

MonteVivo



THE
MONTEVIVO
TREASURE TROVE

SEAMUS SHORTT

THE MONTEVIVO TREASURE TROVE

Welcome to the Montevivo Treasure Trove!

Here you will discover the amazing world of Montevivo and meet the animals and birds that make up a long list of wonderful characters in the novel 'Nature and the Beasts'. The PDF includes 25 full colour illustrations by the author, accompanied by captions from the novel. It concludes with a Manifesto in defence of Nature. This exclusive content forms The Montevivo Treasure Trove. It is only sent to subscribers who have signed up to the author's mailing list.



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Montevivo - Book 1

Nature and the Beasts

A natural paradise, a pyromaniac, a blazing adventure in the animal kingdom...

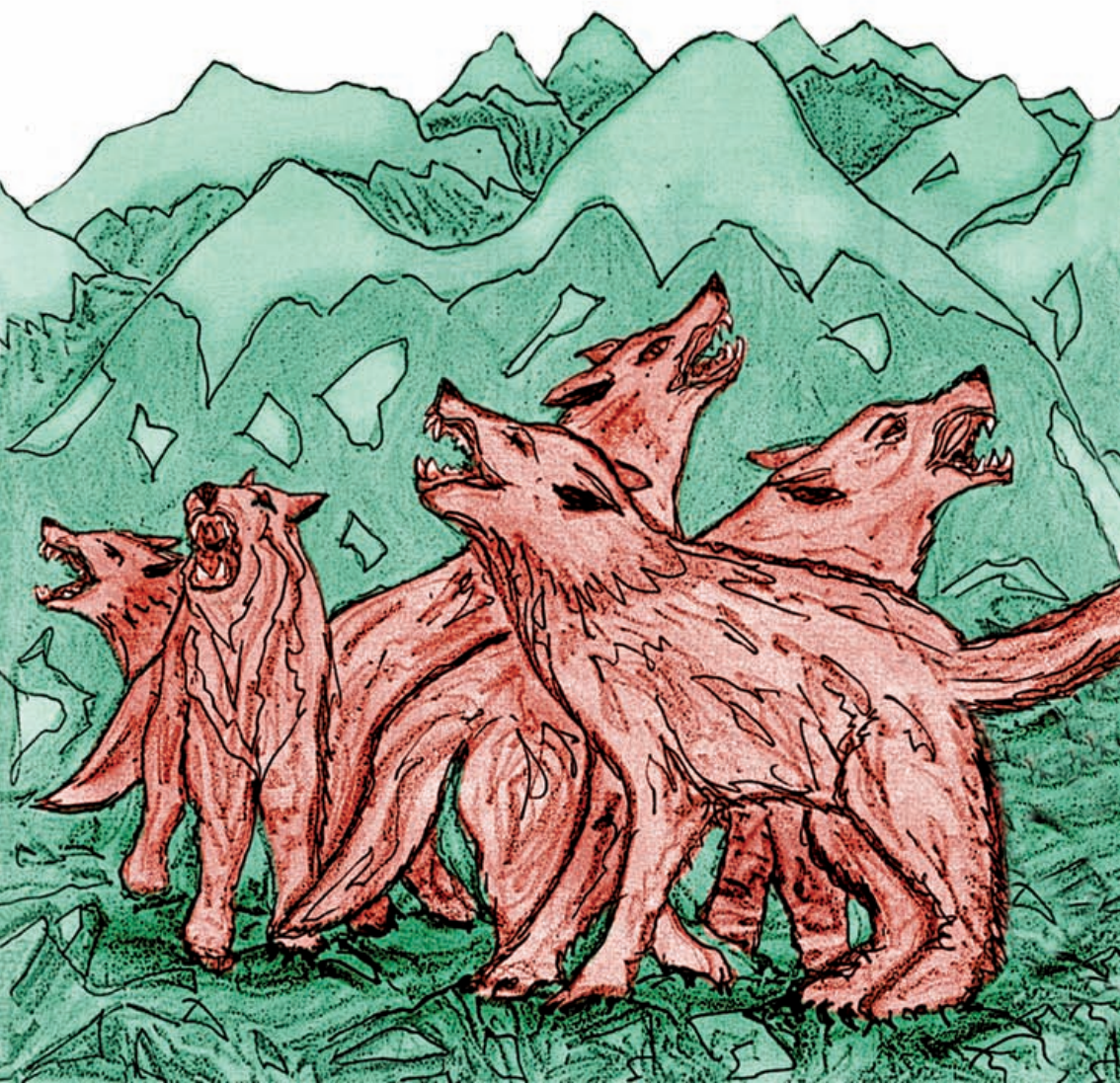
Kabronazo, an insane billy-goat, leads his gang of cut-throat criminals on a campaign of terror. After his latest plan to burn the Wild Wastelands backfires on him, the gang escape through a chain of caves that becomes their own hellhole. Where does this labyrinth of tunnels take the criminals and if they survive what will be their next atrocity? Elsewhere in the wilderness, a giant bear called Bruno rescues one of Kabronazo's victims, then introduces him to his animal friends who inhabit a paradise called Montevivo. Together they all enjoy a blissful life working in harmony with nature. Unknown to them their lively rural community will one day be threatened.

