

A Trio of Maidens

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A story of mystery, friendship, and action!

Note—This story takes place after the book Marfox, so if you haven't read that book, some of the characters won't be familiar. You can still read this story, though. Hopefully you won't be too confus

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Asleep. Sound asleep. The winter winds howled against the crimson stones of the abbey. Snow swirled about, covering everything and anything in its path. But still they slept. Janglur Swifteye wasn't particularly known for his ability to sleep through anything, but tonight he was. In fact, everybeast in the abbey was. Except the tapestry.

Yes, the tapestry counts as a living beast. Martin never slept. And tonight, he had a special task. He must warn the goodbeasts of the abbey... well, maybe not warn as much as 'announce'.

Janglur's dream world was disturbed as a mouse strode through it, stopped, then spoke. "Go east. Now." Nothing more, just "Go east. Now." The mouse left, and Janglur awoke, feeling puzzled. Why would he leave the warm comfort of his family's quarters to follow three words spoken in a dream? Yet, as he started to drift away, a voice disturbed his thoughts.

"Janglur? Are you awake?"

All right, he was. The squirrel warrior was awake.

"Yes, Rusvul. I'm awake." Janglur knew his friend's voice, even in his sleepiness. He sat up with a sigh. "The question is, why are you awake?"

"Come out to the corridor." Rusvul Reguba avoided the question. "No need to disturb Rimrose and Ellayo. Not yet, at least."

Janglur arose, and, slipping on his cloak, trekked to the corridor. "Why are you awake, good friend?" he inquired once more.

"Martin, Janglur. Martin."

With a smite from his forepaw to his forehead, Janglur grabbed his friend's paw and started dragging him through the corridors towards the east gate. "Go east. Now. Of course that was Martin. Who else would that mouse have been?" he muttered to himself.

"So you had the same dream as I?" Rusvul had good hearing. He could make out the mutters. "Only I assume Martin didn't tack on 'Awaken Janglur first.' to yours." he added with a rare smile. "Let's hurry."

They reached the gate. Unbarring it, the bitter wind nearly swept them off their paws. No use for quiet voices now, the wind wouldn't allow it. "What do you suppose we're to do now?" Janglur bellowed.

"I don't know. Look for anything unusual, I reckon."

"Like... that?" the dark-furred warrior squirrel dashed forward.

Rusvul saw it, and hastened after him.

“Yes. Definitely like that!”