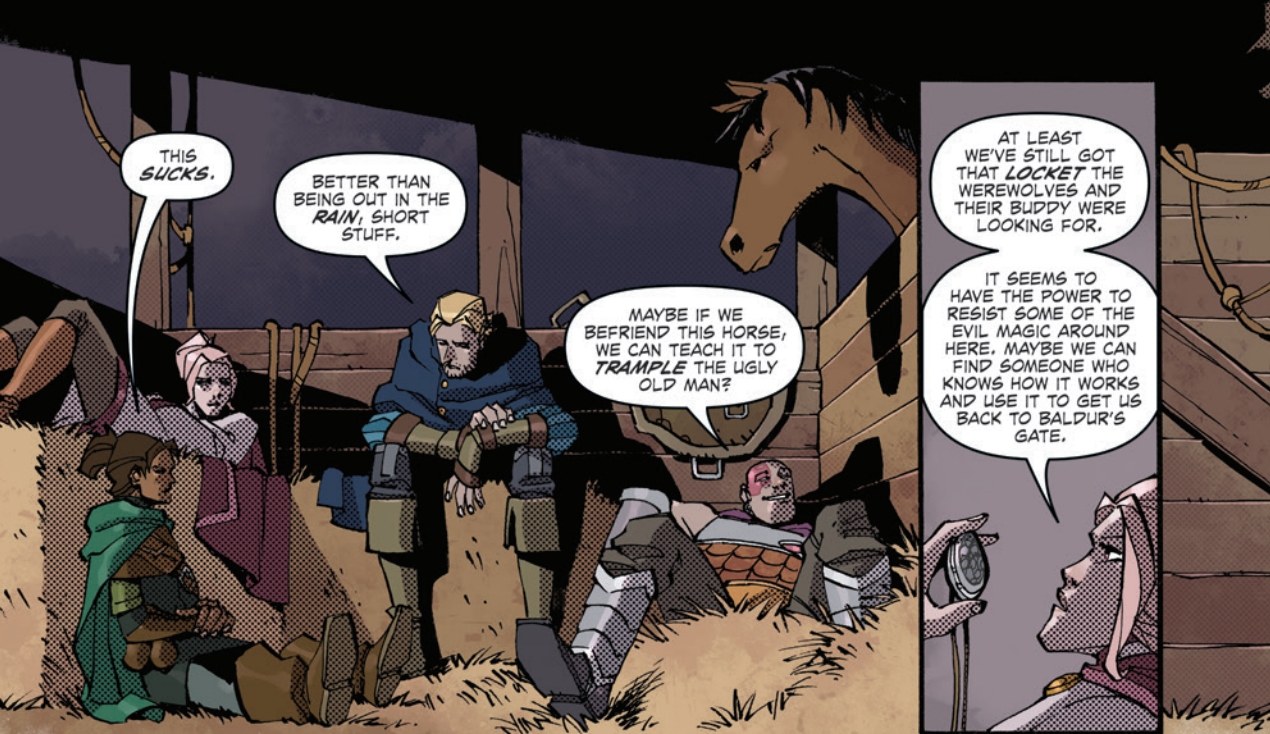
THEY KIN STAY IN THE *STABLES*.



*"STABLES?!"* DO WE LOOK LIKE HORSES, YOU CREEPY—

SOUNDS GREAT.

THANK YOU FOR THE *HOSPITALITY*, MR. *MARTIKOV*.



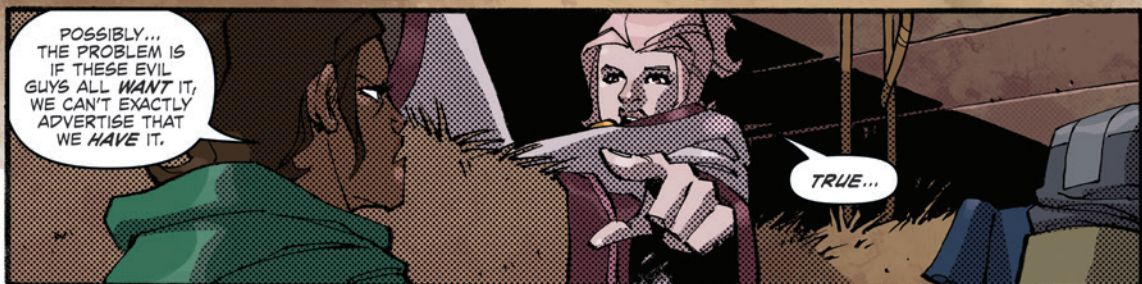
THIS SUCKS.