Seamus Shortt's Montevivo series falls into the category of Animal Fiction Classics with an environmental theme that paints a deeply moving portrait of Nature. The books target Adult and Teenage fans of fantasy fiction. If you enjoyed reading 'Watership Down', then you'll love the Montevivo series. So, explore the dark side of 'Nature and the Beasts' then discover the light, in this epic adventure where bestial villains are matched against tenacious heroes and heroines.

For a galloping read – [**Tap here and get your copy of Nature and the Beasts today!**](#)

NATURE AND THE BEASTS

VILLAINS OR HEROES?





Momentarily the elements eased off their assault. A false calmness hung in the air and then was pierced by howls from an even greater adversary that had picked up my scent. Amongst rocky outcrops, I spotted the alpha male grouping his pack ready to hunt. Their cut-throat cries signified one joint intention. Panic-stricken I fled across the mountainside, while behind me those bloodthirsty wolves gave chase.





SANCTUARY



My blurred eyesight came into focus on a radiant fire. Flames were merrily leaping up from trunks of wood which sat crackling in a large fireplace. It was an effort to break my gaze from this dancing blaze. Next to the hearth was a basket loaded with logs which were patiently awaiting their sacrifice. Hanging on the chimney pillar were various fireside implements that included a toasting fork, an ash-shovel and a poker. The view was partly blocked by an enormous armchair. There was a footstool in front of it, where a sizeable cat peacefully dozed curled up on a cushion. My vision drifted up to the broad wooden lintel where a candelabra with burning candles cast its light over a miniature golden ornament.





THE FARMER AND PHILOSOPHER 'BRUNO'

The broad horizon was sculptured with mountain peaks skirted in tightly-knit forest. This vegetation formed tones of green waves that swathed the sierra's steep contours. Rift valleys cloaked in shadow gave rise to jagged ridges awash in sunlight. In the far distance a mountain pass carved its way between soaring crags. From beyond this bold landmark the whole infinity skyline was tinted by rays of golden light that flooded everywhere, soaking us in its radiant embrace. Bruno made a statement:

