

# The Tales of Riku the Hedgehog

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*There are both good and Bad times in everyones life. To hide either is to conceal the whole truth; this is wrong. This tale is to show that these aforementioned situations will never last.*

*Yours Sincerely,*

*The Scribe.*

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# 1 - "Humble Beginnings"

(( Greetings. This is a new Fanfiction, about the history and "backstory" of my main sonic OC, Riku the hedgehog- and I've glad you've made the first step of selecting it to read! There should be a few drawings and sketches in my gallery, if you want a basic visual representation (though I'm not really an artist so dont expect amazing things, hehe). But I'm writing this down for practice, and to hone my skills, as it were. Please note this tale is "In character", being that the story itself plays on the idea that this fictional world is Non-fictional- if that makes any sense at all, hehe. Comments are welcomed, and I really do hope you enjoy my- well, Riku's- story.

Yours, M.D ))

*Hello, dear reader.*

*I am truly glad you decided to pick up this book, and I can only hope you appreciate the tale hidden in its pages. My name is not of importance, but you may know that I am the scribe employed to write down the historical events regarding what you may refer to as the "main character" of this book.*

*I intend to chronicle the memories- both good and bad- of a certain hedgehog; one named Riku, to be exact. And I only wish I can do him justice in my writings. But.. I must cease before I start to ramble. We begin our tale in a far off section of the world- similar to a section known as the green hills, although this place was a tiny bit more serene and had far more trees...*

## **Chapter One: Humble Beginnings**

"Throw it!" a small figure yelped to another. This one's voice was high due to their tender age, but was obviously male in gender. The youngling had red fur- and indeed spikes as his species was a hedgehog- with small yellow and orange fades at the very tips of the more prominent of spikes. He wore simple clothing; ragged cloth garments and boots; but even with this apparel that visually wreaked of poverty, the lad had a large, happy smile on his face, showing on of his unusually sharp canines. Age wise, you may guess him about seven summers old, and you'd be right.

This lad was Riku the hedgehog.

The one he was yelling out to was another slightly smaller child- this one a small girl. The similarities were apparent enough to assume they were both related- she had red fur and spikes also, and wore the same kind of raggedy conditions clothing (A simplistically small pink and white dress), and the colour of her eyes- bright orange like some strange shining gem- the same as her brothers. The only difference being her spikes did not have the rapid change of colour as her sibling did, but just lightening softly into a feminine pinkish colour. "O-okay... here I go..." she mumbled, picking up the small leather ball by her side daintily and gulping. Obviously while her brother had an outgoing personality, she had a rather shy one.

"C'mon then Sophie! I ain't got all day, ye' know!" Riku shouted again, chuckling.

But the small hedgehog named Sophie merely gripped her ball shyly and nodded with her eyes closed. After a few seconds of getting her head straight, she attempted to hurl the ball at her brother. However,

when one tries this with ones eyes closed, this idea tends to go askew.

Instead of aiming, she just blindly threw the toy, making it land about 5 feet to the right of her brother, in some nearby bushes. Although she still had her eyes shut, she could hear the rustling of those bushes as the ball collided with them, and her siblings slightly mocking laugh as he laughed at the situation.

“You daftie! Don’t close your eyes when you throw, hehe.” Riku said, trying to stop himself from hurting his little sister’s pride anymore.

“I-I’m not a boy, Riku! Girls don’t like playing catch!”

“That’s rubbish you know ‘it.” Riku replied, walking up to the site of impact and grinning. Sophie merely mumbled in response.

“Now then, I’ll go get our ball back, eh?” Riku continued crouching a little and slowly easing himself into those prickly thorns on his miniature quest to retrieve his plaything.

Sophie merely stared at the constantly shuffling bush feeling a slight twang of guilt. “Im sorry for losing your ball Riku...” she started, crossing her arms as if to subconsciously give herself a hug.

“Nah, don’t worry ‘bout it... easily fixed, he- OW!” Riku tried to say, but ending up being rather uncomfortably prodded by an extra long barb. He merely said some nasty things under his breathe and pushed on.

After a few minutes, the boy emerged once more; ball in hand. He stood up, and brushed off his clothes the small items and pieces of debris one can unwilling pick up when crawling through bushes. Riku lifted his ball triumphantly and made a cheerfully and “heroic” pose. It looked rather silly to Sophie, but this just made not smiling at him even harder.

“Riku! Sophie! Dinners ready!” a woman’s voice yelled out from a nearby cottage like structure. The two children merely shrugged at each other, and went rushing to their mother’s voice as she commanded, Riku dropping that ball immediately.

