

Tirg and Lorin

Chapter 1:

Tirg the hedgehog hummed a merry tune as he walked along, taking in the sights of Mossflower Woods. Up in the trees, leaves rustled as a big squirrel jumped from them, landing gracefully upon the ground in front of Tirg, startling the young hedgehog.

“Ho, friend. Watcha doing here in Mossflower, scaring poor beasts like that!” Tirg exclaimed.

“Oh me, just jumping through the trees, coming from the Abbey.” The big squirrel replied cheerfully.

“Abbey?” Tirg asked, with a look of confusion upon his face.

“The great Redwall Abbey, of course.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking ‘bout, friend, what Redwall Abbey?” Tirg asked again, “Can I see this Abbey of yours?”

“Sure, friend, follow me.”

The squirrel bounded off through the trees, and Tirg followed him.

The squirrel led him down the path, and finally to the Abbey, which was made from red sandstone and protected by a big wall. They came to a gate and the squirrel rapped three times on the wood.

RAPP!

RAPP!

RAPP!

The gate was opened by a mouse, who introduced the squirrel to Tirg.

“Hello, my old friend Oakpaw, who is that?” the mouse asked.

“What, exactly, is your name?” Oakpaw asked Tirg.

“Exactly?” Tirg asked, “Well if you really wanna know, it’s Tirg Toby Rivermill.”

“Nice name, if you ask me.” Oakpaw replied, grinning. The mouse rushed them inside of Redwall Abbey saying, “Now come inside, it looks as if it’s gonna rain.”

As they entered the front door, Tirg, Oakpaw, and the mouse, who had introduced himself as Micheal, the gatekeeper of Redwall Abbey, were greeted by a haremaid who introduced herself as Clarina, head chef for Redwall Abbey. Clarina showed Tirg around Redwall, pointing out the belltower, the Infirmary, the Great Hall, and the Cellars, all while fending off Dibbuns with a bronze ladle.

Just as Micheal predicted, a downpour began, but it only started halfway through Clarina’s tour, with the winds lashing against the sides of the Abbey, shaking the trees outside in the orchard. Not long after the tour, night fell and the Infirmary Keeper, Ummer, found Tirg a nice and comfy room to sleep in. Exhausted by his travels, Tirg fell asleep almost instantly.

Meanwhile, off the eastern shores a ferret captain named Irdag Bloodfang and his crew made of rats, foxes, and other plundering vermin, sailed. They sailed their ship the *Bloodfang*, a warship, battered by many seasons of harsh weather, commanded by Irdag Bloodfang, day and night, dark or bright. The ship had held together for countless seasons, but on this night the crew was not so lucky, as the *Bloodfang* was driven into a cluster of boulders and crashed. The crew of the *Bloodfang* did have some luck, as none of their vermin companions were hurt badly or killed.

Irdag ordered a stoat named Corvan to retrieve intact boxes from the wreck, then announced to his crew,

“Our ship may have been wrecked, but we shall recover, and then you know what will happen!”

“Loot!” the crew shouted over the rain and the wind, “We loot!”

Chapter 2:

Back at the Abbey, Tirg was woken by Ummer and shown to the Great Hall, where breakfast was being served by Clarina and two other haremaids, who Ummer introduced as Catia and Cartria, and who were twins, and very experienced at cooking. Breakfast was delicious, and after it, Tirg went outside and was put to work by a mole, who introduced himself as Foremole Dubbin, then told Tirg to get to work picking strawberries and harvesting pears and apples. On his way to the strawberry patch, Tirg saw two bells in a tower he had not noticed and a mouse in green robes in the belltower. He called to the mouse,

“Hello, are you the bellringer?”

“Who else would I be?” the mouse replied, “Now, get on your way to do what Foremole wanted you to do.”

Corvan came back in the morning hauling two boxes with adventuring supplies that he put down at Irdag’s feet. The ferret screamed at Corvan,

“Get more supplies, you lazy seaweed!”