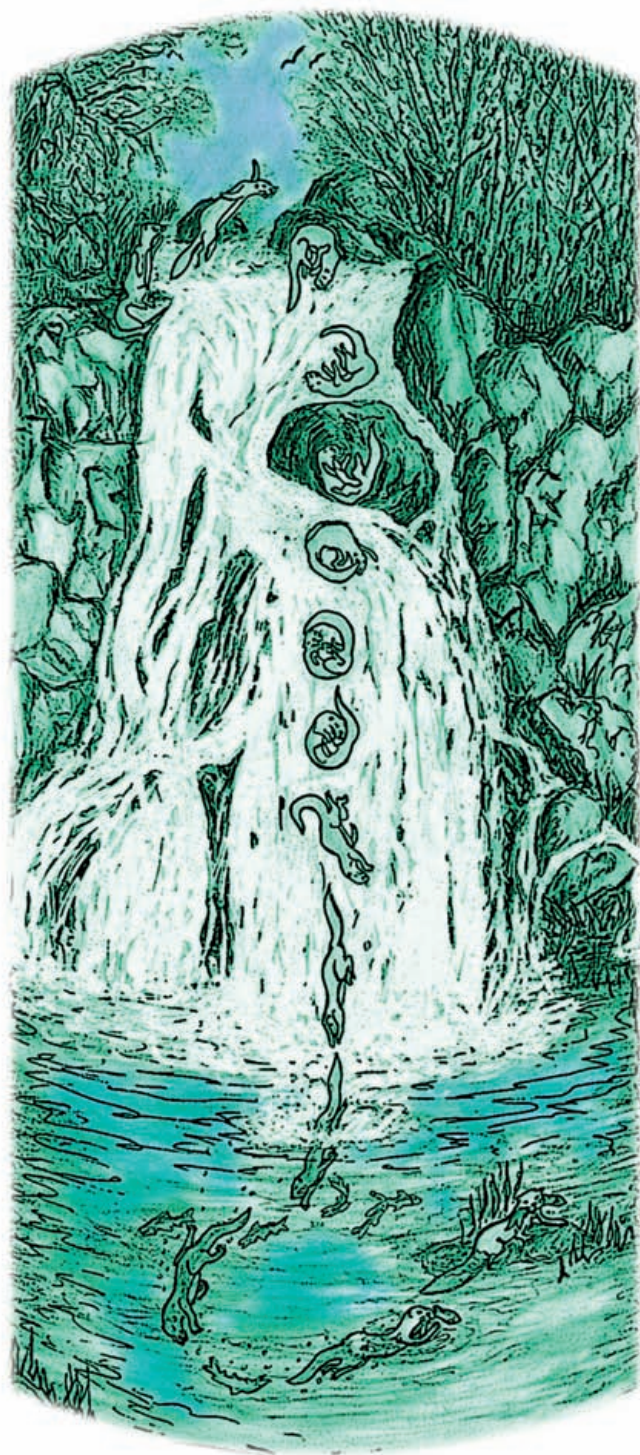
"Welcome to Montevivo. You could be in paradise."

WORKING WITH NATURE



The great bear's pounding steps sent vibrations along the ground. It felt like being amidst a stampede as he trundled by on all fours. Leaves trembled overhead and clouds of dust whirled up.





GOLFO THE CLOWN



“Yo there. Golfo’s my name and King Fisher’s the game!”

Ensuring that he had a captive audience, the otter raised his paw, winked, and bowed to each of us. Suddenly he threw down his holdall and, letting out a whoop, launched into flight. He executed a double somersault with a twisting pirouette before entering the water head first and diving down into its depths. I gawped in astonishment... clearly, fish that he had targeted never stood a chance. It was like a prolonged action, all in one movement. Surfacing with a swish of his long tail he sprang out onto a boulder and flipped a writhing trout onto the shore.





