

Birth Of Mountainclan

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Hiya! new at this and all, basically, i don't like it, others might, I don't know...Read it maybe?

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0 - The Beginning of a New Time

Prologue-- A small black form appeared from the shadows of a spreading, lush, green forest. Her paws skimmed the ground lightly as she sped away from all she knew, her friends, her family, and her sanity. Her electric aqua blue eyes blazed with fury, as she exited the forest, all around her stretched vast moorland, with sparse brush popping up every few fox-lengths. She sprinted across the moor, sunlight sparking off her black pelt. She leapt deftly over protruding boulders, but never slowed her trancelike pace. As the sun sank lower into the horizon, it dyed the sky a blood-like hue. Only then, did the black she-cat stop.

In front of her electrified eyes was a looming mountain, and to the side, a small forest. She stared in awe of the giant mountain, as if it were alive. She swiveled her head around, taking in the entire scene. She rose, and padded lightly to the mountain, her heart beating like a bird's wings in her chest. Something she had not noticed before now caught her attention. The mountain had a wide yawning mouth, an entrance actually. The she-cat padded directly up to the opening, and thrust her tiny head out as far as she could. She was trying hard to scent anything inside.

A razor sharp fang pierced her soft kit-skin! Her shocked yowl echoed towards the gray, cold stone cave in the mountain. About a score of blurry shapes jettied out of the black mouth entrance, racing for the defenseless kit. The fang that had bit down hard upon her soft fur belonged to a gray tom, muscular and quite large for a cat. She backed away from him, her eyes wide with terror, and her fur standing on end. The gray tom paused, for too long of a time, and gave the black kit time to recover. She trembled with fear, and pressed herself against the side of the mountain rocks that littered the ground.

"Greetings small kit. What brings you to our clan?" The gray tom spoke, breaking the silence. The other score of blurs settled down behind him, taking the form of other cats, she-cats and toms. The tiny black she-cat looked up at the tall tom with awe and transfixion.

"Everything changed, destruction ruled." She replied bluntly, yet mysteriously, she felt compelled to tell the tom anything, her past, her life, her thoughts. The tom merely nodded, and stretched forward a fore paw.

"Welcome tiny kit, I am he called Shadestar." His amber eyes glinted in the dying sunlight. "Come, come into our home." He beckoned the rest of his warrior troops to follow. The black she-cat kit shivered, but followed obediently.

Several moons ago, the lush green forest had been full of prey, for all four clans to share, Cloudclan, Islandclan, Swiftclan, and Caveclan. But then, one cat rose above all, his plans: destruction of the clans. His name had been Deadlust, an exiled tom from Cloudclan, but he had promptly changed it to Deadstar without being leader, and without even going to the Mooncave to receive his nine lives. He banded rogues together, and sent them within all clans to act as abandoned kittypets that needed homes. They won the leaders over with honeyed tongues and secretly planned the demise of the clan leaders with their own traitorous leader, Deadstar. They wreaked havoc from within the hearts of the clans, killed off the leaders in their sleep, and took over. Deadstar was in control of the entire forest, and he planned to launch an attack on the Twoleg civilization that threatened his power of the clans.

The black kit shuddered at the memory. She had left about a moon into the single clan. Her parents and friends thought it was better to live in just one clan, but the black kit knew better. There had always been four clans in the forest. Until now.

1 - The Beginning of Nightpaw's Life

Chapter 1--- She had come to the Clan of the Mountains not four moons ago, she was a kit, after leaving her clan that had been demolished and joined with the other clans by a power lusting cat known as Deadstar, she came upon a mountain that held a cave camp. She was asked to join by Shadestar, and readily agreed. There had been four clans in her previous home, but as she realized later, there were actually five clans in the forest.

Nightpaw paced around the gray stone cave, her black fur melting now and then into the shadows. She had been out hunting on the mountains, and carried an ermine in her jaws, its creamy white fur standing out against the gray stone. She came into the clearing in the cave, and deposited her catch on the fresh-kill pile, and paused to wash her face. Several small cave tunnels branched off, leading to the nursery for kits and queens, and the warriors den, elders den, and apprentice den. The leaders den was located out in the stone clearing, with scraggly vines to hide the entrance.

When she had first come to Mountainclan, she had been ordered by Shadestar to stay in the nursery. After about a moon, she had been apprenticed, and was given the honor of having Shadestar, the leader, as her mentor. Nightpaw appreciated this life, like a second life, much better than her life in the joined clans. She looked up as she heard Shadestar call for her.

"Coming Shadestar!" she licked her paw once more, then padded over to the leader's den, and leapt onto the outstretching cliff that led inside. She waited at the entrance, as Shadestar walked out and greeted her.

