

# My warriors book

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*this is my warriors story i hope u like it. with some edits by zoponde a.k.a. elli thx so much. comments please. yea that other sory i was writen was a complete falure so back to tis one!! post soon!! grrr stupid spelling*

## 0. Prologue

## 0. info 2

## 0. Info

ok so heres the thing brambleclaw is now leader. squirrleflight is dead and so r the kits they were killed by a shadow clan invasion fire star is dead leafpool is older and has an apprentice cinderpelt formaly cinderpaw but earned her medicine cat name. uh and every on else is pretty much the same there r some new apprentices and some of the old apprentices are warriors. there are some warriors and apprentices that r dead to cause imm obsesed with death

## 1. Distraction

yeah i no i havent posted in awhile ... its not like i have fan =( o well heres me chapy

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Tigerpaw scented the air before he moved, his pawsteps silent to prevent him from scaring away the prey. Admittedly, his intention was not to hunt, but to think about this strange dream; however, he would bring back some fresh-kill so he didnt look suspicious.

There was a rustle in the ferns to his left. He carfully sniffed the air, he could smell the strong the strong scent of cat, Thunderclan of course, he could also smell the lake, the trees, and..... Sottedpaw. Her sent trail led off to the enclosure where the cats went to make dirt. Uner all these smells, he could smell a squirrell out for a little night nut gathering. Intinctively, he went into a hunters crouch that he had been practicing for about a moon, creeping forward, bellyfur brushing the ground. Paw by paw he inched closer to the squirrell. Three tail lengths it haddnt noticed anything out of the ordanary. Two tail lengths still nothing. One tail length he raised his paw ready to strike.

"MEROWWWWW!!!" Some cat had called out in pain, sending the squirrell shooting for shelter. Tigerpaw hissed in furstration and sped of into the direction of the screech.

"Where did that yowl come from?" he wondered as he raced though the undergrowth. He replied the sound in his head. Horrer struck him. He reconized that yowl of pain--it was Spottedpaw!

yeah i no this one is kindashort but i didnt have forever to type it but yays for cliffy

## 2. Spottedpaw

Tigerpaw awoke shivering in his moss nest. He gazed up through the canopy that gave shelter to the apprentices' den to see that the moon had only just reached its peak. He layed there gazing up at the moon, pondering the dream he had. There was a sudden stir next to him, and he turned his amber eyes toward the movement. It was Spottedpaw, a beautiful she-cat with spots down her back and the purest green eyes he had ever seen, stirring in her sleep. She was the only cat he ever loved, but he had never told her this because he didn't think she thought the same way about him. Her eyes just flew open, he looked away quickly.

"Were you watching me?" she mewed suspiciously.

"Um n-no," he choked out.

"Sure, well im going to make dirt wana watch me do that to?" she mewed jokely.

"No, thats ok," he purred with laughter in his eyes. As she brushed past him she flicked him on the nose with her tail. He wactched her cross the clearing. She spoke quickly to Spiderleg, her mentor on night watch, and headed though the torn tunnel.

Tigerpaw's thoughts returned to his dream. He just couldn't imagine Starclan choosing him to save the clans, and he dismissed the dream as a result of too many mice before he went to sleep. Not feeling very hungry, he decided to go hunting. He stood arched his back in a long stretch and slowly trotted across the clearing. When he reached Spiderleg the warrior seemed to be very tired and his eyes were drooping. "Hey Spiderleg wake up," he mewed firmly.

"W-wh--a? Are there badgers here where are they!" he mewed suddenly, unsheathing his claws.

"There are no badgers here," Tigerpaw mewed, rolling his eyes as most of the cats that were alive then did that if you woke them suddenly. "Calm down, I just wanted to let you know that I'm going hunting because I can't sleep."

"Oh. Okay, but be careful; there are still some fox traps out there," Spiderleg advised.

"Will do," Tigerpaw mewed confidently. "I'll bring back all the fresh kill you can eat." He brushed though the thorn tunnel and strolled into the forest.

