

Slave Hero

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A mouse named Vian is a slave who escaped from a temple. When he escapes others learn of his great achievement. They ask him to help some secret assiints to aid him in bringing down the temple once and for all.

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1 - Proluge

-PROLUGE-

Vian the mouse ran to the door hoping to exit in time before...locked.

"Arr, com bock ye little squirm!" said a stoat chasing Vian.

Vian looked around for an advantage. Something, just something to give him a chance. Nope. Just a narrow stone hallway, and a locked exit on one side, and a nasty old stoat on the other side.

Vian began to tremble. "This is it. I'm doon fer." The stoat saw Vian's fear and chuckled. "Scared mouse? Well ya should be! Yer gonna get it now from Sweetooth!" The stoat lumbered forward slowly closing in on Vian.

Right before the stoat grabbed Vain, he saw his chance. Vian slid under the stoat's legs and dashed down the hallway. It took a moment for the stoat to realize what happened. Then he exclaimed, "Garr coom bock ye liddle vermin! Ill rip yer guts out with me rusty cutlass!" The stoat ran after Vian, muttering to himself. "Awww, Sweetooth is gonna kill me.-literally."

Vian panted down the hallway. It wasn't long, but it felt like it would never end. He kept running until he came to two arched doorways. Vian was a slave in this temple, and he knew the temple well. Except this time he wasn't sure witch doorway to take. Vian thought hard and quickly. One of them led to an exit out of the forsaken place. The other however led to a meeting room of stoats, and weasels.

"Curse it all! Witch one was it?!!" Vain yelled to himself. He looked down at the stoat. He was a fat one, but even for a fat stoat, he traveled quick.

A drop of sweat ran down Vian's cheek.

"Awww, what the devil?" Vian then dashed down the left arch doorway.

2 - Chapter 1

-CHAPTER ONE-

Vian sped down the hallway of the left arch doorway.

"I hope I made the right choice." Soon there was a door. Vain crept up to it quietly hoping that if there was a meeting, he wouldn't be caught. He grasped the handle, and creaked it open a bit and peeped in. Stoats, weasels, rats, everything vile and nasty were sitting at one big round table. Vian slowly closed the door. He slumped against the wall and breathed a sigh of relief.

"There ye are ye liddle rascal!"

Vian straitened and turned and peered down the hallway. It was that fat stoat. Vain actually felt frustrated. He was really starting to get annoyed.

So Vian decided it was time to stand up to the vermin. He searched for a weapon. All he could find was a brick that fell from the old wall. He picked it up and charged at the stoat. The stoat stopped.

"Whad the?"

Vian kept running, and lifted the brick on his shoulder. The brick was heavy, though he was a mouse after all. But the brick was still heavy enough for the stoat to be knocked out.

An instant before he bumped into the stoat he hurled the brick at the stoats head as hard as he could. The stoat gave out a quick moan as he flew onto the hard stone floor. Vian's heart lifted. He then dashed out the hallway and continued through the right arched doorway. He was excited. Vian had never seen the light of day for a long time. One time when he was scrubbing a large chamber with a ridiculously small brush, when he came across a small crack. It showed a bit of sunlight. He kept looking until he was whipped, and ordered to keep working.

Vian reached the door. He smiled and swung the door open. Rays of sunlight poured over Vian. He saw the lush, beautiful forest ahead of him. He was going to run to it, when he remembered the guards.

"Oh, great," said Vian, "More fat vermin."

3 - Chapter 2

-CHAPTER 2-

Vian closed the door behind him. He escaped! No one ever escaped from the temple before. However, he wondered why only one guard was after him. "Oh, everyone was at the meeting. Except the fat stoat." Vian thought to himself. "Wait the stoat. I better get out of here."

Vian tiptoed a little bit forward, checking for guards. He was at the bottom of the temple, so he had to look out for vermin above him, and at his level. Vian spotted a bush, a couple yards from him. However, he also saw a weasel coming his way.

