

The Royal Crested Grouse



Of all the avians to ever roam the woods of Throkam, the Royal Crested Grouse is perhaps the most curious of all. Its startling crimson plumage with mottled streaks of gold set it apart from all the other winged fowl of the woodlands. Its most striking feature of all however, is the crest, bearing strong likeness to a crown, hence the name. The wildfowl is the most elusive of all the denizens of the mysterious Westwoods, and is thought by most to have all but died off in

the wild, which is also the reason behind why such little is known about the creature. The remnants of the majestic species survive today only in the keeps of noblemen and the royal apiary of his majesty the king at the capital. Chancing upon one in the wild is considered an auspicious omen and considered an indication to take up magic, owing to the bird's close association with Amaran and his magic post opus.

The avian is held sacred by the Midu, who believe it to be the manifestation of pure magic. Before the age of magic, consuming the bird was considered to extend one's lifespan by twofold. A closer examination by the magi of lifeforce has uncovered a most curious incidence in support of the superstition: unlike that of most creatures of the land, the lifeforce of the grouse does not dissipate entirely upon death. Instead it distills for a few hours into the gizzard of the bird which, when consumed, delivers a potent dosage of concentrated lifeforce. The bird's rarity has made it exceedingly popular in the upper echelons of nobility as a symbol of status and wealth across the land.

Property of His Majesty's Royal Apiarist Ser Gwenroldt