



The Ones Who Were Dancing – Daily D&D 5e Encounter | RuneForge Studio

The missing villagers weren't dead. They were dancing.

In a moonlit clearing, sixteen souls moved in slow circles around a pale figure draped in roots and starlight. The party raised their weapons — then heard the laughter. Not screaming. *Laughter.*

The figure turned. It was no monster. It was the old hermit they'd been told had *caused* the disappearances. *"I brought them here to hide,"* he whispered, his eyes hollow as bark. *"Something hunts this valley. Something that wears the faces of people you trust."*

One by one, the party looked at each other.

□ Who among them had changed since entering the forest? Drop your theory below! □