

RiverClan's Hero

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The main char of this fanfic is a dark brown tabby named Hawkstorm, who has one green eye, one blue eye, and a father named Hawkfrost. She is the daughter of Leopardstar as well.

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1. Prologue

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Hawkpaw padded silently toward the stream, practicing her stalking skills. She pricked her ears, but not a sound was to be heard but the gentle rushing of water ahead. But there was a smell... She breathed in again, swiping her tongue around her mouth. It smelled a bit like RiverClan, only she didn't know which cat-smell it was. The rain the night before still gathered on the leaves, stifling her scent glands. She began to head back to the Clan. She shouldn't be out here, anyway, not before dawn without her mentor, Beechfur. She turned back toward the camp; at least, she tried to. A loud yowl sounded from a nearby growth of watercress, and a tawny shape leapt from the clump of leaves and onto her back.

"Dapplepaw!" Hawkpaw meowed. "Are you trying to scare me out of my fur? Get off of me!"

The tortoiseshell apprentice obliged, scrambling off and swiping a paw over her ear. "Whatcha doing so far from the camp, Hawkpaw?" she asked.

"Fishing," Hawkpaw replied.

"Beechfur told me to come get you," Dapplepaw said. "He's going to assess us in the marshlands."

"What about Mistyfoot?" Hawkpaw asked; Mistyfoot was Dapplepaw's mentor, as well as RiverClan deputy.

"She's on dawn patrol this morning," Dapplepaw said. "Beechfur told her he would take care of us today."

"Oh, okay," Hawkpaw said. "Race you there, then!"

"Last one there is a piece of crowfood!"

The two apprentices darted across their territory to the marshes.

~End of Prologue~

2. Chapter 1: Mistyfoot's Patrol

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Reedwhisker, Pouncepaw and Mistyfoot made up the patrol that left the camp that morning. They headed toward Twolegplace, where Twolegs stayed every greenleaf and let their kits play in the lake. Pouncepaw had a wierd feeling this morning, but couldn't tell where it came from. It heightened when a strange smell drifted up his nostrils.

"Dogs!" Mistyfoot hissed.

"What are they doing here?" Reedwhisker growled. "So far away from their Twolegs?"

"They don't smell like Twolegs," Pouncepaw meowed.

~To be continued-this isn't the end of the chapter, folks!~