

Warriors: Dying Lights- Book 1

By medowhorseslesedi

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A mysterious evil rises from the darkness... Follow KillClan and all they suffer from...

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1 - The Beginning

Have you ever been so sad you die, or so angry you kill others for vengeance? Today you will hear the tragic story of KillClan and DeadClan

Frostfang dashed into the Medicine Cat's Den. "Is he alright?" she yowled. Greenherb shook her head. "He's dying..." she mewed. "No... No, no, no! You can't die Redstar! You can't!" she screeched. "Goodbye my Deputy and mate..." he said looking at Frostfang then he turned his head to Greenherb and with his last breath said "Goodbye my Medicine Cat and my..." here he paused and with loving eyes continued, "my other loving mate..." and that second the light left his eyes and his breathing stopped.

"What?!?" screeched Frostfang and pounced on Greenherb. "You! You stole my mate!" she growled looking at how round Greenherb's belly was. They were both pregnant with the same tom's kits for one thing, and then for another problem her Medicine Cat was going to have kits, but she, being the sharp minded cat she was, thought up a plan. She got off the Medicine Cat and meowed mysteriously, "I'm sorry for my sudden burst of outrage, but you are a Medicine Cat who is not supposed to have kits". Greenherb flicked her tail back and forth confused.

Frostfang picked up Redstar's body and dragged it to the middle of the camp. She jumped on Highrock and gave out a wowl of sadness to call a meeting. The dark gray clouds above her were heavy with rain and a slight drizzle of rain came down. "Today my fellow warriors," here she paused and sighed sadly, "we witnessed a badger attack." She gazed over all the cats one third of the cats were alright, another third was hurt, and the last third was dead. "Redstar our Leader is with StarClan along with our now deceased brother and sister warriors," she painfully meowed. She spoke not a word of her mate betraying her for she knew it would do nothing, but ruin his reputation. "We will do a vigil for them," she meowed looking at some of the cats dragging bodies into the clearing.

"And I, Frostfang of KillClan former Deputy, say this before the body of Redstar so that he may approve of my choice of the new Deputy," she meowed looking at Redstar's body blankly then she looked at the many cats she could choose from and one caught her eye. She cleared her throat ready to announce the new Deputy. "Smokeclaw! You are quick-witted, make the right decisions, and are organized. You will make a fine Deputy," she meowed happily cheering everything up. Smokeclaw nodded. Frostfang had always liked the mysterious tom that was until she meant Redstar so strong and handsome, but now that he was dead and she knew he had betrayed her he spoke nothing of the tom and didn't care about whether he went to StarClan or HellClan. "I will be going to the Moonstone tonight," she concluded.

Later that night when the rain was falling heavily and the cats were with the dead cats for vigil Frostfang left to receive her nine lives. Rain was not the only thing that weighed Frostfang's fur down, but her new position. She found it hard to believe she was Leader and she was head of a Clan it just made her fur tingle, but at the same time she knew it would be a burden. *Caring for so many cats must not be easy* she thought. Once she had reached the Moonstone the rain fell even heavier than when she had left camp. It was thundering and lightning. She padded into the beginning of the small passage way to the Moonstone and shook her fur to get the water that was clinging to her fur. She slowly made her way to the main part of the cave where there stood a stone gleaming with the reflections of the stars.

She paced up to the stone and layed down with her front legs neatly in front of her and her back paws by her side her fur dripping with rain. She pressed her nose against the sparkling stone and her dream begin...

"Frostfang, former Deputy of KillClan, are you ready to recieve your nine lives?" StarClan spoke in one voice. "Indeed I am," replied Frostfang. A tabby tom padded forward and Frostfang reconized him as Leafblade a Warrior who died fighting massive cats from the tower-place. "With this life I give you courage. Use it well to defend your Clan in battle," meowed Leafblade and touched Frostfang's nose, and a terrible pain went from nose to her tail. Like wounds stinging everywhere. Leafblade backed away back into the darkness.

A black cat padded towards her. She knew her face, but she couldn't remember her name. All that she knew that there was once a tower-place cat that was not excepted into the Clans and she helped him out and because of this she and the other cat was killed. The black she-cat touched noses with Frostfang and once again shock ran through her body and the pain kept growing. "With this life I give you justice. Use it well to judge your Clanmates fairly," she meowed.

