



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot



Season I (There)



In Which Gorden Is Chosen

In Which Our Heros Lose Their Jobs

In Which They Meet An Old Bat

In Which They Out-Fox a Fox

In Which A Wizard Joins The Quest

In Which Two Blind, But Not Mute Swans
Mystify Gorden

In Which Gorden Is Summoned

In Which Gorden Meets The Head Buck

In Which David Could Not Sleep

In Which The Badger Was Discovered

In Which The Undertaker Arrives

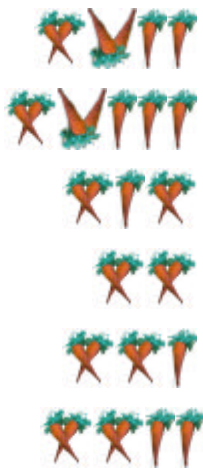
In Which Cola Reads The Prophecies To Gorden

In Which Cola Joins The Questors

In Which The Hedghog Is Found

The Daily Leaf

In Which Gorden Takes A Flight



In Which Gorden Lands

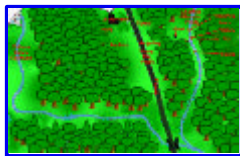
A Day In The Diary

Fersum Gorden ([English Version](#))

In Which Gorden Awakes

Vision Thing

A Green And Pleasant Land



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 1

One day Gorden the rabbit was hopping along on the way to the mashed-potato fields with his friend David the gerbil.

They were talking about the match on the box last night and dicussing the fine points of the second goal when, all of a sudden, out of the trees jumped a strange looking hedgehog.

"arugaaarrh!" Said the hedge-pig.

"Hello porky" Said Gorden (nice polite chap that he was).

"ARRRRUUGHGHTHTHT!" Said the hedgie, rolling his eyes.

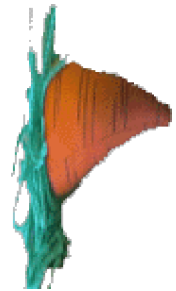
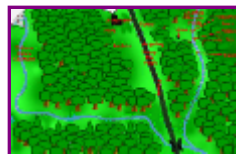
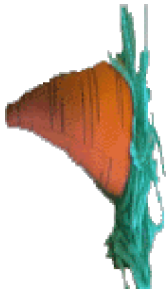
"I think we should be moving on" David whispered to Gorden, tugging at his arm.

"YOU ARE THE ONE!!" The hedgehog said pointing at Gorden, who suddently felt quite worried. "You are the blessed one."

"I think you are confusing me with someone else." Gorden said, backing away. Then with a little bit of quick thinking "Maybe you mean that coney over there?" Gorden tried pointing behind the hedgehog.

The hedgehog was not fazed, nor confused.

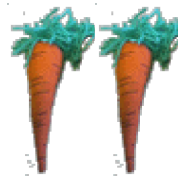
"You ARE (aararararrara) The Chosen One!" He screamed at the top of his voice: "You will find the golden carrot!"



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 2

Suddenly, Gorden tripped over a leaf and fell backward, tail over ears.

Concerned, David bent down to help him up.

By the time Gorden had dusted himself down, the hedgehog had gone.

"What a strange fellow" David said to Gorden. "I don't think he was all there, you know"

"We'd better hurry up," said Gorden charging off, "We don't want to be late for work or we might get whipped"

With a wistful smile on his face David followed him to the fields.

"You're late!" Shouted Bertram the badger, the foreman. "That's the third time this week!" Gorden and David shrank back at his loud voice. "Right,"

the foreman said "That's it!"...

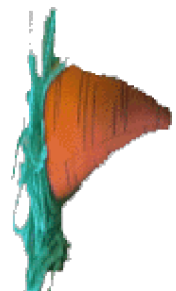
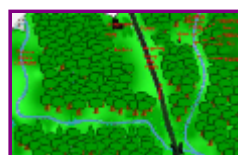
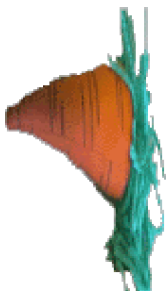
("Oh good" thought David, a gleam in his eye)

"You're fired!"

"You can't do that!" Gorden cried. David just whimpered, his hopes dashed.

"Go to the office and collect your cards." The badger said, unwavering, "I want you out of here immediately, or I'll call the copse."

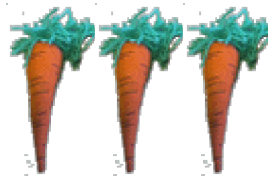
Dejected and disappointed (respectively) Gorden and David left the field and tramped towards the office.



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 3

Gorden and David sat on a log swinging their legs, counting their severence pay.

"Three jelly babies and a half-eaten Wotsit." Gorden moaned.

"Hah!" Said David, "I've not even got the Wotsit".

"What now?" Gorden said, blinking off into the distance.

Out of the woods, from behind the two dejected lads flew and old, toothless bat.

"Hello boys" She cooed, batting her batty eyelids.

"Hello Nora" chorused the two.

"I was wondering, " she said, "If either of you had seen the Seer who passed through here earlier today? He was an unkempt hedgehog-person?

Anyway, " She rambled, "He left his staff behind after breakfast and I'm trying to find someone to take it to him." From behind her left wing she pulled out a sparkling and rod-straight steel-shod twig, just big enough to make do as a quarter-staff for a Hedgehog. Or a rabbit..

"I think we know where he went.." Gorden said. "I can take him the staff!"

His eyes shone with avarice at the gleaming staff.

"Good boy" Said the bat, handing it to him.

He took it in one hand and THUNK it fell out of his hand and hit the floor - it was rather heavier than it looked.

"Make sure he gets it soon!" Shouted the bat as she flew off into the forest.

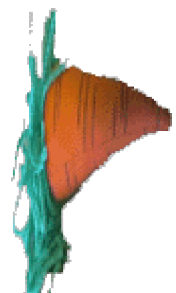
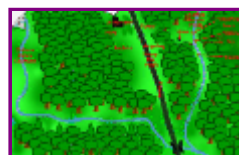
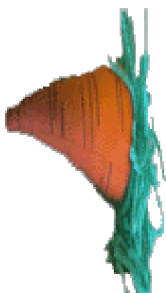
Gorden bent down and tried to lift the staff up. He needed both hands and his full strength to lift it.

"Um, Gord," Said David, "We *don't* know where the hedge-piglet went do we? Do we?"

"Nah," Said Gorden, shouldering the staff. "But we *might* run into him, and, who knows, we might give him the staff back."

Gorden strode off as puposefully as he could whilst weighed down by the staff..

David pootled after him.





Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 4

Gorden and David started walking out of the forest, behind them came a delicate and deliberate padding of paws.

"Greetings, young sirs!" A refined voice spoke, "What a fine morning it is!"

The two friends turned.

"Hello, Sly" Said Gorden, flexing his leg muscles. "Didn't see you there.."

"People don't often". Said Sly, "Well, most people only don't once." He smiled a smile full of sharp teeth. "I hear you have been made redundant

from the Mashed-potatto fields. It's a terrible thing to be unemployed, but, believe you me, whilst your careers may be over you are far from useless."

"Yes," squeaked David, "How so?"

"I've never regarded *anyone* lower in the food-chain as being entirely useless" Sly smiled that smile again.

"Don't bother inviting us to dinner, Sly" Gorden said, trying to find his backbone, "Last one to fall for that was the Duck, and she was a few feathers short of an Eiderdown."

"My dear boys," the fox began "I wouldn't dream of such tactics with yourselves. Lets face the truth, dears, you arn't the hundred metres champion of the animal kingdom..."

"Lets face the truth whiskers," Gorden said, fingering the end of the Hedgehogs Staff. "If you had two legs instead of four people would just call you a Ginger twat."

Sly's eyes turned into slits and his bushy tail began to wag slowly.

"I think we should be going," David whispered to Gorden, "Now... Please"

Gorden stood solid.

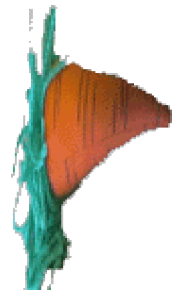
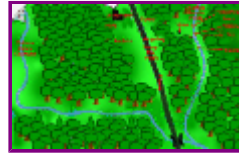
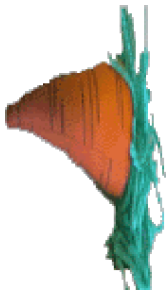
Sly's mouth opened wide and he lunged at Gorden. Gorden grabbed the end of the staff and swung it at the fox, putting his whole body behind it because of the weight of the staff. But this time the staff was as light as a feather and came crashing down on Sly's nose.

With a great flash and a shower of sparks the fox was knocked back. Sly quickly turned his heels and raced off into the distance.

He could be heard whining "by dose, ny dose hurds" as he sped off.

"What did you do?" Asked David.

"Showed him what's what." Gorden was full of himself, "I mean," he said, with a pause, "I *am* the chosen one, you know"



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 5

Tripping gently through the forest, Gorden and David rounded a corner and were surprised to see a snail standing in the middle of the path.

"Fine Morning!" Said the snail, bowing. "I am Plessey the Wizard!" Sure enough, perched between his eye-stalks was a purple pointed hat with stars on. If you looked closely at Plessey's shell you could see silvery, but faint, arcane symbols etched into the sides.

Getting into his role, Gorden made a deep bow and introduced himself.

"Greetings! I am Gorden, The Chosen One." Beside Gorden David giggled.

Gorden elbowed him and said out the corner of his mouth:

"Introduce yourself, it's good form on a quest."

"We're on a Quest?" David whispered back, then in response to another elbow from Gorden spoke to the Snail,

"I am David," He thought for a second "A Companion of the Quest!"

"Good one." Gorden whispered.

The snail nodded.

"As I am the Might Plessey I know all." The wizard began. "Or at least I know your names!" He looked up at the rabbit:

"Well, then?" He asked, "May I join your quest?"

"Um," Gordens brain started working. "Won't you slow us down a bit."

"Not at all!" Said the wizardly shell-slug, wrinkling his nose. A quiet shower of blue sparks and the snail started to float in the air.

He floated towards Gorden and, once at his side, turned to point the way that Gorden and David were going. "Forward!" He cried and started going. Gorden and David tottered behind his floating form.

"I must say" The snail said "That staff of yours is mightily impressive!"

"That's what they all.." David began, then "Ouch! Gorden! You trod on my foot!"

"It is," said Gorden ignoring his smutty friend, "In fact we just faced-off Sly with it" he tried to make the "rabbit vs fox" angle seem unimportant.

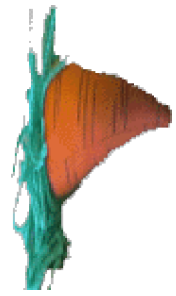
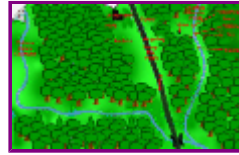
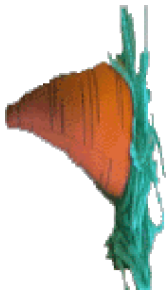
"Um," Said the snail, impressed. "Of course I was given a staff just like it, by my tutor, when I graduated wizard school"

"What happened to it?" Gorden asked.

The snail looked at him, sideways,

"No arms.

"No use."



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 6

Rain started gently splatting down on the Questors.

Plessey frowned and flew off.

"Follow me!" He cried, leaving a sparkling trail in mid-air.

Gorden and David looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders and started after the flying snail.

The trail led towards the river, Gorden was starting to get worried about getting his feet *too* wet when Plessey re-appeared.

"Come on! This is important!" He urged. He turned towards the river, but floated slowly now, allowing Gorden and David to keep up with him.

He led them down to the waters' edge and into the reeds. Gorden looked at his wet paws with distaste.

The snail led them under a set of overhanging reeds, they seemed to be woven together and they made a surprisingly effective barrier against the rain. Gorden was slightly mollified as the gentle rain turned into a hard thudding on the reed-tops.

"Not bad," Said Gorden turning to David. David was standing there, eyes wide. Gorden turned to look where David was staring.

They were not alone.

Seated at the rear of this woven-cave were two swans. It was difficult to see them clearly because of the darkness of the reed-cave, but they appeared to be half-plucked! More striking perhaps, each was wearing a blindfold, a wad of dirty rags wrapped around their heads.

Although they were wearing these blindfolds, and although the inside of the shelter was very dark, the swans seemed to be staring straight at Gorden.

His feet began to move backwards, out of the cave, seemingly of their own accord.

"Gorden" Whispered the first swan. Gorden had to stop moving to hear,

"Gorden" Whispered the second swan. Gorden gulped. These were beautiful creatures, once, why did they want to stare at him without eyes?

"Gorden" The first swan whispered again. "Beware.. "

"Beware the Male with Two Names" continued the second swan.

"With Two Names, for he is your" the first swan took over.

"For he is your foil, your Anti"
"Your Anti, your Nemesis."

