

THE KNIGHT MOUSE

~BOOK II~

BOOK 2



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*There are no foreign lands. It is
the ~~traveler~~ mouse only who is
foreign.*

Preface

I started this with simple bedtime stories for my twin girls, and at that time it was only the Knight Mouse that I thought would be having the adventures.

From publishing the first book, to doing live readings, and navigating the wild world of promoting a book, the adventures have been mine!

This book is almost twice as long as the last one. It mashes a few storylines together, which means a lot of massaging was necessary to make it work into one solid narrative.

In this book we follow the Knight Mouse as he travels across the sea to find new mouse tribes, and meet new friends along the way.

There are many more adventures to be had, animals to meet, and places to explore for the Knight Mouse.

I hope you or you and your children can love it as much as mine did.

Visit knightmouse.com for updates on the next adventure.

Map of the Valley





Summer 867

The Traveler

Original Telling - The fourth of January, two thousand and twenty-one



It was summer in The Valley and it was hot. Playing in the streams and hiding in the shade of the forest did very little to cool anyone. Beads of sweat dripping from fur were a common sight, and no one was giving Charlie, a huge badger who was the blacksmith, a hard time for keeping his forge unlit, even if it meant there were less supplies for Corin's Nook.

Even the mayor, who was usually dressed up well beyond what his job required was now regularly seen without his suit coat. The children teased the mayor for being out of his normal uniform, but he couldn't have cared less. Beating the heat was more important than his pride.

There was one mouse, however, who could not take a break under a tree or a dip in a river. The Knight Mouse had to be out on patrol.

The Knight Mouse, the brave defender of Corin's Nook, had light brown fur, a red cape slung over his shoulders, a sword at his hip and his black round shield as he exited the town's gates.

Of course there were other animals who could protect Corin's Nook ever since the battle with the bear named Gus. That did not give him the excuse to take things easy. In the turn of the seasons since the Knight Mouse had returned the King of the Forest to his throne and staved off the bears attack on the town things had been relatively quiet.

A fat bunny caught in the fence around the field, or a snake slithering too far from the swamp were small potatoes compared to what he had accomplished earlier. But, he knew it didn't make these concerns any less important. The animals of The Valley felt safe knowing he was looking out for them, and so he continued.

Today the Knight Mouse was traveling in the forest around Corin's Nook, taking his normal route. It stated out with heading south out of town and then following the river towards The Dark Wood.

The Dark Wood had gnarled black trees and a dense canopy that kept the forest here darker than the rest of the forest. It was here that Gus had been exiled to, along with this generals, after their defeat at Corin's Nook.

Once he patrolled about an hour out of town, the Knight Mouses' path turned north to the trees that bordered the field and he traveled back towards Corin's Nook, keeping an eye on the forest and the field.

The field was a huge, long abandoned crop field. It had since been overgrown with grass and wildflowers, however in the current

heat the flowers had wilted and the tall grasses were more plentiful. The grasshoppers didn't mind though. They loved to hop from one stalk to the next.

His patrol then took him towards the mole fields. They were off to the east, past Corin's Nook. The fields still housed the moles. Some of the clan did return to Corin's Nook after the battle, but the lion's share stayed in the fields. Nuggetbump, their leader, lived here but he also had a seat at the council in Corin's Nook.

After another few hours, and with everything checking out ok, the Knight Mouse turned back towards Corin's Nook.

As the Knight Mouse traveled this direction he sensed a rustling in the bushes behind him. He turned just in time to see a fat gray mouse wearing a simple traveling coat and a wide brimmed hat. Tucked in his belt was a sword, but he didn't seem to want to pull it out.

"Who are you?" the Knight Mouse asked, always wary of strangers. Even mice.

The mystery mouse just smiled and said, "Just a traveler, wandering through these lands and many other lands."

"So you come from outside The Valley?" the Knight Mouse marveled at the idea of what was beyond .

"Oh yes, I've been all over, I just came from up north, over the mountains."

"The Whitemouth Mountains? You were able to cross them?" the Knight Mouse's mouth was agape.

"It wasn't easy, but I made it," the traveler responded.

“Well, I suppose a ‘Welcome to The Valley’ is warranted then. Are you rushing off somewhere or would you like to visit Corin’s Nook. I was just heading back there now.”