A FLYING HEROINE

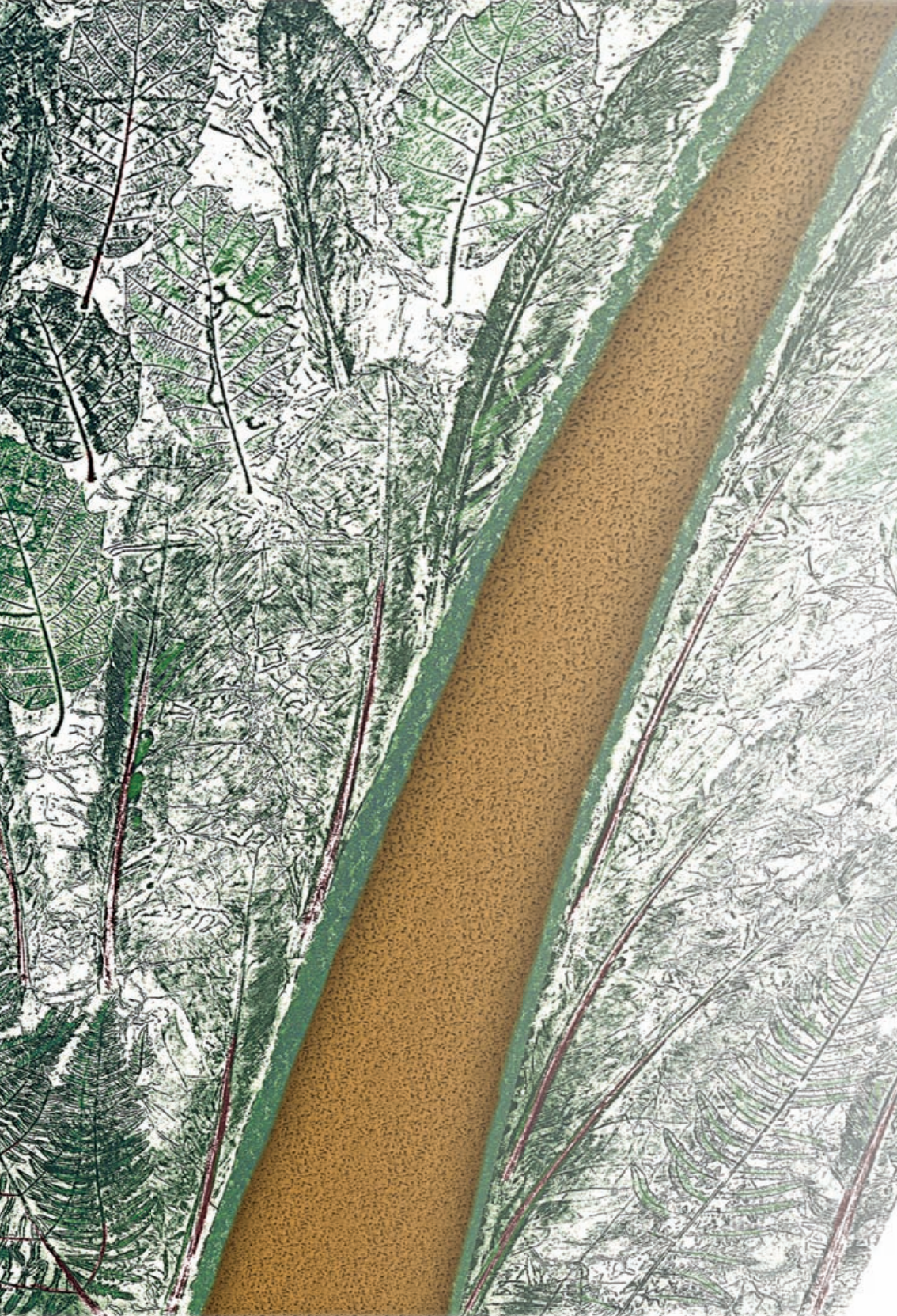


Bruno looked into the eagle owl's stern expression and sighed with relief.

"I wouldn't be going anywhere if our farm wasn't safe under your vigilant guard."

We accompanied her outside, where a glowing moon illuminated the heavenly realm. While we made our mandatory markings, Buba flew up to a treetop where she gave several sonorous hoots to announce her vigil to the Woodlanders.





THE ROAD TO THE MUSIC FESTIVAL



We continued on our journey to the Montevivo music festival. Stride by stride, forest fragrances of lichens and mountain herbs were replaced by new aromas drifting in the air.

“We’re not far from where my friends the badgers live,” Bruno said, as we passed another track that turned off into the forest.





PRIZEWINNING VEGETABLES



We gratefully took up Mr. Ratz's invitation to lunch and followed him to the head table. It had been laid for twelve places and we were joined by all four badgers along with Paco and Angel. I sat between Bruno and Mrs. Ratz beneath a still-life painting depicting vegetables. Our host poured us all a glass of wine and proposed a toast:

"To fun and friendship!"