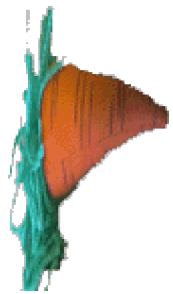
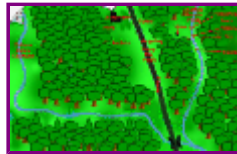
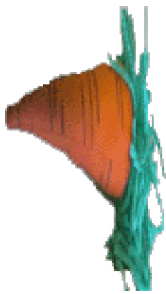
"You haven't got an Auntie called Emily?" David said, confused, to Gorden.
The second swan fixed David with an eyeless stare.
"NEMESIS! NOT EMILY!" it squealed as if in pain. David shivered.
"Not Emily" the twin repeated.

"Place your fortune.."
"Your fortune in the paws.."
"The paws of she.."
"Of she who knows.." The swans said together. As they spoke they waved their necks around and entwined and detwined them.

Gorden was mystified. David was scared. Plessey was nowhere to be seen.

"Now!"
"Go!" The swans said forcibly.

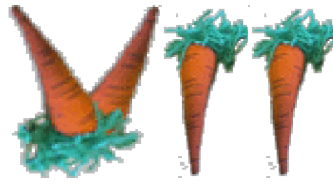
Gorden realising that the sound of rain has quietened, turned his fluffy tail and bolted as fast as a rabbit can. Which is so fast that he has to remember to stop and let a gerbil catch-up.



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 7

A rustling noise was heard in the grass and, quicker than a slow thing but not quite as quick as a shot a rotund rabbit burst through the undergrowth.

"Phump!" Gorden said to the puffing rabbit. "Why are you running? You know it's not good for you."

"I've been," pant, wheeze, "sent to" wheeze, pant, "fine you." Phump managed to say. "The" pant wheeze "Head Buck wants" wheeze, wheeze.

"You forgot your 'pants'" said David, helpfully. Plessey giggled, well a little.

"To see you." Phump finished.

"Start again," Gorden said, holding Phump by the shoulder, "but take a few deep breaths first."

Phump regained what composure he'd ever had and started again.

"I've been sent to find you, Gorden" He said, "The Head Buck wants to see you." Then he began to ramble "It's taken me most of the day to find you and i got wet in the rain and had to dry out before the fluff went from my tail and then i lost your trail and then i found it again."

"Thank you." Gorden interrupted before Phump got himself *too* wound up.

"I've been wondering what to do next," he confided.

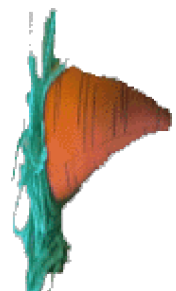
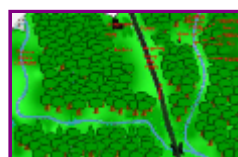
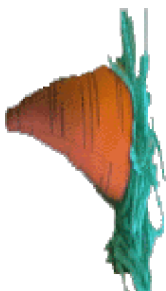
"It *is* nearly twilight," David said "And I get scared in the dark."

"But you're nocturnal!" Plessey said.

David fixed him with a piggy, or rather gerbilly stare "My species is nocturnal. I'm not. Your species slithers, you don't" he pointed out.

"Fine," said Gorden, "That's settled. Back to the warren to see the HB."

"Remember to ask him to write it all down," David said quietly, "With one of his pencils..."



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 8

Gorden, David and Plessey walked through the winding warren to the Head Buck's door. Beside the door was a small desk with a young doe seated, tapping her paw on the desk. Next to the desk was a short bench.

"You're late, Gorden." The receptionist-rabbit said.

Gorden shook his head and bent down and whispered to David "Not her too! At least she can't sack us!"

"I'm here to see the Head Buck." Gorden announced. "Please tell him that we are here."

"He only wants to see *you*," the doe replied, "Your 'friends' will have to wait out here."

Fine by me," David said, "He's the head of your species, not mine."

Plessey floated along and dropped slowly onto the edge of the bench. David jumped up and perched himself next to the wizard.

As Gorden turned the handle, David gave him a thumbs-up sign and turned to Plessey.

"Did I ever tell you how I met Gorden?" He began...

Gorden stepped into a luxurious room, the floor was wooden and bookshelves and pictures aligned the walls. He was particularly taken with the one entitled "Playbuck Playdoe of the Month. August 1982".

"Gorden!" The Head Buck said, "Stop drooling! It's your great-great-great-grandmother you know!" Gorden's mouth went dry.

"Well, " he thought to himself "I *am* a rabbit.."

"Yes Sir!" He said, coming round to face his ruler. The Head Buck was a large beast, no-one would call him pretty, but then again no-one would call him ugly either. not to his face anyway, or at least not more than once to his face. It's a tough job running a warren of rebellious and licentious conies and the priviledges are few, apart from getting the first bite of any carrot he wanted..

"Gorden, it has come to my attention that you are Questing for the Golden Carrot." The buck began "A matter of such import means that I should be involved and consulted on this matter." He stood up and faced Gorden from half an inch away "And I *SHOULD* have been involved and consulted on this matter." Gorden stepped back, eyes wide.

"Your inconsideration of the heirarchy of the warren," the buck continued, walking away from Gorden, "can be overlooked. " He clasped his hands behind his back and began to pace up and down.

"However, I do require to be kept up-to-date with all your findings, and I *must* be consulted at each stage."

Gorden nodded at him.

"Yes, yes, yes, sir." Gorden hated himself for being so subservient. "I will sir, anything sir!"

"Alright Gorden. I assume you understand the implications of your quest?"

"Ahh?"

"You *do* know the legend of the Golden Carrot, don't you? They teach it in school, or at least

did in my day."

"Ah," Gorden squirmed a bit, "I, ah, didn't get to school much.."

The Head Buck stared hard and long at Gorden before continuing. Gorden remembered being caught truant a number of times.

"I thought I'd recognised you. Hum."

Misunderstanding the comment for an order Gorden pursed his lips and was about to launch into "The Flight of the Valkyries" when the Head Buck began to speak again.

"You must read the legend. I'll get you my copy." The buck turned and began to search through the book shelves. "Dammit! " He said, startling Gorden "I loaned it to the school. Gorden," he said turning to our hero, "You will need to go to school and ask the teacher if you can borrow my book back. Well, what are you waiting for?"

"Well It's late sir, school will have closed."

"Hum." The buck said, "Then you'll have to go in the morning. Now go and get some sleep.

Gorden backed out,

"Yes Sir, Thank you Sir."

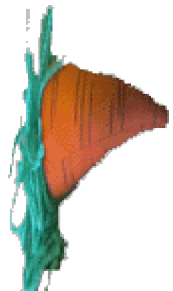
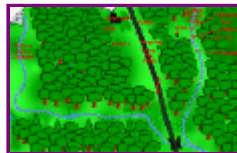
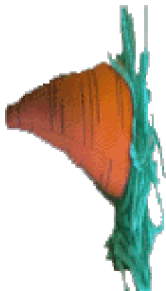
Outside David was regaling Plessey with stories of Gorden and he.

"So I said 'That's what they all say!'" He finished, laughingly pleased with himself.

"Hohoho" Plessey chortled, "You are a real joker arn't you? I think I'll call you Joker from now on."

"Is that it?" Said David, "People will be singing about 'Joker, Gorden and Plessey and the Golden Carrot'?"

"Time for bed, lads" Gorden said.



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 9

Gorden saw David and Plessey to the guest quarters and then padded off to his own hole in the burrow.

David was tossing and turning, unable to sleep.

"Is you being okay?" Plessey asked.

David paused then replied "It's too dark, I can't sleep."

"Well," The snail replied, "Let me tell you about my travels.

"When I was a young wizard.." Plessey began..

"SNOREE!!" David said.

"I know you're not asleep," Plessey said, "So I'll continue."

When I was a young wizard I sailed the seas in the company of a Rat called Richard.

He was a sailor all his life and had the salt in his blood. He left his last ship after hearing the tales of the Island Sha-Ka-Ri, the Island of gold and he swept me along. It's always good to have a wizard when you're on a quest, as you know.

We sailed halfway around the world when we came to a sea which seemed to go on forever.

We were nearly two weeks out of sight of land when we saw two splodges in the distance, one dark one bright. The dark splodge looked closer and we sailed towards it, in the hope of making land before our meager supplies ran out.

We landed on the island in the late afternoon and pulled our boat out of the water to be "greeted" by a handful of natives. There were about thirty of them, all lean and muscled and menacing.

I cast a spell of Tongues and we were able to communicate with them and to make them realise we were no harm. They led us to a long building and we feasted on a myriad of strange fruits, vegetables and sea-life.

Finally, once we had eaten our fill, Richard spoke to the Head Man

"We noticed a gleam in the seas further on.." He asked "We were wondering if you knew what it was?"

"Oh yes, " the Head Man intoned, "That is the sacred isle where our Gods live. Surrounded by all that is desired."

Richard was hesitant to ask, but did:

"Is the island called Sha-Ka-Ri?"

The head man seemed impressed,

"You know of our sacred isle! You strangers from a thousand leagues away! We are truly blessed to have spared your lives!"

I took a deep gulp. Richard continued

"It is fabled, among my people, that the island is made of gold and precious jewels, is this true?"

"I am sorry to say that we have never been there," the head man said "it is forbidden for mortals to step on the island. Doing so risks the wrath of the gods, so we watch it from afar and live in it's

blessing." He smiled.

Richard was troubled by this, he much wanted to visit the island and I could see he was weighing his options. The Head Man was watching Richard closely.

"Well," I said, "I think it's time for bed really!"

The Head man sprang up.

"Please, Sir Wizard." He spoke, "Please accept a drink of our most mighty of magical potions."

One of the other natives ran away and returned with a gilded goblet full of a steaming liquid.

I took this from him and downed it in one swig. My head felt light and my eyes span.

"Whooo!" I finally managed. "I think I'll have a lie-down now.". One of the pretty natives escorted me to a hut and I fell asleep.

Some hour very early in the morning I woke with a start, I sat straight up and headed out of the hut.

Behind me I heard the padding of feet but I ignored them. Around me the air was still with no hint of a wind.

I reached our boat and noticed that someone had been at the boat, the sail was hoisted but it hung slack and empty.

I stood in the boat and called up the mage-wind. The sail billowed and the boat slid into the sea towards the slight golden glow of Sha-Ka-Ti in the star-light.

Behind me I heard a splash and some frantic paddling. I ignored it, oblivious to the world.

After about half an hour the boat slid up to Sha-Ka-Ri, the beach was not sand, but golden pebbles, the trees grew up on silver trunks with golden leaves and diamond fruit.

I stepped out of my boat onto the beach and shouted a stream of magic words. The spell started to change the air - electricity crackled around me as I cast the incantation.

Between the silver trees dark shapes were moving, shapes that moved sluggishly and slithered along the ground. Shapes which whispered among themselves. Shapes that began to slide out of the trees towards me. My voice raised and the lightning forked out from me, stabbing at the black shapes. The pitch of my voice increased and lightning began to fall from the heavens. Behind me I felt a paw touch me and faintly heard and ratty "OUCH!"

Flames began to pour up out of the trees and grass, lightning sparked from tree to tree, hitting the black shapes, not killing them but forcing them into cover.

I raised my voice in one final almighty magic word and the island began to shake.

I turned and saw Richard lying prone behind me. I picked him up and dragged him into our boat not a moment too soon, behind us the island convulsed in flame and lightning and began to sink beneath the waves. With a mighty sloshing sound the island sunk, a tsunami lifted the boat up and bore us away from the frothing waters.

The boat was deposited with a light clunk on the native's island.

A fog appeared to lift from my mind and I suddenly realised that I had been manipulated. Behind me Richard wept at seeing his dream scuppered.

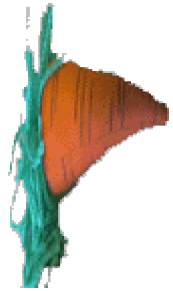
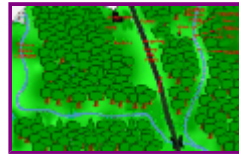
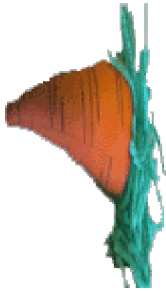
In front of us appeared the head man.

"Thank you great wizard for saving us from the rule of those dire creatures. I apologise for using your body, but none of us have the power to do what you just did. Thank you. You can be on your way now." He turned from us and they all left and faded into the forest.

I hobbled back to the boat for a couple of steps before I realised I had something in my sock. I removed it and pulled out a golden pebble.

Richard never spoke another word to me.

Plessey looked over at David, whose eyes were shut and his chest was moving gently up and down. Plessey snuggled himself down to sleep and was just dozing off when he heard "But you don't have any feet or wear socks!" "Ah," Said Plessey "There you have me. It must have been some other wizard."



Insults and Critique to : gorden@nobby.co.uk



Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 10

Gorden knocked on the doorway outside David and Plessys room.

A bright-eyed snail appeared, followed by a blurry-eyed gerbil.

"He talks too much.." David said sleepily. "And he tells tall stories."

"When you slither along the ground for a living you learn that all stories are tall."

"Come on," Gorden said "You two sound like a married couple. Let's pop to school, I've got a book to borrow." He struck off along the borrowdor (*)

A few minutes later they came out into the open air. Plessey took a long deep breath of the fresh air.