The she-cat backed away and disappeared into the darkness. A tabby cat padded forward. Her mother. "Mother," she whispered. Her mother spoke not a word, but padded straight to her daughter. "With this life I give you loyalty. Use it well to what you know to be right," she mewed. Next she was surprised. She saw her brother who was killed by a badger moons ago like her mother. He spoke in a kind voice, "With this life I give you tireless energy. Use it well to serve your Clan to the utmost." Then the shock came as her brother touched her nose. Her body was shaking with pain.

Her brother backed away and she watched sadly as he disappeared. Bleakfur, a Queen whom all her kits died of greencough, padded up to her. " With this life I give you the same desire to protect your Clan as a mother has to protect her kits. Use it well to defend your Clan," she meowed calmly. She backed into the darkness and disappeared into it. Next an apprentice padded up to her he quickly touched her nose meowing, "With this life I give you mentoring. Use it well to educate your apprentices in the ways of the warriors." The apprentice quietly turned around and headed into the darkness.

Another cat stepped up toward her, his broad sholders cutting through the darkness. He was tall and he stood proud. "With this life I give you compassion. Use it well to be mindful of cats weaker than you," he meowed sharply as he touched noses with her and the shock went through her body. He backed into the mass of darkness slowly his amber eyes glowing. A fluffy, gray she-cat padded forward and she knew in a moment that it was Badgerfeather. Greenherb's mother. Frostfang cringed with anger remembering the gray medicine cat whom she had a plan to get rid of. Badgerfeather padded towards her. "With this life I give you love. Use it well to indulge yourself in happiness," she meowed touching her nose. Frostfang's body was full of pain. She was not shaking from sadness, anger, or excitement, but pure pain. While Frostfang was frozen in pain Badgerfeather moved to the darkness and disappeared, and suddenly a red cat with green eyes stepped forward.

"Redstar..." she whispered. He spoke not a word to his mate, until he touched noses with her. "With this life I give you nobility, certainty, and faith. Use it well to lead your Clan in the way of the warrior code for all nine of your lives," he meowed. "Frostfang, I congratulate you, and hail you by your new name... Froststar. Go back to your Clan knowing we'll always be watching," he purred. Froststar nodded still shaking with pain.

Froststar awoke from her dream and started walking through the forest. She heard something in the bushes beside her. "Who's there?" she hissed. Froststar quickly backed away from the bush immediately. Out of the shadowed bush stepped out a black wolf his red eyes glowing in the dark. The wolf padded out into the moonlight and oddly his muzzle started to shorten and at the same time his legs were getting shrinking. His tail was thinner and his body more slender. This wolf had just turned into a cat! Froststar looked at the cat. "Hello, Froststar of KillClan," he meowed dipping his head. "Who are you and what do you want from me?" she growled. "I am Shadowolf outcast of DeadClan," he started. "DeadClan has not had outcasts in over ten moons!" she blurted out. "Hahaha! Exactly," Shadowolf laughed. "Do you think I was forty moons old when I left the Clan! I was five moons, you fool!" he laughed. "You call yourself allies with them?" he growled. "Listen! We have been broken apart with no peace for moons!" she yowled.

"Oh really," Shadowolf laughed. "Really. We are stronger without them anyway!" Froststar grunted. "I did not come here to argue," he growled. "Then why are you here?" she hissed. "Because, I heard you were having problems with badgers and a certain cat," he answered. Froststar nodded. "Go on," she growled. "I can help you with both problems. Like this..." he hissed backing into the shadows and slowly turning into a wolf. "What are the conditions?" she asked. "You will be my mate, and along with you as Leader I will be Deputy of KillClan," meowed Shadowolf. "Before I may answer may I ask... Are you a cat or a wolf?" she meowed eagerly. "Part of each. My ma was a wolf and my dad a cat. I was born in the shadows as a wolf, but in light I am a cat," Shadowolf answered to the white she-cat. "OK. I agree, and is it so the cat you speak of is Greenherb?" she asked. Shadowolf nodded. "Follow me then, Shadowolf," she meowed padding towards him and twining tails with him. He nodded and they padded to the KillClan camp.

