

Warriors: Attack of the kittypets

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My story about Warriors! It's about 15 years since Firestar died, and now, kittypets are planning on taking over the forest! What is a sweet, quiet, gentle shecat that is destined to save the forest to do? No, I haven't read the New Prophecy yet, so

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1 - Characters

ThunderClan

Leader

Whitestar---A white tom with a brown tail, brown paws, and brown ears

Deputy

Puddlegum---A grey-blue shecat

Medicine Cat

Sootfur---A dark gray shecat

Warriors

Treewhisper---A dark brown shecat with light brown markings

Crookedfoot---A tabby tom born with a mangled paw

Apprentice, Lightpaw---a bright tabby she-cat

Orangeeyes---A tortoiseshell shecat with strange orangish yellow eyes

Apprentice, Moonpaw---A brown to yellowish tom

Stonetail---A red-yellow pelted tom with a big, bushy tail

Apprentice, Dirtpaw---A dusky brown tom

Rabbitwind---A small black and white tom

Nightfur---A pure black she-cat

Apprentice, Honeypaw---A tabby she-cat

Bloodpelt---A red and orange tom

Apprentice, Grasspaw---A almost greenish tom

Snowcloud---A white tom with grey speckles

Queens

Sunblossom---A golden she-cat

Mapletail---A light brown to orange she-cat

Fogpelt---Dark grey she-cat

Elders

Shreddedears---Oldest cat, a tom whose ears were ruined in battle

Torntail---A shecat with no tail and is blind in one eye

Dottedtail---Newest elder, became deaf during a battle

Only those who are included in the story will be put in.

RiverClan

Leader

Pantherstar---A grayish black shecat

Deputy

Sharpclaw---A tabby tom with short, but sharp claws

Medicine Cat

Ivyleaf---A delicate looking tortoiseshell

Warriors

Birdfur---A tom with fur that looks like feathers

Driftingcloud---A shorthaired white shecat

Thunderfoot---A large, gray tom

Apprentice, Heavypaw---A large tabby

Queens

Flowingstream---Pretty silver shecat

Elders

Poisonedtail---A tom that was bitten on the tail by an adder. He was saved from death, but was paralyzed.

WindClan

Leader

Littlestar---A very small black tom, with white ears

Deputy

Swiftfoot---A tabby shecat

Warriors

Runningstream---A half RiverClan, half WindClan tom.

Iceflower---A light grey shecat

Queens

Bonefur---A dirty white shecat

ShadowClan

Leader

Bleedingstar---A large tabby tom that has a strange red tint of fur

Deputy

Featherfur---A whitish grey shecat

Warriors

Hawkclaw---A tabby with claws like talons

Apprentice, Yarrowpaw---A yellowish red tom

Elders

Torntail---A tom whose tail was ripped off by the joint in battle

2 - Chapter One-First Encounter

The medicine cat gazed up at the stars. Foxfur could feel the presence of StarClan in his mind. Then a cryptic message hit his mind. *Fire saved the forest, but fire leaves a mark on tree.* Every cat in the forest knew about the great Firestar, from seasons before. Rainwhisker and Littertail, who was once known as Sootfur, were now elders, and they could still remember his noble deeds, and his last moments of life. *He left a trace on a tree,* thought Foxfur. Then his memory flashed back to the kit born just yesterday: Treekit!?

“Perhaps,” he thought, *“that is the tree that StarClan speaks of. Perhaps Treekit is one of his heirs, and holds his spirit? Perhaps I will never know.”*

Chapter one

Treepaw had almost finished her apprenticeship that fateful day. She and her friend, Nightpaw, were on hunting patrol with her mentor, Stonetail that day. It was a strange little encounter, too.

They had just finished catching a squirrel when they sniffed out a kittypet. “Watch me,” said Stonetail silently. He silently moved up to the kittypet and jumped out so he was facing the kittypet.

“What are you doing in our forest, kittypet?” he hissed. The kittypet seemed to take no notice of the venom in Stonetail's voice, but did seem to process other information.

“This is your forest?” asked the kittypet. “Your forest...” he mumbled something else which none of the three ThunderClan cats could hear.

Stonetail, growing tired of the games the kittypet was playing, lashed out at the kittypet's ears. The kittypet cried out in pain. “You will regret that you ever touched the great Marco's ears!!” howled the kittypet. “I'll be back one day! You'll see! Then we'll see who is hurt! You'll see!!!” Marco dashed off into the bushes, straight for Twolegplace.

“And that, Treepaw and Nightpaw, will be your last lesson: How to scare away unwanted kittypets!” announced Stonetail proudly. “I'll be sure to tell Whitestar that your training is over.” The three cats walked back to camp, each holding a piece of freshkill. Nightpaw and Treepaw headed to the freshkill pile to take a piece to the elders, and Stonetail headed for Whitestar's den.