When they got inside, they were not only greeted by a warm and cosy atmosphere, crackling sounds of fresh logs on a burning fireplace and the tranquil smells of good food on an active stove- but by their parents embrace.

The children’s mother crouched down and drew them both simultaneously into her arms. Sophie returned the hug lovingly, whilst Riku just made a “yuck” sound and made a boyish pout, pretending to reject the affection.

The mother herself wore a fine dress, similar to her daughters in design and colour. Her hair was longer, and a deep scarlet in colour. She stood tall and smiled down to her children, patting her sons head and stroking her daughter’s hair in turn silently, before letting go to return to cooking.

Sophie followed suit, going to help out with her preparing the meal, and Riku went to the fireside and to a high backed chair where his father sat. This man looked very similar to Riku- he had a more ruffled fur and spikes and far more active eyes- but he was older, with a more haggard face and slight droops and wrinkles in his skin here and there to show the signs of age. However, he still had an aura of contentment, and happiness. He looked down at his boy and smiled. “Have you been nice to your sister today, Riku?” he asked, ruffling the top of his head with his hand.

“Yeah, yeah. She was a bit of a nitwit- but she IS a girl...”

Riku’s father chuckled. “Yes, girls are... fickle things.”

“Why do we put up with ‘em, then?”

“Ah, that’s the strange part. We do it because we like to.”

“Like to?”

“Yes, my boy. We like their company. After all, without them life would certainly be rather boring.” He replied, chuckling gently again and putting an old oak wooden pipe in his mouth. Riku just shook his head- to him, what his father said made no sense whatsoever, but maybe he’d know in time. Then he merely slumped down into sitting position, letting the warm glow of the growling fire overwhelm him.

That evening, both Riku and Sophie went to sleep in their beds, with filled stomachs and minds of the knowledge that their parents cared for them dearly. A true fact that so many children underestimate, and do not appreciate.

But, gentle scenes- and tranquil settings never last. Nothing lasts forever- no matter how bad, or good, it is.

“Break the door down!” a gruff voice shouted, the yelling muffled slightly but loud enough to wake Riku up with a start. He sat up, and looked around groggily. He was slightly confused, and almost ready to settle back down and dismiss what he thought he had heard, until the smashing of the houses wooden door giving in verified his thoughts.

He threw off his covers, and ran over to Sophie’s bed, rapidly using his hand to cover her mouth. This was because if she had shouted like he knew she would, she’d give away their position. Sophie woke up with a start, her mouth covered and making her panic, eyes open wide. She peered around frantically, before realising the one restraining her was her brother. She wondered if this was some sort of joke, peering at her siblings serious face as if to silently ask what he was doing.

Riku was staring at the door however. It was shut, and he wanted to keep it that way. Whoever these intruders were, it was obvious they weren’t friendly.

But those sounds- the chorus of heavy feet treading on tables and the fond ornaments and items that existed in this family home, crushing them beneath their feet as they searched around was warped, as if Riku were in some kind of other world where things like this could possibly exist. He tried to soothe his sister, ushering her to be quiet and giving her a signal by putting his finger on his lips quietly. Sophie nodded to show she understood, but her brother still didn’t dare remove his hand from her mouth, although he did ease his grip a little.

Five minutes passed, full of sounds of breaking, smashing, and tearing of their home. The intruders had searched the main room head to toe now, and were now what appeared to be going into the adult’s bedroom.

Riku heard his mother shriek and his father curse loudly as the intruders tackled and grabbed them- and he heard the scraping sounds of them being dragged across the floor, to the centre of the hallway, accompanied by the cringe worthy echoes of beatings, and fists hitting upon their parents flesh to keep them quiet and “obedient”.

The voice spoke again. “Kneel.”

Riku heard his parents obey, and his breathing was getting heavier as slight terror began to take hold of him.

“Why... why are you doing this?” he heard his mother sob. Another loud smack could be heard soon after.

“Speak when spoken to. Your house is in the way of our company. Your land is ours now.”

“No one gave you the right!” yelled Riku’s father, only to be smacked in the face by a nearby

mechanical figure.

“Rights? Pah. We do not be given anything. We take.” The voice replied, laughing a little darkly.

“Leave us be!” his father shouted again.

“We can help in that respect...”

And then, he heard the struggle- the muffled and panicked sounds of both his parents being gagged against their will. But- it was that little “click” that broke the line. Riku couldn’t stand it anymore, and let go of his sister, running to the door and pushing it open.

The scene that befell him was almost hellish.