"We're almost there," she meowed sitting in the moonlight. Just then out of nowhere there came a yowl. "Frostfang!" a voice yowled. A tabby cat came from out of the shadows. "That's Froststar to you Jadewing!" she growled. Beside Jadewing stood Talonclaw, Birchtail, and Viperfang. "What are you doing on DeadClan territory? And since when have *you* been Leader? And also what are you doing with this outcast," she meowed glaring at Shadowolf. "One, I was on my way back from the *Moonstone*. Two, since the badgers attacked and killed my mate and Leader, Redstar. Last, but not least, three, I am taking him to the Clan," Froststar growled. Jadewing and Froststar had gone way back. Back to when the Clans still had the alliance. They were rivals back then and now.

Jadewing laughed. Talonclaw, current Deputy of DeadClan stepped forth and glared at Jadewing. "We have been trying to make peace not war!" he hissed at Jadewing. Jadewing put her ears back a little to show her shame. "Go in peace, and may StarClan light your path. We will see you at the Gathering," Talonclaw meowed dipping his head to Froststar and Shadowolf. "Night patrol, lets go," Talonclaw yowled, and with that they were off into the darkness. "I was getting ready to rip them apart," Shadowolf growled. "I wish you would have, but don't," meowed Froststar. He nodded unhappily and dashed back to the camp the moonlight beating down on them.

When they were right by the camp entrance Shadowolf whispered, "I'll stay outside of the Clan camp for now until I kill Gre- I mean the certain cat. Then a couple sunrises later you'll act like you found me and you'll give me an apprentice and I'll be Deputy," he meowed. "What about my present Deputy?" Froststar meowed. "I have ways of making him leave," he laughed with a smirk. "First I will try to make him give up his position. All right?" she asked. "Yeah ok," Shadowolf replied. "Oh and for you is it like every single shadow you change into a wolf?" she meowed quietly. "No, just the really dark ones not the light ones or

the ones in dens," he answered in a whisper. Froststar nodded and padded off to the bodies of the cats and layed there for she had not sat the vigil while Shadowolf was looking for a good place to sleep.

When Shadowolf and Froststar were walking to camp the rain had stopped, but the rain started up again. Froststar sat vigil no matter what, and even right now she was sitting here in the pouring rain, all alone, and in the middle of the night- actually it was almost morning.

Shadowolf yawned. He got out of the tree he was sleeping in. It was sunrise. He knew this was the time he must kill the cat. He snuck into the camp and sniffed around. He snuck up to the Medicine Cat's den where he heard screeching and yowling. He peered in seeing a she-cat in labor. She had given birth to two kits already and was struggling with the final one. "What did I do to receive this pain, StarClan?" she yowled with tears in her eyes. She closed her eyes in horrifying pain, and with another screech she gave birth to a kit who looked just like Redstar.

Greenherb had quickly recovered and was licking her new born kits. He quickly padded into the den growling and not taking his eyes off the she-cat. "Get away!" she hissed. Shadowolf laughed. "Why would I, you weakling?" he growled. At that he took a gray she-kit and tomkit, but kept the red kit by Greenherb's side. Greenherb stood up and growled. "You! Give me back my kits!" she yowled pouncing on him. Shadowolf easily ripped her throat out. The blood flowing through his teeth and the taste of the blood to Shadowolf tasted good. He threw her off and he dashed into the forest. Greenherb layed there motionless. Her lifeless eyes set on the last kit in the Medicine Cat's den.

Shadowolf hurried into the forest and put down the two innocent kits down on the cold ground. He dashed back to his tree he was sleeping in and sat down in satisfaction forgetting about the red kit.

2 - Destination Darkness

The red kit sat mewling on the den floor. Froststar- who was in her den all this time thinking about what she'd done- padded out after she heard the kit mewling. She sped to the Medicine Cat's den to see. Her Medicine cat dead on the floor, and a couple of pawsteps away a red kit. She picked up the kit and took it to her den. She washed it and let the kit suckle milk. She would treat like her own instead of just tossing it into the forest like Shadowwolf had done. She did not want the kit to suffer. "I will name you Redkit," she meowed. Redkit lifted his head to her and purred. Froststar smiled. Her real kits weren't do till another couple of sunrises, but for now this kit would be her's.

