

FORTUNE'S THREAD: THE PANCAKE CROWN



He entered the forest
hungry. He left with
a kingdom.



Jet wandered into the forest searching for food and found a banquet no hungry traveler could have imagined.



Fortune turned: 4 — extraordinary success. Every delicacy looked perfect, especially a steaming plate of golden pancakes.



Jet took one glorious bite. Fortune turned: 1 — disaster. The pancakes were poisoned.



Goblin bandits sprang from hiding. Their magnificent feast had always been a trap.



The bandit leader, Gribnash, wore the only antidote at his belt.



Jet hurled the poisoned pancakes into Gribnash's face and lunged for the vial.



Fortune turned: 3 — success. Jet seized the antidote before the goblins recovered.



He ran as the furious bandits charged after him through the trees.



Jet tried to swallow the antidote while weaving between roots and arrows.



Fortune turned:
2 — partial success.
He escaped the bandits, but tripped
before he could drink.



The vial cracked
beside a twisted
root, spilling one
glowing dose
across a broad leaf.



Desperate, Jet
chewed herbs he
mistook for medicine.
Fortune turned:
1 — disaster. The
plants made the
poison worse.



The goblins caught up, but Gribnash was now collapsing from the poisoned pancakes smeared across his face.



He begged Jet to return the antidote. Jet offered him the same herbs that had worsened the poison.



Fortune turned: 3 — success. Gribnash trusted the lie and swallowed every leaf.



Moments later, both rivals lay in the mud, dying beside an audience of horrified goblins.



Jet remembered the glowing puddle beside the twisted root. If he could reach it, he might lick up enough antidote to live.



He crawled. Gribnash saw his destination and dragged himself alongside him.



Fortune turned: 2 — partial success. Jet reached the clearing, but Gribnash reached the antidote first.



One glowing dose remained between two dying rivals.



With his last strength,
Jet wrestled Gribnash
for control of the
spilled antidote.

Fortune turned:
4 — extraordinary
success. Jet defeated
the bandit leader and
claimed the leaf.

He licked up the
turquoise antidote
before a single drop
could sink into
the moss.

The poison vanished.
Jet was cured.



Jet expected the goblins to avenge their fallen chief. Instead, every bandit knelt.



Among these goblins, whoever defeated the leader inherited the band—and all of its unfinished crimes.



They anointed Jet with a crown of twigs, black feathers, and one tiny golden pancake.



He had entered the forest searching for breakfast. By sunset, Jet Black was king of the goblin bandits.