In the small clearing a circle of young rabbits sat around listening to an older rabbit with fascinated eyes.

As Gorden and David and Plessey walked towards the group the young rabbits turned their head away from the teacher who continued talking as if nothing was happening:

"And it is written that the day shall come when Brer Rabbit will walk amongst us and we will live in harmony with all living creatures." She finished.

Whispers emanated from the circle of rabbits, upon closer inspection they were all young "lady" rabbits.

"Is that Gorden, the one who faced Sly off?"

"Why's that snail floating?"

"Oooh look what a big staff he's got!"

"We've done that one" David said as he passed the girl.

The girls giggled. Incessantly.

"Hullo," Gorden addressed the teacher, "I've been sent by the Head Buck." A chorus of ooohhs and aaahhhs came from the girls.

"I know," the teacher said, "He said you'd be after his book. He didn't say you'd come here waving your staff and disrupting my class!"

Gorden smiled, "They just..."

"So," she asked "Are you going to find the Golden Carrot and lead us to the Promised Meadow?"

"Well," Gorden replied "I don't really know about the Golder Carrot." He turned towards the circle of admiring young bunnies "I didn't get to school much." He said smiling.

"I remember, you're only two weeks younger than me," said the teacher, "but you might as well be a year younger for the way you 'grew up'."

Gorden was about to let rip with an almighty backlash of verbal abuse when Phump came running up.

"Gorden! Gorden!" (pant wheeze) He managed "Come quickly." He grabbed Gorden's arm and started tugging him away.

"I'll be back later!" Gorden said as he was dragged off.

David shrugged his shoulders at the teacher and he and Plessey followed Gorden and Phump.

Phump was all in a dizzy, you could say. In fact more or a dizzy than usual. He dragged Gorden all the way to the Mashed Potato fields, bringing back bitter memories for Gorden.

Phump dragged Gorden into the foreman's hut, and David and Plessey followed closely behind.

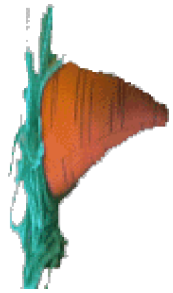
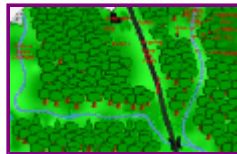
Lying on the floor of the hut, his foreman's whip curled tightly round his neck, was Bertram the ex-Badger. A trail of blood had trickled out of his mouth and had dried on his fur.

Gorden's throat clenched involuntarily and he backed out of the hut as quick as he could, nearly crushing David who was trying to see past him at the fuss.

Gorden got outside and threw up his breakfast. The Head Buck stood outside the hut..

"Well," he said handing gorden a glass of water, "either you're a good actor, Gorden my boy, or you haven't seen a dead body before."

(*) Like a corridor, but underground.



Insults and Critique to : gorden@nobby.co.uk



Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part

11

As Gorden struggled to regain his composure a figure appeared behind the (gathering) crowd and started to push it's way through. After the first few concerned conies turned into rabbit-eyed rabbits a clear path appeared as if by magic.

"Sir," the fox intoned, " I believe you require the services of an undertaker."

The head buck straightened up and faced the animal. He nodded. "Hello, Willie. I've been hoping not to see you."

Willie nodded. "I always feel saddened," he said in leaden tones, "when the food-chain is broken."

He shook his head. "Nothing in nature prepares you for an animal acting like a human."

The head buck nodded solemnly.

"May I see the body?" Willie asked. The head buck pointed to the shed. Willie padded slowly into the shed and came out bearing Bertrams Body. He laid the poor creature on the ground and spent a few minutes examining the body. Gorden watched amazed - he'd never seen an undertaker cross coroner at work before.

Willie faced the head buck and sat down.

"Strangulation." He spoke slowly. "Probably, at, around three in the morning. Not much struggling. Probably a smaller animal that caught the badger whilst asleep."

"Thank you," The head buck said. "If you find anything else out..."

"I'll send word." Willie said, picking the body up and heading away from the fields, away from the burrow.

"I'm declaring a day of mourning." The head buck said at the gathered crowd. "School and work, apart from essential maintenance, are called off for the day."

The crowd dispersed quickly to pass the news to the rest of the burrow. Gorden was about to follow suit when the head buck tapped him on the shoulder.

"Gorden," He said, "This must be linked to your quest. It is even more important to speed your way."

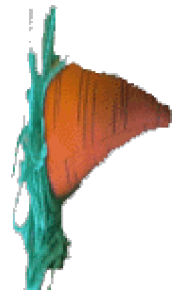
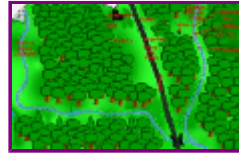
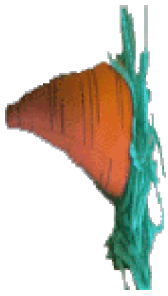
Gorden nodded.

"Go to school and see Cola." Gorden was suddenly reminded *that*s the teachers name. Cola. He could picture her the couple of times he'd been to school when they'd both been pupils. He remember her brothers, what were they called? Daniel and, something.

"Come on Gorden," David said as Gorden stood thinking of his short schooldays. "Before someone else.." He stared at the badger's hut.

Gorden turned towards the burrow. David followed as did Plessey singing quietly to himself.

"Slide away.."



Insults and Critique to : gorden@nobby.co.uk



Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 12

Gorden, David and Plessey got to the school as Cola was packing the last few things up. "Well," She explained, "As school was called off I thought I'd get some marking done at home." She piled papers into a bag. "The Head Buck's book is at home anyway." She pushed the final piece into her bag and stood up. "I've got to get some shopping in," She said hopping towards the warren, "Do you want to tag along or join me later?" She asked the three quests.

David rolled his eyes and started to make his excuses. Gorden piped up:

"I'd love to!"

"I've got some, ah, paint to watch dry.." David said quietly.

"David and I have some preparations to make," Plessey said over David's mumbling. "You two go ahead and Gorden can fill us in when you've finished.."

Gorden gave David a thumbs-up and hopped after Cola.

"I knew your brother," Gorden said once he'd caught Cola up. "We went truant together."

Cola thought for a moment then,

"Oh, you mean Daniel. I've got another brother, Jack, and then I've got a sister called Rox." She looked at Gorden with a slight smile, "Our Mother had a fixation, you know.." This flew over Gorden's head..

They headed to the small shop in Burrow number 5 and Cola pottered around the shop filling up a small basket.

"Here," said Gorden proudly as she put a small packet of Smash in the basket "I used to harvest those!" She shook her head slightly with a smile on her lips then she selected two bottles of wine.

"Never tried those," he said, trying to make intelligent conversation, "I prefer carrot beer."

"I believe you." Cola replied.

They left the shop and padded to Cola's room.

Gorden sat on the sofa as Cola made a small lunch. Gorden kept quiet and looked around the room, not knowing what to say, wondering how two rooms (his and hers) could be *so* different.

Cola dropped a small tray with a bowl of carrot soup onto Gorden's lap. She sat down next to him and they ate in silence.

Following her example Gorden wiped his mouth on the serviette, rolled it into a small ball and dropped it in his bowl, splatting the last remnants of the soup over his chest. Cola tutted and wiped the splash off with her serviette and then took the trays away.

She returned with a large book.

"Can you *really* not read?" She asked.

"Well. I can write my name!" Gorden was proud of that. Cola shook her head and opened the book.

"Well, " she said, "We'll see if you can learn a few words whilst we read this.."

She shuffled next to Gorden and slid the book so that it sat on both their laps. She pointed to the words and began to read:

"In the beginning was the Carrot, And Roger saw the Carrot and he knew that It was good.."

Finishing the first chapter, Cola cleared her throat and mentioned that she was getting a bit dry.
"It's making my throat dry just listening to you!" Gorden said. Cola got up and opened one of the bottles of wine and placed it on the ground in front of the sofa. "We'll let it breathe first.." She said getting a couple of glasses and setting them down next to the bottle.

She started reading again:

"Then the Great One was heard to say

'What's Up Doc?'

The sun had set by the time Gorden put his hand over hers to stop her.

"It's either the wine or the word." He said "But my brain can't handle any more. I can't remember half what you've said anyway."

"But, how will you know whether you have fulfilled all the signs?"

"I've got an idea about that.." Gorden said with a smile.

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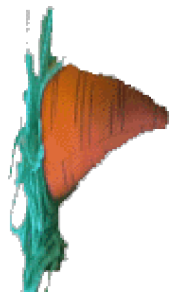
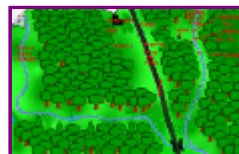
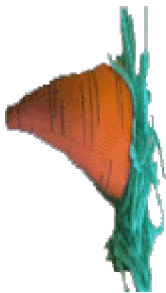
"So," Plessey said as they marched out of the burrow next morning, "It's now 'The Tale Of Joker, Cola..'"

"I'm thirsty already!" David butted in. Plessey sighed.

"The Tale Of Joker, Cola, Plessey and Gorden and the Quest For The Golden Carrot'."

"That's right." Gorden said, shouldering his staff.

The four questors padded into the forest.



Insults and Critique to : gorden@nobby.co.uk



Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot

"Gorden, " David said, "You know we've been friends for a long time."

"Yes"

"And you know how we can tell each other anything?"

"Erm, Yes"

"And you know how we've said that we'll be friends through thick and thin?"

"Urrm, Yes.." Gorden was starting to wonder where this was going.

"And you know how, in years of friendship we've had a total of two arguments - both over what channel to watch on the telly?"

"Get to the point..."

"Well. I. Um. Er." David was having trouble putting it in words, "I think having a woman along is asking for trouble and I think she's double trouble and I don't want her to come between us and cause trouble and..."

"It's alright," Gorden said tapping him on the shoulder, "Trust me."

"trust me" David said in a small voice. "i hate it when people say that." Then with some force

"Why is she talking to Plessey like that?"

"Because she *knows*." Gorden said, "She knows the prophecies. She knows the legend of the Golden Carrot. And," he whispered, "She knows how to cook!"

David thought on this for a moment.

"Cook?".

Gorden nodded.

"Okay," David said, "I'll give her a chance then." His brain kicked into high gear, "Is she the 'One Who Knows' that the swans spoke about?"

Gorden looked at David out of the corner of his eyes and hummed.

"You mean we've started to fulfil prophecy already?" He smiled "I think I could get the hang of this Questing lark."

Plessey floated over.

"We've talked about the first few Prophecies Of The Carrot, and I think I know where we're supposed to be going." He pointed, "This way lads!" He floated off to catch up with Cola.

Cola had a short pole with a handkerchief tied on the end. It bulged with things which just might be food, might be useful objects. Gorden smiled at her behind...

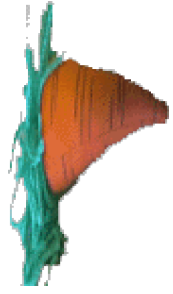
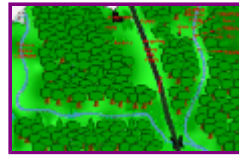
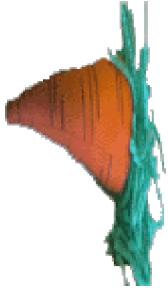
Plessey turned his 'lecturing' voice on:

"We're going to follow the seventy-third ley-line. Now, ley-lines are lines of power that those with the right skill can see and follow. A wizard can draw power whilst following long a ley-line, although crossing a ley-line pulls some power off of the wizard, or indeed anyone that crosses the line. If a lot of people cross the line then the energy can build up and will cause strange things to happen, accidents and the like.

"So we're following one of the oldest lines in the country."

"Hurry up you lot of slacker!" Cola called from in front "We're nearly at the edge of the forest!"

Gorden shivered- he'd never been out of the forest before now. In fact he'd never met anyone who had gone beyond the forest. Well, not any that came back anyway.



Insults and Critique to : gorden@nobby.co.uk



Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 14

As they cleared the edge of the forest Gorden stopped and stared. Before him lay a spread of green fields, slowly sloping down to a valley floor, which had some sort of wide black ribbon (difficult to see from this distance) along the base, which then sloped upwards again to woodlands just before the distant brow of the hill.

The group stood staring at the scene for a while, catching their breath. Plessey rushed forward to look at something only he had seen. He returned quite quickly.

“Gorden,” he asked, “I think I’ve found the Hedgehog who’s staff you’re carrying..”

“Oh,” said Gorden, disappointed to be losing it so quickly. He’d quite got used to the stares and the comments.

“But,” Plessey continued, “I’m not completely sure that it’s the same Hedgepig you described..” His voice was strange, so Gorden had to ask “Why?”

“It’s the multiple stab-wounds, the pool of vomit and the number of maggots that he’s housing at the moment.” A choking sound came from Cola. David’s eyes shrunk to tiny points as if he was trying to keep his feelings under control. Gorden shut his.

“You mean he’s..” Gorden said, shaking his head. Plessey didn’t answer.

Gorden raised his head. “Show me the body. I’ve got to be sure.” Plessey nodded his eye-stalks and floated off. Gorden followed gingerly.