“I'm so happy, we're finally going to be warriors!” said Nightpaw, talking around the magpie in her

mouth. She fended herself from invisible warriors, and the magpie flew straight out of her mouth.

“Hey, watch where you're throwing that!” mewed Snowcloud cheerfully. The newest warrior brought the dead bird back. “I heard that you two will be warriors soon!”

Nightpaw (for every cat knew she had a crush on Snowcloud) straightened up and mewed, “Yes, Snowcloud! Thank you for bringing the magpie back for me.”

“Not a problem, Nightpaw!” meowed Snowcloud. “So, there was a kittypet in the forest?”

Treepaw dropped her squirrel and replied, “Word travels around fast in this camp. Yeah, some crazy kittypet named Marco. What kind of name is that?” The brown cat looked at Nightpaw, who nodded agreement.

“Well, the twolegs name their kittypets very strange names. It's said that Firestar was called Rusty by his Twolegs, before he joined ThunderClan,” pointed out Snowcloud.

“Oops, we gotta take this freshkill to the elders. See you!” said Treepaw, picking up her squirrel and beckoning Nightpaw, who obediently followed. They dropped their freshkill near the elders. “Hello!” said Nightpaw.

Shreddedears mewed feebly, “No, we don't need freshkill, Moonpaw already gave us some. Why don't you eat it?”

“No, Shreddedears, Moonpaw was training all day, she couldn't have brought you freshkill,” said Treepaw patiently. “Why don't you just take them, and if you're hungry, you can eat it?”

As the two apprentices padded away, the sound of chewing could be heard coming from the elder's den. The two friends looked at each other and laughed.

Just then, Treepaw's sister, Sootfur, bounded towards her. Sootfur was recently appointed medicine cat as Foxfur had retired to an elder, for his hearing and sight were greatly suffering, and there is no cure for old age.

“Hey, what's going on?” asked Sootfur. “What's this I hear about my baby sister becoming a warrior?”

“Just because you were born before me doesn't make me a baby,” mewed Treepaw playfully. “If you want to feel older so badly, then you belong with the kits!”

Sootfur made a face, then replied, “So what's this about warrior ceremonies? And there's a rumor about kittypets in the forest. I heard you two were there.” Her curiosity got the better of her this time.

“Well, Treepaw and I are having our warrior ceremony,” said Nightpaw. “And there was a kittypet who called himself Marco in the forest,” cut in Treepaw.

“Hmm.” Sootfur wrinkled her nose. “I have heard from medicine cat meetings that this kittypet was in RiverClan and WindClan territory. Let's hope he wanders into ShadowClan. That'll take care of his

`domination' plans.”

The two apprentices looked at each other. “He did seem to notice when Stonetail said the forest was ours...” pondered Nightpaw aloud. “Maybe he thinks he can take over the forest. Hah! I'd like to see him try!”

“Well, BloodClan was made up of kittypets and they nearly destroyed the forest,” pointed out Sootfur reasonably.

“Pshaw! Firestar took care of them. We're tougher than any kittypets, and besides, why would they want to leave their Twoleg nests? Of course, it might be that slop they feed the poor cats that made them want to leave,” joked Nightpaw.

“I don't think this is a laughing matter, Nightpaw. It sounds serious! A lot of cats could have died. Including one of your ancestors,” said Treepaw.

“Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather below the Highrock for a Clan meeting!” echoed Whitestar's cry. Slowly the Clan assembled to listen to Whitestar. “Today, two of our apprentices will become warriors. Treepaw, Nightpaw, come here please.

The two apprentices padded up the Highrock. “I, Whitestar, leader of ThunderClan, ask our warrior ancestors to look down on this apprentices. They has worked hard to understand your warrior code, and I commend them to to you as a warrior in their turn. Treepaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?” he questioned.

“I do,” said Treepaw.

“Nightpaw, do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life as well?” Whitestar said, turning to face Nightpaw.

“I do,” said Nightpaw.

“Then by the powers granted to me by StarClan, I give you your warrior name. Treepaw, from this moment you will be known as Treewhisper. StarClan honors your kindness and intelligence, and we welcome you as a full warrior. Nightpaw, from this moment you will be known as Nightfur, and we welcome you as a full warrior as well.”

“Treewhisper! Nightfur! Treewhisper! Nightfur!” chanted the Clan. Sootfur brought the two a large rabbit to share.

“Don't forget,” she whispered mischievously. “You have to have the vigil! Better eat now.” And she dropped the rabbit with a thud and began grooming herself.

“Congratulations! I know you two will have a really good time staying awake all night while the rest of us have a well-earned night of sleep!” called Snowcloud. “And watch out for any rampaging kittypets while you're at it.”

