

The Witches

The first thing you noticed was the smell. The dank, depressing smell of crushed dreams, the bittersweet scent of betrayal and the pungent stench of ... Evil. If you ever meet one, the acrid aroma will cling to you like moths to their death by flame. The skin is wizened and shrivelled like an elephant. The scrawny, pale face sports half-blind, bloodshot eyes like a bloodhound. Above the high cheekbones sits a net of jet-black matted hair, despite her great age. A sharp, beaky nose paired with a droopy, leering mouth baring a few decaying, black teeth gives the overall impression of a vulture. Clawed, knobbly hands and mouldy, repulsive feet end in yellow nails encased in centuries of dirt.

Times that by three and you'll get... The Witches.