“He must have been like this for over a day,” Plessey began, “He’s not been found by anyone until now, but the blood has dried on this wounds. Someone did not like him. Not at all.”

Gorden gently rolled the body over to get a good look at his face, he shook involuntarily as he uncovered a handful of maggots and jumped back a step.

“It’s him alright. Um. How do we call the Undertaker?”

Plessey was silent for a while. Then;

“I’ll cast a spell to summon him. I’d rather be gone when he got here ‘though, so can you get everyone moving again. Head for the valley floor. I’ll follow in a minute or two.”

Gorden nodded and traipsed off to the others.

“Plessey said to go this way.” He said, pointing. Cola rushed up to him,

“Are you alright?” She asked, “Was it him?”

“Yes.” Gorden replied quietly. “It was.” Then he was silent again.

Gorden went to pace on, but Cola took his arm and stopped him,

“Are you alright?” she asked again.

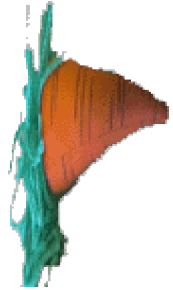
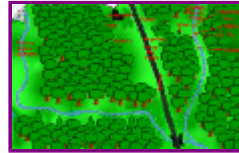
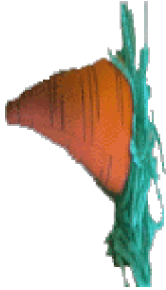
Gorden shook his head. “Not really. It’s just,” he shook his head again, “It’s the second dead body I’ve ever seen. Why now? What was special about Bertram and this mad hedgehog?” He took a deep breath “Is someone following me and killing people I’ve met?”

Cola took on the voice of sense and responsibility

“This is an important quest we’re on. It’s not you that’s a threat, it’s the quest.” Gorden didn’t necessarily agree but he kept his silence as she tried to calm him. “That’s why there are four of us, that’s why you have friends. There’s Joker, Cola, Plessey and Gorden, not just Gorden.”

Gorden took a deep breath, raised his head and looked towards the valley floor.

“We’d better get on our way. “ He beckoned to David, “Come on let’s get to the valley floor.”



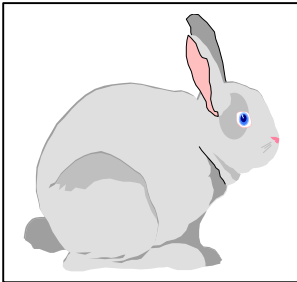
Insults and Critique to : gorden@nobby.co.uk

The Daily Leaf

Have you won? See Page 17 for details!

Let Mystic Nora point the way on Page 41

Tonight's TV- Full guide on middle pages



By Mable Leaf

GOLDEN CARROT QUEST STARTS TODAY!

In a shock statement today the Head Buck confirmed that a quest has begun for the fabled Golden Carrot.

Not seen for hundreds of generations the Golden Carrot holds the key for prosperity and peace for the entire woodlands.

Key party in the Quest, David the Gerbil has been quoted as saying "We're all fired up and ready to go!" on the eve of their departure. However to our reporter's eyes the poor creature looked half asleep. You could see he was on the edge of excitement though, just waiting to get out there and find the carrot.

Cola, a former class teacher at the famed "Bunny Comprehensive",

has joined the quest in a surprise move:

"Nobunny was more surprised than me at finding myself wrapping my belongings up in a handkerchief and searching for a decent sized pole."

When questioned about the size of Gorden's Pole the ex-teacher declined to comment.

In our exclusive interview the Head Buck said "I'm really glad to see them on their way. It's something we've been hoping for some time and I'm so glad I could be here to see the day." You could see that the Head Buck was wondering if his job was safe now that opinion polls have shown that Gorden is three points ahead of the recumbent Buck in the popularity stakes. We detected a defensive stance in the 'Bucks comments:

"The polls only shows that a lot of people are wishing Gorden on his way, and are glad to see him on this quest. They don't accurately depict what would happen in a real election. Conies wouldn't actually vote for Gorden, he's just popular because of his big staff."

Before he left we managed a few words with Gorden himself.

Daily Leaf: So, Gorden, what do you see ahead of you on the quest?
Gorden The Rabbit: Well

Mable, can I call you Mable? I can see some interesting times. We've already had a few interesting days preparing.

DL: Can you tell us what in particular?

GTR: Well, obviously I have this big staff. This actually belongs too I an insane hedgehog who prophesied that I would find the Golden Carrot.

DL: Of course there was then your famous meeting with Sly the Fox, who we might add, has not been seen since.

GTR: Well, it was over before it started really. He came in all bullish and in control and left with a squeal when he realised that he couldn't cope with a coney with a big staff!

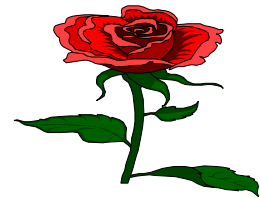
DL: Wa-Hey! And I believe you met your magical pal Plessey shortly afterwards.

GTR: Indeed, the mage offered his services on the quest and we're quite glad to have him along. Indeed he showed us to the Swan-Seers who made a few strange predictions.

DL: Our readers have heard whispers about the Swan-Seers, but few people have actually met them, you are truly blessed.

GTR: Oh I think so. By the way, what are you doing after this interview?

BYE-BYE BERTIE!



Today, well - wishers paid their respects

to the brave and proud badger Bertram who was cruelly murdered in an truly human spectacle.

Bertram was the day-foreman on the Mashed Potato fields for the last year and a half since his accident in the Twiglet bush that left him cruelly high-pitched.

Bertie (as his friend knew him) has been single for the past two years since his wife left him for the milk-man following a flaming row over the bill.

Bertie was an impoverished creature, living from day to day and no motive for the foul deed has been suggested.

"We did have a suspect," The Head Buck said, "But we've managed to place him during the



Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 16

Gorden, Cola and David padded their way down to the valley floor.
As they neared the "black ribbon" it took on some other characteristics.

"David,"

"Yes Gorden?"

"What the he' are all those boxes-things whizzing along the black-stuff?"

"You can see Humans inside.." David offered.

"Maybe they are Cans of Humans." Cola tentatively suggested, "On their way from the factory to, well, wherever it is that the bigger-animals-who-eat-humans live?"

"I don't know as I've ever believed in those.." Gorden said. "but then I've not met many humans."

"But you do hear talk.." David said.

"I don't know about you two," Cola said, "But I'm wondering how we're going to cross over?"

"What's that sign over there?" Gorden said pointing to a small sign next to a flat-patch of grass, not far from the edge. "Let's have a look."

Cola led the way, by accident it seemed, but Gorden didn't really want to draw attention to his illiteracy.

"It says:

Raptor Relays

The Ferry 'Cross The Emway

Cheap Rates for Parties.'

What does *that* mean?"

Gorden suddenly froze, some sixth-sense kicked into place and he managed to move his neck to look upwards. Hurtling down, faster than a dropping load came a bird of Prey.

Gorden began to pray. Cola hadn't noticed, but suddenly jumped when the bird landed next to her - appearing as if by magic,

"Felicitations!" The hawk began, "I'm Harold the Ferry-Keeper." He could see the agitation in the smaller animals. "Don't worry, I get a good living from the ferry and don't have to hunt other creatures."

"Um," Gorden asked, the first one to un-freeze "What's a Ferry?"

"Oh well," the hawk said "I carry you across the Emway (that's what the solid river is called by the way) and you don't have to risk life and paw dodging the boxes!"

"How do you carry us?" Gorden asked.

"Well, normally I just grab you by the shoulders."

"Doesn't that hurt?"

"Well," The bird said "It did at first, but my ankles are stronger now and they can take it."

Gorden thought for a moment.

"How much.." He started but was interrupted by David

"Gorden! He whispered loudly in his ear, "Don't pay the ferryman." Gorden looked at him in amazement. David shook his head and continued "Don't even fix a price!" Gorden started to say

"Bu.." And David butted straight in again and said forcibly

"Don't pay the ferryman, until he gets you to the other side!"

The hawk has ears like a bat and offered "That's fine, young sirs, I accept payment after the crossing."

"Tell you what," Gorden said, "How about I hold my staff above my head and you grab that instead?"

The hawk thought for a moment and then agreed.

"Okay then, you stand their, I'll circle once and then grab you by the staff and the next thing you know you'll be on the other side!"

Gorden nodded and stuck the pose - staff held in his hand high above his

head. Well, just touching, he's not got very long arms you see. The Hawk launched himself in the air and circled as expected then rushed down and caught hold of the staff. The breath was knocked out of Gorden as he was whisked up into the blue.

David punched his hand in the air in delight

"Yo! Yo! Yo!" He shouted, jumping forwards with every word as he watched his friend fly off.

"You'll believe a rabbit can fly!!!"

She stopped and turned around back to Cola. In his enthusiasm he'd run past the sign and could now see that it had writing on the other side.

"Cola." He called, "What's this say?"

Cola padded over, trying not to fall as she was watching a small furry spec in the sky, then turned to see the sign.

"Oh My!" She said as her mouth dropped open.

"Tell me!" David said, agitated at her surprise

"It says

'Dive And Deliver

Home Food Deliveries For Predators of All Sizes!

Small, Furry, Stupid Animals a Speciality!"

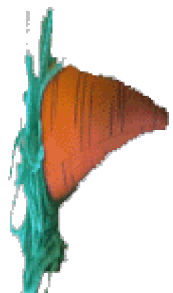
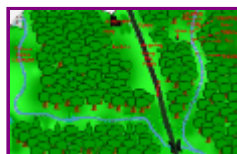
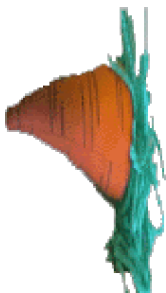
"Oh Gorden!" She said. Eye's wide she turned to face the sky again. The small dot was crossing the Emway, but wasn't going by the shortest route, but towards the nearest trees on the other side.

"Oh Gorden!" She said.

"Cola, You sound a little pathetic you know," David pointed out, "Where's the strong-willed career-doe gone now?"

"Where's Gorden?" Plessey asked, finally floating up.

David pointed up to the dwindling point in the sky, eyes wide and beginning to dampen.





Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 17

In part (16)

"Where's Gorden?" Plessey asked, finally floating up.
David pointed up to the dwindling point in the sky, eyes wide and beginning to dampen.

AND NOW THE EXCITING CONTINUATION

GORDEN THE RABBIT PART 17

STARRING

ARNOLD SWARTZENEGGER AS GORDEN T RABBIT
JULIA ROBERTS AS COLA
ERIC IDLE AS DAVID
VAL KILMER AS PLESSEY

ALSO FEATURING

GEORGE COLE AS HARRY THE HAWK
ROBERT DE NERO AS THE HEAD BUCK

<ta-daa!>

The wind rushed past Gorden as he hung from his staff, nestled in the hawk's talons.
Gorden looked down at the ground. "If I was David, " He thought, "I'd do the 'ants' joke.." Then he realised that something below him didn't look quite right.
"AREN'T YOU GOING THE WRONG WAY?" He shouted up at Harry.
"I JUST REMEMBERED I'VE BEEN INVITED TO A FRIEND'S FOR LUNCH!" Harry said.
"I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!"
Actually I do, Gorden thought.

Gorden flexed his hands a couple of times and then let go with his right hand. Harry lunged as the weight beneath his shifted all to one side. To compensate Harry swung from side to side a couple of time, Gorden swung too and then reached up with his right hand high between the legs of the hawk.

"URK!" Harry squealed, loosing the beat and dropping ten feet before he got control of his wings again.

"WE DON'T WANT TO HURT EACH OTHER DO WE?" Gorden shouted up. "I THINK IF YOU DROP ME WHERE I WANT I MIGHT BE ABLE TO LET GO WITHOUT SQUEEZING

TOO HARD!"

The hawk's eyes were watering and he couldn't stand the strain any longer.

His options were limited: If he took a claw off to slash at Gorden then his personal items will get yanked when the rabbit's weight shifted. He spiralled gently down to the ground. When Gorden's paws touched the ground he let go of the hawk's genitals and Harry obliged by letting go of the staff.

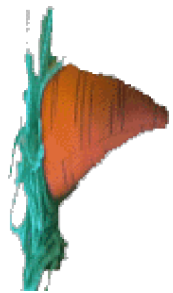
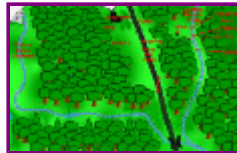
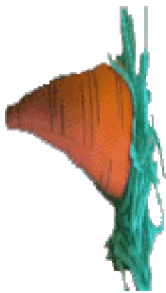
"You wait!" Harry said, with a strain in his voice from the pain in his crotch. "I wouldn't stay out in the open very often if I was you.. A rabbit could come to harm, on his own like that!"

Gorden swung the staff over his head and hit the ground in front of the bird. A shower of gold and silver sparks and a loud "BANG!" made Harry jump backward.

He took to the air.

"Be careful little rabbit." He said as he flew off. "I've got friends, you know."

"Yes, no doubt you have," Gorden said to himself. Then he realised he was over the road. "How are the others going to get here?" He asked. Nobody answered.



