

WARRIORS

RAVENPAW'S
PATH



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FULL
COLOR!



INCLUDES:
SHATTERED PEACE • A CLAN IN NEED
THE HEART OF A WARRIOR

ERIN HUNTER

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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WARRIORS

RAVENPAW'S PATH

Created by
ERIN HUNTER

Written by
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JAMES L. BARRY



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WARRIORS

RAVENPAW'S PATH

1: SHATTERED PEACE





I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANY OTHER
NAME FOR THIS PLACE.

**AWK-A-ROOK
A-ROO!**



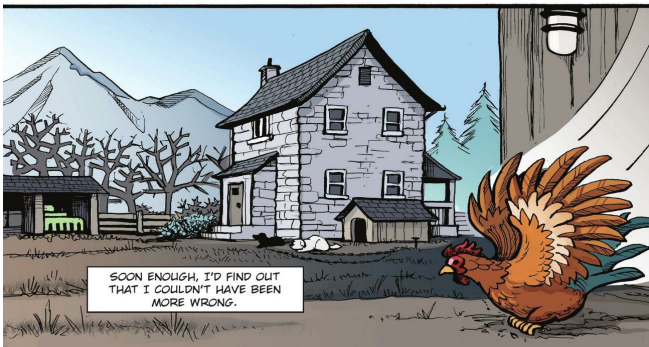
IT'S JUST...THE FARM.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT
THE FARM NEVER
CHANGED.

**AWK-A-ROOK
A-ROO!**



THAT IT WOULD
ALWAYS BE EASY, AND
SAFE, AND PERFECT.



SOON ENOUGH, I'D FIND OUT
THAT I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
MORE WRONG.



THE TWOLEGS THAT LIVE
HERE AREN'T TOO BAD.
THEY LEAVE US ALONE; WE
LEAVE THEM ALONE.



EVEN THE DOGS ARE ALL
RIGHT. THEY'RE JUST NOISY
MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE.



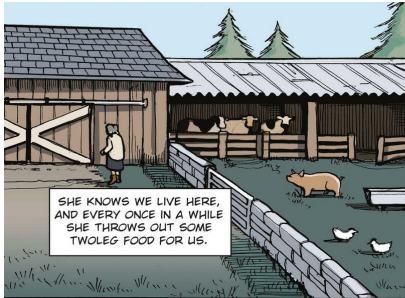
EVERYTHING HAPPENS THE
SAME HERE, EVERY DAY.
RIGHT NOW, I KNOW THE
TWOLEG IS ABOUT TO COME
OUT ON HIS BIG MONSTER.



AND THERE HE
GOES.

THE FEMALE TWOLEG
IS A LITTLE FRIENDLIER
THAN THE MALE.

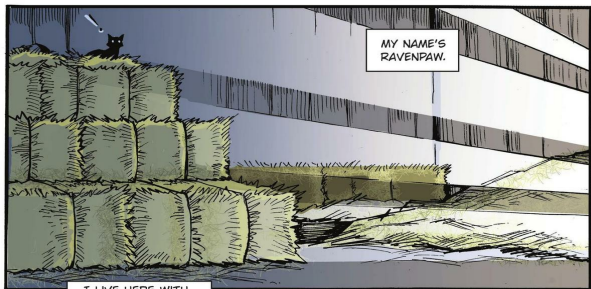




SHE KNOWS WE LIVE HERE,
AND EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE
SHE THROWS OUT SOME
TWOLEG FOOD FOR US.



I LIKE MICE BETTER.



MY NAME'S
RAVENPAW.



I LIVE HERE WITH
MY BEST FRIEND,
BARLEY.

BLINK
BLINK



MY LIFE IS PRETTY
RELAXING RIGHT NOW...
BUT IT HASN'T ALWAYS
BEEN THAT WAY.



I USED TO BE A CLAN
CAT. I SAW SOMETHING
I WASN'T SUPPOSED TO
SEE...

...AND I HAD TO COME HERE
TO HIDE, SO THAT A BRUTAL
KILLER NAMED TIGERCLAW
WOULDN'T FIND ME.



SOMETIMES I THINK IT'S
FUNNY...AFTER ALL THE
WARRIOR TRAINING I WENT
THROUGH AND THE FIGHTING
I'VE DONE...




...THE MOST DANGEROUS
THING I DO NOW IS CLIMB
ON TOP OF THE BARN TO
GET A DRINK.



I GUESS I COULD HAVE
TRIED TO GO BACK TO
THUNDERCLAN AFTER WHAT
HAPPENED WITH BLOODCLAN.

A BUNCH OF VICIOUS CATS
FROM TWOLEGPLACE...THEY
TRIED TO TAKE OVER THE
FOREST LAST GREENLEAF,
BUT THEY FAILED.