KABRONAZO THE INSANE PYROMANIAC





“Eh! If you’re looking for trouble, why don’t you pick on someone your own size?” yelled a husky voice.

Their leader strode over the bridge, elevated on his hocks. He had been bringing up the rear, accompanied by two mastiffs both of which wore spiked dog collars and snarled viciously at us. As distinct from any other bucks in the herd, this dominant billy-goat had an enormous tin bell hanging down from his bearded neck. His colossal horns protruded prominently from a bony forehead making him nearly as tall as Bruno. He was armed with a crossbow, loaded with a barbed arrow, which was aimed directly at me.

“Freak...!” He spat the word out with contempt and then cackled sinisterly.

His yellowish eyes had a hypnotic effect, leaving me stupefied, until I managed to break his chilling stare.





GOLFO THE OTTER LIVES HERE



The front door accessed an enormous foyer. Bruno lit two large torches that hung on either side of the entrance. Taking one in his paw, he led on. An open-plan room had been excavated into the hillside. We walked to the far end where stairs were carved from sandstone. A flight on one side ascended, but what was truly astounding was the stairwell that went down to a swimming pool located in the basement. For my part, finding myself lost for words was becoming all too frequent today.

“Golfo says that his indoor pool’s linked by an underwater tunnel to Lake Amachuras,” Bruno assured me, clearly amused by my mute expression of disbelief.

I imagined the otter standing on the stone banisters, executing one of his acrobatic dives into the depths, only to resurface moments later outside in the lake with a couple of trout.





MINERVA

MINERVA THE POET

The Four Seasons

*Frost snow and ice are the reason
That makes Winter a dormant season.
Creatures go into hibernation
As a means to avoid starvation,
Some birds prefer to choose migration
And escape the long dark nights
With the unforgiving cold that bites.*

*This is the season of rebirth:
Life comes to life embracing the earth
With roots of plants, bushes and trees
Nourishing buds, blossoms and leaves.
Newborn hope gives guarantees
Announced by all the birds that sing;
The countryside is lush in Spring.*

*So sunnier daylight hours abound,
Flowers with blazing colours astound.
Hotter weather bathes our land,
Everything becomes suntanned.
A better time could not be planned,
When Summer's over we wait a year
Just longing for it to reappear.*

*Time to be busy in the fields
Tending crops and harvesting yields.
The wind picks up as if to cheer
At Autumn's colours that appear,
Which means the cold will soon be here,
With rain and cloud there is less sun.
The annual cycle's now been run.*



MONTEVIVO: THE MOUNTAIN, THE WATERFALL AND THE LAKE



The views as we were ferried over were simply breathtaking. We passed close to Amachuras Falls where it plunged down into the cyan-blue waters of the lake; and above was Montevivo's pinky-hued rock rising to a snowy summit, with glacier ridges soaring into the distant skyscape beyond.





A BEAR ROMANCE



“There’s truly only one admirer that I’m interested in,” proclaimed Bruno, as he danced away with Osuna under silvery moonlight.



BUBBLE AND FIZZ





Osuna proposed a toast to Romance. Chinking our glasses, we trumpeted together:

“To Romance!”

The ice-cold bubbly liquid had a sharpish, dry taste that refreshed the palate. By the time we were ready to order the food we had “**popped!**” a second bottle.

“I ate here with Golfo last year. The chef’s a capercaillie called Bulli and his innovative cuisine’s absolutely superb,” Bruno assured us, while topping up everyone’s glass.





THE FLAMENCO GUITARIST



The maestro's final encore was unforgettable. He indulged in a sublime solo, plucking with such power that sparks leapt between his claws and guitar strings. All listeners were transported to a realm where senses fused, where each note reverberated so intensely that the volume and density of their effervescent combination created a visible dimension which manifested itself as an aura, emanating from his instrument. Literally, sound materialized as abstract form.

