



omehow the flier reminds you of the newspaper from earlier. Thinking it might be good to hang onto it as well, you politely fold up the flier and pop it into your backpack. After all, someone had to go through all the trouble of making and printing out the flier in the first place.

You repeat your enquiry once more, and this time the question seems to have gone through. The woman nods in reply, stretching out her arm and pointing to a building in the northernmost part of town. You thank her for her time and signal to Mezza that it's time to go, but there's no reply.

Turning your head, you see that in the short amount of time you were busy, Mezza has become friends with a woodpecker. Mezza appears to be admiring the bird's striped and tropically-coloured beak, and is flapping around trying to get a good look. You walk over to the scene and bend down so that Mezza notices you.

As you approach, you notice some string in the woodpecker's beak...



