

# The Prince and the Cabbage Farmer



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One day Ivandoe and Bert stumbled upon a village inhabited by many creatures. Little did they know of Ivanhoe. A thirteen-year-old cabbage farmer living with his mother, father and two sisters. Down in the village, he and his friends, a couple of young bucks and an otter his age, were playfighting with plywood weapons. They laughed continuously until Ivanhoe slipped on a rock landing face first in the mud. "Huzzah!" shouted one of his friends. "I got the best of you for once Ivanhoe." Ivanhoe shook the mud from his fur and sighed. "Fine, fine, I was just distracted." he replied. Ivanhoe's friends giggled and patted him on the back. "I enjoy playfighting with you as much as the next person, but you had best get home before your father finds you here." Ivanhoe laughed and shook his head. "I left the farm for a break, and I intend to take full advantage of it. My father never lets me have breaks or do anything fun! It's always work with him! Harvest and water the cabbages Ivanhoe, tend the soil, guard the plants, fix the fence, plant the seeds! It never ends! I am exhausted from working sunup to sundown." "Well, what about your younger sisters?" the otter asked. "Hah! They are lucky, especially Anne, she is just a baby. My sister Bet and mum stay inside the cottage most days sewing, making and fixing clothes, caring for Anne, and cooking dinner. My father does not yell, smack, or berate my little sisters, just me. In his words, farm work is a job for bucks and stags only. Does do not have to sweat in the hot sun, work until you get blisters on your hooves, or spend an entire day itching your tail because you accidentally sat in poison ivy!" Ivanhoe ranted. "That is why I want to be just like The Mighty Stag. The bravest deer in all the forest! Legend says he fought a dragon with his bare hooves and won! If I could be just like him, my life would be fantastic." Ivanhoe's friends giggled. "You can fight a garden snake if you are lucky!" one of them teased. Ivanhoe ignored them and exclaimed, "We should head down to the market and play jokes on Mr. Thomas!" "Good idea Ivanhoe!" they all exclaimed. Ivanhoe and his friends raced through the

crowded market searching for Mr. Thomas, an old skunk known for his temper. When they approached his fruit stand, Ivanhoe prepared to throw large tomatoes along with his friends but was suddenly stopped by his father. "Ivanhoe!" he shouted. "What do you think you are doing! I told you not to leave your post!" Ivanhoe lowered his ears and replied, "Sorry sir, just thought I could have some fun." His father huffed with anger, shook his head, and smacked him.

"Cabbages are our livelihood Ivanhoe! We are peasants not wealthy lords! Back to the field this instant!" He shouted. Ivanhoe softly waved goodbye to his friends and followed his father outside the market. When they got closer to their farm, his father stopped him. "Your mother wants you to clean up. She is preparing a special supper tonight, though I think you do not deserve a bath or supper, but I will make an exception for today. I could smell you a mile away. Make haste! Go by the lake and bathe!" "Yes sir." Ivanhoe responded. "I wonder what "special supper" mum is making tonight. More cabbages." he mumbled as he walked down to the lake. Little did he know that Ivandoe was heading the same way. "I shall be back soon Bert," Ivandoe said. "I just need a brief soak in the lake. This village is quite nice." "Yes sire, I will be waiting for you." Ivandoe went down to the enormous yet beautiful lake, breathed in the fresh air, and smiled. "I really could use a good soak, especially after the morning I have had. Ivandoe undressed and placed his clothing on a nearby tree branch. As he waded in the water, he felt someone bump into him and was startled. "Hey!" he shouted.

Suddenly, the two bucks looked at each other terrified and confused. "You... look just like me!" Ivandoe shouted. "We do look similar." Ivanhoe replied in shock. Ivandoe and Ivanhoe compared their hooves, heads, tails, legs, and ears. "The only difference is your ear tips and hairstyle!" Ivandoe exclaimed. "Are you royalty as well?" Ivandoe asked. "Wait," Ivanhoe replied. "You... you are royalty!" "Indeed!" Ivandoe answered. "I am Prince Ivandoe! Heir to the

