

Warriors: A New Day

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This is for a book i'm writing. All ideas are mine, and if you use them i WILL hunt you down! Enjoy! ^^

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Chapter 1

Cats foolded into the old deserted barn. There was a crate at the front, in which all the cats crowded around. They all stared up at the crate, with the aception of a few young, talkative cats. Silently, a mist arose on the crate, and the room hushed almost instantly. The mist rose into the form of a silm she-cat. It swireld around, froming the solid form of the she-cat. Within minutes, there she was, sitting atop the crate. A light brown tabby cat, her pelt shimmering like stars. She raised her head and yowled out to make sure everyone was listening. She looked around at all the cats gathered infront of her. They looked up at her, there eyes wide. The she-cat cleared her voice." I am Fairstar, of the great Starclan," she said loud enough for all the cats in the barn to hear," And today, we will be picking the chosen ones. The ones to rule your clans." She around warmly at the cats." All warriors from Iceclan, please step forward." Five warriors stepped towards the crate. They sat down beside it nervously." Please state your names" Fairstar said clearly. The warrior closest to the crate looked around nervously." Lilyleaf" she mewed. The other warriors were Whirlpelt, Snareclaw, Tornwind, and Quickheart.

Outside of the barn, a sleek figure pasted the barn in a rush. The wind whistled in her ears as she ran. The full moon shone overhead like a guiding light, showing her the way. Her pace quicked sharply as she reach a hill. She was getting close, she could tell. Her ear lay flat on her head as she raced towards her destination. She had to get there as quickly as possible. The sky around her darkend, clouds floating lazily towards the moon. The wind suddenly became more violent. It swooped underneath her, nearly knocking her off her feet. She hissed silently under her breath. This is what she had been trying to avoid. It had been said that a great storm would apear on the night of the Meeting. Rain started to fall, first gentally, but increesing inspeed every sencond. Finnaly, as she past over the last hill, she smiled. She had made it. She raced into the willow trees hallow. Finaly, GypsyMoon was home.

Early the next morning, GypsyMoon was woken by the soft song of a Robin. She opened one violet eye lazily, only to snap it shut as the light hit it. GypsyMoon swallowed, realizing she was thirsty. reluctantly, GypsyMoon blinked her eyes at the sunlight that filtered through the ivy that fell over the entrence to the hallow. She stepped out into the morning sun, and yawned lazily. Stepping daintly over to a flowing stream by the willow, GypsyMoon looked at the bright blue sky over head. GypsyMoon sat down infrom of the stream, curling her long tail around her paws. Bending down to lap up some watre, GypsyMoon looked at her reflection. GypsyMoon was average sized cat, but that was the only thing average about her. Her pelt was a dark, shinning black. Her eyes were, starngey, a vived violet color. Her eartips were a also strage, red color. They weren't exactly red, they were a rustic color. That color was aso on the tip of her tail, and few of her toes. Stargest of all, she had the shape of a cresent moon on her fore-head. It wasn't too noticable, but if you were close enough, you could see it. GypsyMoon swallowed the water, now annoyed. She must be the weirdest looking cat on the planet.

Along the Thunderpath lay the limp form of a cat. Vapor rose off the Thunderpath, the rain from the last

nights storm evaporating. The limp form struggled to it's feet. It was a cat. The cat's name was Ebony, named after his, almost, completely black pelt. All of his pelt was black, save for his right ear, and half of his face. It made him look very peculiar. Ebony staggered to the side, falling into a ditch. He had just traveled by car, to, where ever he was now. Ebony had been dumped there by his owners. They had left him by himself, to starve. Breathing heavily, he heaved himself to his paws. Not far off, he saw some blueberrys growing on a bush. Once when he had been younger, his owners had attempt to feed him Blueberrys. He wasn't all that fond of them ,but they would do. Ebony wobbled over to the bush and began eating the Blueberrys. Once he had eaten enough, he setteled down in a cave by the Thunderpath. Lazily, he drifted offinto a dreamless, cold sleep.