

Part I: Winterpaw

By Winterpaw

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The first part of an original series by me. Includes my buddy Winterpaw and her companions Yellowtip, Goldtail, Treewyte, Rosebloom, and Swiftsky on a perilous adventure for the water emblem.

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1 - Prologue

A small foxbabe lay in the moss as her mother picked berries in the berry patch. Her mother was a beautiful grayish blue with bright, inquisitive brown eyes. She seemed to shine in even the darkest hours of the day.

She wore a green dress with seashells dangling off, serving as fringe. She wore a small blue apron with a big pocket for berries. She wore snakeskin moccasins and a woolen hat died red from mud.

A short distance away, the babes father toiled away in their makeshift garden, pulling potatoes and carrots out for dinner. He wore a fine blue tunic with a belt holding his broadsword. He was also grayish blue, but with light blue eyes that shone merrily when he thought of his mate and child. He had a pair of deep brown boots and a straw hat the good creatures of Redwall had given him.

Their house was a small hutch that, in one corner, held the fireplace, and in the other had their kitchen. A small cradle stood in front of the fire. This was the babes bed. On another side of the room was the bed for the mother and father.

They loved each other much and kept an eye on the babe always. They had never experienced war, and the father only had a sword because his father had handed it down to him.

The babe was a white vixen. She had grey eyes and a curious black mark at the tip of her tail. She donned a bundle which her mother usually carried across her back

A rumble of footpads stomping the earth reached them, and the baby began to cry. The mother stood up erect and listened. She cried out to her husband, who ran to them and ushered them into the hut.

The pounding grew louder as the hordes of rats and vermin came closer, until finally, a flag was raised as a warning to the creatures below that they were to be slain.

The flag was white with a brown circle and the letter K inside the circle. It had markings resembling blood on the white parts.

The fox unsheathed his lethal blade and charged the horde head on, slashing and stabbing, using moves he never knew he could. But the leader of the horde was smarter about war than he.

Lord Kavana was a fearsome ferret. He wore a ragged tunic with a handsome red cape. But his features were not at all handsome. He carried a mace, which had killed many a creature. He was experienced at war.

As soon as the fox reached him, he nimbly skipped aside and bashed his head in with the mace. The babe's father was dead.

The hordes reached the cabin in no time. But the vixen had already left out the back door.

The vixen had run with all her strength toward Redwall, her babe in one arm, a blanket she had salvaged in the other.

Redwall was in sight!!!

She used the last reserves of her strength to get to the gates, and when she did, she knocked loudly enough to wake a badger lord. But just when she thought she was safe, an arrow went through her back.

Eyes clouded over, she fell, clutching her babe. The babe had lost everything within an hour.

2 - Chapter 1

In Redwall Abbey, Yellowtip the abbey warrior tested his bowstring on a large target in the orchard. He thought silently of better days when the abbey could live in peace. But now that Lord Kavana was about, no one was safe.

Yellowtip was a strong squirrel. He was a light brown with a strange yellow tip on his tail. His eyes were alight with the flaming spirit of a warrior. He always kept his bow close to paw, in case of danger. He was always kind and merciful to those select few enemy who deserved it.

A piercing cry cut through his thoughts, causing him to startle and jump up. The cry sounded again. He ran to the top of the walls nimbly, and took in the scene before him.

A dead fox who he recognized as Swiftflower was still holding the new babe from last summer. But the thing that caught his eye was the horde advancing on the babe.

He yelled out to his friend Goldentail , then began shooting at random figures in the horde.

Goldentail was a kindly mouse, but taken to war all the same. He carried a bow also, and was seasoned in war. He wore a green habit, which was purposefully too small to keep it from tripping him in battle. His tail was a golden color, though none knew why.

He came to Yellowtips aid quickly, casting a glance over the situation. He eyed Yellowtip. They knew what to do.

Yellowtip was relieved to go warn the other abbey dwellers to stay put. Afterward, he found their friend Treewyte the healer, also known as Treewyte The Disguise.

Treewyte was a white squirrel. Still quite young, he knew not much of battle, but was a master of

healing. He could heal most things. He wore a habit with a small healing pouch containing many ingredients for his work.