"It's now or never." Vian muttered to himself. Vian leaned forward, and dashed as fast as his legs could carry him to the bush. Vian remembered his slave friend Coco. She knew all about stealth. She said that before she was captured she always spied on beasts. Vian remembered Coco telling him that, "If ya ever find yerself in a boosh er somtin like that, look through it, not over it. Or day will see yer noggin before you will see dem!" Then she was whipped for talking. She smiled at Vian even in a smile that was distorted through pain. Then she whispered so only Vian could hear. "Remember dat."

Luckily, for Vian it looked like the weasel didn't see him. Instead the weasel went back through the door Vian ran out of.

"All guards come to the meeting room! We have an escaper!" a ferret at the top of the tower repeated that loud message over, and over again until every one was inside.

Vian was about to run into the forest when guards came pouring out the doors.

"Oh, no more security." Muttered Vian to himself. Then he saw three guards heading for the bush. Vian began to panic. "What am I going to do?" thought Vian. Vian had to think quickly. In front of him there was three guards coming toward him, and a forest behind him. At his sides guards were everywhere. So the only choice he had was the forest behind him. Vian stood and dashed for the woods.

"Hey there's the liddle mouse! Get him!" voices called out from behind Vian. Vian didn't look back. He just kept running.

4 - Chapter 3

-CHAPTER 3-

Vian was running in the forest, now. Jumping over logs, and ducking under branches. Occasionally getting swept in the face with thorny branches, but Vian did not care. He was too busy running from vermin. Vian did not look back until he decided he might have lost them. He glanced quickly behind him. Nobeast in sight. Vian stopped, leaned against a tree, and listened for the nasty beasts. He heard nobeast. Then he heard a crashing in the woods.

“Ow! Stop poking me with that spear, Nuk!”

“It wasn't me, maybe Slean did it.”

“Don't go pointing fingers Snotfur!”

“Snotfur! Ill show you Snotfur. I'll-OW!”

“Slean! Nuk! Shut yer traps! Its not us. I think-ow! Ahh!”

“See, Slean , I told you- owowowow!”

Vian took this chance and climbed up the tree. He crawled across a branch and leaped to another tree. He looked down upon three temple guards. They were all foxes, and they were being poked by somebeast.

Then Vian saw him. A small vole. He was fast as lightning, stabbing, one fox, poking another. He continued doing that till the large fox of the trio roared, “ENOUGH!”

Right before he was poked by the vole, the fox grabbed, him and hurled him against the tree Vian was in. The vole grunted, and lay still.

“Hey Hork, think he would be a good slave?” Said Nuk rubbing his neck.

“Nah, the liddle bugger is too small. Lets continue forward, I think the mouse went that way.”

And so the trio went, right past Vian. Vian stayed in the tree for a bit, making sure he was out of earshot. Then he carefully climbed back down the tree. He lifted the vole's small head and checked his blood pulse. He was alive.

“Hey! Small friend are you all right?” The vole groaned, and slowly opened his eyes. He then spoke in a weary whisper. “Ye aint one ov dem vermin...Are ye?”

Vian replied, “No, I'm Vian. Who are you?”

The vole sat up and rubbed the back of his head.

“I'm Juju.”

At first, all Frenk could feel was his head throbbing, then he heard voices swirling al around him. “Frenksddererfrenkfgdfdf....Frenk, Frenk! Get up ye fat lard!”

Frenk opened his eyes, and saw Sweetooth standing above him. She was a wolf, and she had golden teeth, for she was named Sweetooth. She wore a puple robe, and carried a silver cutlass on her waist.

She glared down on Frenk the stoat who was token out by a mouse with a brick. She showed her golden teeth and said angrily, “Were is Vian?”

“What? Oh, you mean the mouse? He knocked me put with a brick!”

Sweetooth rolled her evil green eyes. “I know. Now were is he?”

“I don't know! I think he went to the exit.” Replied Frenk.

“But its locked!”

Sweetooth stood up slowly.” Who's key keeper?”

Sensing her anger, Frenk stammered, “M-me.”