TIGERCLAW--NOW
CALLED TIGERSTAR--HAD
BEEN KILLED BY THEIR
LEADER.

BARLEY AND I
FOUGHT WITH THE
CLANS THEN.



BARLEY EVEN KNEW SOME
OF THE BLOODCLAN CATS.
THEY'D TERRORIZED HIM
BEFORE.

IT'S A MIRACLE WE
LIVED THROUGH IT. A
LOT OF CATS DIDN'T.



TURNED OUT THAT THE FARM
WAS THE PLACE FOR ME,
THOUGH. IT'S SO MUCH
EASIER HERE.

NO TRAINING, NO BORDER
PATROLS...NO GOING
HUNGRY. IT MIGHT NOT BE
HOME, EXACTLY...



...BUT I CAN WAKE UP WHEN I WANT, NOBODY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO...AND BARLEY'S HERE. WE OWE EACH OTHER OUR LIVES.

I FIGURE I'LL STAY.

CONGRATS ON THE MOUSE, THERE, BARLEY

I CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON YOU AND YOUR FRIEND TO KEEP THE RODENTS IN CHECK.



WE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THOSE NOISES MEAN.

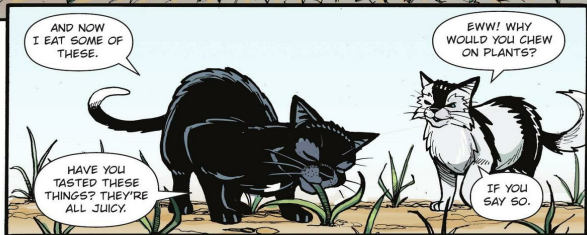
TWOLEGS ARE STRANGE. BUT LIKE I SAID, THEY DON'T BOTHER US, WE DON'T BOTHER THEM-AND WE STAY CLEAR OF THEIR NEST.



PART OF THE REASON I LIKE IT HERE SO MUCH IS THAT BARLEY AND I CAN GO OUT FOR WALKS.

NOT HUNTING, NOT LOOKING FOR RIVAL CATS...JUST WALKS.

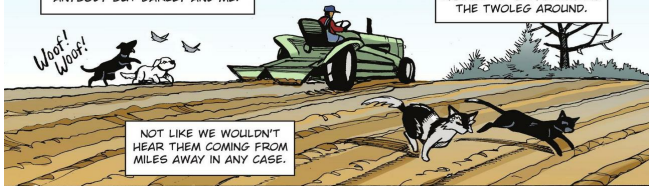
IT'S NICE.





BUT THE CLANS CAN STAY IN THE FOREST. MY BELLY'S FULL. I HAVE NO RESPONSIBILITIES TO ANYBODY BUT BARLEY AND ME.

I DON'T EVEN MIND THE DOGS. THEY'RE EITHER CHAINED UP OR FOLLOWING THE TWOLEG AROUND.



YOU READY TO HEAD BACK TO THE BARN?

YEAH. ALL THIS ACTIVITY HAS ME READY FOR A NAP.

HA HA HA. YOU'RE A REAL GO-GETTER, RAVENPAW.

OH, YOU'RE ONE TO TALK.



I NEVER THOUGHT
ANYTHING ON THE FARM
WOULD CHANGE...



...UNTIL THE LEAF-
BARE, WHEN
EVERYTHING DID.

RAVENPAW!
RAVENPAW,
WAKE UP!

WH-HUH?
WOW, IT'S
GETTING COLD.

I KNOW! THAT'S
WHY YOU HAVE
TO GET UP!



WH-WHAT--?
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? WHAT'S
THIS ABOUT?

JUST
LOOK!



OOOH...

I'VE NEVER
SEEN SNOW SO
BEAUTIFUL.

IT SEEMS TO GO ON FOREVER
THAT NIGHT. AND THE NEXT
MORNING, I BARELY RECOGNIZE
THE FARM.



THE TWOLEGS GO
ABOUT THEIR DAYS
AS USUAL...



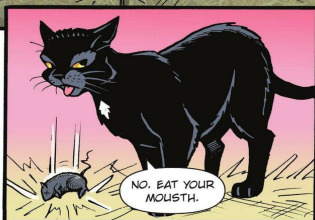
...PRETENDING NOTHING
HAS HAPPENED.



I CAN'T
PRETEND, THOUGH.

NOT WHEN THE TOP OF
THE BARN IS SLIPPERY
ALL OF A SUDDEN.







BARLEY IS NICE ENOUGH
TO DROP THE SUBJECT.



WE SPEND THE DAY
CLEANING UP A LITTLE.

Y'KNOW, IF I WERE
STILL A CLAN WARRIOR,
I'D HAVE AN APPRENTICE
TO DO STUFF LIKE
THIS FOR ME.