Froststar thing she got up with Redkit in her mouth. She padded to the Warriors' Den yowling, and the yowl was so loud it woke up everyone. "Greenherb's been murdered!" she yowled with Redkit in her mouth trying not *too* sound suspicious. At the word murdered Warriors dashed out of the Den. Elders looked out their den worried. Kits mewled and the Queen struggle to quiet them down. "Murdered?" meowed Smokeclaw in shock. Froststar nodded. The Queen poked her head out of the nursery. "And who is that little bundle of fur?" she meowed nodding to Redkit. "This is her kit... The last one alive. She must have given birth to them last night, and all but this one was killed..." Froststar hesitated.

"Oh my! I'll take... er... what's his name?" studded the Queen. "His name is Redkit, Meadowlark," Froststar answered. Meadowlark nodded and padded to the kit and took it from Froststar's mouth and headed into the nursery. Froststar padded over to Highrock. "Before we mourn we must elect a Medicine cat!" she yowled. Just then a brown kit dashed out of the nursery. "I... I wish to be a medicine cat apprentice..." she studded. "You'll have no mentor, and you have to have one," meowed Froststar. A blind white she-cat padded forth. "You always knew this day would come... I will be Medicine Cat," meowed the she-cat. A whispers came from the mouths of all the cats. Many were meowing things like "What?!", "You don't have to do this!", "But your one of the best warriors!", but one yowl stood out from all of them "No! No! No! Please don't!". All heads of the cats turned to the cat who was saying this, and instantaneously he snapped his jaw shut. The white she-cat flicked her ears towards him and sat. "Go on patrol," she ordered to three cats, and nodded to Smokeclaw to lead them. "Any suspicious activity bring back news to me," she growled. She nodded to them and them padded to the HighRock.

She jumped on the the rock and looked down at all the cats. "Snowfeather?" she yowled. The blind and white she-cat padded forward. "Yes?" she mewled. "Is it your wish to be a Medicine Cat?" meowed Froststar. "It is," Snowfeather replied. "Then by the power of StarClan I ask them to give you the knowledge and gentleness a Medicine Cat needs, and to help, you, a new Medicine Cat who had no Medicine Cat mentor," Froststar concluded. Snowfeather nodded and padded to the Medicine Cat's Den and others followed to help clean the den which was stained with blood. The brown kit had been listening. Froststar jumped down from HighRock with a big leap. Quickly the she-kit ran up to Froststar.

"Froststar, what about me?" meowed the kit. "You will become an apprentice soon. I promise, Rabbitkit," replied Froststar and she padded to the Leader's den. The other cats that were helping Snowfeather clean up had left to their dens. Suddenly a yowl broke the silence. The patrol was back. She scented a strange scent so cowarded in a bush. Froststar along with many other cats padded out of the dens. Smokeclaw and the other three cats were walking in a circle around a black cat.

Froststar quickly identified the cat as Shadowolf. Seeing the confident sign on Smokeclaw's face told her that Shadowolf hadn't been in the shadows yet. "We have caught a rouge!" yowled Smokeclaw. Froststar padded forward. "I mean no harm," Shadowolf meowed. Froststar acted like she didn't know him at all. "He may stay, but I want guards tonight she nodded to Smokeclaw. I must talk to him first though, and ask him some questions," she growled and padded towards the Leader's den and flicked her tail signaling for him to follow, and he did.

She sat in her den and watched Shadowolf pad in. "Shadowolf, don't do anything suspicious tonight," she meowed. He nodded, and they padded out of the den. Froststar jumped on High Rock. "All cats old enough to catch their own prey gather under HighRock!" She yowled getting tired of calling meetings. "I have- for once- good news!" she meowed. "The black cat is joining. By the powers of StarClan I humbly make him a warrior. His name from now on is Shadow- Shadowpelt. I warmly welcome you to KillClan," she mewed. Froststar jumped down from HighRock. She nodded to Shadowpelt and he smiled mysteriously. Froststar padded back to her den. It was almost moonhigh. Shadowpelt and the other Warriors went into the Warrior's den.

Rabbitkit hopped out of the bush she was hiding in. She looked around. It was scary out there at night, but it was so cool! Rabbitkit sniffed around when she spotted a glowing blue cat walking through the forest and Rabbitkit jumped back into the bush. "Be not afraid, Rabbitkit," mewed the cat. Rabbitkit poked her head out of the bush to see the glowing cat standing right in front of her. The cat lowered her head and touched noses with the kit. The glowing of the cat faded and her true gold fur color showed. "I am Goldenberry, former Medicine Cat, but that is not important right now, Rabbitkit," the she-cat meowed.