He touched his pink nose to hers, his gray pelt shining to match her black one. Silently, he flicked his tail, a sign for Nightpaw to follow, and he led the way out of the cave in the mountain, where the clan Mountainclan resides. He kept walking, with Nightpaw following, until he reached a soft grassy clearing with a small bubbling brook cutting through it. He paused and whirled around to face her, his amber eyes gleaming.

"Attack me, anyway you can." his shoulders bunched for the attack, and his eyes flickered over her face. Nightpaw smiled roguishly, and circled him, noting that her mentor had not yet taken his gaze of his apprentice.

She leapt swiftly onto his back, getting a square hit, but he rolled with the attack, and flipped over, pushing his feet into her stomach lightly and barreling her off. She crashed down to the earth about a tail-length away. She arose huffily, and shook her ruffled fur, annoyed.

Shadestar purred, "You've got to be more quick, and intelligent in a heating battle." Nightpaw glared at him, but he smiled. Nightpaw circled him again, and Shadestar instantly dropped into a crouch.

Nightpaw watched him warily, her electric hawk-like gaze never leaving his form. She made the move to leap onto his back again, and watched as Shadestar got ready to roll with it. She changed tactics, and did a little sidestep, and barreled into his turning flank. He flew across the clearing, his legs splayed out, before landing several fox-lengths away. Nightpaw rushed over to him, and peered at his body aghast.

"S-Shadestar? I didn't hurt you did I?" she mumbled hurriedly. Shadestar let out a mmrow of laughter and got to his paws. He flicked Nightpaw's ear with his tail and proceeded to wash his paw.

"Quite a move you had me on." he winked teasingly and settled down into another crouch. Nightpaw filled with relief, and continued the battle training with her mentor.

It was sunhigh, and the two cats were still at it. Stonestar had been teaching the small apprentice different stalking techniques and other battle moves when he stopped abruptly and raised his nose to the passing wind. Nightpaw looked around and sniffed the air, catching a faint scent of cat.

“What is it Shadestar?” she hissed quietly. She looked around the small grassy clearing, noticing that they were boxed in, the scent coming from the direction of their clan camp.

Shadestar stiffened, “Oceanclan” he spat softly, “What are they doing in our territory?” he growled deep in his throat. Nightpaw tilted her head, utterly confused. After all the time she had spent in Mountainclan, she still didn’t know many things.

“What do you mean, Oceanclan? I thought Mountainclan was the last of the clans!” she raised her voice a little, but brought it back down by a stern glance from her mentor. He flicked his tail for her to follow, for the scent had died down. They raced back to camp, their paws flying through the moorland grass.

Shadestar continued running full tilt as he gave a flying leap onto the protruding rock ledge that located outside his den. He yowled, loud and clear, so that his voice echoed down the deepest cave tunnel, “Let all those cats old enough to catch their own prey gather here beneath the Highledge!” Cats froze in their doings, and streamed until everyone was gathered beneath the ledge.

“My apprentice and I have scented Oceanclan warriors near our battle clearing. I think they might be trying to scout our land for any means of attack.” his eyes burned with anger and venom. Nightpaw shivered, this was not the cat she was used to, and anyway, how did they know what the Oceanclan cats were doing? They could be running away from a threat! Nightpaw shuddered again.

The whole clan muttered to each other, some angry, while others, excited about meeting Oceanclan warriors. Most of the excited ones were new apprentices and had never been to a gathering like Nightpaw and had never met an Oceanclan warrior. Even the gatherings she had wondered about. If Mountainclan happened to be the only other clan besides the joined one in the old forest, were there other clans out there she still didn’t know about?

2 - Secrecy

Not a noise stirred the foliage. A pink, delicate nose twitched hesitantly. It noticed something amiss, but too late! A flurry of leaves marked the passage, and the rabbit's fate was foredoomed. Lethal sharp claws closed around it, snuffing out its life.

Nightpaw appeared quite pleased with herself. She had been distracted ever since the Gathering had ended, but the next day she felt lighter despite the Oceanclan apprentice, Thrustpaw's, words he had spoken to her at the end of the Gathering. She picked up her catch and padded back to her waiting mentor. Shadestar purred his approval and they both padded back to camp.

She carried on with her normal apprentice duties, changing out the elder's moss beds, fetching food for Roseheart the medicine cat and some queens. As the sun sank lower, a feeling of dread overcame her. What if Thrustpaw didn't show, or what if it's an ambush? Nightpaw pushed the thoughts from her head and waited until it was time.

Hastily, she arose from her moss nest in the apprentice den and slunk carefully out of camp, telling one of the warriors that guarded the cave entrance she was going out to clear her head. One of them, a light gold tabby tom named Spidersky remarked on how the appearance of the other clan's must have rattled her. Nightpaw merely smiled and continued on her way to the rendezvous.