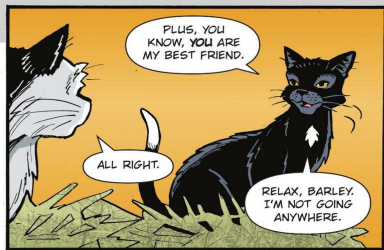


OH YEAH?

IS THERE
ANYTHING ELSE
YOU MISS? ABOUT
THE CLAN?

NOPE.

THIS PLACE
SUITS ME MUCH
BETTER THAN
THE FOREST.



PLUS, YOU
KNOW, YOU ARE
MY BEST FRIEND.

ALL RIGHT.

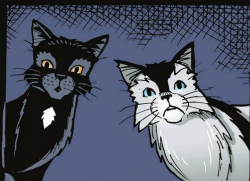
RELAX, BARLEY.
I'M NOT GOING
ANYWHERE.



ME? HEY, I'M TOTALLY
RELAXED. YOU'RE THE ONE
GETTING ALL SENTIMENTAL.
MAYBE YOU SHOULD
RELAX.

THEN...THAT NIGHT...
SOMETHING BESIDES
THE SNOW ARRIVES
AT THE FARM.





WE LOOK OUT INTO THE
SNOW-COVERED YARD...



...AND IN THAT MOMENT,
THE FARM CHANGES
FOREVER.



MY NAME IS
WILLIE. WE'VE
COME A LONG
WAY...

...AND MY
MATE'S ABOUT
TO HAVE KITS.

COULD WE
COME INSIDE?



OF COURSE,
OF COURSE!
COME IN!



WHAT ARE YOUR NAMES?

MY MATE'S NAME IS MINTY. SNAPPER, POUNCE, AND TESS ARE TRAVELING WITH US.



I'M RAVENPAW, AND THIS IS BARLEY.

WE, UH--WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE. YOU'VE OFFERED SHELTER TO OTHER CATS IN THE PAST. WORD HAS SPREAD.

IT'S AN HONOR TO BE ALLOWED TO STAY HERE. I PROMISE WE WON'T MAKE TROUBLE FOR YOU, AND WE WON'T STAY LONG.

HOW COULD WE TURN AWAY CATS IN SUCH NEED?



OKAY, THESE HAY NESTS SHOULD BE PRETTY COMFORTABLE. YOU JUST GET SETTLED IN HERE...


"...AND WE'LL GO AND GET YOU SOME FRESH-KILL."



THIS IS SO GOOD OF YOU. WE CAN'T EVEN TELL YOU WHAT THIS MEANS TO US.

YEAH, THIS IS GREAT.

WELL, IT'S THE LEAST WE CAN DO, ESPECIALLY GIVEN YOUR CONDITION, MINTY.



IT'S REALLY LUCKY WILLIE
AND HIS FRIENDS FIND US
WHEN THEY DO.

THEY'VE BARELY
EVEN FINISHED THEIR
FRESH-KILL...



...WHEN MINTY
GIVES BIRTH.

EVERYONE...

...THIS IS
SNOWFLAKE,
AND ICICLE, AND
CLOUDY, AND SNIFF.



I CAN'T TAKE MY EYES
OFF THEM. I'VE...I'VE
JUST FORGOTTEN.

FORGOTTEN HOW
BEAUTIFUL KITS CAN BE—
LIKE THE KITS BACK IN
THUNDERCLAN.





OUR VISITORS SETTLE IN FOR A FEW DAYS, SPENDING ALL THEIR TIME TAKING CARE OF THE KITS.

BARLEY AND I ARE MORE THAN HAPPY TO DO THEIR HUNTING FOR THEM.

RAVENPAW, YOU'RE BACK!

LOOK, KITTENS! RAVENPAW'S BRINGING FOOD FOR US!

HE'S LETTING ME MAKE PLENTY OF MILK FOR YOU!

MEEP!

THE VISITORS ALWAYS HIDE FROM THE TWOLEGS. I TRY TO TELL THEM IT'S OKAY, BUT THEY'RE FIRM ABOUT IT.

IT REALLY IS ALL RIGHT. THEY WON'T BOTHER US.

I'M SORRY, RAVENPAW, IT'S JUST...WE'VE HAD SOME BAD EXPERIENCES WITH TWOLEGS.

OLD HABITS DIE HARD, YOU KNOW.

THE WEATHER GETS
BETTER PRETTY
FAST.

I DON'T MIND THE EXTRA
HUNTING SO MUCH. THERE
ARE PLENTY OF MICE IN
THE BARN...

...BUT MORE IMPORTANT,
THE KITS ARE GETTING
STRONGER, AND I DON'T
WANT TO CHANCE THEM
GETTING SICK.

