

THE KNIGHT MOUSE

~BOOK II~

A MOUSE'S VOYAGE



BY BEN GORSKI

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Table of contents

Preface -----	5
Map of the Farthest Shore-----	6
The Traveler-----	8
The Open Sea -----	11
The Blacksmith-----	15
Evertine -----	21
Stonewood -----	28
A Daring Escape -----	37
In Defense of Stonewood -----	43
On the Way to the White Sands -----	48
Helping the Sand Mice -----	54
Lost in the Caves -----	61
Kingdom of the Cave Mice-----	65
Bound-----	73
Frogs! -----	77
Home -----	83

*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 was three times as long as the last one. It contained many adventure that my girls heard growing up, but perhaps it was too many, as it made for a meandering narrative.

The book was cut from three times as long as the last one down to roughly one and a half times as long.

Who knows, maybe someday those stories can be worked into another adventure, or perhaps a “cutting room floor” anthology would be a nice way to share. I’m sure this is not the last time things won’t work for a story.

In this book we follow the Knight Mouse as he travels across the sea to find new adventures, and 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 Farthest Shore





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 elms did very little to cool the forest animals. Beads of sweat dripping from fur were an all too common sight. Charlie, a huge badger who recently took up the role of town blacksmith, was keeping the forge at Corin's Nook unlit.

Corin's Nook, of course, being the only town in The Valley where animals of all kinds came together. The cobblestone pavement of the town square was usually full of the hustle and bustle of everyday life. However, not in this heat.

Even the mayor, who was usually dressed up well beyond what his job required was now regularly seen without his suit coat. Instead he wore just his undershirt, and a clean white cloth on top of his head

to keep the sun off him. The children teased the mayor for being out of his normal uniform, but he didn't care, 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, was heading out on his patrol. The Knight Mouse had light brown fur, a red cape around his shoulders, a sword at his hip and his black round shield on his back as he exited the town's gates.

There were other animals who could protect Corin's Nook ever since the battle with Gus the bear. That was no 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.

Problems like 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 to protect them.

Today was like any other day. The Knight Mouse left Corin's Nook to patrol the forest nearby, keeping danger at bay.

He made it back just after lunchtime. When he returned the whole town was buzzing.

"You have to go to the square, Knight Mouse, there's a storyteller in town!" said one excited child before hurrying off. The Knight Mouse had walked through the gates. His stomach grumbled but instead of going home he walked up Main Street.

Knight Mouse walked into the square where a fat, gray mouse wearing a simple traveling coat and a wide brimmed hat sat on the rim of the town's fountain. He was surrounded by townsfolk attentively listening to him speak. A new mouse in town was one thing, but a new mouse with stories from far away places was another thing all together. It was such a rare occasion that even in this heat, he had managed to gather a crowd around him as he told his stories.

He spoke of a pirate city, far to the north. He told tales of its huge ships and rowdy bars. He told of his fearsome escape from a pack of polar bears, and he spoke of the great sea to the east and the Farthest Shore on the other side.

Most mice would have been content hearing stories of the outside world. Some mice would have wanted a rest after having their own adventure.

The Knight Mouse was not that kind of mouse. His head was spinning with thoughts of across the sea, of other creatures, and of adventure.