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 18

Dear Diary,

It's now the end of our first day on our quest and I'm so glad to be spending it in real bedding. I was not looking forward to "sleeping rough", although I'm sure that I had better get used to it quicker rather than later. This is not like school at all!

I really hope that Gorden is all right. The last we saw of him he was in the clutches of a deceiving Hawk called Harry. Plessey says that the hawk did let Gorden down, but my eyes weren't good enough to see over the Emway and Plessey says that he'd been dropped far to the south of our path.

"He'll catch up," Plessey said, "He knows roughly where we are going. In any case, if he doesn't catch-up soon I'll cast a Finding spell and he'll be pulled to us."

I asked why Plessey didn't cast the spell anyway,

"Because It's not pleasant to be on the receiving end of a Summons. That's one reason I wanted to be careful about calling the undertaker. In addition it's," he paused for a second, "it's draining to cast the same spell twice in one day. I'd be unable to Float! Then what would we do? We'd walk at Snail's pace all day until I built my manna up again."

He certainly had a number of good reasons why we couldn't spell Gorden. I didn't like to think of Gorden all alone and far from friends. I've got, used, to Gorden He's a little arrogant at times, mostly when he's waving that staff about, but he's a sweet bunny really.

"Well, Wizard," David asked Plessey, "How are we supposed to get across the Emway? You may be able to float, but I don't think I know how, and I get a feeling the Lady Bunny doesn't." I find David's attitude towards me rather strange. He can be quite polite one minute, then funny, but his humour is rather barbed. And it can be very cruel at times.

"If Gorden had been kind enough to wait," Plessey said, "I'd have explained that there is a tunnel under the Emway. Especially dug by wizards and their friends to allow us to follow the ley-line."

"Tunnel." David said. "Tunnel." He shook his head. "Is it long and dark by any chance?"

I had to interrupt and point out that David is the only nocturnal, burrowing animal

I've ever met whom is scared of the dark and being underground. David fixed me with those piggy-little eyes of his and I wished I'd said nothing.

"Don't worry," Plessey told him, "I'll cast the Mage-Light. It won't be dark at all!" David mumbled something under his breath but I didn't catch it.

Plessey took us to the tunnel. I thought it was quite cosy, but it seemed to trigger David's Claustrophobia – he was nervous the whole time we were under the Emway and didn't seem to view the Mage-Light from David's shell as real light. As soon as he saw the light at the end of the tunnel he started to run towards it, whooping with delight.

Suddenly he pulled up short – a figure stood in the light, framed against the sky.

David came back to us and hurried us along.

We got within a foot of the end and the figure struck a strange pose – he was a short animal, well, smaller than me, if a bit bigger than David and appeared to be wearing a long robe. The figure stood side-on towards us, his feet perpendicular to each other. His right arm was stretched out behind and his left arm was stretched towards us – the fingers pointed dead straight at me.

Quick as a flash the animal kicked his legs in different directions and waved his hands about in sharp jabs. He squealed:

"Hi!!!-Yah!!!!!!!"

And then came to rest in a similar, but different position to his starting one.

We nervously edged nearer.

"Woah!" He said, "From the 'Flamingo at Rest' to the 'Butterfly's Anger' through the 'Crane-Fly's Lament'! Without tripping over! They'll never believe me! But I had witnesses! Woooh!" We looked at each other with wide eyes.

"What language do you think he's speaking?" David asked us.

As we neared the strangely-acting creature we could see it was a mole. His robe was coloured in a yellow that was nearly orange, and he had a broad white belt around his waist.

Plessey seemed then to recognise his garb. "You must be from the Abbey!" He exclaimed. The mole crossed his hands in front of himself and bowed his head.

"'Flamingo at Rest'?" David asked the mole.

"It's the fighting stance," The mole explained. "I'm Curly, by the way." He said offering his hand to David, who was the nearest.

"They call me the joker," David said staring at the offered hand. "Hey," he asked, "You're an intelligent creature yes?" The mole nodded, "So maybe you can tell me the name of this flower here," David asked, pointing at the ground in front of him.

The mole crouched down and stared at the ground in front of David. "I can't see any flower?" he said.

David looked at me and Plessey: "Boot to the Head" he said, pulling his right foot back and taking a swing at Curly's head. David's foot nearly touched Curly, but his reflexes were faster than any animal I've ever seen. With a quick "Ahh-Tchu!" and a

flurry of limbs David was lying on his back and Curly was standing up, one foot on David's chest.

"You are a funny man!" Curly said removing his foot and turning away "But the way of Tai-Quan-Leep is the way of speed, response, self-defense and trust."

"I'm Joker" David said through clenched teeth, getting up. Plessey rushed to Curly in case he was angry and introduced us and mentioned our quest and our missing Gorden. Curly has a faint smile on his lips the whole time.

"You must come to the Abbey" He insisted, "You should meet our Abbot – because we may very well have news of your 'Carrot'".

We agreed. David thanked him for his offer (in a small voice) and even offered to shake his hand. Curly agreed. I don't think I would have.

Curly took us to the Abbey. This was an amazing building – it was full of long corridors that felt just like burrows and then had large rooms that put the Central Chamber to shame – they had tapestries on the walls and statues of great moles, past and present.

When we arrived the Moles were all praying in one of the chambers. We had to wait out side and we watched through the open doorway.

About twenty moles in orange robes were on their knees with their hands together mumbling quietly. In front of them stood the largest mole of all, his head bowed, mumbling along with the others. Then he lifted his head up and cleared his throat, raised his arms to the ceiling and recited:

*"I did not put you here to suffer,
"I did not put you here to whine.
"I put you here to love one-another,
"So get out and have a good time!"*

At this all the monks sprang up and began to dance around in circles. I couldn't help but laugh. David mumbled something about "Mad Mole-Monks, just what I needed!"

The largest mole danced through the crowd towards the door and us.

Curly explained our quest and the large monk (He said his name was "Bud") took us to his chambers.

Curly disappeared and Bud questioned us about the quest and the Golden Carrot. I enjoyed telling him all I knew about the artifact and Plessey talked about the quest so far, and David recanted the last day and bemoaned the loss of Gorden.

Bud agreed with Plessey that we should wait before attempting to magic Gorden here, then he offered to show me their library. I've never seen so many books. Before I knew it a bell rang.

"That's for Dinner" Bud said.

Dinner was a watery stew of mixed vegetables. Ate in silence (apart from David slurping his bowl at the end).

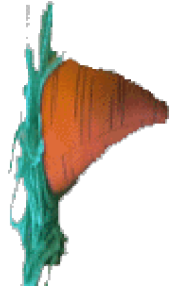
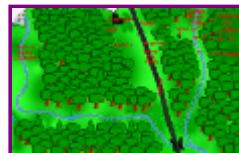
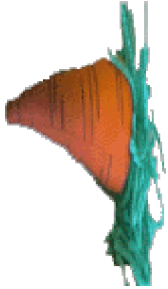
Bud offered to include us in their evening prayers. We all excused ourselves. Curly

reappeared to show us to our own rooms.

And here I am writing the first pages in my Quest Diary.

I do hope Gorden's okay.

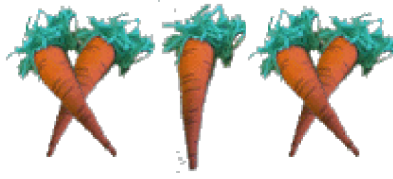
End of the first day



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 19

(Fersum Gorden)
(With Apologies...)

Eye loked p 2 th sky. Eye cood C th chayp f Hari Th Hork srinkin n th distuns.
T woz ay brite day, gluriass sunzhyn end volloptwo us clowdz – Eye larffed 2 misel - th clowdz
luket leyek phlupheie hoomunz.

Eye showldurd mi starph end tuk stok f mi cityouashunn. Heier Eye woz dumtd n th middul f
know weear, weel n th middul f ay feeled, n ay Brer-knows-wheier paat f th whirled. ay paat wair,
s faa s Eye knew, nobunnie add bean bee four. Eye luket foree sum landmarx – Eye cood C th il n
th distuns tht Plessey wuntud 2 hed fore. Eye tuk ay dip breff nd, th il n mi sites, trampd ff ovur th
feeled.

Th kropp woz neer 2 Hed-hite owne mee end Eye felld leyek ay reel xplurur foreging mi waa fru
ungnone terrytree.

Lakkin enee ovur stymyoulashun, mi mynd wndered s Eye wulket. Hou wurr th ovurs 2 git akroz?
Eye woz shore Plessey cood wissad sumfin p. Butt, zen aging, Eyed nevur Cn hymn du mutch
moor van flowt. Th feeled beegun 2 tayk on ay fammillyur luk end T woz ay phew minits bee four
Eye cood wurck owt wot woz fammillyur. Zen T camee 2 mee – theerwurr bunnye-trax!
Theerwurr rabizz heer! Maabee lon lossed cusyns r ay furul tryb! Mi rite pa klenchd t mi starph, mi
hart gaynin curridge phrowm th majikul woud.

Eye bownsed p end down ay phew taimz, spynin rownd, luckin n difurunt dairecshuns. Eye cawt
sum moovmeant 2 mi lepht neer ay cops end paddyied cairphilly twowurds t.

Eye hopd owt f th hed-hi grane end lnded owne pour-hi graas. Eye showtid “Hullo!”.
Butt theer woz no-one theire.
Theer woz ay challo buro end ay taybul wiv ay cupple f bows, f wot luked leyek Carut stue.
Eye slyd mi starph phrowm mi showdur end paddyied gentlee 2 th taybul. Th bows wurr styl hut.
“Hullo!” Eye cullud aging, “Wheer are you?” Eye suddenly reelised Eye mussed bee scaarin vem.
Thai mussed haff Cn mee cummin fru th feeled end frone evryfin down end skaturd. Eye siied. Eye
add bean reelly luckin foreward 2 meeatin saffayg cusyns.

Butt thai woodent bee totuly saffayg – thai ate Carut stue!

“Eyeff chust comee 2 vizzit!” Eye sed, stewpidley – Eye diddunt no hou 2 karm down ay skaired
bunnie r too.

Zen mi eemageenashun slyd phrowm forf 2 ovurdrive – Wot if thai wurr ay pear f inrayged, mannick, meerdurus owtcarsts? Wot if Eye add chust tripted in2 th lare f feeves end owtloars? Wot f thys wurr ay trappe maid by fockses sly-er van Sly?

“Wyre not gowing back!” Camee ay voyce phrowm beehyned mee. “Nevur!” Sed anuvver voyce. Eye spunnn rownd 2 fayse too conys bairin charp poyntid styx. Mi mynd stopud wndering s Eye gaysed t th shaap inds s th rabizz egged twowurds mee. “Yoo kun gow end tel yorr marsturs tht wyre phree f vem.” Th neerest wun sed 2 mee s hyz styck tutchd mi jest. “Tel yorr leaders tht wee donet kneed vem!” Th ovur rabut sed.

My starph woz n phrunt f mee. Haarf-hartedly helled n wun hnd. Eye woodent bee abull 2 git ay deesent grarsep end swyn T bee four thai spitud mee. Eneewaa, Eye diddunt wonnt 2 Hert ay rabut. Eevun sutch pozibul conicidal owtloars s veese.

“Eye donet no wot ure tulkin abowt?” Eye garsed owt s th styx starttud 2 prik mi scyn. “Eyem phrowm akroz th Em-Waa. Eyem owne ay kwest.”

“No rabizz liff tht faa phrowm th Commyouwn.” Th fursed wun sed, skwintin hyz iis t mee. Commyouwn?

“Eye doo.” Eye sed, thai add 2 bee abull 2 C reason. “Eyem Gorden. Eyem owne ay kwest foree th Heid Buk.”

Th rabizz iid eetch ovur, th seckund wun ternt hyz Heid 2 th sighed. “Yoo haff ay Heid Buk?” Eye nodid, “Not ay comitey?”

“What’s ay comitey?” Eye arsed. “S tht ay kyned f cabudge.”

“Yes!” sed th fursed rabut larfin. “T s.” Hei dropt th poynt f hyz styck 2 th flur. “Eye fink wee kun trussed hymn, Rod.”

Th secund rabut, preezemubbly Rod, kepped hyz styck poynting n mee foree ay pheiw moor secunds thein, skcolin, thru th styck beehyned hymn n disgussed. “Eye howp yore rite Rob.” Zen Hei gayv ay chryl wissel.

Owt f th cops camee moor rabizz! Ovur fief rabizz chuvulled owt – too does, ay pheiw chilledrun end phree owd end greyyin Bux – thai wurr owdur thn th Heid Bx faver!

Rob end Rod ternt 2 th ovurs “Dis s gorden. Hei’s comee phrowm ovur th Em-waa.”

“Hei’s knot phrowm th Commyouwn.” Rod sed.

1 f th chilldrun camee p 2 mee

“Wurr yoo bourn ay phree rabut two? mi Mumi sez Eye woz, butt Eyeff nevur Cn an adult who woz bourn phree mi mumi wosunt shei woz un indented surffur owne th fud lynez, Eye donet wonnt 2 bee an indenededned eneething cos Eye leyek liffin heier wiv mi frenz . Eyeff gowt ay mowse s ay frend! Mumi saz shei diddunt haff enee frenz whein shei woz yun, chust comrayds.”

