

and the lowing of the cattle was horrible to hear atop the sound of their rending flesh. Though Puh made to go forth with him, having donned his maroon battle tunic, Baldric bade him wait in silence. Clad in his blue tunic and steel mail, Baldric swiftly stole through the trees.

No man saw the fate of Baldric, though Puh's ears were grievously assaulted by Baldric's cries of pain and woe. Even those were swiftly silenced.

Puh sat in greatest horror, for whatever could have felled Baldric the Swift was surely too great a foe for one as simple as he. Then Puh's ears again did ache, now with the rustle of leaves, and an unnatural low cry. With fear running cold in his veins, Puh could not run. He stayed as if petrified, a statue upon his stool.

They came forward, slithering and sliding about Puh, snuffling at his body, but did not attack. They slithered into a rotted tree, a hole previously unseen.

Puh left then, gathering a force clad in red tunics for their safety. They burned that tree, relishing the screams of the demons within as they lunched on honey by the flames. Thus ends the tale of Baldric the Swift, his bones burned with those of his foes, as his loyal servant Puh ate honey by the tree.