

Rosemary

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A young hare is taken as a slave and this is her story of survival.

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Chapter 1 - Capture

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1 - Capture

I own the characters, but not the places.

I'm trying to create an action fanfic, but this is my first one so it might not be right. I rate this PG just because of fighting, and other things I'll add as I write. I have only read four Redwall books so forgive me if things don't seem to fit with what you've read.

ROSEMARY

Chapter One: Capture

In a small meadow in Mossflower wood is the den of the Fluff family. The mother hare Ginger lives by herself with her five children. Their home is a simple one, just a humble hollow in the ground, but the children don't care. They grew up there, and where never going to leave it far behind. Or so they think.

Rosemary Fluff was sitting on the dirt floor of her home playing cards with her five brothers and sisters. Rosemary was one of the youngest of the bunch at four seasons old and very shy at times. She was a thinker of ideas, but wasn't very good at pulling them through; especially if it evolved lots of physical attention. Rose did better at making things and was always praised for her beautiful creations.

Thyme was the next youngest, a season older than Rosemary and Dill. She liked to read all the time out in the meadow, which was just outside of their little den. Thyme would hop outside and spend the whole day reading a good book and munching on clover flowers.

The third was Dill, Rosemary's twin. He loved to sample his mother's cooking and what ever else his oldest sister made at meal times. During the day he would follow his big brother Bonk everywhere and try to please his idol.

Bonk was an athletic bunny six seasons old. He loved to go outside and hop around. He volunteered to do all the outside chores, like gathering wood and supplies needed for meals. His younger brother Dill followed him everywhere and Bonk helped him help him out. He would have Dill carry two pieces of wood while Bonk would carry eight. Bonk had taught his brother things to do outside for fun, and what to do with snow when it came. Bonk looked out for Dill, and Dill looked up to Bonk.

The oldest bunny was Sage. She loved cooking and was getting very good at it. She would cook up things they all liked once in a while; most of the time though she would take a recipe and twist it a little to see how it would taste. When the dish tasted all right and she would repeat it sometimes for lunch, which were strictly Sage's dishes. Dinner was another story though, the meal consisted of things Sage had made and wanted opinions on in order to improve it and some of Ginger's home cooking. Her siblings and mom have learned to stay away from the things that looked burnt or bubbly. Now in her seventh season, the family didn't have to worry about that much in Sage's cooking.

Ginger Fluff was in the kitchen brewing up breakfast, which was only mother's cooking. She looked fondly at her young. They were getting on well with out a father, though it helped that there were more girls and boys. Juin, her mate, and herself were fishing one day at the little fast moving stream that flowed through their meadow. He had fallen in and drowned. He never saw Rosemary and Dill for they were born just a week and a half after his death.

Something good had come out of that incident. An otter named Rivertail had heard Ginger's cries, but couldn't save Juin for she had arrived too late. She had helped Ginger in birth and mourning, and served as an aunt for the young hares. In fact she was joining them for breakfast that morning.

"Breakfast's ready!" Ginger called and five bunnies bounded over to the table to eat. There were pancakes with fresh strawberry sauce on top. Blueberries were there also with cool buttermilk to drink. After waiting a couple minutes they piled their plates, Rivertail wouldn't want to them to wait for her. They were saying grace when the door was kicked in.

Two weasels and a fox marched in. Seeing the weasels heading toward her children with rope; Ginger jumped in the way and said, "You can't take my children! I won't let you! You'll have to deal with me first."

She had such a cold look on her face that the vermin underdogs hesitated. She was full-grown and looked like she could aim a hard kick or punch. The fox didn't stop until he was a few paces from Ginger's face. Taking out a brass hilted sword he said, "I am Ruger the Ruthless. I take your challenge."

With that he ran his sword through the mother hare before she could blink. The young hares stared as their mother was killed, unbelieving. Mom had always been there for them and was now gone. Hearts broke the same time the body hit the ground.

Rosemary stared to cry. The fox turned on her. "I'll have no crying babies!" he said and made a crescent moon cut Rose's right cheek with his sword, drawing blood.

Bonk stood up immediately and shouted, "You leave my sister alone!" The answer was a crack from a whip the fox was holding on his check.

"I'll teach you respect for me you oversized hairy cricket! Sneak! Acidbreath! Take these five outside and hook them to the cart. Make sure they don't give you any trouble. Use the ropes if you have to."

An otter in the meadow's stream stopped swimming. She sensed something was not right. Rivertail quickened her pace.

The weasels herded the young hares out of the house and chained them to a supply cart. Sneak the weasel addressed them, "You are now slaves of Ruger the Ruthless. You are to do as he says, either directly or through one of his followers."

Just as Acidbreath finished locking the shackles on the newly captured slaves Ruger walked out of the house. He was carrying most of the food from the den and had blueberry juice on his mouth. After dumping all of the food from the house and half of its belongings into the cart to which the slaves were chained he declared it was time to go.

Wiping the five hare siblings and the other slaves already caught to move the caravan, they headed west toward the sea at a run.

The otter tiptoed into the earthen den. Rivertail stopped short when she saw Mrs. Fluff on the floor dead, the house in disarray, and the children gone. She fell on her knees and wept for her lost friends. Once again, she was too late.

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After a day of pulling the heavy cart, the slaves and slavers stopped for the night. They camped at the edge of a forest glen, planning to go on come morning's light. It had been a hard day, and the night would begin with a hard ground.

A rat by the name of Whiptail brought food to the slaves who were chained together in a circle. "Here you go," he said, "Eat up, for you won't be getting anything else!" He walked away laughing.

All the Fluff hares reached greedily towards the food only to have their hands slapped. They looked up into the eyes of who had to have to been a slave for a while.

"The food will be shared equally with everyone so we can all eat. Any questions?"

The hares stared at this hedgehog maid. The coldness in her eyes was daring them to question her. Since they didn't, she started to pass out the food.

"I'm Daisy," she said, " and this is Milin, Tiffany, Greg, and Ching." She pointed to a mole, mouse maid, mouse and squirrel maid in turn. "Who are you?"

Sage answered, " I'm Sage, and these are Bonk, Dill, Rosemary, and Thyme." She pointed to each in turn. "Pleased to meet you."

"Yuck!" said Dill and Rosemary at the same time. Thyme and Bonk were thinking the same thing.

“This is horrible!” cried Dill, “Why can't you cook, or Mommy?”

With that Rosemary burst into tears.

“Oh don't cry Rose! Don't you worry; I'll look after you. We'll all look after each other ok?” Sage took her youngest sister in her arms. Rosemary stopped making sound but cried silent tears.

“Why is she crying?” Tiffany asked Bonk.

“Ruger killed our mom.”

“Oh! That's terrible!”

Bonk just nodded.

Whiptail came over to the slaves drawn by Rosemary's now quiet sobs. “I'll have no crying here!”

With that he used his tail as a whip on Rose, and Sage got hit as well for she was still holding her sister. Bonk stood up to get between the rat and his sisters, but Daisy got there first. She stood with her back facing Whiptail so he was hitting her spikes. He stopped after a couple hits.

“Why you!” He advanced on the hedgehog with a dagger he drew from his belt. Daisy curled into a ball and rolled toward the rat. Whiptail stopped, not wanting to get hit by the spikes and back upped, till he was a safe distance away. The spiky ball did indeed move forward toward him. The rat turned and went back to the main camp with a sneer.

Daisy stopped because she reached the end of her chains, so she rolled back with some leaves in her hands.

“Hold still,” she told the whipped hares, “These will help your wounds.”

That night everyone slept soundly.