THE CLAN KITS USED TO LOVE
FEATHERS AND SCRAPS OF
MOSS, SO I TRY TO FIND NEW
ONES FOR THESE KITS TO
PLAY WITH.

THEY LOVE ME!
I CAN TELL.

IT JUST SEEMS
NATURAL TO KEEP DOING
THE HUNTING FOR THEM,
TOO.

HEY, RAVENPAW, YOU
GOT THAT FRESH-
KILL FOR US YET?

ON MY WAY,
SNAPPER!

WELL, IF YOU
COULD HURRY UP
WITH IT, THAT'D
BE GREAT. WE'RE
GETTING HUNGRY.

DON'T YOU
WORRY. I'LL
HAVE A MOUSE
FOR YOU IN NO
TIME FLAT!

IT'S A GREAT TIME. I FEEL SO HAPPY!
THAT IS, UNTIL ONE AFTERNOON, WHEN
BARLEY SAYS SOMETHING
THAT TAKES ME TOTALLY OFF GUARD.

RAVENPAW...
I NEED TO TALK
TO YOU.

WHAT IS IT?
SOMETHING
WRONG?

MAYBE. I JUST...
I DON'T LIKE THE
LOOKS OF OUR
GUESTS.

WHAT? OH, COME
ON, WHAT COULD
YOU NOT LIKE ABOUT
THEM? HAVE YOU SEEN
THOSE KITS?

I CAN'T PUT
A PAW ON IT. BUT
SOMETHING
ISN'T RIGHT.

WELL, YOU KNOW
WHAT I THINK ISN'T RIGHT?
IT ISN'T RIGHT THAT
YOU'RE NOT TRYING
HARDER.

THOSE CATS ARE
OUR FRIENDS! THEY
CAME TO US FOR
HELP. AND I INTEND TO
HELP THEM.

OH, HEY--
LOOK AT THAT
FEATHER!


THE KITS WILL
LOVE IT!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
BOTHERING BARLEY ABOUT
WILLIE AND THE OTHER VISITORS.



I THINK THEY'RE GREAT.
WILLIE ESPECIALLY--HE'S
ALWAYS SO INTERESTED IN
HOW THE FARM WORKS...




...EVEN IF HE DOESN'T
UNDERSTAND EVERYTHING
TO BEGIN WITH.



WILLIE! HEY,
WILLIE!



YES,
RAVENPAW?



YOU CAN'T
ACTUALLY GET
OUT OF THE BARN
THAT WAY.

UP HERE, THIS
JUST CONNECTS TO THE
PLACE WHERE THE
CHICKENS LIVE.





I START NOTICING THAT
I'M SEEING BARLEY LESS
AND LESS. DON'T KNOW
WHAT HE'S OFF DOING...

BUT I HARDLY HAVE
TIME TO WORRY ABOUT
IT. TOO MUCH FRESH-
KILL TO CATCH FOR OUR
VISITORS!



HERE, LIKE THIS.
MAKE SURE
YOUR CLAWS
ARE ALL THE
WAY OUT...



...AND AIM FOR THE
THROAT. THAT'LL
PUT THE OTHER
CAT DOWN FOR
GOOD.



HERE, PRACTICE
ON THESE DEAD
MICE.

I'LL TELL
YOU IF YOU'RE
DOING IT RIGHT.

YES,
SNAPPER!



THE NEXT TIME I GET A CHANCE TO CHAT WITH MY BEST FRIEND, HE'S STILL ON THE SAME RIDICULOUS SUBJECT.

I'M TELLING YOU, HE WAS TEACHING THEM DEATH BLOWS! WHO TEACHES DEATH BLOWS TO KITS?

PLUS, HE TOLD THEM TO PLAY WITH THEIR FOOD! THAT'S FORBIDDEN BY THE WARRIOR CODE, ISN'T IT?

THIS IS NONSENSE, BARLEY. YOU MUST HAVE SEEN ONE THING AND THOUGHT YOU SAW ANOTHER.

SNAPPER WAS PROBABLY JUST TRYING TO TIRE THEM OUT, SO THEY'D SLEEP BETTER.

BUT...BUT...

THOSE KITS ARE PRECIOUS, BARLEY. WE HAVE TO PROTECT THEM AND HELP THE OTHER CATS AS BEST WE CAN.

IF YOU'RE NOT WILLING TO DO THAT, FINE. BUT I'M GOING TO.

BARLEY DOESN'T SAY
ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT
OUR VISITORS FOR A
WHILE.

I'M HOPING
HE'S FORGOTTEN
ABOUT IT.

I THOUGHT
YOU HAD A PLAN,
BOSS, THAT'S ALL
I'M SAYING.

I DO HAVE A
PLAN. BUT YOU HAVE
TO BE PATIENT.