She trotted swiftly away from the camp entrance, passed the training forest, and headed straight, before veering off as Shadestar had done so that she was now in the second forest. She wove around limbs and rocks, until she reached the great depression. She padded down into it cautiously, and trotted over to the Great Ledge. Nightpaw sat at the bottom of it, waiting for Thrustpaw.

Soon, she could make out the silhouette of a figure, sliding down the sides of the depression, and she flattened herself to the ground. The figure looked around, and mewed with delight. It padded towards her and she saw that it was Thrustpaw. She stood and glared at him, her gaze like ice.

"Alright, I'm here. What was it you needed to tell me?" she sat down and waited impatiently for an explanation. Thrustpaw purred, and licked the top of her head, and Nightpaw began to feel uneasy. He paced around her, his golden eyes glowing. "I—I was afraid to say it at the Gathering, but, I hope we can become great friends." his gaze lowered and his voice softened. Nightpaw stared at him, not understanding the full meaning of his words..

"Sure, we can be friends, but you'd just better watch out in battle! Who knows when we'll have to fight each other." she was bewildered at Thrustpaw's want to be her friend.. He shrugged, and sat down, curling his tail about his paws.

"Thanks Nightpaw, we'll be the best of friends." his eyes shone wet in the darkness, and Nightpaw shivered with fear and emotion.

"I think we should go back to our own clan now." she broke off the conversation, and raced out of the depression, her feet flying and flashing, leaving an astounded Thrustpaw in the dust and shadows. She exited the large forest but instead of going back to camp, she ran towards the training forest. There, she stopped by the stream and slipped in, letting the cold water wash away Thrustpaw's scent. She got out, shivering, and licked her fur dry. Then, she composed herself and padded back to camp.

Nightpaw strode back into the cave uneasily, the guards nodding at her as she passed. She instantly headed for a tunnel that led to the apprentice den and curled back up in her nest next to Burntpaw.

"Wake up Nightpaw, or we're going to be late!" a voice broke her calm sleep, and she rose to her paws groggily.

"Huh? What?" she peered around in the shadowy den and spotted Burntpaw standing over her,

prodding her stomach with his paw.

"Bleedingheart said that we could train together!" he bounced about happily and raced out of the den. Nightpaw got up slowly and followed him out, noting that Shadestar and Bleedingheart, the deputy and also Burntpaw's mentor, were waiting.

The four trotted out to the moorland and the mentors demonstrated stalking techniques to the apprentices. Nightpaw was focused, her mind brushing Thrustpaw out of her head. She and Burntpaw were then sent off to the training forest to hunt for the elders.

Bleedingheart sent the pair off, giving them the instructions, "I'm sure Stripemuzzle would enjoy a vole and Smokepool said she fancied a mouse." Nightpaw and Burntpaw trotted off to the forest, intent on fulfilling their elder's needs.

Nightpaw instantly spotted a vole snuffling among some fallen maple leaves. She drew her paws one before the other, careful to keep downwind of her prey. She circled around the side of it, and pounced upon the unsuspecting creature. It squealed once, but a quick bite to the neck silenced it. She growled, the squeal would have upset any other hopes of catching prey. She grumbled relentlessly as she picked up the vole, but she was thrust aside by a flash of brown fur.

She looked up, and saw the brown she-cat that had barreled into her catch a squirrel, burst through the forest and meet face to face with Shadestar and Bleedingheart's bared teeth. Nightpaw followed out, meeting up with Burntpaw who had caught a mouse, and together, they ran towards their mentors.

They arrived in time to hear Bleedingheart hiss, "Oceanclan! What are you doing on our territory? We only allowed you a fox-length in our territory to hunt!" his voice was hard and his eyes burned with anger. Shadestar had bristled and his fur made him look twice as big.

The brown she-cat looked around wildly, and then yowled into the wind. Suddenly, five more cats streamed from the training forest, coming even farther into Mountainclan territory. Silentstar was among them, and her eyes blazed with anger.

She stopped, and strutted stiff-legged up to Shadestar, "You have stopped one of my warriors from hunting in the grounds you gave us? Are you going back on your word?" she lowered herself to the ground, prepared to attack.

Then, Nightpaw noticed that one of the cats there was Thrustpaw. She felt resentment rise like bile in her throat. This was his repayment? She unsheathed her claws, prepared to fight.

Shadestar strolled forward till he was nose to nose with Silentstar, his eye flaring and his growl menacing as he said, "We allowed your warriors only a fox-length in our territory, and you come almost all the way to our camp! We have as much right to decline our offer and send you packing home." his pelt bristled and he crouched low, ready to give the attack orders.