throne of Stag Kingdom son of The Mighty Stag.” Ivanhoe was shocked. “The Mighty Stag!” he exclaimed. “You are indeed correct. I am on a heroic quest to retrieve the golden feather from the Fearsome Eagle King at Eagle Mountain!” Ivandoe exclaimed. “Who may I ask are you?” “I am Ivanhoe son of... well... a cabbage farmer. My parents are farmers.” he said in an embarrassed tone. “Oh, you are a peasant.” Ivandoe replied. “Yes, unfortunately,” Ivanhoe said. “It must be a blessing to be a prince! Going on daring adventures, fighting monsters, saving damsels in distress! Sadly, I have not such luxury. I have never left this village or the farm. I harvest and plant cabbages until my hooves fall off!” Ivanhoe struck the water and sighed. “How I wish I could be you!” he said sorrowfully. “Well, since you are one of the very few peasants I have spoken to, I would like to ask a question.” “Anything for you your highness!” Ivanhoe exclaimed. “Where do you peasants... you know. Use the loo?” Ivanhoe laughed so hard he almost drowned. “We do not have that out here! The forest is our loo!” Ivandoe shook his head and gagged in disgust. “I should not have asked.” he replied. “What did you expect your majesty? You really think everyone in the village has their own fancy private loo like you royals do?” “How you tickle me!” “Well, I would rather be eaten by a wolf than... go in the in the woods!” Ivandoe replied. “Well, we peasants do with what we have.” Ivanhoe replied. “Also, cabbages are the worst, yuck! Gives me bad wind, a very unprincely thing. I prefer turnips.” Ivanhoe agreed that cabbages were terrible at times but not the worst vegetables in the world. “You know if you slice the leaves, chop it up, and eat it slowly you will not have a problem.” Really!?” Ivandoe replied in shock. “Yes really, you royalty do not understand vegetables like we peasants do.” “Hmm. I will have to remember that Ivanhoe.” Ivandoe replied. “Might save me from embarrassment someday!” “Well, it was a pleasure meeting you Ivanhoe. I hope you have a great harvest this year... or whatever it is you commoners do.” “Godspeed your highness!

I wish you the best of luck on your quest!” As Ivandoe and Ivanhoe excited the water, Ivandoe accidentally grabbed Ivanhoe’s clothing while Ivanhoe obtained the prince’s royal attire. As Ivanhoe finished dressing, he suddenly encountered Bert who flew down towards him. “Sire!” he exclaimed. “It took you a little while to bathe so I thought I could drop in and make sure you were okay.” Ivanhoe was confused and stared at the bluebird. “Who may I ask are you?” he said. “It’s me Bert, your squire.” Bert replied. “My squire?” Ivanhoe mumbled. “Okay.” he replied. “We must get back to camp sire, there is much to do before we can continue on our quest!” Ivanhoe followed Bert away from the lake smiling all the way. As Ivandoe had finished dressing, he noticed a large shadow standing over him. “What are you doing now!” Ivanhoe’s father yelled. “You have been bathing for what felt like an hour! Did I not say make haste!” Ivandoe was confused and scratched his head. “Who... are you?” he asked. “Do not play dumb with me boy!!” Ivanhoe’s father shouted. “Do I look like a jester to you!” Ivandoe shook his head, smiled, and slowly backed away. Suddenly, Ivanhoe’s father grabbed Ivandoe by the back of his clothing and drug him from the lake. “You are going back to work in that field even if it kills you!” Ivandoe tried to fight but could not overcome Ivanhoe’s father’s grip. “Let me go!” Ivandoe exclaimed. “I am Prince Ivandoe! You cannot treat a prince like this!” Once they arrived back at the farm, Ivanhoe’s father pushed Ivandoe down, threw him a pitchfork, and pointed at the field filled with cabbages. “Back to work your highness!” he shouted. “Do not leave this field or I will teach you a lesson you’ll be sure to never forget!”