Whitestar approached the two warriors. "What's this I hear about kittypets?" he murmured softly. "Stonetail thought you two might like to tell me instead."

Treewhisper exchanged glances with Nightfur and blurted out, "There was a kittypet in the forest who said he was called Marco, and according to Sootfur he was sighted in some other Clans and he might be a threat--!!"

Whitestar bowed his head kindly to her and replied, "Thank you for the information, but I think he will not be a threat right now. Go back to eating; you'll need your strength for the vigil."

Slowly the cats began to murmur their good-nights and drift back to their nest. Soon, the new warriors were left in the center of camp. They gave each other a look, which somehow, they were able to understand, and waited for dawn.

3 - Untitled

Slowly, the sun rose. Treewhisper gave her friend an excited glance, thinking inwardly, *I'm so happy! This day couldn't get any better.* Unknowingly, Nightfur echoed the thought, adding on a silent prayer to StarClan asking for luck with Snowcloud.

Puddlefur relieved them of their duties, mewing, "The vigil's over now. You can relax." But the friends were too excited to even think of sleep.

Nightfur asked Treewhisper, "What do you think, shall we go gather some moss for our new nests in the warrior's den?" Treewhisper gave an excited squeak, answering yes. Nightfur's eyes shimmered as Snowcloud brushed by her.

"So, how was the vigil?" he asked lightly, giving his fur a little lick. "Oh, and before I forget; I moved your nests to the warrior's den. You don't have to get new moss; your nests look good and comfy to me."

Nightfur's face seemed to shine at the warrior. "It wasn't bad. Boring, maybe, but exciting too." She licked her paw and brought it to her head.

Treewhisper copied the action without thought, but when she caught Sootfur's glance, she immediately came to her sister's side.

"Sootfur, is something the matter?" she questioned. Her eyes were filled with worry. Sootfur, however, simply seemed to brush away a flea. "Nothing," she mewed. "Just this annoying little bug."

Sootfur was a skilled liar, and gave nothing away. But Treewhisper replied softly, "I can tell when you're not being truthful. We're sisters, for StarClan's sake. I'd have to be half a mousebrain to not tell when you're lying. I want an answer later, but for now, I should go ask Puddlefur whether I should to on patrol later or not."

Treewhisper walked off to greet the blue-gray deputy. "Good morning," she mewed, dipping her head in respect.

Puddlefur briskly whisked her tail in acknowledgement. "To you too. I put you and Nightfur on sunhigh patrol. Take Moonpaw, Honeypaw, or Grasspaw with you. Whichever one you pick, ask their mentors to go with you too." She then walked away to talk to more cats.

Nightfur had padded up to Treewhisper. "Friendly, isn't she?" she muttered.

Treewhisper shook her head slightly. "Oh, Nightfur. Puddlefur is so busy, organizing patrols and

StarClan knows. Give her some slack! She doesn't have the time to socialize with young warriors."

Nightfur looked at her friend. "StarClan gave you an elder's head and put it on a warrior's body," she commented. "I always liked Honey paw, she was so nice."

Treewhisper batted Nightfur's back playfully. "No, Grass paw. Honey paw'll be jealous for awhile, she's the same age as us. She'll wonder why she's not a warrior yet. Another moon, I expect. But Grass paw is a newer apprentice. And Bloodpelt is almost a senior warrior; he'll have stuff to share with even us."

Nightfur padded away silently, stalking towards the apprentices' den. Treewhisper almost purred, but she had to talk to Bloodpelt. "Bloodpelt!" she called after seeing his vibrant red and orange fur.

The older warrior approached her. "Congratulations," he purred. "What is it?"

Treewhisper bowed slightly to indicate her respect. "Puddle fur said we could take Grass paw and you on sunhigh patrol. Is that okay?"

Bloodpelt looked at the sky for a moment. He paused, but then mewed, "I'm sorry, Treewhisper, my memory was failing me for a moment. Puddle fur wants me to go on a hunting patrol after sunhigh patrol leaves, so I can't." He stared quizzically at his paws. "No wait, that's Rabbitwind. I'm sorry, I can go."

Just then, Whitestar called, "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey gather below the Highrock for a Clan meeting!"

The cats slowly assembled, not unlike the night before. As the murmuring died down, the white and brown tom began. "Cats of ThunderClan! It has been brought to me by our queen, Mapletail, that her kits are ready for their apprenticing ceremonies. Also, Moon paw, Dirt paw, and Honey paw were left out last night for their warrior ceremonies." He paused.

"The vigil is to be taken tonight, but I must leave you today to journey to Mothermouth. StarClan has offered me some wisdom which I cannot refuse. So I choose to do the ceremonies now, and leave the vigils for tonight.

"Moon paw. Do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

A trembling answer came from the yellow-brown tom. "Y-yes."

