

Zuddiger's Biehle

Illustrations by Silkenray
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All of what follows is true.



I was having a picnic that first day of spring
when a pesky crow flew down
and stole my spoon.



The nasty bird
flew into the
trees and then
through a
gate,

but I followed with haste.



He flew over a swirling lake, and
the black swans honked
at him in anger.

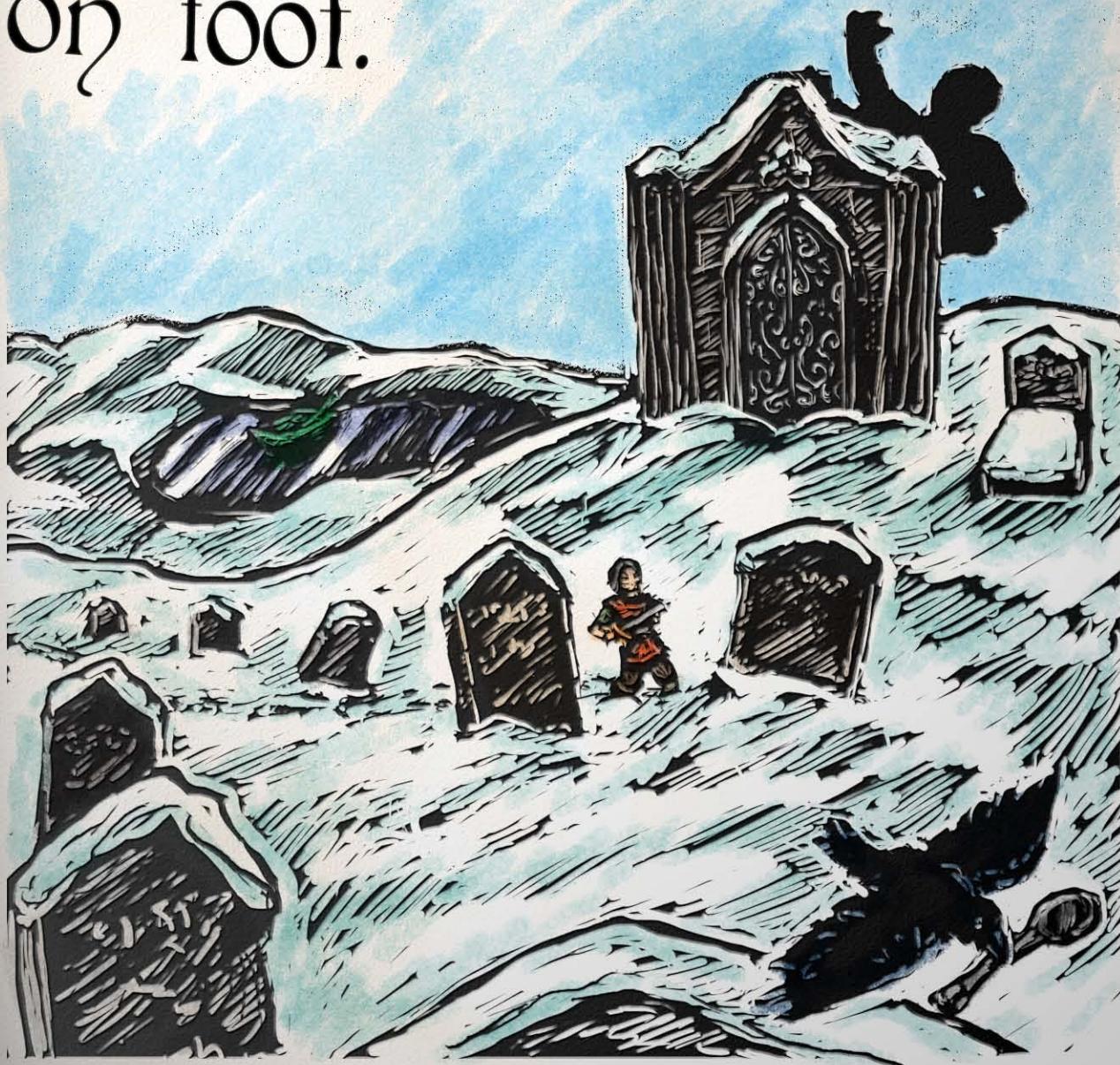
I chased him through a garden
and tried not to disturb the locals.





Unfortunately, some of the locals
were already disturbed.

It got very cold and my boat froze,
so I had to chase the crow
through the graveyard
on foot.





But the crow had
an older brother.

I was beginning to worry
that I would not be able to
finish my picnic after all.



Fortunately,
I landed on something soft.



And also fortunately, I'm faster
and craftier than a silly old troll.





But I still didn't have my spoon.



As it turned out,
neither did that nasty crow!



So I traded my sword
for a spoon and a bird.

And made it back home
in time for dinner.





It was the
best picnic ever.

This page contains the painted map of
Thousandbreaths.

(As the map is copyright Paizo, I have elected not to include it in this PDF)