Ivanhoe’s father stomped way in a huff while Ivandoe sighed and could barely lift the pitchfork. He had no idea what to do, so he stabbed it into the ground. “I cannot farm I am a prince!” he exclaimed. Ivandoe gently nudged the cabbage with his hoof. Then, he attempted to pick it up and almost dropped it but managed to regain his balance. However, the cabbage was so

unbelievably heavy that he slipped, and it skyrocketed into the air. Ivandoe heard a loud splat and gulped. “Ivanhoe!!” He heard the stag yell. Ivanhoe’s father’s antlers were covered in cabbage. At this moment Ivandoe knew he was in hot water. Ivanhoe’s father picked him up by the back of his clothes and placed him near an empty patch of land. He gave him a hoe and a bag of seeds. “I will handle the harvesting for today.” he said in a furious voice. “Please do not tell me something as simple as planting seeds is a task too demanding!” As Ivanhoe’s father walked away, Ivandoe gently dug using the hoe and planted seeds in the field. He had no idea if what he was doing was correct, but he feared the wrath of Ivanhoe’s father. Ivandoe quickly started sweating and collapsed. “So... hot.” he said. “How do peasants brave through this heat?” Once Ivandoe arrived at the edge of the field he saw Ivanhoe’s father approach. Ivandoe wiped the sweat from his forehead and collapsed. While trying to stand back up, he could see other farmers still working hard. As if the heat had little to no effect on them. His stomach growled for he had not eaten in hours. “I am dying out here!!” he exclaimed. Ivanhoe’s father shook his head in disappointment. “What has gotten into you! Now you are lying down on the job!” “Well, I am sorry Mr. Peasant, princes do not do the work of commoners!” Ivanhoe’s father grabbed Ivandoe by the front of his clothing and exclaimed. “First of all, do not call me a peasant, second, only refer to me as sir, and third, drop this prince nonsense! You are no better than the rest of us!” Ivanhoe’s father directed Ivandoe to another farm next door. He handed him a pickaxe and demanded that he harvest the grain. Ivandoe looked confused and almost smacked himself in the face with the tool. A neighbor from a nearby farm watched as Ivandoe stumbled and slipped. “Uh... John!” he shouted. “I think your boy’s broken! The lad’s acting as if he has never used a pickaxe before!” Ivanhoe’s father sighed and shook his head. “He is trying to make a mockery out of me!” he responded. “I will teach him some respect!” “Easy John, easy.” the other farmer

said as he stopped him. “Just let him go inside with Laura and the girls. Do not let it get worse. The lads already lost his marbles, and the heat is bad today.” Ivandoe dropped the pickaxe and noticed his entire body was covered with sweat. He fell into the mud and started dozing off. When he woke up, he felt a damp towel on his cheek. “Am I dead?” Ivandoe pondered. “No dear,” Ivanhoe’s mother replied. “He is about to be.” Ivanhoe’s father retorted. Ivandoe noticed that he was in a small cottage surrounded by three does. “Oh, now you're awake!” Bet exclaimed. “Typical Ivanhoe, asleep for the farm work wide awake for the food.” Ivandoe was confused and shook his head. “Who are you?” “Your sister cabbage head!” Bet replied. “Now, now Bet let your brother rest.” Ivanhoe’s mother helped her son to the table and smiled. Ivanhoe’s mother brought porridge to the table and smiled. “Here dear,” she said. “Eat something, it might help with the heat exhaustion. Ivanhoe’s mother placed a hot bowl of porridge on the table and smiled. “I made your favorite, dandelion stew!” Ivandoe looked at the porridge with disgust and shook his head. He saw Ivanhoe’s father, mother, and sisters slurping the porridge. “I could never eat this slop! It is not fit for a prince!” Ivanhoe’s father slammed his hoof on the table and shouted, “You ungrateful brat! Your mother has prepared a feast, yet you continue with this royalty poppycock! You will eat your porridge and be thankful for it!” Ivanhoe’s two sisters were shocked and surprised. “Since when do you not like dandelion stew?” Net asked. The youngest, Anne, laughed at Ivandoe while finishing her food. Ivandoe sighed and slowly drank the stew. To his delight, the porridge was fantastic. Despite having no utensils, he slurped it down and smiled. Juice dripped from his face as he searched for a napkin to dab it. Unfortunately, he noticed that Ivanhoe’s family simply wiped their face on their sleeves. He thought of doing the same but noticed Ivanhoe's filthy clothing and licked it off his face. “Quite good for peasant food.” Ivanhoe’s father and mother looked at each other confused and slightly

disturbed. "The boy has lost his mind! He thinks he is lord of the castle! I will handle this."

Ivanhoe's father huffed and grabbed Ivandoe once again. "John dear!! Do not harm him!"