"A great danger is coming to the Clans, but before the danger comes a shadow cat will betray, and kill the one he had an agreement. He will kill others if they are not careful," Goldenberry meowed. "But, wha-," Rabbitkit meowed, but was cut off by Goldenberry. "Good-bye..." mewed Goldenberry disappearing. "Wait! What does this mean!?" the brown kit cried, but it was too late Goldenberry was gone. Rabbitkit padded into the middle of camp when she spotted two Warriors guarding the Warriors' den and at that she dashed into the Nursery frightened that the consequence for staying up till this late at night would be big, horrible, and... And cleaning up after the Elders!

Froststar woke up to the steady chanting and chirping of the morning birds. Froststar got up and padded out of the den. She quickly padded to the Warriors' den and found Smokeclaw guarding the den. Froststar padded to Smokeclaw. "Will you come with me for sunrise patrol?" she meowed. Smokeclaw nodded. The two padded to the forest and went on patrol through the forest. "Um... Smokeclaw?" she meowed. "Yes?" he replied. "Will you resign from Deputy... I... I was caught up with the death of Redstar I didn't really think it through," she stammered. "Uh..." Smokeclaw was faced with a difficult decision. Would he be will to give up his position?

"Sure," he sighed. "Thank you," she meowed dipping her head coolly. They padded back to camp with Smokeclaw looking at Froststar eagerly and wondering why she picked him as Deputy if she didn't think it over, and Froststar's little voice in her head yowling, "You traitor! What have you done?!".

Redkit was trying to open his eyes, but couldn't so he went back to suckle off of his foster mother. All this time Rabbitkit had been watching the kit when she scented Froststar. She dashed out the Nursery and

padded towards Froststar. "Can I be made a Medicine cat apprentice? Please?" pleaded Rabbitkit at Froststar. "Well..." Froststar sighed. "Please?" pleaded the kit again. "Ok," meowed Froststar smiling. She padded to High Rock and with a large leap jumped on the rock. "All cats old enough to catch their own prey gather under the High Rock!" yowled Froststar.

Many cats gathered and some listened from the dens. "Mistykit, Rabbitkit, and Tawnykit are ready to be apprenticed," Froststar meowed then cleared her throat. "Mistykit from now on you will be called Mistypaw until receive your warrior name. Spidersong, you are now ready to take on an apprentice. You will be mentor to Mistypaw. Spidersong, you have shown yourself to be a warrior by being a fast and strong cat. I'm sure you will pass on all you know to this apprentice," meowed Froststar. Happily the mentor and apprenticed touched noses.

"Tawnykit from now on you will be called Tawnypaw until receive your warrior name. Shadowpelt, I feel you are now ready to take on an apprentice. You will be mentor to Tawnypaw. Shadowpelt, I know you will try your hardest to train your first apprentice. I'm sure you will pass on all you know to this apprentice," meowed Froststar happily. Tawnypaw dashed up to her mentor and in a weird manner touched noses with Shadowpelt.

"Snowfeather and Rabbitkit will be going to Moonstone to present Rabbitkit to StarClan," announced Froststar. "Mistypaw! Mistypaw! Tawnypaw! Tawnypaw!" chanted the Clan cats. By the time the Clan had started chanting Snowfeather and Rabbitkit had been long gone...

3 - News

After the cats had stopped chanting Froststar cleared her throat. "I have chosen a new Deputy," she yowled. A ripple of gasps, whispers, and utter confusion ran through the crowd of cats. "Why?" gasped a cat. "Yeah! Smokeclaw was a fine Deputy!" yowled a tom. Agreement spread through the cats and 'yeah's and growls rose from the bottom of the HighRock. "Silence!" Froststar yowled, growling loudly.

"Shadowpelt!" she meowed over the whispers of the cats still talking. More gasps arose from the crowd. The same tom stood up. "He's not trustworthy!" he cried frustrated. Froststar threw herself off HighRock. She launched herself at the gray tom, and easily pounced on him and pinned him down. She growled and came face to face with the tom. "Do you doubt me?!" The tom glared at Froststar. "Yes," he meowed confidently. Froststar bared her teeth. She quickly withdrew her anger knowing hurting or even killing a cat would not solve any problems.

