

# Urban Legends

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*Re-creations of some of my favorite stories, legends and old folklore. Enjoy!*

*I am using all NSN characters out of context and no relations between them in these stories are canon in any way.*

*All characters (C)Nie Sagen Nie(sisaTao and JohannManson)*

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# 1 - The Mouse Tower

(A legend from Germany, given my little twist. Narrated by the characters Johann and Lei. Constructive criticism welcome, but this is just for fun.)

Johann watched the child under his care sleep. Johann felt horrid for the young one; Lei was so much like Johann's own son at that age, he was so frail and pale, and terribly ill. He slept fitfully, coughing through much of the night. Little Lei blinked his eyes open and woke up, just as Johann had prepared to leave him a minute. Lei sniffled and watched Johann leave, deciding to allow him to tend to other business, if just for a second. The infirmary room was filled with the comforting yet desolate rain on the windows, and according to the old clock in the corner it was nearing two o'clock in the morning. Lei blinked in interest at it, moving violet hair from his eyes so he could see better. It was an interesting time to wake up, at least. He was alone in the big, imposing room, but it was okay. He was going to wait until Johann got back.

The door clicked open and shut where his eyes had rested their focus, and he saw his caregiver's torso, lit by a lantern. Lei coughed, then spoke to Johann, his voice a little hoarse:

"You're so old-fashioned, Father Johann." He laughed, then was reduced to a tiny, almost infantile cough.

Johann started, nearly upsetting the oil in the lamp and causing the flame to dance and throw shadows every which way across the walls. He had not expected Lei to wake, especially not at this time of night. He crossed the room and set the lamp on the mahogany bedside table, then took a thermometer and placed it in Lei's mouth. The boy rolled his eyes almost comically and waited impatiently for Johann to take it out.

Johann smiled. "How are you you feeling, mein kind?"

He spoke in a moderate German accent, but Lei had no trouble understanding him, even when he used German phrases. They had been company for quite some time now; Lei had even begun to pick up the language.

"Okay, I suppose...my throat hurts a little..."

Johann noted this down along with Lei's temperature and placed the notebook he made the notations in back in a drawer on the table. Lei coughed, then asked:

"Father Johann?"

"Ja, Kind?"

"Can you tell me a story?"

Johann was touched a bit by the request. "What would you like? How about a nice romantic story?"

"No, I'd like something greusome. It would take my mind off this infernal sickness."

A child of his own heart. Johann should have known. He smiled. "Well, there is ein excellent story...of mein own culture, to fact."

In an old town in the north Germany, there was a township presided over by a lord. He was, in the beginning, a just and wise protector of his people. He would prove to hold reign for twenty-- oh, twenty something odd years, Ich cannot remember how long exactly, as this was quite long ago, when knights fought for kings and whatknot. In the fifth year of his 'wise' reign, he met his vice: Greed. His was a farming town, und was very productive. Always with taxes on time, and all stored for winter frost. In this year, he finds that as lord, he can tax as he pleases. They must pay. He began raising the taxes, slowly but surely, Und as he had hoped, the townspeople continued to pay them. After all, their crops were plenty, they had more than enough. Und he stocked and stored all the food, all their toil, in a stilted warehouse on the lake.

Yet his greed began to catch up with himself. Soon, the taxing began to affect the citizens. Their ploughs broke, their crops slowly began to grow smaller. Nearing his end, the taxing was at about seventy-five percent."

"That's much too much!!"

"Ja, it is. He left it there, but the damage was finished. The economy continued to fail, until they had a famine. The weaker all began to die of hunger, and scurvy and other pestilence ran rampant amongst the survivors. They came that first year of famine and begged the lord of the land they tended:

'We've nicht eaten for weeks on end  
But not even food would our families mend.  
Please, good king, hear our cry,  
Spare us all some wheat or rye.'

But their plea fell on deaf ears. Their 'good king' had fallen slave to his property, and they weren't getting any, nein! They could starve. He thought they'd either be dead or have moved by the time the next winter arrived.

He was wrong. Wäs had happened was, They stayed. To wir, they were fools. Yet they may have had their own sense. They begged him again the next winter:

'The famine grows much worse this year  
And fills our souls with dread and fear.  
Please, dear king, hear the townsfolk's cry,  
Give us food before we die.'

Und this year, the corrupt man was sick of hearing them. He ordered his servantmen to take three-quarters of the stock from the warehouse and bring it to the castle. Then he told them to load all the villagers, even the unburied dead, to the schooners; He told them that they could have whatever they could pick up from the stores on the island, and could bury their dead there. The elated villagers willingly rode to the island and scampered to the building. Even as soon as the last crossed the threshold, the servants threw the corpses in with the townsfolk, und as The town realized what was being done, they all began to scream.

Then the king gave his final order. 'Brand.' Burn them.

The servants lit all four walls, und the island resembled a large oil lamp as the place burned.

The king turned from his window, satisfied. Even as he heard, or thought he heard, a mad witch's curse hurled toward him, he had no fear. he had nothing to worry about. Hell und Lucifer themselves couldn't

bring him down. So he did not hear his servants call out, or harken to their haste as they boarded their ships. He laid down and did not think about his actions.

But it did nicht last long. He became aware of a scuttle coming from inside the house. He cautiously peered out his door to see what had entered into his home and got a thourough shock.

Rats. Thousands of them, und all moving in what apeared to be a coordinated effort up the staircase. The king took one look and immediately ran up to the next floor, with the rats beginning to follow closely. He rested a second, then took off again, as the rats caught up quicly if ever he outran them. He began to ascend his tallest tower, hoping they would all lose intrest, go away or something. They did nicht. They moved faster, biting from his feet, his legs, anything they could reach of him. They took chunks from the soles of his feet, then nipped at his calves when he stumbled. As he reached the door to the chamber, the mice nearly overtook him. He ran inside, but it was much too late. They got in. Und as he ran to the window, he saw what he should have looked und seen before: Every servant, either strewn upon the shore or still in their boats, stripped of flesh and left nothing but bloody bone, with small rats still nibbling at their remains.

Ich suppose it goes without saying, they king met such a fate as well? And that the site is quite well-known?"

Johann smiled at Lei. "So? What do you think?"

"I think he got what he deserved, Father Johann. Thank you for the story."

"A Pleasure, mein kind. Guten Nacht." He picked up the lamp and prepared to leave.

"Guten nacht, Father Johann." Lei turned in the bed, and fell into somewhat calmer sleep.