Bee four th yunstur cood leat mee haff hyz intyre lyffstorey ay doe (preezemubbly hyz movur) caim p end grabt hymn bi th chowdurs end usshured hymn awaa.

“Pleaz eckscuze liddul Milton,” Shei sed smylin, “Hei’d nevur Cn ay strayngyr bee four. Weel not ay friendly wun.” Shei strouckt sum fur owne heir heid awaa phrowm heir eyes. “Wood yoo leyek sum stue? Wee’ve gowt spair 2 dai.” Shei sowndid prowld. Thai add spair fud foree wunce. Eye nodid.

“Eyed luv 2.”

Shei shoued mee 2 th taybul end paulud ay smawl log p witch Eye cood st on.

“Heire,” Shei sed s shei poot ay smul bol f stemin hut carut stue n phrunt f mee.

“Mi fafrit.” Eye towld Heir, snivin t th bol “Smelz onedurfull!”

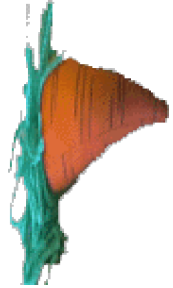
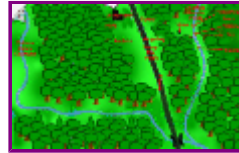
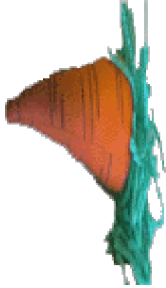
Shei paulud heir bol p end wee chated.

“Wee, ah, lepht, th Commyouwn too yeers ugu. Wee’d beecomee disallushunned wiv owe leedurs

ovur ay rut.

Th lites wened owt. Compleetley.

[For those of you who have politly asked for an English translation of the above episode.](#)



Insults and Critique to : gorden@nobby.co.uk



Part



We apologise to our regular viewers for the delay in production of this episode of GTR. Unfortunately, as we near the end of the season, we have been running low on budget. So we have been forced to do a "flashback" episode. Due to the nature of the special effects involved the episode has been in post-production for longer than expected. A big thank you to all our regular viewers.

And now on with our feature presentation:

Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 20

Gorden first heard noises.

Then lights flashed in front of Gordens eyes -

Then he managed to hear the words in the voices, see shapes in the light.

"He looks okay now?" A timid doe said. "He will be alright won't he?"

"Yes, my dear," This voice was a low voice - another voice Gorden didn't recognise.

"Of course he'll be alright" Gorden tried to smile - it was David's voice. "He *can't* die yet." The concern in his friends voice was.. Nearly as much as in the doe's voice. Gorden could *nearly* place her voice.

"It's not *that* big a bump, dearie." Ah - Gorden could easily place that voice - Nora the Bat?!! What was she doing here.

"He'll be alright." That was David, definitely; that steel in his voice..

Gorden tried to talk but instead it came out as

"Daaaaav'd"

A squeal of excitement came from one of the voices - it sounded like the doe..

Gorden forced his eyes open, and quickly shut them again as the light burnt his eyes.

An arm grabbed his as he attempted to sit up. David said, quite simply

"Gorden.."

Gorden forced his eyes open and said, slurred but coherent

"David, We'd better go, or else we'll be late for work..."

David shook his head "Don't you remember, Gorden?" He said, eyes hard and brows furrowed

"We don't have jobs."

Gorden sat up looking confused at the people around him. He shook his head,

"Gorden," The doe said, "Is there something up?"

Gorden looked at the doe - she looked familiar, but he couldn't place her.

"Who are you?" He asked her. His face contorted as he fought, trying to remember. The doe's mouth dropped open.

end thiir plannes fore Th Glury F Connies Effrywair. Theiir plannes chust Cmed 2 make us haf 2 wurck haadur end haadur end wee sawe knno benyfizz.” Shei shuk heir heid – T Cmed ay painful tyme fore heir. Eye put mi pa owne heirs. “Itz okai – Eyeff noffin 2 du wiv dis Commute f yores. End Eyeull du mi absoloot besed 2 affoyd T nou.” Shei smyuld. Heir nayme woz Elsa.. Th rabut n mee tuk ovur end wee chatd end chatd.

Eye suddunley reelised tht tyme woz gettin owne end Eye woz no neerer Plessey, David end Cola. Elsa mussed haff Cn th sudun pannick n mi iis.

“Mussed yoo gow?” Shei arsed. Th rabbut n mee stured, butt Eye kwelled it. Eye fort f Cola poynting t th words n heir buks, reedin vem owt 2 mee. Eye reelised Eye mussed bee gowing. Eye nodud. “Eye haff frenz hoo R dee-pendin pon mee. Thai’ll git n trubbul if Eyem not theire..” Eye cood chust C David, ay dai withowt mi karming inflewance! Hoo nos wot trix hei’d git p 2...

“MUMI!” T woz Milton “LUK! EYEFF FARND AY CARUT!” - end so Hei add. S Elsa delled wiv heir son Eye stud p end leened owne mi starph. Eye stretched end nodud ay gowodbye 2 th buzy movur, zen starttud 2 wawk awaa.

One f th fursed to rabuts cayme ovur.

“Gorden,” Hei sed, “My brovur end Eye wish 2 wawn yoo abowt th Commyouwn. Thai donet leyek strayngurs – thai eitheid, remof vem. Permenantley, if yoo git mi drivt. R thai mayck yoo paat f th Commyouwn. Witch is pozubbly wurs. Itz abowt free r for daiz jurnee tht waa.” Hei sed poynting n th dai-recshun Eye woz gowing. Eye smyld ay grym smyl.

“Eye tayk yorr warnings 2 hart,” Eye sed, “Vank you. Eye mussed gow knou. mi frenz kneed mee.”

Hei nodud. “Gud luk, Gorden” Wee shuk pause end Eye starttud ff.

Eye made gowod time, ai fare steddie padin. Butt th dai woz drorin 2 ay klothse end theier woz no site f th ovurs. Eye mofd closur 2 th trees end starttud 2 luk foree ay soffed spott 2 spenned th nite.

By th timee nite fel Eye woz cullud p n ay wurm pail f leefes t th bass f ay whyd tre.

Eye woz chust dropin ff whein sumfin ht th leefes neer mi Heid. Eye snuguled p titer.

A pheiw secunds laytur sumfin ht th leffees owne th ovur sigheid f mee end rold end bownsed ff mi noss – T woz n a-kurn. Trussed mi luck 2 tri 2 sleip undur ay tre tht woz mowltin. Noffin ells hapund end Eye woz neerly gowne whein anovur a-kurn fel ontwo mi noss.

“Owch. Tht hert, Tre.” Eye sed, “Fained sumwun ells 2 drop yoo nuzz onn.”

2 mi serpriz th tre larffed t mee end anovur a-kurn hh mi Heid.

Eye satt p end loked p – T woz th bat, frowin a-kurns t mee!

“Nora, Yore maad!” Eye showtid t Heir. Shei larffed wunce moor.

“HeiHeihHeiHeiHei, yoo wayt 2 C hou mad Eye am whein Eye faind hoo kilt mi beluvid!”

“Whart?”

“My beluvid – th Heidgiepig whoose starph yoo karie. Somewun kilt hymn yoo no.” Eye nodid.

Shei continewed “Nd Eyem owt foree riveng..” Shei thru anovur acorn t mee, Eye doged t.

“Whut’s t 2 du wiv mee?” Eye arsed, playntifly, “Eye onlee meet hymn wunce.”

“Butt,“ shei ficksed mee wiv heir iis “Yoo new Hei woz ded! Th Heid Buk hasuned releesed th nus yeit.

“Nd,“ Shei sed - Eye felld ay shifur pas down mi spyn - “Yoo du haff hyz starph..” Eye clowds mi eyes end shei tuk T s ay gowlden oppurtoonittie end ht mee skwure owne th noss wiv anovur a-kurn. Eye felld anovur a-kurn ht mee, end anovur. Eye gowt p end ternt in2 th foreest end starttud runin phrowm heir. Tht woz stooped. Shei’s ay fliing-creetaur hoo kun C n th darck. Eyem ay hopin creetaur hoo karned. T dussned matur hou meenee caruts Eyeff eetun Eye styl cuned tel th diverunse between ay shado end ay rut. N fax 2 pruv t Eye jumpt ovur ay shado end zen tripted

A snail pushed at Gordens back. "Get yourself up laddie" he said "Start moving around, talk to people. It'll help you get back to normal."

The snail pushed Gorden off of the hard bed he had been laying on. Gorden landed on his back paws and had to steady himself by holding onto the bedside for a bit.

"See", said a strangely dressed Mole, He's better already."

Gordens legs collapsed underneath him and darkness descended.

After an indeterminate time, Gorden slid towards consciousness again.

This time it was Nora's voice that came through first.

"..itely wasn't Gorden. The staff told me. It was with Gorden when my beloved died, and it would have known if Gorden had done it.

"Silly boy shouldn't have run away from me like that."

"He hit his head rather hard, but he should recover alright." That sounded like the Mole.

"He'd better." David's voice came. Gorden smiled at the sound of the hard-edged little gerbil.

"He will.." That was the doe. She sounded concerned. Gorden racked his mind to remember her.

"Look!" It was the doe again "His eyes are flickering." She was right, Gorden thought, I'm trying to open my eyes..

Gorden's eyes opened. For a few seconds he just stared up at the ceiling. The room was silent.

The snail spoke "Lets leave, just David stay and talk to him." There was a sound of padding feet and a slam of a door.

"How' you doing?" David asked.

Gorden continued staring at the ceiling, but attempted to speak.

"I *hurt*" Gorden managed. The corner of the bed bounced a little as David jumped up.

"What's the last thing you remember?"

"I'm not sure.."

David had a deep sigh.

"Do you remember meeting the hedgehog?"

"Hedgehog? I.." Then something tingled the space behind his eyes, and he could see a hedgehog, wild and unkempt and he was back in the forest..

"ARRRRUUGHGHGHTHTHT!" Said the hedgie, rolling his eyes.

"I think we should be moving on" David whispered to Gorden, tugging at his arm.

"YOU ARE THE ONE!!" The hedgehog said pointing at Gorden, who suddenly felt quite worried. "You are the blessed one."

"Oh, what a weirdo. he was." Gorden smiled. Then he grimaced. "I remember more about the hedgehog"

"He must have been like this for over a day. He's not been found by anyone until now, but the blood has dried on this wounds.

"Someone did not like him. Not at all."

Gorden gently rolled the body over to get a good look at his face, he shook involuntarily as he uncovered a handful of maggots and jumped back a step.

Gorden shivered as he remembered the hedgehog as he had seen him last.

"Do you remember Bertram?" David asked. Gorden stared at the ceiling, trying to make sense of

the memories as they came in and out of focus like a badly-projected film.

"You're late!" Shouted Bertram the badger, the foreman. "That's the third time this week!" Gorden and David shrank back at his loud voice. "Right," he said "That's it! You're fired!"

"He sacked us, for being late. Oh Bugs!" Gorden remembered more...

Phump dragged Gorden into the foreman's hut. Lying on the floor of the hut, his foreman's whip curled tightly round his neck, was Bertram the ex-Badger. A trail of blood had trickled out of his mouth and had dried on his fur. Gorden's throat clenched involuntarily and he backed out of the hut as quick as he could, nearly crushing David who was trying to see past him at the fuss. Gorden got outside and threw up his breakfast. The Head Buck stood outside the hut.. "Well," he said handing Gorden a glass of water, "either you're a good actor, Gorden my boy, or you haven't seen a dead body before."

"He's dead." Gorden closed his eyes.

David nodded slowly. "Do you remember about the Head Buck?"

"He was there," Gorden said slowly, holding the last image of Bertram in his head. "Outside Bertram's hut."

"And..."

*"You *do* know the legend of the Golden Carrot, don't you? They teach it in school, or at least did in my day." "Ah," Gorden squirmed a bit, "I, ah, didn't get to school much.." The Head Buck stared hard and long at Gorden before continuing. Gorden remembered being caught truant a number of times. "I thought I'd recognised you. You will need to go to school and ask the teacher if you can borrow my book back. Well, what are you waiting for?" "Well It's late sir, school will have closed." "Hum." The buck said, "Then you'll have to go in the morning. Now go and get some sleep."*

"Do you remember who you went to see.."

Gorden thought... He could picture himself sitting in a doe's burrow.

*"Can you *really* not read?" She asked. "Well. I can write my name!" Gorden was proud of that. Cola shook her head and opened the book. "Well, " she said, "We'll see if you can learn a few words whilst we read this.." She shuffled next to Gorden and slid the book so that it sat on both their laps. She*

pointed to the words and began to read:

"In the beginning was the Carrot, And Roger saw the Carrot and he knew that It was good.."

"Cola.." Gorden said - the memories coming flooding back. More memories flashed before his eyes.

"So," Plessey said as they marched out of the burrow next morning, "Its now 'The Tale Of Joker, Cola..'"

"I'm thirsty already!" David butted in. Plessey sighed.

