>Your side, if you'll stop blasting my farm. Where's your captain?  
>You picked up that rifle from an enemy... that can't be good but they're still not squirrels clearly; so they could be mercs. either way they seem to not know on what side are you, try to convince them you are on their side

“You can count me on your side if it’ll get you to stop blasting my farm! How am I supposed to get any gardening done with you lot shooting holes in everything!”

Soldier: “I-“

“I don’t care what your directives are, or whatever. Just take me to whoever your captain is.”

Soldier: “We- we can’t just abandon our post! We’ll get charged with desertion!”

Wounded Soldier: “Augh! [small]Take me to sick bay so I can get my leg bandaged and just bring her with.” [/small]

Soldier: “I guess that could work.”

They wrap some cloth over the wounded guys leg and I help him limp back to their little camp.

From there, I’m taken over to quite the intimidating looking fox. She’s quite the toothy smirk.

Fox Captain?: “Private! What are you doing leaving your post and bringing civilians into my tent!”

Soldier: “Captain! This is no ordinary civilian! This deer snuck behind our lines with a rifle!”

Fox Captain: “Ah! So the rabbits have hired mercenaries of their own-“

“Look, I don’t know or care about whatever in blazes is going on here. I want you and your troops off my farm and to quit blasting my crops to bits!”

Fox Captain: “And what are you going to do about it deery? The squirrels have paid us greatly to wipe out the rest of those gluttonous rabbits. What could you possibly offer to get us to pack up and leave?”