Ivanhoe's mother exclaimed while she held Anne in her arms. "Do not fear Caidance darling, I will not hurt him! I must teach him a lesson!" Ivandoe was thrown onto the ground outside and shook in fear as Ivanhoe's father approached. "Who told you to say these things! Did your friends in the village come up with this foolishness!" Ivandoe sighed and shook his head. "What friends? I do not have friends! The only friend I have is Bert!" Ivanhoe's father sighed and drug Ivandoe to the side of the cabbage field. "Son, you do not have to pretend to be royalty to earn my respect." Ivandoe wanted to respond but feared upsetting Ivanhoe's father. "Ever since I was your age the farm has been our lives. Your grandfather did it as well as his father and so on and so forth. I treat you the way I do because this is our livelihood! No cabbages equal no money." Ivandoe sighed and looked at the field. "I understand what you are saying, but I am not your son." Ivandoe said quietly. Ivanhoe's father patted him on the back and sighed. "Ivanhoe, you are a hardworking young buck. I could not be prouder to call you, my son." Ivandoe felt that he was unheard but listened. "You are a cabbage farmer son, be proud of it. Drop this prince nonsense." Ivandoe was going to respond, but Ivanhoe's mother and sisters joined them. "Are you alright dear?" Ivanhoe's mother asked. Ivandoe quietly replied, "Yes," and smiled. "I just thought talking to him would help." Ivanhoe's father said. The family hugged and smiled. Suddenly, a mud ball landed on Ivandoe's head, and he flinched in disgust. "Who threw that!" he exclaimed. Ivanhoe's father chuckled and threw more mud at him. At first, Ivandoe was disgusted but he joined everyone throwing mudballs at each other. He even helped Ivanhoe's sister Anne throw mudballs at Bet. After the mudball fight, the family gathered wood and prepared a bonfire. "Would you do the honors Ivanhoe?" Ivanhoe's father asked. "What?" Ivandoe replied. "You



usually light the bonfire.” Ivandoe’s father replied. “Well... no thank you I am not particularly good at it.” Ivanhoe’s parents looked confused once again but only thought once again that heat exhaustion played a part. “The boy’s head is fried.” Ivanhoe’s father mumbled. The family all roasted cabbages on the ends of sticks and told frightening stories around the fire. Ivandoe noticed that he was sitting on the ground and eating roasted cabbage with his bare hooves. He was uncomfortable at first, but he did not even notice after a while. Ivanhoe’s mother started cleaning Ivandoe’s hair and noticed something strange. “Why are the tips of your ears no longer brown?” she asked. “I do not know.” Ivandoe replied in a low tone. “Maybe I spent too much time in the sun.” Ivanhoe’s mother found this very unusual but did not suspect a thing. The family gazed at the night sky and admired the stars within it. Ivandoe felt at peace and took a deep breath. “Well, we best get to sleep.” Ivanhoe's father said while yawning. “We have much to do in the morning.” Ivandoe followed the family back to the cottage but hesitated to go inside. “Something wrong son?” Ivanhoe’s father asked. “No, just thought it would be nice to sleep out here for tonight.” Ivandoe replied. “That’s my boy!” Ivanhoe’s father said while chuckling. Once the family was cozily sleeping in the cottage, Ivandoe grabbed a pitchfork and began harvesting cabbages. He carried them one by one and placed them in the wagon closest to the field. He fell asleep at around midnight pitchfork in hoof. In the morning, Ivandoe noticed Ivanhoe’s father looked shocked. “Ivanhoe!” he shouted. “Did you harvest the field last night?” Ivandoe slowly nodded yes and wiped the sweat from his forehead. “This should be more than enough cabbages to sell at the market!” Ivanhoe’s father exclaimed. “Good job boy! But work is not over yet, get up off your rump and help me take this wagon into town!” Ivandoe was exhausted, but he started to help Ivanhoe’s father move the wagon. That was until they were stopped. Five armored stag guards with massive swords approached the wagon. “Oi!” one shouted. “By order of the king, we