“I have not had a schedule since I was a little mouse, I have all the time in the world, have you got an inn? A night in a warm bed would do these old bones well”

“One of the finest, I can personally attest to that,” the Knight Mouse thought of his time spent renting a room there.

The pair traveled back towards Corin’s Nook. The traveler asked the Knight Mouse about his adventures and he was happy to tell. He told the traveler about uniting the forest, finding the king and defeating the army.

“So you are a warrior?” the traveler asked.

“I like to think of it as being more of a protector,” he replied.

They made it back just after lunchtime. After getting checked in at the inn, the Knight Mouse showed the traveler to the town square.

A new mouse in town was always something to talk about, but a new mouse with tales from outside The Valley was a whole other thing. It was not long until the traveler was seated by the fountain with animals all around him as he told tales of his adventures.

He spoke of a pirate city, far to the north. He told tales of its’ huge ships and rowdy bars. He told of fearsome escapes from polar bears, and he spoke of the great sea to the east and what he found on the other side.

“At one point, I found myself deep in the forests across the sea from here. I met a mouse who could forge the finest armor and weapons I’ve ever seen.” Then he winked at the Knight Mouse and

said, "That's probably something a warrior...err, I mean protector like you would be interested in."

"What? No, I don't need any armor. I've been doing alright with what I have."

"Hmm...why don't we test that?" the old mouse suggested and slowly stood up. The animals in the circle backed up as the traveler pulled his sword. A mole came over and handed the traveler a cork to dull the point of his sword for the friendly sparring.

"Are you sure? I'm quite a bit youn....err...more energetic than you," the Knight Mouse boasted.

"Age has it's advantages," the traveler said. The Knight Mouse unsheathed his sword and took a cork from the mole as well.

The pair circled each other, trying to find an opening to exploit. The Knight Mouse would lunge in when he found one, only to have his sword swatted away by the traveler. The Knight Mouse started to get more and more frustrated.

The traveler seemed to be teasing the Knight Mouse. He would twirl out of the way and then use the flat side of his sword to smack the Knight Mouse in the behind, or across his back, sending the Knight Mouse spilling across the cobble stone square.

Finally, after minutes of the Knight Mouse attacking unsuccessfully, the traveler brought the pommel of his sword smartly down on the Knight Mouse's head.

The Knight Mouse dropped into a seated position and leaned up against the fountain as the stars cleared from his head.

"You," *wheeze*, "you beat me," the Knight Mouse admitted, smiling as the traveler extended a hand to help him up.

The Knight Mouse rubbed his head, still a little dazed, “So, about that helmet?” he asked.

The old traveler moved back to sitting on the fountain and started in to his tale.

“When I was much younger, about your age if I had to guess, I found myself on a large galleon headed across the sea. I had gotten myself in with a bunch of pirates, although I didn’t know they were pirates at the time.

“The voyage was set to cross the great sea and I was more interested in getting there rather than whatever the crew was planning on doing. The voyage was not that long, and we even laid anchor the first night and disembarked on a small island. I gained their trust over a dice game of tensies and one of them spilled their plans. They were going to plunder whatever village they found once they crossed,” and here the old mouse sighed.

“Did you help them?” asked a bunny in the crowd.

“Of course not, I did the exact opposite in fact. The next day when we caught sight of land grabbed a thick metal spear I found on deck. I quickly dove over the railing of the boat and caught hold of the back of the boat. I pushed the rudder hard, making the boat turn back towards where we had come from. Once the boat was pointed away from the coast I shoved the spear into the rudder, forcing the boat to only go straight back to our side of the sea.”

“So then you swam to shore?” a squirrel guessed.

“Exactly. I swam to shore, and began my exploration of the new land.”

“Wow, what an adventure!” the Knight Mouse smiled, “And the blacksmith?”

“Ah yes. Once I left the beach, I made my way deep into the woods beyond. A day’s travel, maybe more, I don’t really remember. There in the forest I found a single house from which I could hear the sounds of a forge being feed and metal on metal as hammer met steel. That is where I met the blacksmith”

The Knight Mouse’s head was no longer spinning from his bonk on the head, now it was spinning with thought of across the sea, of other mice, and of new adventures.