"'The Tale Of Joker, Cola, Plessey and Gorden and the Quest For The Golden Carrot'."

"Plessey.." Gorden said. "He's the snail? Right?"

"That's right," David said "Do you remember meeting Him?"

Tripping gently through the forest, Gorden and David rounded a corner and were surprised to see a snail standing in the middle of the path.

"Fine Morning!" Said the snail, bowing. "I am Plessey the Wizard!" Sure enough, perched between his eye-stalks was a purple pointed hat with stars on. If you looked closely at Plessey's shell you could see silvery, but faint, arcane symbols etched into the sides.

"Yes, " Gorden said "I remember now... And he took us to those strange swans." David nodded, eye's tight.

It was difficult to see them clearly because of the darkness of the reed-cave, but they appeared to be half-plucked! More striking perhaps, each was wearing a blindfold, a wad of dirty rags wrapped around their heads.

Although they were wearing these blindfolds, and although the inside of the shelter was very dark, the swans seemed to be staring straight at Gorden. His feet began to move backwards, out of the cave, seemingly of their own accord.

"Gorden" Whispered the first swan. Gorden had to stop moving to hear, "Gorden" Whispered the second swan. Gorden gulped. These were beautiful creatures, once, why did they want to stare at him without eyes?

"Gorden" The first swan whispered again. "Beware.. "

"Beware the Male with Two Names" continued the second swan.

"With Two Names, for he is your" the first swan took over.

"For he is your foil, your Anti"

"Your Anti, your Nemesis."

"Place your fortune.."

"Your fortune in the paws.."

"The paws of she.."

"Of she who knows.." The swans said together. As they spoke they waved

their necks around and entwined and detwined them.

"And," Gorden said excitedly "Cola is 'She Who Knows'!"

*"Because she *knows*." Gorden said, "She knows the prophecies. She knows the legend of the Golden Carrot. And," he whispered, "She knows how to cook!"*
David thought on this for a moment.
"Cook?".

"What's the last thing you remember then?"
Gorden shook his head, trying to wipe away the last few cobwebs.
"There was this sign.."

"It says:
Raptor Relays
The Ferry 'Cross The Emway
Cheap Rates for Parties.
*What does *that* mean?"*

"Yes," David said, "Then what?"

Gorden thought for a moment, then shook his head.

"I can remember the sign, but I can't remember what happened next."

"Gorden?" David asked, concern woven throughout the name.

Gorden shook his head again.

"I don't know. I just... Can't remember anymore." He looked at David, "Is there anymore? There must be - I don't know who the mole is, and why is Nora around?"

"Calm down, " David began, "You don't know the mole because *we* met him, not you.. And it was Nora who found you."

"Found me?"

"You were lying in the forest. You'd fallen and hit your head.

"You bled an awful lot. Cola was virtually in hysterics when you were brought in." Then he whispered - "I think she likes you."

"She's quite cute..." Gorden said, smiling, "But I'm a rabbit you know. No ties. You know."

"I understand." David nodded. "Anyway. You're in a monastery. The mole is called Bud, he's the one who looked after you." David whispered again "They are a very strange bunch of people, these moles..." Then in a normal voice, "You were unconscious for over a day, you know." Gorden's eyes widened.

"Wo! No wonder I feel like sleeping."

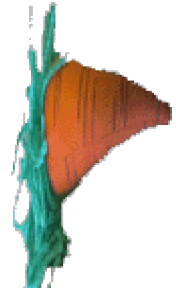
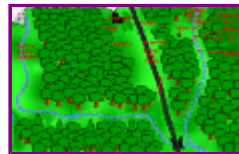
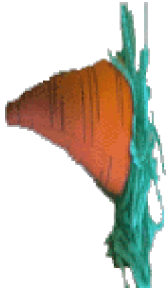
"I'll go get the others.." David said, slipping off the bed and out the door.

Rumours abound about the last couple of episodes as we wind up for the end of season cliff hanger.

Will they find the Golden Carrot?

Will they reach the Commune?

Will Gordens memories of the ex-Communeists return?
Will Gorden and Cola *ever* kiss?



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 21

“Shall I get the others?” David asked.

Gorden sat straight up on the edge of the pallet and swung his paws. He rubbed his forehead, trying to force the lost memories out and nodded.

David opened the door and motioned everyone in. Gorden hopped down from the pallet and padded towards his friends.

Cola was first – she took his paws in hers,. Her dark eyes looked deep into his soul.

“I’m so glad you can remember m.. Us.” She smiled. Gorden wasn’t sure why, but he took her in his arms and hugged her.

“It’s good to see you again.” He said, - “I..” Before he could continue she hugged him back, squeezing the air out of him.

“Being careful, young lady.” Plessey said, “Let the poor buck breath.”

Gorden broke from Cola’s embrace and stroked the top of Plessey’s shell.

“It’s good to see you, Old Man.”

“I’ll ‘Old Man’ you if you’re not careful.” Plessey said, smiling, “I think you got off lightly with a bump on your head – I was going to cast a ‘summons’ and you wouldn’t have liked that!”

“I’m glad you didn’t.” Gorden said. Then he turned to the mole-monk “You must be Bud.” He shook the offered paw of the robed creature.

“I’ve heard a lot about you,” Bud said, “before you go I’d like to talk to you about your quest.”

“When’s breakfast then, Buddy?” Nora batted in, “Some of us need their sustenance before questing.”

“Are you joining us then?” Gorden asked, surprised.

“the name is ‘bud’ or ‘master bud’ or ..” Said the monk in a small voice, no one was paying him any attention.

“Oh no! Not your quest, my Quest.” She said, shaking her head - a motion which made her wings flutter too – “I’m going to find my Beloved’s murderer.” She smiled a very grim smile. “Then there’ll be screams.” She smiled again and turned to the monk “But we’re hungry NOW buddy!”

Gorden was wiping the last dregs of his carrot consommé up when Bud tapped him on the shoulder, motioning for Gorden to follow him.

The monastery was spartanly decorated, just bare floors with the odd (some very odd) tapestry adorning the walls. Somehow Gorden expected the Abbots private chambers to be different. They were – they took spartan to a higher degree. He had two rooms, one with a rail with three sets of robes hanging and a simple bed with less padding than the pallet Gorden had woken up on. In the second room were three stools. That was it. No adornments of any kind. Light came through an open window, a grey curtain hung next to the opening ready to be drawn across to help the monk sleep.

Bud went through to the second chamber and sat on a stool. Gorden followed as Bud talked.

“We are a rather isolated sect, here.” He said. “We rarely get visitors and it’s even rarer that we welcome them.

“However,” he said, pointing Gorden to a stool, “we were expecting you.”

“Did the Head Buck send word?” Gorden asked – wondering how the Head Buck knew where he was going better than he did. The monk shook his head.

“No.” He said quietly, “Nothing so, ordinary.” He paused, deep in thought for a moment. Gorden could see the silence.

“And..” Gorden managed to say to try to make Bud continue.

“Brother Maurice had a vision.” Bud was nearly whispering now, as if talking quietly about such things would make them seem normal. Gorden leant closer.

“A vision?” Gorden choked. “Of what?”

“Of whom..

He saw two rabbits, a snail and a gerbil all tugging at a leaf in the ground- around them stood a large circle of animals staring at them.

The four in the centre managed to get the carrot out of the ground and at that instant the animals around began to fight amongst themselves.

The male rabbit took the carrot and went to the circle of animals and started hitting them. As he hit creatures they stopped fighting –knocking some sense into them as it were.

He continued laying about him with the carrot until he suddenly stopped and keeled over.

Buried in his back was another carrot – this one was gleaming gold with silver leaves.

As the rabbit hit the ground the other three – the doe the snail and the gerbil rushed up from behind him to pick him up.

The rabbit looked at them and breathed his last word

“David...”

The gerbil looked at him and replied.

“Gorden.”

And the rabbit died.

--- * ---

Gorden came back and sat down between Cola and David.

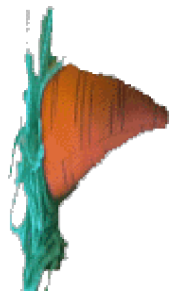
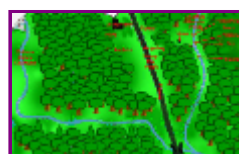
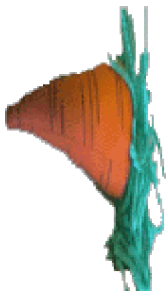
“You look troubled.” Cola said.

Gorden’s eyes were focussed far into the distance.

“I think we’d better be on our way soon.” He said to them all – to no-one in particular.

David’s brow furrowed.

--- * ---



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot Part 22

It took most of the rest of the day to get ready – the monks insisted on packing them up with rations and warm blankets – “We don’t need them!” Larry said, “A bit of suffering is good for the soul – but we couldn’t bear the thought of you going cold!”

Gorden suspected that “you” meant Cola rather than all of them. But he didn’t care – there were blankets enough for all.

It was late afternoon when they assembled to leave the monastery. To Gorden’s surprise Nora was with them.

“I’ll travel with you until tonight,” She explained, “Then I’ll be off in my own direction. I can’t travel too fast during the light – too many others in the air you see.”

“Okay,” Gorden said, “We don’t mind.”

“But she’s a nutter.” David said quietly, Gorden kicked him gently in the shin.

“Batty anyway.” David said under his breath.

As they got ready to leave bud came up to them and grabbed Gorden’s front paws in his.

“Good luck, Good Sir!” He said, “On behalf of our order I must offer you best wishes and the fervent hope of success in your quest.”

Bud let go of Gorden’s paws and patted him on the back.

“Good luck to you all and God Speed!”

The assembled monks cheered and the five questors padded, floated and flapped their way eastwards.

“Now,” Thought Gorden, “How the hell am I going to read this note the Abbot gave me?” In his hands was a small piece of paper that Bud had surreptitiously given him as he left. “He obviously didn’t want anyone else to read it or he’d have given it to me earlier.” His thoughts were interrupted by David

“Couldn’t they have given us lighter food and blankets – this pack weighs a ton!”

“That’s out David.” Gorden thought as they padded on.

They walked on through the woods surrounding the monastery for three or four hours – until twilight had settled in for the night. Plessey picked a comfortable tree to sleep against and Cola prepared a small supper of diced carrots.

“We’re far from home.” Gorden said as popped the last carrot in his mouth.

“I’ve never heard of anyone who travelled so far!” David said “We must be two or three days journey from the burrows!”

“Ache!” Nora spat, “I’ve been further than this in one night.” Then she lowered her voice, “But never in this direction! You should be on the lookout for strange creatures. Doesn’t worry me, of course, I’m off.” She pointed “Thataway very soon.”

“Should we post a watch?” Gorden asked.

“Bit of an expensive way to tell someone the time..” David said.

“Any more jokes like that and I’ll stop calling you Joker.” Plessey said. “But Gorden’s idea is a good one. There’s four of us so if we split the watch evenly we’ll all get a good nights sleep.”

“Me First!” David jumped in, “Before it gets too dark.” He explained.

Cola giggled.

“I’ll go second.” Plessey said.

“Me third.” Gorden said.

“Well,” Cola said, “I suppose I’m last.”

“Nora?” David asked, “Would you keep me company for a bit – before you fly off that is?”

“Of course, young laddie.”

They all chatted for a bit and then slid off to sleep. David and Nora talked further.

Plessey awoke to the sound of David tramping back to the camp-site – If he’d worn trousers, David would have been zipping them up and shaking the drips off his ankle.

As it was he just shook the drips off his ankle.

“Nora gone?” Plessey asked. David nodded. “Off you go sleeping now.”

Plessey shook Gorden.

“No! Mrs Wilberforce! Not the jelly!” Gorden’s eyes shot open, his face cracked with a sigh of relief, “Ah! No sherbet dabs!”

“Gorden,” Plessey said calmly, “Your watch.” Gorden shook his head to clear the cobwebs out. He sat up.

“Good,” Plessey said, then “*Snore*” He was a quick sleeper.

Gorden sat, looking at Cola, smiling.

Gorden was still watching Cola as the sun rose. He started realising how light it was and pulled out the piece of paper that the abbot had slipped him

He stared at it. He knew a couple of words. It started with his name “Gorden” However most of the note was in little letters and he didn’t know many of those.

That word might be “David”.

That word might be “Cola”.

He shook his head – he was either going to have to learn to read or to, he shuddered over the thought, trust one of his friends.

When had he stopped trusting them?

And so the seeds of paranoia were sown.

Plessey shook Cola awake. “Gorden daren’t tell you he took your watch.” He whispered, “If you don’t make a scene about it I’m sure we’ll be able to get him back one night.” He conspired.

The next few nights turned into a competition to see who could sit the most watches. No one won really.

Every time Gorden has the last watch he’d pull the scrap of paper out and stare at the spider-crawl of Bud’s handwriting, as if he could learn to read just by staring at the same few sentences over and over again. Not surprisingly he became more and more irate every time he tried to decipher the script. He soon stopped looking at it.

One day, about midday, they found themselves at the edge of the woods. Below them a verdant valley lay and a rumbling river ran. On the slopes the sight of a hundred rabbits could be seen! Cola yelped with delight. Gorden breathed a huge sigh – Civilisation again!