I strained on tiptoes to see the dancing lynx spring into the limelight. I was locked in rapture by her sensual movements; she seemed to be staring right at me. My soul was pricked by passion, there were tears in my eyes, and I began to hyperventilate in synchrony with her tap dancing. This fiery interpretation left not just me, but the entire crowd, spellbound.



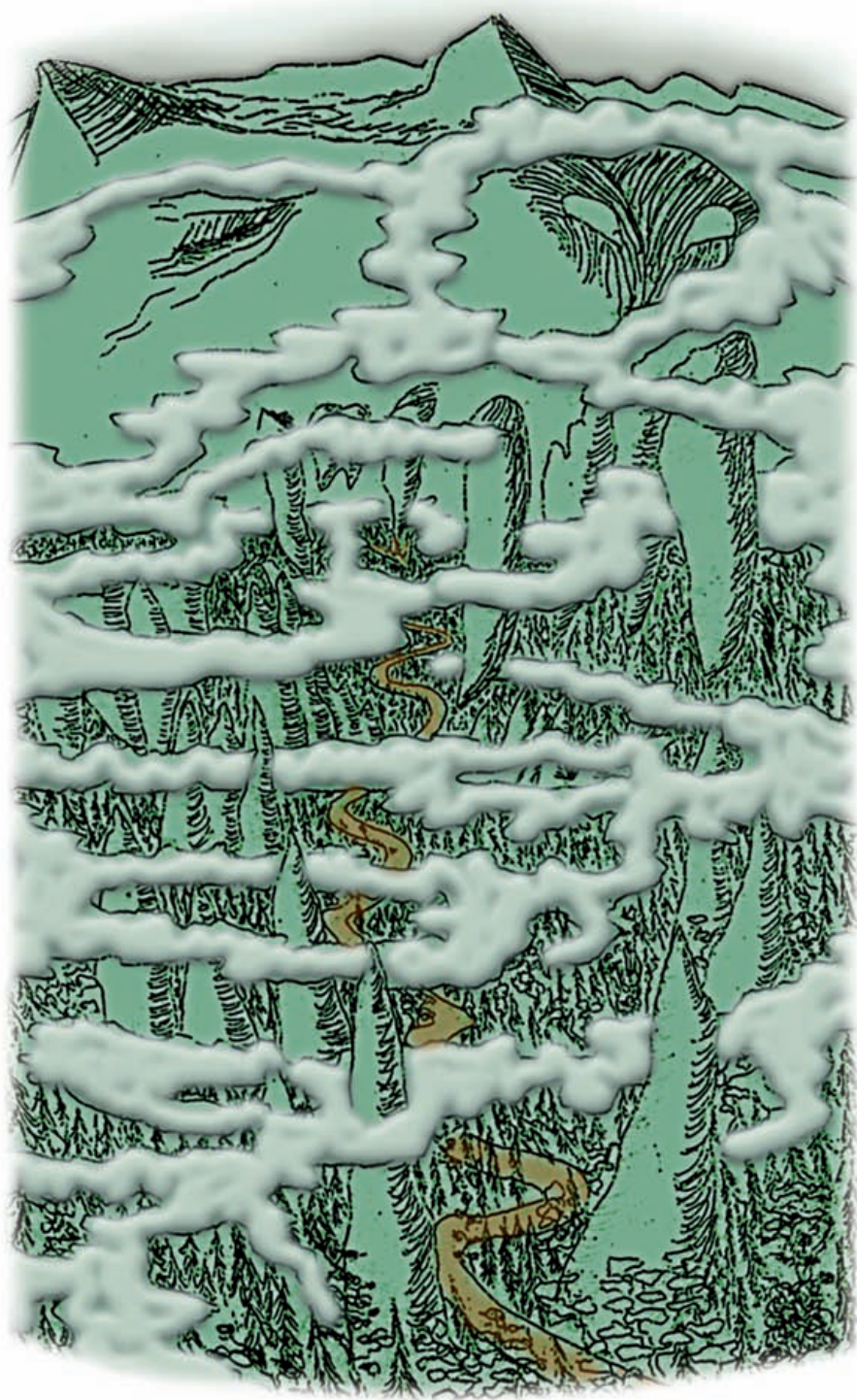


THE LYNX WHO DANCES – ‘FLORA’



She was sitting alone, contemplating the moon. Its light reflected around her, creating an aura which for a magical instant bewitched me.