I WANT OUR
OWN TERRITORY, LIKE
YOU PROMISED--
REMEMBER?

AND YOU'LL GET
IT! BUT YOU HAVE
TO REMEMBER
WHO'S IN CHARGE
HERE!

YOU DO WHAT
I SAY, AND WE'LL
COME OUT OF THIS
JUST FINE.

OKAY, WILLIE.
YOU'RE RIGHT.
YOU'RE IN CHARGE.
I'LL WAIT.

THEN, A QUARTER MOON
AFTER THEY ARRIVED,
WILLIE SPRINGS A SURPRISE
OF HIS OWN ON ME.

RAVENPAW,
LISTEN, YOU'VE
BEEN SO GOOD
TO US...

...BUT WE
THINK IT'S TIME
WE MOVED ON.

M-MOVED ON?
YOU MEAN,
YOU'RE LEAVING?

BUT...BUT
THE KITS...

THAT'S THE
THING. THE KITS ARE
STRONG ENOUGH
TO WALK NOW.






A group of various cats are walking away from the viewer across a grassy field at night. A large, leafless tree is on the left, and the sky is dark with stars.

IT'S HARD WATCHING
THEM WALK AWAY.

A close-up of two cats. On the left is a white cat with black patches and blue eyes. On the right is a black cat with a white patch on its chest and yellow eyes. They are both looking forward.


I'LL MISS THEM
TERRIBLY.

Two cats are standing in a barn. The white cat with black patches is on the left, and the black cat with a white patch is on the right. They are both looking at each other.

I'M SURE BARLEY
FEELS THE SAME WAY.

A black cat with yellow eyes is lying in a pile of straw in a barn. The background is dark and textured.

WOW, THE
BARN SURE
LOOKS...



BARLEY DOESN'T UNDERSTAND. HE WAS NEVER A CLAN CAT. HAVING ALL THE OTHER CATS AROUND, HELPING WITH THE KITS...



ALL THIS PEACE AND QUIET. IT'S SUCH A NICE CHANGE!

...EMPTY NOW.


I KNOW! ISN'T IT NICE?



I CAN FINALLY START CLEANING UP THIS PLACE, TOO.

OUR VISITORS MADE QUITE A MESS WHILE THEY WERE HERE.

MAYBE I WAS WRONG. MAYBE I MISSED CLAN LIFE MORE THAN I'D REALIZED.

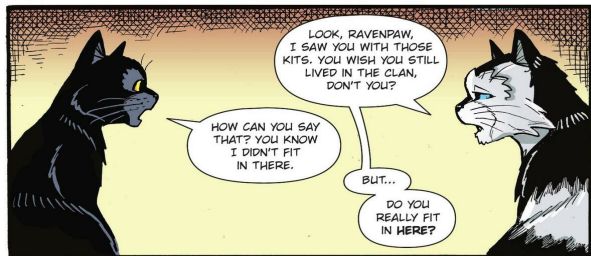


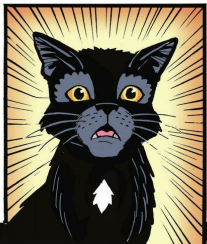
THAT NIGHT, BARLEY BRINGS UP HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT.

WHAT? ALL I'M SAYING IS THAT I NEVER ENJOYED TALKING TO THEM.

AND WHAT OF IT, ANYWAY? I HELPED YOU DO THE HUNTING FOR THEM, DIDN'T I?





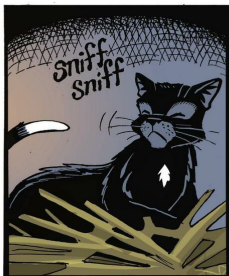


WHAT IF BARLEY IS
RIGHT? WHAT IF I AM A
CLAN CAT, DEEP DOWN?

I DON'T KNOW. THE
ONLY THING
I DO KNOW...



...IS THAT I MISS
THOSE KITS SO MUCH
THAT IT'S KILLING ME.



PIECE OF HAY MUST'VE
GOTTEN STUCK ON THAT
TWOLEG LIGHT OUTSIDE.





HUH? WHAT'S--?
THOUGHT I HEARD
SOMETHING.



RAVENPAW!

RAVENPAW!

RAVENPAW!



OH, NOW HE
FINALLY WANTS
TO TALK.



WELL, I
WON'T GIVE HIM THE
SATISFACTION. I W--



HM?



MRRRAOWRR!



RAVENPAW!

GET
DOWN FROM
THERE!