The four questors raced down the hill to the nearest conies. One of the conies below saw their descent and hopped uphill to meet them.

“Greetings Strangers!” He said as he reached Gorden and Cola (who were at the front) “Welcome

to the Chiltern Coney Commune!”

Gorden smiled wide.

“Your valley – it’s beautiful!” He grinned.

“It’s gorgeous!” Cola joined in, excited.

“Thank you,” The rabbit said, “If you will just wait whilst I check on my workgroup, I’ll escort you to the Committee.”

“Committee?” Cola whispered to Gorden who shook his head and smiled back at her.

“Well, I suppose it look alright.” David said.

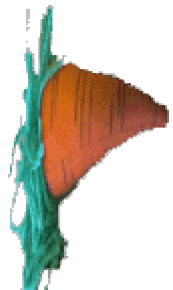
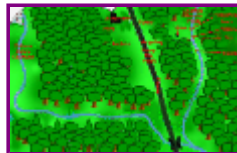
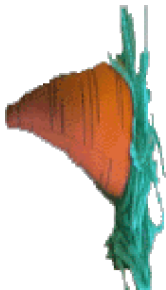
“Does it?” Asked Plessey. David shrugged. Cola and Gorden tripped off down the hill. Phrases like “Beautiful” and “Wonderful” floated from the two speeding rabbits back to the trailing duo.

David caught some of their excitement and began to sing.

“Dic a de da da do do,

De ba do do do”

<Camera draws back to show a hundred rabbits working in the fields surrounding the burrows - the large opening to the warren is centred on the screen, like a deep black hole. Guards stand each side of the burrow. The four friends are tripping merrily down to the hole. The camera draws back to the edge of the woods and moves back to sit on the shoulder of a rabbit whom is watching the scene below. He shakes his bandana'd head slowly. Fade to black. Use the slow and mornful theme music. Overlay text "TO BE CONTINUED">

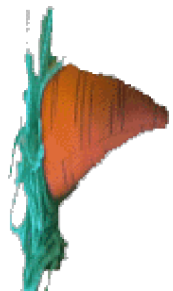
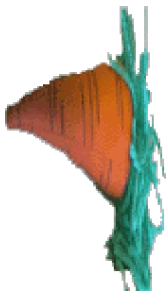
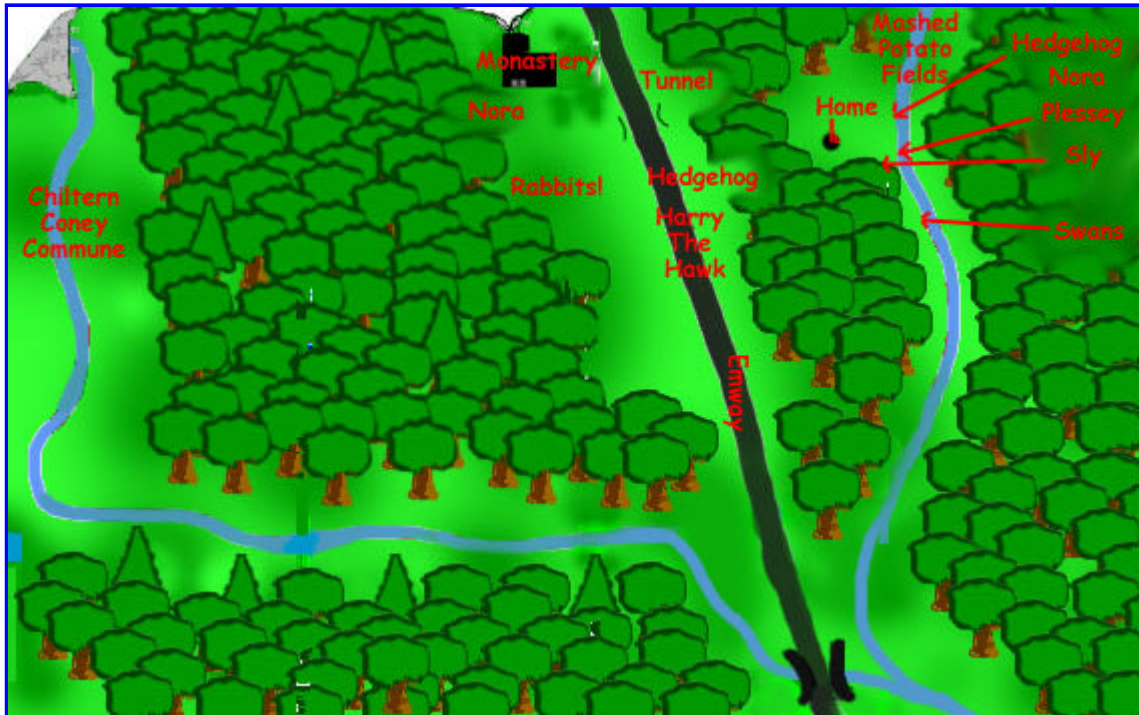


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Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot

Map



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Part



Gorden The Rabbit And The Quest For The Golden Carrot

(Wimps Version)
(English Translation)

Fersum Gorden

I looked up to the sky. I could see the shape of Harry The Hawk shrinking in the distance. It was a bright day, glorious sunshine and voluptuous clouds - I laughed to myself - the clouds looked like fluffy humans.

I shouldered my staff and took stock of my situation. Here I was dumped in the middle of nowhere, well in the middle of a field, in a Brer-knows-where part of the world. A part where, as far as I knew, nobunny had been before. I looked for some landmarks - I could see the hill in the distance that Plessey wanted to head for. I took a deep breath and, the hill in my sights, tramped off over the field.

The crop was near to head-height on me and I felt like a real explorer forging my way through unknown territory.

Lacking any other stimulation, my mind wandered as I walked. How were the others to get across? I was sure Plessey could wizard something up. But, then again, I'd never seen him do much more than float. The field began to take on a familiar look and it was a few minutes before I could work out what was familiar. Then it came to me - there were bunny-tracks! There were rabbits here! Maybe long lost cousins or a feral tribe! My right paw clenched at my staff, my heart gaining courage from the magical wood.

I bounced up and down a few times, spinning round, looking in different directions. I caught some movement to my left near a copse and padded carefully towards it.

I hopped out of the head-high grain and landed on foot-high grass. I shouted "Hullo!".

But there was no-one there. There was a shallow burrow and a table with a couple of bowls, of what looked like Carrot Stew.

I slid my staff from my shoulder and padded gently to the table. The bowls were still hot. "Hullo!" I called again, "Where are you?" I suddenly realised I must be scaring them. They must have seen me coming through the field and thrown everything down and scattered. I sighed. I had been really looking forward to meeting savage cousins.

But they wouldn't be totally savage - they ate Carrot Stew!

"I've just come to visit!" I said, stupidly - I didn't know how to calm down a scared bunny or two.

Then my imagination slid from fourth to overdrive - What if they were a pair of enraged, manic, murderous outcasts? What if I had just tripped into the lair of thieves and outlaws? What if this were a trap made by foxes sly-er than Sly?

"We're not going back!" Came a voice from behind me. "Never!"

I spun round to face two conies bearing sharp pointed sticks. My mind stopped wandering as I gazed at the ends as the rabbits edged towards me.

"You can go and tell your masters that we're free of them." The nearest one said to me as his stick touched my chest.

"Tell your leaders that we don't need them!" The other rabbit said.

My staff was in front of me. Half-heartedly held in one hand. I wouldn't be able get a decent grasp and swing it before they spitted me. Anyway, I didn't want to hurt a rabbit. Even such possible conicidal outlaws as these.

"I don't know what you're talking about?" I gasped out as the sticks started to prick my skin. "I'm from across the Em-Way. I'm on a Quest."

"No rabbits live that far from the Commune." The first one said, squinting his eyes at me. Commune?

"I do." I said, they had to be able to see reason. "I'm Gorden. I'm on a quest for the Head Buck." The rabbits eyed each other, the second one turned his head to the side.

"You have a Head Buck?" I nodded, "Not a committee?"

"What's a committee?" I asked. "Is that a kind of cabbage."

"Yes!" Said the first rabbit laughing. "It is." He dropped the point of his stick to the floor. "I think we can trust him, Rod."

The second rabbit, presumably Rod, kept his stick pointing in me for a few more seconds then, scowling threw the stick behind him in disgust. "I hope you're right Rob." Then he gave a shrill whistle.

Out of the copse came more rabbits! Over five rabbits shuffled out - two does, a few children and three old and greying Bucks - they were older than the Head Buck's father!

Rob and Rod turned to the others "This is Gorden. He's come from over the Emway. He's not from the Commune." Rod said.

One of the children came up to me

"Were you born a free rabbit too? My Mummy says I was, but I've never seen an adult who was born free my mummy wasn't she was an indented server on the food lines, I don't want to be an indendened anything cos I like living here with by friends . I've got a mouse as a friend! Mummy says she didn't have any friends when she was young, just comrades." Before the youngster could let me have his entire lifestory a doe (presumably his mother) came up and grabbed him by the shoulders and ushered him away.

"Please excuse little Milton," She said smiling, "He'd never seen a stranger before. Well not a friendly one." She stroked some fur on her head away from her eyes. "Would you like some stew? We've got spare today." She sounded proud. They had spare food for once! I nodded. "I'd love to."

She showed me to the table and pulled a small log up which I could sit on.

"Here," She said as she put a small bowl of steaming hot carrot stew in front of me.

"My favourite." I told her sniffing at the bowl "Smells wonderful!"

She pulled her bowl up and we chatted.

"We, ah, left, the Commune two years ago. We'd become disillusioned with our leaders and their plans for The Glory Of Conies Everywhere. Their plans just seemed to make us work harder and harder and we saw no benefits." She shook her head - it seemed a painful time for her. I put my

paw on hers. "It's okay - I've nothing to do with this Commute of yours. And I'll do my absolute best to avoid it now." She smiled. Her name was Elsa.. The rabbit in me took over and we chatted and chatted.

I suddenly realised that time was getting on and I was no nearer Plessey, David and Cola. She must have seen the sudden panic in my eyes. "Must you go?" She asked. The rabbit in me stirred, but I quelled it. I thought of Cola pointing at the words in her books, reading them out to me. I realised I must be going.

I nodded. "I have friends who are depending upon me. They'll get in trouble if I'm not there.." I could just see David, a day without my calming influence! Who knows what tricks he'd get up to...

"MUMMY!" It was Milton "LOOK! I'VE FOUND A CARROT!" And so he had. As Elsa dealt with her son I stood up and rested on my staff. I stretched and nodded a goodbye to the busy mother, then started to walk away.

One of the first two rabbit came over.

"Gorden," he said, "My brother and I wish to warn you about the Commune. They don't like strangers - they either, remove them. Permanently, if you get my drift. Or they make you part of the Commune. Which is possibly worse. It's about three or four days journey that way" He said pointing in the direction I was going. I smiled a grim smile.

"I take your warnings to heart," I said, "Thank you. I must go now. My friends need me."

He nodded. "Good luck, Gorden" We shook paws and I started off.

I made good time, a fair steady padding. But the day was drawing to a close and there was no sight of the others. I moved closer to the trees and started to look for a soft spot to spend the night.

By the time night fell I was curled up in a warm pile of leaves at the base of a wide tree.

I was just dropping off when something hit the leaves near my head. I snuggled up tighter.

A few seconds later something hit the leaves on the other side of me and rolled and bounced off my nose - it was an acorn. Trust my luck to sleep under a tree that was moulting. Nothing else happened and I was nearly gone when another acorn fell onto my nose.

"Ouch. That hurt, Tree." I said, "Find someone else to drop you nuts on."

To my surprise the tree laughed at me and another acorn hit my head. I sat up and looked up - it was the bat, throwing acorns at me.

"Nora, You're mad!" I shouted at her. She laughed once more.

"Hehehhehehe, you wait to see how mad I am when I find who killed my beloved!"

"What?"

"My beloved - the Hedgiepig whose staff you carry. Someone killed him you know." I nodded. She continued "And I'm out for revenge.." She threw another acorn at me, I dodged it.

"What's it to do with me?" I asked, plaintively, "I only met him once."

"But," she fixed me with her eyes "You knew he was dead! The Head Buck hasn't release the news yet.

"And," She said, I felt a shiver pass down my spine, "You do have his staff.." I closed my eyes and she took it as a golden opportunity and hit me

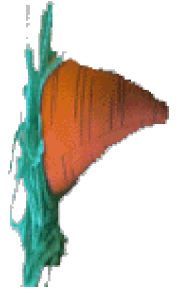
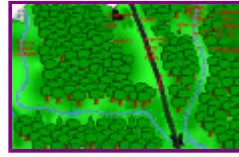
square on the nose with another acorn. I felt another acorn hit me, and another. I got up and turned into the forest and started running from her.

That was stupid. She's a flying-creature who can see in the dark. I'm a hopping creature who can't.

It doesn't matter how many carrots I've eaten I

still can't tell the difference between a shadow and a root. In fact to prove it I jumped over a shadow and then tripped over a root.

The lights went out. Completely.



Insults and Critique to : gorden@nobby.co.uk