His parents were on their knees, silenced with tightly bound, old, dirty sheets- both covered in bruises and cuts that leaked small inklings of blood. Around them were tall, humanoid shapes- but made of metal. These guards’ eyes were large and light blue, glowing unnaturally, their lifeless glares piercing into him from the shadowy corners of the room. The prominent figure was a tall man. He was mainly bald, were it not for wild tufts of dirty grey hair above his ears. He was very tall and thin, with a long face, a protruding nose and beady little eyes. He was wearing a black uniform, rimmed with silver lines and buttons that looked very smart, and proper. At his side, a cane with a very fierce and posh looking silver hawk at its head, wings spread wide as if about to grab an unsuspecting rodent with its vicious talons.

“A child? Hmmm...” he said, not even breaking a sweat as he peered at Riku, casually.

He looked to his parents’ faces- his fathers gaunt and bleak and his mothers eyes flowing with tears. If they could, they would yell at him- yell at him to run.

But, he was glued to the spot in fear. He just stood there, numbly as two of those robotic monstrosities marched up to him, creaking and rattling. They towered above him, and lifted their arms to strike..

“Stop!” the man commanded. The mechanical soldiers obeyed, and parted out so that Riku could see the man and his parents once more, but both of them staying at either side of him, blocking him from escape.

“The commander told us to leave all children alive. We are to take them with us. Understand?”

“Command Understood.” The two robots said in perfect harmony, with cold, metallic voices.

“Now, apprehend him.”

They nodded, and grabbed Riku’s arms. Their grip was unbearable, and he felt his small arms were going to crack and indeed snap under the pressure of their hands. The small boy cried out in pain, which merely made the man laugh as if he had heard an obscenely funny joke or tale.

“Stop your whining boy, you get to live!” He chuckled, turning to Riku’s parents. “Unfortunately, I cannot say the same for you two.”

The mans face seemed to shadow itself, as he pulled out of his left pocket and light grey revolver pistol, engraved upon its barrel strange markings, and its handle made of fine leather and wood.

“Thank you for the land.” The man said, lifting the gun.

Riku tried to scream- but he couldn’t. He tried to stop what was gong to happen- but he couldn’t. He tried to save his family...

But he couldn’t.

All other sounds disappeared in those brief, tortured seconds. Riku frantically tried to pull himself free and tackle the man to stop him, but those damned robots were too powerful and he was too weak. Tears rolled down the young hedgehogs cheeks as the man loaded the pistol with a “click”, and pressed the

barrel against his fathers head.

Those four sounds. Four, haunting sounds that would give that boy nightmares and horrifying memories for years, if not his entire life to come. These sounds were two piercingly loud gunshots, and the harmonies of two loved parental bodies, lifelessly falling to the ground with hallow thuds.

Riku dropped to his knees, eyes open wide. The man walked away, past him and toward to the room where Sophie was, looking through the door with the exact same forlorn and empty face her brothers had, speechless as she took in the sight of two loved ones limp on the floor, slowly creating a pool of expanding red blood.

**“Take them both to the mines. It appears we have two new workers.”**

## 2 - Into the Mines

*As said in the previous chapter. Our two hedgehogs find themselves trapped by fates most foul. Parents dead and home destroyed; they are put to work in the eastern Iron mines. A barbaric place mostly underground- full of prison like cages and cells, accompanied by massively deep tunnels reaching far into the earth. Above earth, was a large factory and stronghold- one which no one has ever escaped from. But those are details for future time.*

“Cell 00-1B. Enter.” Rumbled the metallic recording, emitted by the dauntingly large robotic jail guard, as the two young slaves Riku and Sophie were ushered into their new quarters.

The entire business of enslaving and transporting the two siblings was undoubtedly rough, and what so might call barbaric. After the abrupt destruction of their home, quick murdering of their parents, and generally tearing the two young hedgehogs away from the corpses of their parents to send them on a large journey in either dank, musty brown sacks, crates, or disgustingly under kept motor vehicles- the two were what you might not call delighted but appreciative of the (in comparison) larger amount of space in which to exist in.

The cell itself seemed however to be the area reincarnate of the word “Miserable”. The walls were curved due to the two being inside a massive, underground complex of caves and dig sites, with rusty but still strong steel barred walls and doors, and lastly a single bed.

The first day was easy. It appeared the drivers were letting the two settle down into their predicament as it were. Which was both a curse, and a blessing. Riku didn't say much to his sister, he just kept rather quiet; but she kept talking to him, asking him if they'd ever get out of here, to when he thought they'd get to eat. Even though he hardly bar never gave a reply, she just nodded and continued talking as if he did, almost innocently.

When night came- a time that took effort to find out about, due to the underground mines being so very dark and gloomy- the two siblings decided simultaneously to share the single bed, both wrapping up under the same blanket and keeping close to each other. This had a double effect. Firstly due to the blanket and the surrounding letting in horrible drafts and cold winds, so having another source of body heat was nice- and secondly the two of them didn't want to sleep alone, and so desperately wanted the soothing company of family. That evening and night was long, cold, and silent.

