

“Would you like seconds?” Meranda asked Moekin used a biscuit to sop up the last of the gravy on his plate.

“No thanks, I am stuffed to the hilt. Your cooking always hits the spot.”

“Dad, tell us again how you single handedly killed that Ancient Red Dragon that was gonna eat Moekin.” Gabe asked as Meranda cleaned the table.

“So it was ancient, I thought it was a hatchling, and I seem to remember that there were three of us there” Moekin said with a chuckle.

“Well, uh...”

“Never mind about that, we were just coming to the good part”

“There we were in a clearing on the mountain just past Devil’s Peak. When we spotted that damned white hared bastard Dark Elf.” Kestel continued on.

“Now be careful what you say around the children Kestel.” Moekin said.

“Sorry, Moekin, I just get so angry about the fact that he got away.”

“It was not your fault, my old friend. He was just a sneaky fiend, the way that he led us into that trap with that dragon.”

“I know, given the chance we would have had him and his head on a pike to bring back to that poor village that he raided.”

“Never the less, the Dragon was slain, the Dark Elf did get away. But we rescued the captives and returned them to the village. With that said its way past our bedtime. Milo you need to get up early if you want to go hunting with Moekin.”

“Can I go to?” Gabe Whined.

“No, you are too small.” Snorted Milo

“Am not”

“Some day you will be big enough to go.” Moekin stated to Gabe with a wink.

The day dawned with a slight drizzle and the fresh smell of spring. Milo rushed into Moekin’s room and kicked him in the leg, waking him up.

“Come on Moekin, are we gonna sleep all day or go hunting.”

Moekin then suddenly reached out of the nap sack and tripped Milo, sending him crashing to the ground with a thud.

“Just waiting for you”, Moekin said as he crawled out of the nap sack fully armored.

“Do you always sleep with your armor on?” Milo said with a cross look on his face.

“No, I’ve been up for three hours. A Ranger doesn’t have the luxury of sleeping in. Besides the fact I am still used to taking watches in the middle of the night.”

“Come on let’s get outside so we can string our bows and prepare for the hunt.”

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As Milo and Moekin were finishing stringing the bows, the door squeaked open as Meranda walked out.

“Are you boys sure you don’t want breakfast.”

“No, we need to get on the trails quickly.” Moekin stated as he slung his bow over his shoulder.

“You boys be careful. Milo, be sure that you pay attention to Moekin.”

“I will. We should be back by suppertime. Love you mom.” Milo said as the two headed off in to the woods.

Gabe hurries past Meranda and shouts, “Be back for lunch mom, gonna go play with my friends.”

Meranda sighed, “Ah, a quiet morning. I might be able to get something done today.”

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