Well thats my first chapter wat do u think

### 3. Tawnypelt

Tigerpaw doubled his pace in panic for his beloved Spottedpaw. Horrible images raced through his mind--Spottedpaw being ripped to shreds by a patrol of Shadowclan cats scouting their territory; Spottedpaw's neck caught in a fox trap, and even worse--Spottedpaw misstepping and plunging into the gorge to her death. As he raced into the forest he could see her mangled and crumpled body looking so small in his mind. He pushed these thoughts from his mind--the wowl didn't sound anywhere near the gorge. As he streaked through the undergrowth, he had all his senses alert for another sign. His first trace of something wrong was a trail of Shadowclan scent even though he was nowhere near their border, and panic seared through him. His second sign was the sound of two cats fighting and a kit mewling.

He burst into a clearing. For a second he didn't know what to make of the spectacle before him: Spottedpaw was facing a muscular tom, and there were tufts of fur all over the clearing, mostly Spottedpaw's. On the other side of the clearing was a she-cat shielding a very small kit. He recognized this cat--Tawnypelt, Bramblestar's sister, who moved to the Shadowclan when her father became leader Tigerstar. Tigerpaw rushed to Spottedpaw's side.

"What are you doing in our territory?" Spottedpaw snarled.

"We told you," the Shadowclan tom hissed, "we have left Shadowclan seeking shelter." Spottedpaw lunged at the tom and Tigerpaw followed. Spottedpaw had a hold on his neck fur trying to pull him down and Tigerpaw leapt onto his back and sunk his claws deep into his fur. The tom flipped over onto Tigerpaw, and he felt the air leave him. His nostrils filled with the stink of Shadowclan so much so that he could scarcely breathe. The weight vanished from him he took a deep breath of life and raised his head. To his amazement Tawnypelt had pinned the tom to the ground.

"No, Rowenclaw," she ordered with a hiss. "We have come here for shelter. We don't need to attack them--and besides they're only apprentices we could take them if we half to--" she broke off when she saw the kit sniffing a pile of fur. "Amberkit get away from her!!" Tigerpaw realized that the pile of fur was Spottedpaw.

"Spottedpaw!" Tigerpaw yowled despairingly as he ran to her side. She had a deep gash on her shoulder and was breathing very heavily. "Are you alright?" She looked at him and blinked as if to say yes and that she was too weak to speak. He whirled around to face the Shadowclan warriors.

"Wait!" meowed Tawnypelt. "Hear us out. Shadowclan doesn't have enough prey to feed my kit. The fox traps on our side of the river are multiplying and killing the prey. We have come here for food and shelter. Please take us to my brother." Tigerpaw narrowed his eyes.

"Fine. But walk in front of me." He mewed firmly. Tawnypelt picked up her kit and Rowenclaw made to help him with Spottedpaw. "NO!" he hissed. "I will carry her."

Looking rejected, Rowenclaw led the way through the forest while Tawnypelt followed, carrying

her kit, and Tigerpaw dragged Spottedpaw.

## 4. To the camp

Tigerpaw followed the two cats as they paced through forest. His sides were heaving from the effort of dragging Spottedpaw. Tigerpaw looked up to see the thorn tunnel coming into view. He and the ShadowClan cats pushed through it into the clearing. Almost immediately, Leafpool and Cinderpelt came rushing over with some herbs. Leafpool crouched over Spottedpaw and began to put pulp of marigold on her wounds. Cinderpelt, meanwhile, rushed to Tigerpaw, who suddenly felt very weak. He looked at his belly to see it stained with blood.

"When did that happen?" he thought to himself.

"Are you okay?!" Cinderpaw mewed worriedly.

"I'm f-f-fi-f" Tigerpaw felt the ground leave him and he was plunged into darkness.

Tigerpaw awoke in Leafpaw's den. He tried to stand up but he felt a sharp pain in his stomach, and looked to see cobwebs around his wound. He heard some mewling outside the lichen, and recognized Bramblestar's voice talking to Leafpool and Fireheart.

"He said that Russetstar has gone nuts. He said that she was talking about something happening that happened to an enemy once, she wasn't organizing patrols. And the patrols that were going out were not bringing enough food because of foxtraps," meowed Bramblestar.

Tigerpaw was filled with panic he knew exactly what they were talking about--he prophecy!