The next morning, only made aware to the two hedgehogs by the robotic squadrons rattling the cage bars and generally causing commotion to wake all the workers up- the two had their first day of work. Beforehand, they were given a piece of slightly stale bread and some water; which apparently as told by other nearby slaves was supposed to get you through the day. This was true, as the brief energy and bare nutrients could indeed supply a body well enough to scrape its way through the day- but only just. All those hours, every slave would feel a deep, growling hunger in their stomachs.

So, they were given a pick each, and set low down into the dirt, walking for what seemed to be miles down some god forsaken tunnel, before reaching the end and chipping away to extract grey rocks and make the tunnel and journey longer for the next day. All in all, the work was tiresome, and gruelling. But, time can be a varied thing in books, so let us skip from this part to 3 days further, as nothing new occurred until then.

Sophie and Riku were beginning to show the strains off hard labour. The two energetic kids now

reduced to shambling, mumbling layabouts, who rested whenever they could and tried to save as much energy as possible. They'd become used to the nights now- when silences were joined with a light orchestra of wailings and crying from the other many cells, full of many more enslaved miners. However, that evening was interrupted by the cell door swinging open, and the robotic guards throwing in another room-mate for this particular holding. Sophie and Riku just sat on their bed, lifting their heads gently upward to see what the commotion was. The figure thrown in was a skunk, made obvious by its large black and white tail. It was also obvious it was female due to the shape of her torso and the general aura she emitted. Not only this, but she was getting on in years- an elderly figure, really. Way into middle age, and reaching the old years. She peered up at the two, flicking the tuft of hair her eyes and staring them down with yellowed eyes before smiling at them fondly.

"And here I was thinking I'd be stuck with ruffians." She said, chuckling and getting to her feet whilst the door slammed behind her. Riku decided to take action, and hopped off the bed.

"I'm Riku. And this is my sis', Sophie." He said, nodding and holding out a hand.

"It's a pleasure. I'm Mary." Smiling and shaking it politely.

"Why.. why are you here?"

"Well, because my previous cell broke out into a fight. Apparently they split you up for that."

The conversation continued long into that night. Apparently, Mary was a mother of two, and used to be in a cell with her two boys, living in these conditions for almost three years. However that very night an argument erupted between the members of the family, and Mary was stuck here with the two hedgehogs by the robotic slave drivers. Riku offered his sympathies, but Sophie more so. The old skunk and young girl made a bond that night, keeping close and comforting each other, whilst Riku stood by the bars of the door- peering out into the abyss and pondering what to do, silently.

And this is the way it went- for days, if not weeks. The two female cellmates would chat and talk in the corner, whilst the boy would sit and ponder about escaping and plotting. It was soon after Mary's arrival, Riku found out the robotic guards would give out items to workers who toiled exceptionally hard. These weren't amazing prizes- just bare essentials- but they were good enough.

This fact in mind, Riku went into overhaul. Each day, he'd get up early and stand by the door, to go out as soon as possible and do his workload and then some. This was not a thankless reward as after each day, Riku was given a "gift" of his choice- 3, measly matches to use.

Now, these matches were intending to be used to keep one warm somewhat, or just to light up the darkness of the underground if not for a while; but Riku had another daring thought. The ore- the ore and rocks they were digging up. It was the core ingredients to gunpowder, and all explosives. The slaves were helping to create munitions.

So, each day, Riku would find the essential powder, and fill his boots with it- stuffing it full enough so that he could just put his feet into them, but not look obviously odd. This, was not much. But- it was enough for him.

Stashing that powder in one of the beds sheets and putting that underneath the mattress of the bed, he was able to stockpile this powder without alerting the guards. Slowly but surely, he was gathering his resources.

And it was after aforementioned weeks, that he began to put his plan into full swing. Tearing off pieces from the sheet and wrapping them around the powder, he made very crude explosive ammunitions.

Basic, but when used right brutal.

However, it was around this time, Sophie began to get very drowsy; and eventually- III.



“wha-why she so tired? What’s wrong with ‘er?” Riku asked Mary, putting his hand on his sister’s head whilst she lay on the bed in a fever.

“I’ve seen this before. It’s a fever caused by the toxins in the air, created by the ore. Some people get ill, some don’t...”

“So what do we do?”

“I.. I don’t know- I’ve never heard of a cure for this, nor anyone recovering..” Mary sighed, turning back to tend to the girl. Riku cursed. He had to get his sister out... He had to save the last of his family...

**Screw waiting. He’d escape now**