BETTER THAN BEING OUT IN THE RAIN, SHORT STUFF.

MAYBE IF WE BEFRIEND THIS HORSE, WE CAN TEACH IT TO TRAMPLE THE UGLY OLD MAN?

AT LEAST WE'VE STILL GOT THAT *LOCKET* THE WEREWOLVES AND THEIR BUDDY WERE LOOKING FOR.

IT SEEMS TO HAVE THE POWER TO RESIST SOME OF THE EVIL MAGIC AROUND HERE. MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HOW IT WORKS AND USE IT TO GET US BACK TO BALDUR'S GATE.



POSSIBLY... THE PROBLEM IS IF THESE EVIL GUYS ALL WANT IT, WE CAN'T EXACTLY ADVERTISE THAT WE HAVE IT.

TRUE...



I'M SO EXHAUSTED RIGHT NOW I CAN'T EVEN THINK STRAIGHT.

LET'S GET SOME REST AND DECIDE ON A PLAN TOMORROW.

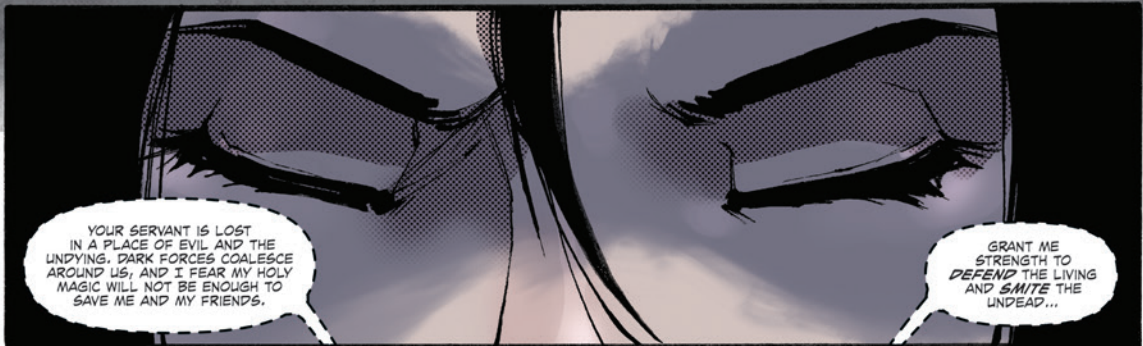


WHERE DID OUR CLERIC GO?

I THINK SHE STEPPED OUT TO LOOK AROUND...



KELEMVOR,  
LORD OF THE  
DEAD, HEAR MY  
PRAYER...



YOUR SERVANT IS LOST  
IN A PLACE OF EVIL AND THE  
UNDYING. DARK FORCES COALESCE  
AROUND US, AND I FEAR MY HOLY  
MAGIC WILL NOT BE ENOUGH TO  
SAVE ME AND MY FRIENDS.

GRANT ME  
STRENGTH TO  
DEFEND THE LIVING  
AND SMITE THE  
UNDEAD...



YES, MINSC.  
CAN I HELP  
YOU?

DID YOUR  
GOD TELL YOU  
GOOD STUFF?

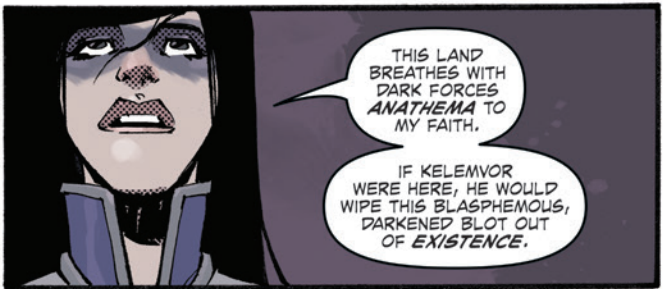
IT DOESN'T  
QUITE WORK  
THAT WAY...



IF KELEMVOR IS THE  
GOD OF DEATH, DOES  
THAT MEAN HE'S JUST  
A BIG OL' DEAD  
GUY?

NO. HE IS  
A GOD. HE IS  
BEYOND LIFE  
OR DEATH.

NEAT!



THIS LAND  
BREATHES WITH  
DARK FORCES  
ANATHEMA TO  
MY FAITH.

IF KELEMVOR  
WERE HERE, HE WOULD  
WIPE THIS BLASPHEMOUS,  
DARKENED BLOT OUT  
OF EXISTENCE.



UNTIL HE ARRIVES, WE WILL  
USE HAMSTER POWER TO  
PUNCH EVIL IN ITS STINKY,  
MUSHY FACE!

SQUEE!

INDEED.