Corvan ran back to the wreck, not wanting to face his captain's wrath or his sword.

Irdag opened the boxes and took out some iron pegs, a canvas, and two sturdy sticks.

He plunged the sticks in the ground about five feet away from each other, draped the canvas over them, had two rats hold the canvas, then used the iron pegs to secure it in place. He swung his sword, cutting an opening into the tent, then finally laid down a mat and some silken curtains to make a bed. He ordered the rest to make tents of their own, then appointed some bodyguards and fell asleep.

Irdag's dreams disturbed the ferret, an old badger holding a pouch of herbs, a red sandstone building rising over lush, green trees, and the thunderstorm from the night before. He woke with a start to see a rat's head poking from his tent’s opening. He picked up his sword, jumped from his bed and smacked the rat with the flat of his blade, sending him sprawling.

“Get to work, rat!” He yelled, “Pack up the tents and put them in the sacks!”

The rat scurried to do his captain’s bidding, then Irdag spun around to face his bodyguards.

“Pack up my tent and carry it in a sack! Go!” He commanded them, “We’re heading north!”

The ferret and his crew headed north until they reached a broad river, where Irdag commanded a fox named Nightblade to fashion boats out of the materials Corvan collected from the ship to get them farther north to hopefully find a town to pillage, then head west on the river. The fox was an expert boat maker, and within three hours, four sturdy boats were made, each holding about twenty four vermin, and each equipped with twenty four paddles. The vermin hauled their supplies onto the boats, then, with ease, crossed the river to the other side. The vermin tied their boats to various rocks,

then set out north, keeping in mind where their boats were. Irdag sent out a rat named Halfsnout to scout ahead, then marched his crew forward.

After marching for a while, Halfsnout came back to report his findings, “A ruined fortress up on a cliff, I found many supplies there.” the rat said, out of breath. “March double-time, crew!” Irdag shouted at the vermin, “There’s a plentiful abandoned fortress up ahead!”

The crew, excited about the discovery, marched faster at their captain’s demand.

To Irdag’s crew, the fortress seemed abandoned, but not to the hares that lived under the ruins. A hare by the name of Bunty suggested, after hearing of the vermin, to his kind,

“I say we beat the bally lot of them, wot?”

“Oy!” a hare named Conty agreed.

“But, chaps, with wot?” another hare asked.

“The blinkin’ weapons, chap.” Bunty countered, “Never heard of them?”

Bunty led the hares down a passageway to a door, which he opened to reveal a large armory.

“This is the place, chaps.” the hare said, pulling a spear from the wall.

His companions followed his example, some pulling bows and quivers full of arrows, some taking spears or slings and pouches of stones. Armor was equipped, and the hares marched to the surface, ready to defend their land.

Over in Mossflower Woods, a band of vermin, led by a stoat named Redclaw, trekked through the forest, taking care to not make any noise. One of the vermin had gone ahead and seen a big, red sandstone building near a path that ran through Mossflower. He reported it to Redclaw, and the stoat appointed a rat named Mitche to go undercover as a mouse and work as a spy. Mitche had reported an old abandoned church that they could take refuge in. Redclaw smiled evilly at the pain he would inflict upon the creatures of Redwall.

Redclaw and his vermin reached the old church by the afternoon, where he sat drinking stolen elderberry wine. A weasel by the name of Klotch suggested to Redclaw, after hearing Mitche’s report,

“I heard from Mitche that the Redwallers love their little ‘uns dearly, so how ‘bout we steal them?”

Redclaw smiled, then replied to Klotch,

“Great plan there, weasel, tell it to the others and I’ll come up with a way to steal those little ones.”

Chapter 3

Bunty and his army arose from their dwelling and stared out over the land between the ruins and the river, watching Irdag's crew march towards them. The hares readied their weapons, and fired over the plains. Only three of the projectiles hit targets, the rest missed. Hauling an old log to the edge of the cliff, Bunty spoke through it, so his voice would be amplified.