“Treewyte!!! We need your help!!!”

cried Yellowtip. Treewyte answered his call gratefully.

“ What do you need me for, Yellowtip?”

Yellowtip silently beckoned Treewyte forward, telling him of their plan.

3 - Chapter 2

Lord Kavana's sentries watched the ocean dutifully, waiting for attack. They stood rigid, never moving for fear of Kavana. None dared to sit or move. But a trio of rebellious scum set to work on their plans.

They had a plan to try and kill Kavana. They were inside the building, guarding the slaves. One, Borisclaw, whined piteously. He was a lanky young weasel whom had no courtesy whatsoever. Not that any vermin do.

“Why can't we go with the rest o' em'? I want ter be in th' big battles!!!”

A mostly silent fox named Redboot chattered melancholy and as if to say something, opened his mouth, but he had nothing worth saying, so he quickly shut it.

A fearless ferret named Skinboot made a dent in the conversation that silenced all other thought.

“So who's goin' ter' tell Kavana bout' that, eh? Anyone who wishes ter ave' themselves chopped inter' our dinner, you lily-livered scum!!!”

Everyone began to see it his way, and stopped all chatter, waiting for his next remark.

“I says we desert this ere' horde an' make a run fer it!!! We could make our own horde'n kill Kavana!!!Who's wit me?”

All the vermin sentries sided with Skinboot. Skinboot was a sturdy ferret, always making smart remarks when he thought Kavana wasn't looking. Kavana had heard his stinging remarks before, and might have to deal with him soon.

Skinboot whispered into the ears of every sentry the time and place their next meeting would be, then ran off to have the slaves prepare a nice...meal for Kavana.

A few sentries who had been Kavana's spies for awhile now, scurried off silently to where Kavana's battle was raging. They had important information for him. If they did not tell him, they would surely be slain.

The sun began to rise as the battle raged on.

4 - Chapter 4

At Redwall, Yellowtip the squirrel scrambled back up into the parapets and reloaded his bow, twanging the string with satisfaction of the good shot he had delivered to a startled stoat. Goldentail was right beside him, his sling whirling incredibly fast.

Down at the gates, Treewyte the healer crept towards a small gate at the side of the big gate. He looked both ways, then quietly opened the gate. He slunk up to the fox mother and began to cry a bit as he picked up the babe from her death clutches.

He ran towards the small gate, but alas, a grey fox was following him. She looked neither evil nor good. He could tell she was a deserter from the vermin. He beckoned her into the gate, and she thanked him gratefully, asking to hold the babe. She looked as if her heart would break, staring at the carcass of the dead mother.

Quietly, Treewyte beckoned her to follow him to the parapets. He was not expecting what happened next.

Goldentail jumped as footpads he recognized as vermin steps filled him eardrums. He whirled around and reloaded his bow swiftly, and got ready to aim and fire.

He saw a vixen holding the babe, and Treewyte seemed to have let the vixen in. He gave a warning glare to the vixen and turned back around to fight out the battle.

Yellowtip turned around and gave the vixen a confused look, then went back to reloading his bow.

Treewyte smiled, and opened his mouth as if to say something, and then thought better of it and shut his mouth promptly.

He led her towards the steps down the wall, and as they walked the only words that the vixen would say were "I'm her aunt", and this surprised Treewyte.

They came to the gatehouse and Treewyte knocked loudly enough to wake up the whole of Redwall if it was night.

"Oh Bryson, come on and open th' door. We have two guests for you!!!"

Treewyte kept knocking until an old otter opened the door for them. They nodded to him, then walked in to sit on two cushiony chairs close to the recorder's desk. He smiled and said,

"What is a fox like yourself doing here?"

The vixen smiled a bit and said,

"I am young Winterpaws' aunt. You see, my sister and brother-in-law were just killed, Swiftflower and Holcloud."

Bryson stroked his whiskers for awhile, then, airily, he said,

"Why not tell us the tale ma'm?"

The vixen got a twinkling in her eye and airily began telling the tale. She was a true story teller.

"If you must know, I am Hawthorn, sister of Swiftflower. As I was saying..."