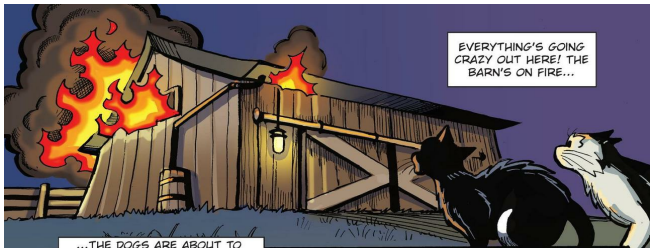


ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT? ARE YOU
HURT?

I'M FINE!
I'M FINE!



LET'S GET
OUT OF HERE!



EVERYTHING'S GOING
CRAZY OUT HERE! THE
BARN'S ON FIRE...

...THE DOGS ARE ABOUT TO
BREAK THEIR OWN NECKS,
JERKING AGAINST THEIR
CHAINS...



...AND THE MALE TWOLEG IS
MOVING FASTER THAN I'VE
EVER SEEN HIM MOVE BEFORE.



YES! IT'S OUR
BARN! HURRY, PLEASE,
HURRY!

I CAN'T TELL WHAT THE
FEMALE'S DOING. I GUESS
SHE'S NOT AS UPSET
ABOUT THE FIRE AS THE
MALE IS.



IT TAKES A FEW
HEARTBEATS, BUT I
FINALLY REALIZE IT:



BARLEY SAVED
MY LIFE.




AND I DON'T EVEN
HAVE TIME TO SAY
THANK YOU.

YIPE! YIPE!
YIPE! YIPE!

ARROOOOO!






WE HAVE TO
SAVE THE DOGS!

WHAT?!
YOU'RE CRAZY!

WELL, WE
CAN'T JUST LET
THEM DIE!



I CAN'T WAIT FOR
BARLEY TO MAKE
UP HIS MIND.

I HAVE TO DO
SOMETHING NOW.



I MUST BE
CRAZY, TOO.



THANK STARCLAN,
HE DECIDES TO
COME WITH ME.

YOU DON'T
HAVE TO DO
THIS!

YOU'RE MY
BEST FRIEND! I'M NOT
LEAVING YOU TO DO
THIS ALONE.



FOLLOW ME!

YIPE! YIPE!
YIPE! YIPE!


THE DOGS' BARKING GETS
LOUDER AND LOUDER...



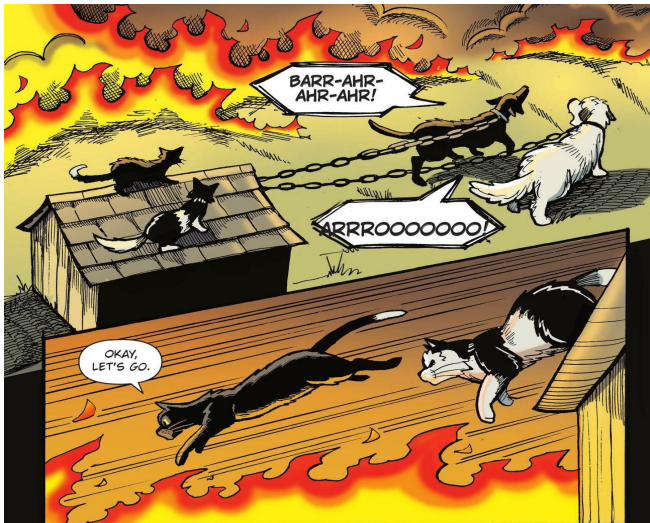
...MORE
AND MORE
DESPERATE.



I JUST HAVE
TO HOPE...



...THAT WE MAKE
IT IN TIME.



OKAY,
LET'S GO.



ALL RIGHT,
ALL RIGHT...WE
CAN'T BREAK THE
CHAINS...

...BUT THEY'RE
ATTACHED TO THIS
THING, AND IT'S
JUST STUCK IN
THE GROUND.

WELL, ARE
YOU GOOD AT
DIGGING?



LET'S FIND
OUT.

THE AIR IS HORRIBLE AS
WE DIG, FILLED WITH THE
STENCH OF DOGS AND
BURNING WOOD...

ROARING FLAMES...

HEAT...

THE METAL IS SO HOT
THAT IT STARTS TO BURN
MY PAWS, BUT WE DON'T
GIVE UP. AND FINALLY...

...IT STARTS TO
COME LOOSE.



BAHR-

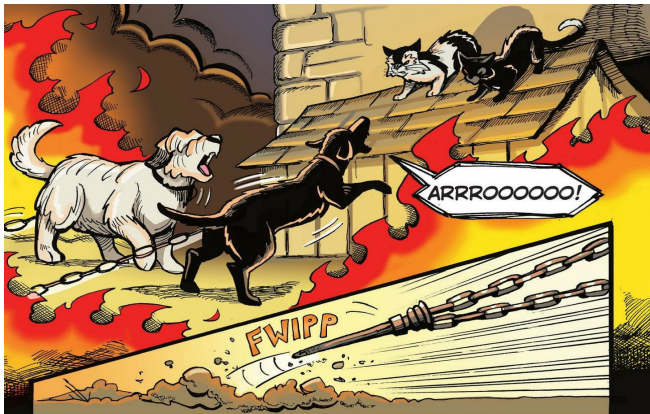
NATURALLY, THE DOGS
PICK THAT INSTANT TO
NOTICE WE'RE THERE.