"Honey paw. Do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"Yes," came the confident mew.

"And Dirt paw. Do you promise to uphold the warrior code and to protect and defend this Clan, even at the cost of your life?"

"Yes."

“Then by the powers granted to me by StarClan, I give you your warrior names. Moonpaw, you will be known as Moonstorm. StarClan honors your bravery and honesty, and we welcome you as a warrior of ThunderClan. Honey paw, you will be known as Honey stripe. StarClan honors your skill as a hunter. And Dirt paw, you will be known as Dirt claw. StarClan honors your stealth and tracking skills.”

He held his tail for silence. “Before you begin to show your respect for our new warriors, I have another ceremony to complete.”

“Gentlekit, Larkkit, Whisperingkit, Fadekit, and Acornkit. Your mother, Mapletail, was blessed with such a large litter. It is a miracle you all lived through leafbare. We must thank StarClan.

“You are all six months old, and ready to become apprentices. So, by the powers granted to me by StarClan, you will be known as Gentlepaw, Larkpaw, Whisperingpaw, Fadepaw, and Acornpaw. You will be known by these names until you receive your warrior names.

“Treewhisper is one of our new warriors, but I trust her. Pass your skills on to Gentlepaw well,” he mewed. Treewhisper was surprised, but she leapt onto the rock, next to the silver apprentice.

“Snowcloud, you are known as the best tracker in ThunderClan. Pass that on to Fadepaw, and all your other skills.”

The white warrior jumped up, landing by the blue-silver tom. Whitestar continued. “Larkpaw, as you may know, is identical to Gentlepaw, except she has amber eyes, and Gentlepaw has blue eyes. So it is only fitting to give Larkpaw a mentor which is as close to Treewhisper as Gentlepaw is to Larkpaw. So Nightfur, you will be Larkpaw's mentor. Pass on your knowledge well.” Nightfur's yellow eyes widened as she nearly fell on top of the smaller shecat.

“These three have never had an apprentice, so I must have two experience warriors as well. Crookedfoot and Puddlegum, you have both had apprentice before. Teach these two patience and logic.”

As the ceremony ended, the mentors and apprentices touched noses. A lengthy but eager chant began. “Moonstorm, Honey stripe, Dirt claw! Gentlepaw, Larkpaw, Whisperingpaw! Fadepaw! Acornpaw!”

Before Whitestar disappeared into his den, Bloodpelt stalked up to him and asked him something. Whitestar nodded slightly, and replied. He took his place on Highrock again.

“Cats of ThunderClan, it is truly a busy day today. Bloodpelt has told me his memory is failing him. Sootfur has confirmed that he is old, too old to be fighting and training. He will join the elders after Grasspaw completes his training, which in turn will be sped up and done with an assortment of warriors.”

He was not seen the rest of the day. Nor was Orangeeyes.

“Whitestar is dead!” came an unearthly howl. “Killed, killed by dogs!”

Orangeeyes stumbled into camp, still shrieking. “Filthy Twolegs letting those beasts loose!”

The camp slowly came to life in the dark sundown.

Puddlefur pressed against the tortoiseshell's flank. “What happened?”

“We were going to Mothermouth. He came out, looking worried. I think he knew...Anyway, later we came across a ditch. We slept there, but we were awakened by dogs. Vicious snarling dogs! They attacked us. Whitestar told me to go; he said he was destined to be with StarClan tonight. And—and I saw him, still fighting, until those dogs were half-dead, and those cowards fled. But Whitestar kept chasing, until I saw him...saw him collapse,” she choked, hardly able to get the words out.

Sootfur put something in her mouth, gently murmuring something. A few moments later, the shecat had drifted to sleep. The gray medicine cat got up, straight as she could. “Puddlefur—Puddlefur is to be the next leader of ThunderClan. Unless.” The medicine cat paused. “You wish to forfeit the position to some other cat?”

Puddlefur shivered. “I feel my seasons are getting shorter. I should join Bloodpelt with the elders soon. I couldn't serve more than another season as deputy. I can't serve as leader.”

Sootfur nodded. “I thought you'd say that, Puddlefur. StarClan tells me we will find a small Clan of traveling cats which we must welcome to ThunderClan at once. They also tell me we will be stronger soon. We must pick a temporary leader until these cats come, for they will tell use who the leader is to be. And they will come, come soon.”

The deputy raised her paw, and mewed, “I vote Crookedfoot be our leader until then! He is younger than I, but almost as experienced! He would make a good leader.”

Agreement with the shecat went across the Clan.

Sootfur dipped her head. “Very well. Crookedfoot will serve as leader until then. Puddlefur, I trust you will still provide ThunderClan with a deputy?”

The gray-blue shecat trembled. “I will. But only till the leader is revealed.”