She calmly padded to the HighRock and jumped back on it. She sat for a couple of heartbeats with her tail curled around her paws in silence. "As I was saying... Shadowpelt will be the new Deputy," she meowed. She looked at her Clan's cats and all of them stood silent waiting to be dismissed. Froststar jumped of the HighRock and went to the Nursery for she was very tired. A small crowd of cats gathered around Shadowpelt whispering 'Congratulations'.

As Froststar walked into the nursery she spotted Redkit who's eyes finally opened. Froststar looked at Meadowlark who was currently taking care of Redkit and nodded to her in greeting. Froststar curled up in her nest in the center of the Nursery. her eyelids drooped. She refused to go to sleep the sun had just set, and it felt just too early for her to get some shut-eye. She finally surrendered to sleep.

Froststar woke up with a sharp pain in her belly. "Snowfeather!" she yowled in pain. The white Medicine cat dashed into the Nursery with Rabbitpaw close behind her. Snowfeather rushed up to Froststar. "Shh... Stay calm. Breathe in. Breathe out," instructed the Medicine cat. Meadowlark stood beside her helping her.

Froststar breathed deeply. She had given birth to five beautiful kits. In her litter there was a she-kit that was white and had her mother's deep blue eyes who's name was Blizzardkit. The next kit was a she-kit who looked exactly like her father, Redstar, her name was Cardinalkit. The next kit was a tom with his father's pelt, but the kit had glowing amber eyes. His name was Bloodkit. The second to last kit was white, red, and black with strange blue eyes her name was decided to be Claykit. The last kit was a she-kit. She was oddly black and had dark red eyes; her name was Nightkit.

By noon it seemed she had the whole Clan around her saying stuff like,

"Oh, Froststar, they're beautiful!"

"They take after you!"

"Look at her eyes! They look exactly like Redstar's!"

"They'll make wonderful Warriors!"

Froststar purred. "May I take care of Redkit, Meadowlark?" she asked the former Queen who was mother of Tawny paw, Mistypaw, and Rabbitpaw. "If you think you can handle him!" she purred friendly

placing Redkit by Froststar's other kits. Froststar smiled. "Hey, Meadowlark, spread the word that Redkit is never to know that Greenherb was his mother, ok?" Froststar mewed with guilt clinging to her fur. Meadowlark nodded and went out to tell the others. She let the new kits and Redkit suckle, and she watched the day go by.

By the time the sun had set she was asleep. In the night she had a dream. Froststar watched as a white apprentice padded through the forest. Froststar remembered this cat. It was her when she was a small apprentice. Then Frostpaw dashed to the camp entrance to see bodies of cats. Badgers. Froststar remember what had happened next. She rushed into the Warrior's den to see her mother's body limp on the floor and beside her mother was her brother. She stood shocked with tears streaming down her face. She stood breathless as her eyes were flooded with tears. Dropping down to the limp bodies she whimpered flooding her eyes with tears. Froststar had remembered this moment and tears streamed down her face. Froststar threw herself down at the bodies of her dead family members.

She cried with her past self until a shadow was cast upon Frostpaw. Frostpaw looked up to see Redstar, back then Redclaw. "They died bravely," Redclaw meowed sadly. Froststar ran up and nuzzled Redclaw crying. She missed him and even though Redclaw could not see, feel, or hear her she whimpered to him, "I missed you." Frostpaw ran up to Redclaw crying nuzzling close to his legs looking at her dead mother and brother. Froststar vision turned to white and standing before her was Redstar. The real him. She dashed to him. "Redstar..." she whispered.

"Shh... Calm down, Froststar. Shh... Shh..." he meowed. Froststar backed away a little and opened her jaw to speak, but no words came out. "Do you understand how Redkit must feel about Greenherb?" he meowed. Froststar eyes widened as she remember when Shadowwolf killed Greenherb. She had never thought if it that way. She missed her brother and sister probably as much as Redkit would probably miss his mother. Froststar's eyes were filled with sadness as she finally answered Redstar's question with a nod.

