

# Vaso

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*Well, I did some digging and found my first Redwall short. It's based off of the same Quest that "Nieze" and "Letting Go". It isn't much, but I had to start somewhere....*

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/AarontheWanderer/34791/Vaso>

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# 1 - Vaso

Ilona's footpaws ached. It felt like hours had passed since she or the vermin horde had been given a break from walking through the forest. She was being pulled along by a rope that bound her arms to her sides and tied her paws behind her back by a ratguard who had no intention of letting her rest. Whenever she stumbled or fell, the rat would keep going, dragging her across the floor of the forest until she would get back up again.

The wolf ahead of her, who was the leader, raised a paw. "We'll stop here," he said in a low, gruff voice. A sigh of relief came from the vermin horde as most of them sat or fell where they were to rest. The ratguard escorting Ilona tugged at her rope. "You heard him, mouse. You're lucky to get a break." Ilona stumbled to a nearby tree and slumped down to its base. She felt very hungry. Her captors had limited her meals to only one each day.

She sat there thinking about what had happened two days ago. The horde's ship had attacked a small, defenseless ship. She didn't get a clear view of who was in the ship, but hoped whoever it was would find Aaron and the others and help them find her. ...But what were the chances of that happening?

She spotted a small group of vermin having a quiet conversation with each other, all of them looked apprehensive. One of the rats had picked up several blades of grass and held them tightly in his paw as the rest of the group pulled some of the blades from it. When all was done, one rat held the shortest blade and looked, terrified, at the rest of the group as they stared back at him, as if egging him on. The rat swallowed hard and stood up and walked up to the wolf, who sat by himself, drinking from a canteen. "What is it, Rotclaw?" the wolf said.

The rat shifted uncomfortably. "Um, Vaso, sir... uh, ya see, we, uh... we were just wondering... Uh, that--" The question spilled out of his mouth before he could stop himself. "Why did we go all the way to Redwall just to capture a single mouse?"

The wolf named Vaso waited for a moment before he stood up slowly, towering over the unfortunate rat and glared at him. "Are you questioning me, Rotclaw?"

Rotclaw shivered visibly before Vaso. "Wha--? No, sir! I-I was only--"

Vaso's right paw had suddenly lashed out, grabbed Rotclaw's neck and lifted him off the ground so that they were face to face. "How many times have I told you about questioning me?" he growled at Rotclaw. .

"Honestly, sir...!" Rotclaw said in a strained voice. "I wasn't.. questioning you...!"

Vaso brought Rotclaw closer to him so that the rat could see his fierce green eyes. "That's what I thought," he said, and threw Rotclaw from him so that the rat hit a tree not far from Ilona .

Ilona saw the rat huddled against the tree, shaking. But it didn't appear to Ilona that he was shaking in fear, but rather with anger. She heard the rat mutter something that was incoherent to her. But Vaso had apparently heard and understood what Rotclaw had said. The vermin around the two suddenly backed away as Vaso reached for his sword on his back. Only it wasn't his sword, it belonged to Ilona. He had taken it from her when she was captured. Vaso held the two pawed sword with only one paw and walked slowly to Rotclaw, who had turned over so that he was facing the large wolf, his eyes filled with terror.

"W-Wait, sir! I-I-I didn't mean that! No, NO!! PLEASE!!"

Ilona turned her head away from the scene, but she couldn't block the sound of the unlucky rat screaming in agony as Vaso used her own sword to slay him.

Vaso watched the rat die, not even blinking. He tossed Ilona's sword aside and called a weasel to him. "You and another beast dispose of this wretch where nobeast can find him. Leave the sword where it is.

We're moving out."

As Ilona was pulled to her footpaws once again, she hoped that if her friends were on her trail, that they would bring plenty of help. They would need it.