BAHR-AHR-AHR-
AHR-AHR!

SNAP

SNAP

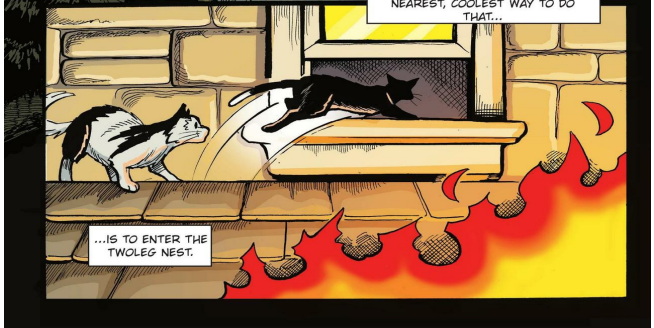
MROOWWWWR!





BARLEY AND I HEAR
SOMETHING HOWLING,
SOMETHING REALLY BIG, AND
IT'S GETTING CLOSER!

BUT ALL WE CAN THINK ABOUT IS
GETTING OFF THAT ROOF, AND THE
NEAREST, COOLEST WAY TO DO
THAT...



...IS TO ENTER THE
TWOLEG NEST.





HAH...UH-HAH...
UH-HAH...

UGH! EVERYTHING
SMELLS LIKE
SMOKE.

ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

YEAH. I
THINK SO.



WE BETTER
GO SEE WHAT'S
HAPPENING.



WOW! THAT'S
MORE TWOLEGS THAN
I'VE EVER SEEN IN ONE
PLACE BEFORE.

I HOPE
THEY'RE NOT
HERE TO STAY.




HEY, LOOK--
THE DOGS ARE
SAFE.

AND ARE THEY
EVER GOING TO
THANK US? NO.

THEY'RE DOGS,
RAVENPAW. IT'S NOT
AS IF THEY'RE GOING
TO TALK TO US.

YEAH, YEAH, I
KNOW. UNGRATEFUL
MUTTS...



I DON'T REALLY BEAR THE DOGS
ANY ILL WILL. I'M PROUD THAT
WE MANAGED TO SAVE THEM.

AND I DO LIKE THE
TWOLEGS. I'M GLAD
THEY'RE SO HAPPY THAT
THE DOGS ARE SAFE.




HEY.

HUH?
WHAT?


BEFORE YOU
GET TOO
HAPPY...



...TAKE A
LOOK AT OUR
HOME.

A wide shot of a farm at night. In the background, there's a barn with a corrugated metal roof and some bare trees. In the foreground, two black and white cows are standing, and two pink pigs are nearby. The scene is dimly lit, suggesting moonlight or distant farm lights.


THE REST OF THE NIGHT
IS PRETTY MISERABLE.

A black cat and a white cat with black markings are shown in a crouched, sneaking position. They are moving from left to right across a wooden floor. The background shows the interior of a barn with wooden walls and a dark doorway.

SEEING AS THE COWS
AREN'T USING IT, WE
SNEAK INTO THEIR PLACE...

The two cats are now curled up on a bed of straw or hay. The black cat is on the left, and the white cat is on the right. They appear to be fast asleep. The hay is uneven and looks like a typical animal bedding.

...AND CURL UP AS
BEST WE CAN. THE HAY
IS DIRTY AND SMELLS
LIKE COW POOP.

A close-up of the two cats sleeping on the hay. The black cat is in the foreground, curled into a tight ball. The white cat is behind it, also curled up. Their eyes are closed, and they look very tired.

BUT WE ARE BOTH
TOO TIRED TO CARE.



THE NEXT FEW DAYS
ARE TOUGH.

THE BARN IS
STILL STANDING,
YES--

FLAP
FLAP
FLAPETTA

--BUT IT IS TOO
WRECKED TO USE AS
A PROPER HOME.

NOT TO MENTION, THE THING
THE TWOLEGS PUT ACROSS
THE TOP MAKES SO MUCH
NOISE--

--IT'S SCARED
ALMOST ALL THE
MICE AWAY.



NO MORE LEISURELY WALKS
FOR US. NOW WE HAVE TO
WORK HARD TO FIND ENOUGH
FOOD.

AND A FEW DAYS AFTER
THE FIRE, WE FIND
SOMETHING ELSE, TOO.