Redstar nodded gently mewling, "Good. My love, I know in times of anger you feel the need to hurt." "Yes, but-" Froststar was cut off by Redstar. "I know you know what that what you did is wrong," he meowed. "But, this is *not* what I have come to tell you. It's that," he continued, "you will be killed at the stroke of midnight as the cat you trust will turn on you." Froststar's eyes widened. "Wh.. Wha-," she stammered, but Redstar stopped her. "This is your destiny. There is no possible way to stop it," he said looking at the sadness in Froststar's eyes. "I am needed somewhere else. Good bye until later," he meowed softly.

"Wait!" Froststar screeched, but Redstar was fading away. She blinked open her eyes horrified to Shadowpelt's red eyes glowing strangely. The next thing she knew Shadowpelt's wolf-claws were at her throat; ripping and tearing. "Traitor!" she rasped blood fill her throat. Shadowpelt watched her flinch nine times and then Froststar's life was gone. The tom smirked evilly.

4 - Shadowpelt's Victory

With blood on his paws Shadowpelt went to the river to wash his paws. Licking the blood off he bared his teeth in a smile. The black cat padded back to the camp and snuck into the Warriors den and curled up.

A shriek of horror rose from the Nursery, and in a split second cats came rushing to the Nursery. Shadowpelt followed the cats and acted horrified. "How could this happen?" yowled a gray tom in shock. Meadowlark dashed to Froststar's kits and Redkit who standing his eyes open and wide with horror. Meadowlark curled her tail around the kits hoping they'd try to suckle. Redkit ran up to Meadowlark. She curled her tail around him and start licking all the kits, but Redkit the most. He was frightened and sad that his 'mother' had died. Rabbitpaw hurried in to try to get the cats to calm down and get out of the Nursery. "Shadowpelt, go receive your nine lives, but first appoint a Deputy," Rabbitpaw pointed out. Shadowpelt leaped on HighRock.

"My uh... Deputy will be...," looking in the crowd he looked for a mysterious she-cat. He saw a dark brown -nearly black- tabby she-cat with amber eyes glowing. "Duskmoo will be the next Deputy," he announced. Duskmoo straightened up in pride. The Clan chanted her name, but they still were mourning. With that Shadowpelt jumped off the large rock, and trotted out the camp, but Duskmoo carefully followed. "Hello," she purred loudly. "May I accompany you on your journey?" the young warrior asked with her eyes shining. "Sure," Shadowpelt.

After what seemed, and was hours their paws began to ache. "I think we should rest," meowed Duskmoo. "No! We will continue!" he growled stubbornly. Duskmoo was just learning what kind of cat Shadowpelt was. His secret disguise did not fool Duskmoo. *Stubborn, very mysterious...* thought Duskmoo. Shadowpelt's eyes were glowing red persistence. "Finally," he growled as they padded into the Moonstone's cave. The dark tom was not so sure what to do, but he had seen many Leaders do it. He lay down near the glowing stone.

Duskmoo waited for hours for Shadowpelt's eyes to open and his lives and name received. Shadowpelt's eyes flicked open and he got up. "How did it go?" meowed Duskmoo. "Good I guess. You may now call me *Shadowstar*," he meowed with pride. Duskmoo let out a *mrrrow* of amusement. The two padded through the forest to and finally arrived at the camp. The two cats went to sleep, which would be the wise thing for the sun was about to rise.

Meadowlark woke up when the sun was just about to rise. Nightkit's eyes, surprisingly were open and blinking around. Nightkit was examining her siblings. Redkit got up yawned and stretched. He was getting older every day. He glanced at Nightkit and then meowed to Meadowlark, "How do you think," he meowed then padded by the exit to the den and looked at the sun rising and continued, "my mom is doing?" Meadowlark looked at him sadly and replied, "Fine, just fine" Redkit nodded.

His eyes burned bright green and he sounded just like his serious father. He was nearly 5 moons old. His shoulders rise and fall as he walked to Meadowlark. he layed down and slowly fell asleep.

Cats gathered around Shadowstar congratulating him. Shadowstar purred with satisfaction. He was finally getting what he wanted. Respect. He knew that what the cats here called a 'gathering' was coming up and pried information from the other cats and found out it was always on the full moon, and as the time drew near he knew everything he had to do.