THE FORBIDDING CANYON



As we approached Wolf's Jaws, we sought refuge from another cloudburst under an overhanging visor of rock, and snatched some energy-boosting food. Bruno took this opportunity to revise imperative tactics in the event of conflict.

"There's no denying that we're facing a highly dangerous enemy, so hone your hunting instincts, have your weapons ready, and don't hesitate to use them," he advised.

When the elements eased, wisps of cloud curled like tentacles over the treetops. This windswept landscape held few comparisons to the clear views we had enjoyed when coming down. Wolf's Jaws drooled ominously ahead of us.

"Onwards! There's no time to lose," commanded Bruno.





THE EYES OF THE FOREST



Every so often I was conscious of Woodlanders peeping at us from their camouflaged hideouts. When we passed too close, they scurried away to safer havens that only they knew where. On one occasion, a fallow deer panicked and shot across in front of us before disappearing into the surrounding thickets. It took Bonecrusher just a split second to draw her loaded bow and for a moment I thought she was going to fire. If nothing else, this incident served to keep us all increasingly alert. Thereafter little was said, just occasional comments were made, as we chased after our leader; up and up and up and then down until we reached a brook.



PREHISTORY





Eventually we reached a large chamber where our guide held up his torch to illuminate a series of images. They showed twig-like figures with bows shooting arrows at different animals. By far the most striking was a life-size charging bull.

“What happened to the cave-dwellers, and how old are these paintings?” I asked.

The big bear shrugged his shoulders.

“Maybe tens of thousands of years have passed since these prehistoric frescoes were painted. The troglodytes’ origins and likewise their disappearance are an enigma. Look at that pawprint – they were like apes. There are legends, but no one knows for certain what became of them.” His words echoed mysteriously.





NIGHTMARES . . .



Woodland animals interchanged cries of alarm! I was underground in our lair, but instinctively my hackles prickled. It was moving through the brush like an invisible phantom which my perceptions had picked up but had not yet deciphered – smoke grew thicker and with it my confusion. I crept out to the entrance to call for help. A forest fire was blazing across our valley, fanned by blustering air currents. Suddenly she came into view, running across a clearing. Her expression was desperate... the gale had changed direction, causing a furnace-like heat to burn a trail that raged between us. Flames leapt across treetops towards me.

I tried to cry out – “M... m... m...” but the word froze on my lips.

“Wake up!”

I was choking, and woke with a start; a log was smoking in my face. Coughing and disorientated, I took a moment to realize where I was.

“Eehh, what’s happening...?”



THE VULTURE – ‘BONECRUSHER’





Bonecrusher's huge wingspan cast a shadow over the crystallized snow as she swooped down and landed on a boulder up ahead. When we approached, she put one wing tip to her beak in a gesture of silence and pointed forwards with the other. We followed her indications, proceeding stealthily across the glacier until reaching lines of snowdrifts formed into crests. A smell of fresh blood saturated the biting wind. Crouching down, we surveyed the scene ahead of us with horror.





THE FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL



Within the same timeframe, Bruno charged, roaring with fearsome potency as he launched his strike. This mammoth opponent with his flaying staff took the wolves by surprise. Snarling, they scattered in all directions. Bruno stood in pools of bloody slush and beneath him Angel, who had been badly mauled, writhed in agony. The gigantic bear raised himself to his full height – another mighty roar surged from his lungs.