"Turn back now, vermin, or the hares of Marshank ruins will end your days."

Bunty resisted from adding "chaps" to the end of his speech.

The vermin, ignoring Bunty's threats, ran to the rocky slope that separated the vermin from the hares. Launching volleys of projectiles down at vermin lessened their crew, but it was too much for the hares to keep lobbing projectiles at the vermin, as Irdag reached the ruins and leaped into battle with his sword, cutting down a young hare, and charging the rest. Bunty fought like a madman, kicking with his legs, and stabbing with his spear, taking down vermin left and right. But it was still too much for the hares, and they were forced into retreat by loss of numbers. The hares ran and quietly slipped into their secret underground home, shaken by battle and fear. The vermin plundered the ruins, finding weapons, food and other important resources. They headed back to their boats, carrying their loot, and loaded into the boats with their plunder. A rat untied the boats from the rocks and the vermin crew headed west upon the river.

After a long morning of harvesting fruits and berries, Tirg was called to the Great Hall for lunch. Clarina had made a spring salad, strawberry pie, scones topped with meadow cream, nut bread, and cheeses, all washed down with strawberry cordial. A hare named Boriss devoured dish, after dish, calling to the Redwallers,

"Pass those scones, chap, they're delicious."

"Pour me a jolly ol' cup of strawberry cordial, laddie."

The Redwallers laughed at the hares appetite, guessing what dish he would call for next.

"I think he's going for the spring salad, hares love those." Tirg whispered to a squirrel named Jasper.

"Yeah." Jasper whispered back.

Redclaw had come up with a plan to steal the Redwallers' little ones. Under cover of night, Mitche would open the gates and let Redclaw and a stealthy weasel named Shadowbank into the Abbey. From there, they would walk to the dormitories and pick up all the sleeping Dibbuns, except the hedgehogs. Then they would put the Dibbuns in sacks and set out in the night to somewhere far away from

Redwall. They would enslave the Dibbuns and make them gather food and resources. The plan was perfect for Redclaw.

As Irdag's crew sailed west on the river, they laughed cheerfully at the loot they had gotten from Marshank ruins. Irdag sat, eating a hotroot scone and drinking fine elderberry wine. Nightblade worked on the boat next to him, making a little scout boat and looking at maps. He spotted rapids ahead on the map, so he reported those to Irdag.

Up in the trees shading the river, a hawk named Stryke Irontalon watched the vermin intently, listening to their chatter. To find out more, he sent his son, Scarbeak, to investigate. As Scarbeak flew up in the air, he was killed by a vermin wielding a bow. The hawk fell down into the river, swept away by the current. Irdag laughed, saying loudly,

"Oh, you got that one good, Ogrim!" He laughed again, "Such a great hawk, to be felled by a single arrow."

His crew laughed along with him, taunting the carcass of the bird, which had been swept into a mass of branches and tangled up.

"You have made a horrible decision."

The crew looked up, to see a vicious hawk circling behind them. Stryke dived, picking up a vermin before his companions could react, and finishing him off with a swipe of his talons. He dropped the vermin, whose weight killed two more. The crew stood petrified, until Irdag shouted,

"Get the hawk!"

The vermin slinged stones, shot arrows, and threw spears at Stryke, but he dodged all of them. He would swoop down, dodging spears and pikes, pick a vermin up, kill it, then drop it to kill one or two more. But, slowly, Stryke was being worn out and taking hits.

Finally, Ogrim shot an arrow and finished off the giant hawk, whose carcass fell into the river, swept away by the current.

Irdag looked around, seeing many of his crew wounded or dead. He cursed, because about half of his original crew was dead, and about a quarter wounded. He shouted to the remaining vermin,

"Loot those bodies, then throw them overboard, we don't want them taking up space!"

