

# A Furry Tale

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A Furry Tale {literature entry}

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Â Nestled deep within the rich, fertile heartlands of Couronne, surrounded far and wide by gently rolling hills, wide open pastures and sweeping meadowlands, lies the small town of Breen. The town itself is split into two halves by the small but fast flowing river called Breen Water from which the town takes its name, and more than its fair share of brown trout.

Â As Breen Water passes through the town a crossing is needed to allow passage for both people, beasts and goods. And this is more than adequately provided by an ancient granite hump-backed bridge that bears the venerable mark of Dwarven hands. This formidable relic of ages past is wide enough for two full lances of mounted knights to pass each other with room to spare, and spans a distance of nearly 80 feet in length.

Â It has in more recent and peaceful times become the gathering place of the local children where during the Spring melt, the more foolhardy of the male children will leap from the high point of the bridge arch, and dive into the deep fast flowing river in a youthful effort to prove their manhood. All men, whether young or old will forever be boys, and that makes for a truly heartening thought.

Â The part of town lying South of the bridge has always been known as Low Breen. And here is where the town's industrious elements are to be found. Here stands the town's mill, its large water wheel taking full advantage of Breen Waters strong, steady current. Further along from the mill stands the tannery, the dyers and the spinning sheds. And it is here that the town's most profitable and famous trade export is produced.

Â Directly South of the many sheds and outbuildings, where the pastureland lies, are the growers of that rare and sought after produce. For here, are the sheep flocks. A sturdy and rugged black breed native to the misty lands of Albion. And introduced to Bretonnian society by the foresight of the Lord of these lands during his time as an adventurous and impetuous errant knight seeking his spurs {and a few groats}.

Â To the North of the bridge lies High Breen, where most of the townsfolk live in small, cream coloured stone cottages with thickly thatched roofs. Here also is the main square, where a weekly market is held, allowing the good people of Breen to barter the results of their own crafts. Just off the main square is the town's only tavern, The Ram's Horn, where the locals spend many pleasant evenings in warm, good natured companionship.

Â And finally to the North of High Breen itself lies the fortified manor house of the local Lord and Lady. The only building within the town to boast a second storey, clear glass windows and an extensive wine cellar, strangely used as, and filled

to bursting with a huge variety of Bretonnian cheeses.

Both the manor and the dry stone wall encompassing the estate are of the same cream coloured stone used by the rest of the towns buildings, and shares the towns penchant for thickly thatched roofs.

Â A large part of the manor garden is given over to a vast fruit orchard, that is patrolled daily by the eccentric old Lord in an effort to catch young scrumpers in the act. And to give the old scoundrel an excuse to play hide and seek with the local children. While another section is devoted to a large system of apiaries to try and satisfy in some small way, the sweet tooth of the old Lord.

Â The elderly gent has even been known to gather some of the local children into a rag-tag army and mount daring and dramatic night-time raids upon the bee hives in order to slake his craving for fresh honey. More often than not being heavily stung and sore from their efforts, but always victorious.

Â The ageing Lord Florian le Furrier, known to all affectionately as Sir Fuzzles, a truly eccentric gentleman, loved by his friends, his people and a real favourite with all children. And yet, his mischievous and playful antics were not the result of his advanced age, he had always been like this, evenÂ since his days as a landless knight errant.

Â His character had earned him a goodly number of friends and also a fair number of foes. For him though, the greatest prize his personality had won him was the love of the Lady Charlotte. A woman of great beauty, bearing true grace and innocence, who loved him simply for who he was, and to whom Lord Florian was truly and eternally devoted.

Â He had achieved much in his long and eventful life, great fame, a pure love, true friendship and a constant feeling of happy satisfaction. His lord's life has been truly blessed indeed, and he would not, and could not have asked for any higher honour than to serve his noble master.

Â That is, if it were not for the creeping suspicion that the favoured lord of these lands, this estate and it's magnificent house, was not at all what he seemed to be. Could it actually be, that he was the only one who had ever noticed there was something rather odd about Lord Florian's appearance ?

I mean, he's been about for over sixty years! You would think that in all that time of fame and prestige, one person, just one would have noticed and...Oh! There he is!

Â Sitting at an exquisite and ornate mahogany writing desk was the oddly eccentric "Sir Fuzzles" himself. His slight frame and short stature was hunched over the desk pouring over a vast array of maps and cartographical charts.

Â Absently he lifted a gnarled paw to his drooping snout and scratched at some imaginary itch, before lifting his tiny gold eyeglasses and rubbing wearily at his tired black eyes. Next he began to stroke his drooping white whiskers in silent satisfaction as he contemplated by what route to travel to see the King at his court next week. He was still wearing his white silken nightrobe and tasseled nightcap that sat crookedly over his very large pink ears, and looked to have not been to bed at all that night.

Â With his customary jerking and twitching movements the old knight rose from his cushioned stool, and made his way

with swaying and drunken steps to the large study window. There a side table stood bearing the impressive weight of a massive cheese board. His nose twitched in eagerness as he decided which of the rather precariously piled cheeses he wanted, before selecting a very mature red cheddar.

Â So engrossed was he in the gnawing of his cheedar, that as he turned to peek out of the window, he tripped over a small stack of books he had placed there himself only an hour ago.

Â With a shrill squeak of surprise he fell forward and grasped instinctively at the heavy velvet window curtain, which tore free of the hooks to cover the overbalanced noble, blinding him and encumbering him even more. Frantically he staggered throughout the study, knocking over bookshelves, upending tables and worst of all sending the cheese board flying through the leaded glass window in a shower of sparkling shards.

Finally his momentum came to a stop as he landed in a heap amidst the utter carnage of what had been, only moments before a fine gentlemans study. Groaning and still somewhat dizzy Sir Fuzzles untangled himself from the heavy drapes and struggled to his feet, just in time to see the shocked and incredulous look of horror written clearly over his faithful stewards face as he stood framed in the doorway.

Â "Ah Jeebes my good man,you are just in time." squeaked lord Florian in his high pitched voice.

Â "It's time for the orchard patrol and i will be needed to do the usual rounds. Please let Charlotte know where i will be this morning, and see if she would like to have a picnic in the orchard for the mid-day meal. We will likely need a lot of food if some of the local children wish to join us, so if you could sort that out as well Jeebes old fellow. Oh! and if you could just give the place a quick dust and bit of a tidy for me coming back, that would be spiffing old chap." he added hurriedly as he scampered out of the room after retrieving his half gnawed piece of cheddar.

As Jeebes glared silently at the diminutive form of his master as he scampered out the room with his lump of cheese held aloft like some kind of strange trophy, he was struck once again byÂ the dawning realisation.

His Lord and master was nothing more than a giant mouse!

Hope you enjoyed it everyone.

And thank you for reading.

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Please note, although no boardcode and smiley buttons are shown, they are still useable