The Oceanclan leader stood upright, her movements stiff and proud. "Swiftflow chased the squirrel from the allotted space to here, so it was still on the grounds you gave us." she smiled ruefully; pleased she had outwitted the Mountainclan leader.

Shadestar straightened and recovered himself, "Yes, but you have strayed too far into our territory, next gathering, I remove my offer." he flicked his tail and yowled as the two hunting patrols met head-on.

Nightpaw and Burntpaw fought side by side, scratching at the one called Swiftflow, until she ran, bleeding, back to her camp. Some of the other warriors had fled too, leaving about three from Silentstar's patrol. Nightpaw yowled triumphantly, but was silenced as her muzzle was pushed into the earth. She heaved upwards on her paws, throwing her adversary off. She whirled on the attacker, planting a paw on its throat.

"Nightpaw! It's me!" the cat squeaked. Nightpaw looked at him confused, for blood from Swiftflow and others had run into her eyes. She gasped, and the resentment rose once again. Underneath her, trapped under her paws, was Thrustpaw.

3 - Honesty

Nightpaw stared into his pleading golden eyes, the rest of the small battle sounds dimmed behind her. She felt anger pulsing through her, but she couldn't hurt the apprentice, instead, she brought her head down, fast and close to his neck, making it look like she bit him.

She growled into his ear, "Run now! Before I lose it." she scratched his back lightly, as he got up and ran, his tail waving to her in thanks. She ignored it and sprang back into the fray. Silentstar had Burntpaw by the scruff and was rattling him around. Nightpaw flung herself onto the leader's back, and bit down hard into her ear while scoring deep cuts into her back.

Silentstar screeched in pain and let go of Burntpaw, throwing Nightpaw off and backing away. "You have won this, but beware you mountainous fools!" she spat, and turned to run, but as she did so, she lashed out ferociously catching Bleedingheart, who was nearby, on the neck, cutting deep in, and dispersing a small red fountain.

Nightpaw stared in horror as Bleedingheart sank to the ground, gurgling in pain, and the red fountain turning to a gush of blood. She let loose a cry of pain and anger. This was how Thrustpaw repaid her; this was how they were treated for doing no wrongs. She picked up Bleedingheart's body with the help of Shadestar and Burntpaw, his eyes clouded with grief.

She bore his body into camp, his sister, Snowdrop, a black she-cat with a white splash on her head, stood rigid at the sight of her dead brother. She wailed her sorrows and as he was set down gently on the stone floor, she rushed over and began grooming his fur and mourning. Burntpaw padded up next to her, and prepared to say farewell to his noble mentor. Other cats gathered around, their eyes downcast, and their tails dragging. Nightpaw stood next to Burntpaw, her eyes icy cold but filled with hurt.

She bent low to Bleedingheart and whispered in his ear as she prepared to say goodbye, "Don't worry, I'll make Oceanclan pay." she licked his fur down, and padded over to her own mentor, and buried her face in his fur.

The elders, Stripemuzzle, a ginger tabby tom, and Smokepool, a gray she-cat, picked the apprentice's body up and carried him out into the clearing, there they dug a deep hole and gracefully placed his body within it. Nightpaw looked away, unable to bear his death, she raced out of camp, passing the saddened elders. She ran blindly towards the training forest, her paws blundering their way to the stream. She pushed her face into the water, relishing the sharp cold that greeted her.

Pulling her face from the water, she glanced around. A sharp crack of a twig made her jump slightly. She froze and narrowed her eyes. Then, a scent wafted towards her and she felt fury tingling in her paws. She pinpointed the intruder with her ears and pounced, her claws outstretched.

The intruder whirled around in time, and bobbed out of the way. "Hey watch it Nightpaw, it's me, Thrustpaw!" his golden eyes sparkled with happiness. Nightpaw snarled at him, and tried to rake her pointed claws across his smug little face.

"Traitor! Your leader killed our deputy!" she hissed maliciously, the apprentice still dodged all her half-hearted blows. He shook his head bewildered.

"I didn't know! Silentstar only said that the squirrel was ours because we only chased it up close to your camp, we didn't mean it honest!" He shrank back in fear, and Nightpaw sheathed her claws.

She looked away crossly, her heart pounding. "Look, just get off our land before I claw your mouse-brained head off." she snarled and flexed her claws. She didn't care if she never saw Thrustpaw again, she had made Oceanclan her enemy the moment Bleedingheart died. Thrustpaw scuffled his paws hesitantly.

“Go NOW!” she growled sharply and launched her lithe black body towards him. Thrustpaw squeaked, and turned tail and ran. Nightpaw watched his small black form race away with delight. She felt pure power rush to her ears to the tip of her tail. She turned with a smirk and padded back to camp, her electric blue eyes ablaze.