are required to take some of these cabbages!” “Really!” Ivanhoe’s father shouted. “Where is a decree or proclamation signed with the royal seal?!” The guards pushed him and huffed. “None of your business you nosey weasel! Now give us that wagon!” Ivanhoe’s mother and sisters came outside to see what the commotion was about. “John! Let them have what they want!” she shouted. “Over my dead body! We work hard and long to grow these vegetables, and I will not let a bunch of delinquent bucks take it from me!” “All right then!” another guard shouted. All five of the guards shoved him to the ground and slammed his face into the dirt. “Let’s see how the stocks will treat yah!” Ivandoe was furious and shouted, “In the name of your prince I demand you release that peasant this instant!” The guards all laughed and shook their heads. “Is that little maggot yours!” one of the guards asked Ivanhoe’s father. “Ivanhoe! Stop this nonsense! You will only make it worse!” Ivanhoe’s father shouted. “Well, I believe him.” one of the guards said jokingly. Three guards surrounded Ivandoe and shoved him to the ground. “Here your pristine lordship! Let us help you!” one of the guards joked. “Get your hooves off me!” Ivandoe shouted. The guards mocked Ivandoe and even cracked an egg over his head. “Enjoy your bath my liege!” they joked. “You will all answer for this!” Ivandoe shouted while they attempted to arrest him. “Let’s take both these loons to the stockade! That will teach em!” “Unhand me this INSTANT!” Ivandoe shouted. “I am your prince you best obey!” “Yeah, and I’m a grand duke!” another guard shouted. Suddenly, Ivandoe reached into his back pocket and pulled out the royal locket. At the sight of this, every guard froze in place. Ivanhoe’s father looked as if he had seen death itself. “Now I know why he could not work in the field!” he thought. “He really is the prince!” “Your majesty!” The guards shouted while kneeling on the ground. “Forgive us for our wrongdoings!” All the peasants on neighboring farms were shocked and bowed themselves. “He is the prince!” Ivanhoe’s mother exclaimed. “Release the peasant at

once!" he shouted. "Yes, sire... so sorry sire... right away sire!!" one of the guards replied in fear. The guards uncuffed Ivanhoe's father and continued to bow to Ivandoe. Ivanhoe's father was in complete shock. He also knelt and exclaimed, "Forgive me your highness for treating you the way I did! I had no idea you were not my son! I will do anything to right this wrong! Please do not tell the king!" Ivandoe walked over to Ivanhoe's father and smiled. "Though I did not appreciate the way I was treated, I forgive you and your family for any and all wrongdoing." "Thank you, your majesty, bless thy soul." Ivanhoe's father replied. "You five, however," Ivandoe exclaimed. "You guards have no such blessing and my father will decide your fates. When he hears of your mistreatment of peasants and the prince, he will not be pleased. The guards begged the prince crying like newborn fawns. Ivandoe approached Ivanhoe's family and smiled. "You four have shown me how difficult life is for peasants. You have also shown me how important cabbages are towards your livelihood. Therefore, I grant thee the king's protection. When I return from my heroic quest you shall all be rewarded handsomely, and every member of your family shall become a lord and lady." "Bless your heart your majesty." Ivanhoe's mother replied. "We thank you for all that you have done, but we must find our son Ivanhoe. We mistakened you for him. I miss him dearly and must make sure he is ok." "Do not fear Lady Caidance, I think I know where Ivanhoe is."

Meanwhile, Ivanhoe and Bert were heading back to the Camp for a well-deserved rest. "So... um, Bert?" asked Ivanhoe, "Where's our encampment?" he added, "Oh sire, you don't seem to remember?" asked the blue bird with a raised eyebrow, "We're almost there, it's near the entrance of the forest!" he added. "Oh" Ivanhoe gagged pretending to be mistaken " Silly me! How could I forget about my devoted squire and where my encampment is?" he gagged again, "Now let us return to our encampment, my devoted squire!" Ivanhoe said as Bert let him pass.