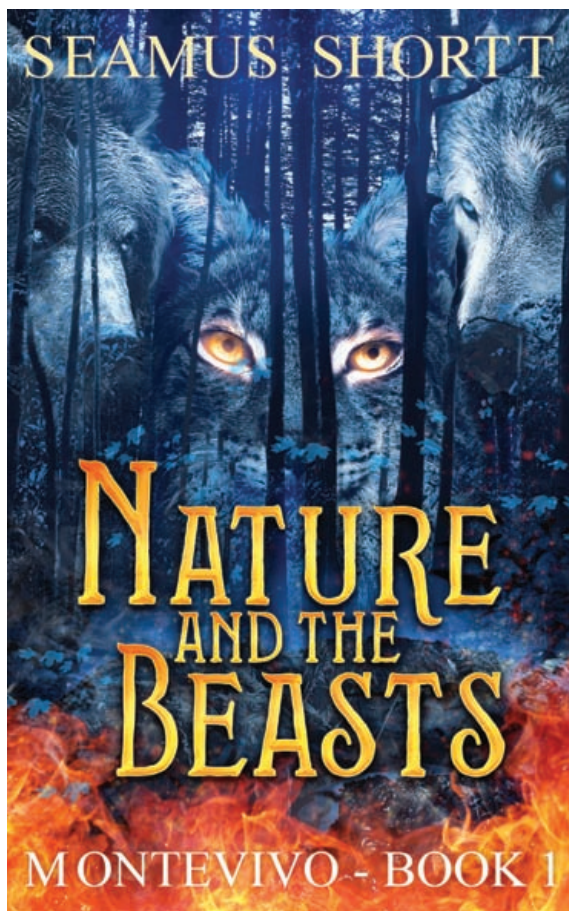
WINTER IS CALLING



Flocks of snow were again gently falling about us, and there was a tranquil quality which the thickening mantle of white seemed to amplify.

Suddenly the hush of Montevivo was interrupted by the howling of wolves.





Now you have discovered Montevivo you can read
Nature and the Beasts - Book 1 in the series.

[Tap here and get your copy today!](#)

All reviews of 'Nature and the Beasts' on Amazon and social media platforms will be much appreciated. Please help spread the environmental message.

ILLUSTRATIONS

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2. The picture of the snowy woods which originates from a photograph provided by Antonio Vázquez. This was given an oil painting effect, using a photoshop application.

MANIFESTO

WE WILL

Nature is the greatest work of art that exists; its infinity knows no boundaries. Humanity forms an integral part of this organic masterpiece and yet in many ways we have lost sight of this fact. Would it not be wise to remember that planet Earth, with its rich biodiversity, is a treasure to be shared, marvelled at and cherished?

One of the greatest challenges of the 21st century is not just to protect our planet's few remaining wildernesses, but also to tend every sanctuary for its diminishing variety of flora and fauna. In many cases these may be local parks, nature reserves or other areas of valuable habitat. Achieving these objectives will lay the foundation stones to solving related problems that are inextricably balanced with a sustainable, healthy and thriving environment.

The Montevivo Book Series hopes to contribute to bringing Nature's pulse to the forefront of our consciousness where it belongs. Make a gesture, a donation or a pledge in order to help some conservation projects, and together we will save Earth's natural heritage for the future benefit of all.

CONCLUSION

WE WILL

The Montevivo motto “We Will” is a rallying cry for determined action with a definite objective:

Make a gesture, a donation or a pledge in order to help some wildlife conservation projects, and together we will save Earth’s natural heritage for the future benefit of all.

There are many dedicated environmental societies operating worldwide. If you are not already involved in any, then below is a short list of active organizations that you may want to contact. However, remember that there is nothing like actively participating in conservation projects set up near you or creating a new one if the need is there.

Act locally – network globally, makes a great deal of sense.

Environmental Groups (Listed in alphabetical order):

Earth Island Institute	earthisland.org
Extinction Rebellion	rebellion.earth
Friends of the Earth	foe.org
Greenpeace	greenpeace.org
Rainforest Action Network	ran.org
Seo/Birdlife	seo.org
Sierra Club Foundation	sierraclubfoundation.org
The Wild Foundation	wild.org
Wildlife Conservation Society	wcs.org
World Land Trust	worldlandtrust.org
World Wildlife Fund	worldwildlife.org