Bert noticed his attitude and walking style really seemed suspicious to him, making him narrow his eyes and suspiciously nod. "Weird," he thought again. Once they arrived at camp, Ivanhoe offered to start up the bonfire as his usual farmer manners, "Leave it to me, my squire!" said Ivanhoe scrubbing two rocks together. "I know how to start up a bonfire!" he added as the two rocks shined up and Ivanhoe tossed the rocks in the bonfire. Bert could not believe his eyes, "He usually lets me start up the fire, he never did it by himself, and besides, he hates dirt and cinder too." Bert thought to himself as he watched his master heating up at the bonfire. Bert started roasting turnips but still felt uneasy. "Here you go sire." said Bert while giving him his turnips along the utensils. "Bon Appetit!" he added. Ivanhoe was ready to eat when he noticed the unusual utensils near the plate "Um... what are these?" He asked the blue bird while turning the fork, "This is a fork you have in your hand, sire..." replied the blue bird confusedly and yet suspiciously at the same time. "Oh," gagged Ivanhoe, "I get it now...". Ivanhoe looked confused and stared at the spoon and knife, "And what are these?" asked again Ivanhoe, "These are your spoon and knife sire..." replied the blue bird. "Now, eat before it gets cold." Ivanhoe learned by himself how to use the utensils as he ate the turnips. Once he was full, he said "Hmm, that was good... Bert." he answered after pausing to remember his name which made Bert suspicious. Even more than the fact his master did not remember how to use the utensils. "Well then, sire..." he said. "We should head up to the tent and get some well-deserved rest, tomorrow we must continue on our quest," he added. "Quest?" asked Ivanhoe "What quest?" he then added as Bert's suspicions grew even more. "The quest for Eagle Mountain, sire..." said Bert looking at him pretending to be confused, "Ohhh, yeah that quest..." said Ivanhoe pretending to know about his quest. "I completely forgot about it! Silly me!" he gagged as he went inside the tent as a suspicious Bert looked at him. "That's so strange, how could he forget about me, the place of the

encampment and now his quest? He must have hit his head on something which made him dizzy and that is why." he said as he went inside the tent when his suspicions seemed to have calmed down. But, instead, his suspicions grew more the next day when he saw Ivanhoe already up and heading back to the lake for a morning bath, "Where are you going sire?" Bert asked as he peeked out from the tent, "Oh, um I am going for a morning soak." Ivanhoe replied. "I'll be back in a few minutes." he added as a confused, yet suspicious Bert glanced at him again. "Hmm, why does he need to soak again?" he asked "He never has another soak in the morning, and he already had one last evening!" the blue bird added but decided to stay at the encampment and wait for him. As Ivanhoe went down the path to the lake. Once there, he hummed as he undressed and put his "royal attire" on a tree branch nearby. Then he immersed himself into the crystal-clear water of the lake and soaked belly up. "Ah," he commented, "It's so relaxing her-" he did not finish his phrase as he was interrupted by a strange sound. Suddenly, a huge creature with a lot of tentacles, similar to a Cracken, emerged from the water startling Ivanhoe. "Stay away from me!" Ivanhoe screamed as he walked backwards almost all way out the lake. The beast made a screeching sound and grabbed Ivanhoe by his tentacles and began to tighten which caused Ivanhoe to scream as he tried to find a way to free himself. Once he found a way, he spread its tentacles open and grabbed his clothes. Then he fled back to the camp. Once there, Bert saw him injured and wet which caused him to worry. "Sire! What happened?" asked the blue bird worried and shocked while looking at him. "While soaking, I ran into a very scary creature that tightened me up in its tentacles! I tried to free myself thankfully..." Ivanhoe replied still shocked. "But why didn't you use Titan's Thunder, sire?" asked the blue bird. "Titan's... what?" asked Ivanhoe looking at the blue bird with a raised eyebrow as Bert looked at him confused and suspicious even more "But how could you forget sire, it's the name of your sword!" exclaimed Bert while

giving him another suspicious glance. Ivanhoe suddenly replied with "Oh, I now remember my devoted squire! My Titan's Thunder," "We should continue our quest now...." Bert added as he let him pass forward while he looked and glanced at Ivanhoe more suspiciously than before. As they continued setting out searching for the golden feather at Eagle Mountain, Bert noticed something strange on Ivandoe. First, the tips of his ears had a darker brown shade on top, and he also had his little hair uncombed, "Sire? Since when do you have that dark color on your ears? It was not there before..." the little bird said as he looked at Ivanhoe with a raised eyebrow. "Oh um, I think staying out all day in the sun caused this... I guess" he immediately replied as he gulped, "Right," Bert replied with a suspicious tone, "What about your hair?" the blue bird asked. It has never been so long and uncombed like this before...", "Oh you know, it's been sooo much time since we left for the quest Bert..." Ivanhoe replied gulping again and sweating, "Since when?" Bert asked suspiciously, "Since... a few weeks?" Ivanhoe replied confused with a raised eyebrow, "How many?" the blue bird asked again with the same tone, "Since... 2 weeks? I do not remember..." the fawn added. "Sire" said finally Bert, "We've been on the quest for 4 weeks... Or maybe you are not my master..." he added as Ivanhoe looked at him frightened. Suddenly, a spark of light shined on him making the atmosphere dark as Bert's interrogation began. "So... if you ARE my master, you'll know the answers to these questions!" Bert said while flying all around him making him and making him sit down on a rock, "First question, what's the name of your father?" Bert asked, "It's the Mighty Stag!" Ivanhoe exclaimed, "Correct!" Bert exclaimed too as he continued the interrogation, "Second question, What's the name of the maid that works at the castle." In that moment Ivanhoe did not know the answer and since he did not know her name, he started to say random female names, "Janice, Ann, Betty, Nicolette!", "All wrong!" Bert exclaimed, "It's Madam Susette!", "Oh..." Ivanhoe added, "Last question, show me your

locket that the queen IN PERSON gave you!" Bert exclaimed as Ivanhoe began to search into his pockets, noticing they were empty, "It's not here." "Then you're not my master! Tell me where he is, who are you and why you pretended to be him!" Bert exclaimed angrily "I... don't where he is, and then I'm Ivanhoe. A cabbage farmer... I guess your master took my clothes." "Oh, I see..." Bert said as he softened while Ivanhoe told him his sad life as they returned to find Ivandoe. "I'm so sorry you have a life like that Ivanhoe." Bert said sadly, "Yeah I know... that's why I wanted to be like your master! Brave, adventurous and charming as well!" Ivanhoe exclaimed happily, "By the way, we must find him... Wherever he is now..." Bert added, "We must continue searching for him." Ivanhoe added as they walked back to the camp with the sun already setting.

Ivanhoe had in mind an idea to soak again in the hope Ivandoe would be there as well, "I'll be back Bert, I just need to take a soak", Ivanhoe said as he set out for the lake, "Alright Ivanhoe!" Bert exclaimed. Meanwhile at Ivanhoe's cottage, Ivandoe was going to the lake for a soak as well, "I'm coming back Mr. Stag, I need a soak!", "Alright your highness, I will be waiting for you!" Mr. Stag said as Ivandoe went to the lake as well. Once there, they undressed, putting their clothing on opposite rocks, and immersed in the lake's crystal-clear water. Immediately Ivanhoe spotted Ivandoe and was happy as he poked him on his shoulder with his finger making him turn around, "Oh it's you! Ivanhoe!" Ivandoe exclaimed happily. "Yeah, it's me Ivandoe!" he exclaimed, more than happy to see him as well. But what the two bucks did not know was that both Mr. Stag and Bert were watching the scene from a bush near the lake. "I'm sorry but I accidentally wore your attire your highness." Ivanhoe said, "Do not worry, because I did the same causing your dad to mistaken me for you." "And your squire mistakened me for you." Ivanhoe added as they both chuckled, "But for once I knew what's like being an intrepid prince like you, your highness." Ivanhoe said, "Well, I did the same with your lifestyle." Ivandoe

replied. "But it's good to return to our usual lives, me as a prince and you as a farmer." "You're totally right, your highness!" Ivanhoe added as they both began to relax tummy up in the water while chatting. A couple of minutes later they exited the water making sure they picked the right clothes. Then, they dried themselves with their towels and put their clothing back on. "Well... this sounds like goodbye." Ivanhoe said as he could already see his father from afar. "I think so too." added Ivandoe as he also saw Bert in the distance. "Well then... goodbye, and good luck on your quest, your highness!" Ivanhoe exclaimed. "Goodbye to you too Ivanhoe, good luck with your farm!" The prince replied as they waved one last time. Then, Ivandoe went to Bert and Ivanhoe to his father. Ivanhoe sighed and lowered his head in his father's presence. "I am so sorry father I just..." Ivanhoe could not even finish his sentence before his father embraced him with an enormous hug. "Words cannot describe how much I missed you son!" He said while in tears. Ivanhoe eventually followed his father back to the farm happy he would see his mother and sisters once again. "Oh, Bertie! You do not know how much I missed you!" Ivandoe said while hugging him, "I missed you too sire..." The blue bird added as they went back to the camp to continue their quest for the legendary golden feather.