RAVENPAW?

YEAH?

COME TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS,
WOULD YOU?

WASN'T ME.

I'M ASSUMING
YOU DIDN'T KILL
THAT RABBIT?

COULD IT
HAVE BEEN A
FOX?

MAYBE, BUT
THERE'S NO SCENT
OF ONE.

'COURSE, IT'S
BEEN RAINING SO
MUCH, IT'S HARD
TO TELL.





MAYBE WE SHOULD BOTH
BE MORE ALERT, AFTER THE
STRANGENESS OUT IN THE
FIELD...BUT WE'RE SO TIRED.

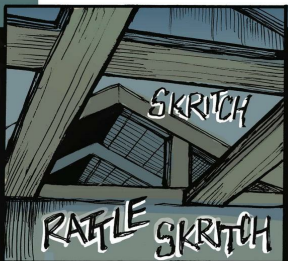


THE TIREDNESS
GOES AWAY FAST
WHEN WE BOTH HEAR
SOMETHING.



SKRITCH

RATTLE SKRITCH



WHAT DO YOU
THINK IT IS?
RACCOON? MAYBE A
POSSUM?



NOT SURE.



AND THEN...

...I SEE THE LAST THING
I EXPECTED TO SEE.



HEY! YOU
CAME BACK!

THIS IS GREAT! BUT...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING
UP HERE? WHY DIDN'T
YOU COME SAY HELLO
TO US?



**SQUAAAWK! SQUAWWK
SQUAAAWK!**









THE REALIZATION IS SO PAINFUL THAT IT FEELS LIKE MY HEAD'S GOING TO SPLIT IN HALF.



BARLEY WAS RIGHT.
FROM THE VERY
BEGINNING,
HE WAS RIGHT.



AND I'VE BEEN
SUCH A FOOL.





WE HAVE TO
GO AFTER THEM!
THEY'VE GOT--
THEY--

RAVENPAW.
THOSE CHICKS
ARE DEAD.

I CAN'T EVEN SAY THE
WORDS YET. I'M SORRY. I
SHOULD'VE BELIEVED YOU...

I'M HOPING HE KNOWS
IT ALREADY, THOUGH.
I THINK HE DOES.



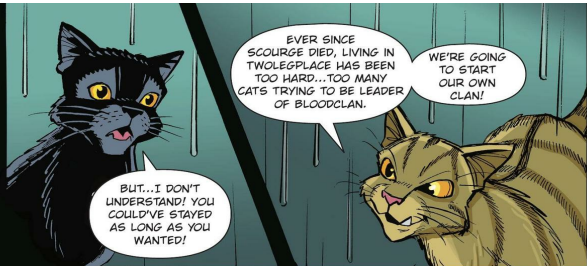
WELL...
I...UH...

I GUESS WE'D
BETTER DO WHAT
WE CAN TO CLEAN
UP IN HERE.











AND WE DO TRY.

BUT IT HAS BEEN
A LONG TIME SINCE
EITHER OF US HAS HAD
TO FIGHT.



AND THEY OUTNUMBER
US TWO TO ONE.





WILLIE'S
KITS FIGHT
BETTER'N YOU
DO.


AAOWR!



SAY GOOD-BYE,
RAVENPAW.







I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO NOW. NEITHER OF US DOES. WITHOUT THE FARM, WHAT DO WE HAVE?



WE JUST FIND THE FIRST FLAT SPOT THAT'S SORT OF OUT OF THE RAIN, AND COLLAPSE THERE.

AT LEAST I CAN TRY TO SET ONE THING RIGHT.



I'M SORRY I GOT MAD AT YOU. I WAS WRONG. I WAS SO WRONG. AND YOU WERE RIGHT.

AH, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I'M SORRY WE FOUGHT, TOO.




I DON'T MISS THE CLANS. I PROMISE.

YEAH, WELL, AS FAR AS THAT GOES...

I GUESS WE CAN BOTH MISS THE FARM NOW, HUH?





I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'LL GO OR WHAT WE'LL DO WHEN WE WAKE UP, BUT WITHOUT ANY DESTINATION IN MIND...



...THE HIGHSTONES SEEM AS GOOD A CHOICE AS ANYWHERE ELSE.




WE HEADING UP THERE?

I GUESS.

I DON'T...I...BARLEY, IT'S JUST NOW HITTING ME. I'VE NEVER FIT IN. ANYWHERE.

IS IT ME? IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME?



WE'LL FIND ANOTHER FARM. DON'T WORRY.

I TRY. I TRY NOT TO WORRY.

AND I'M ALMOST SUCCESSFUL.

IT TAKES LONGER THAN I
THOUGHT IT WOULD TO REACH
THE HIGHSTONES. WE'RE
ALREADY GETTING TIRED...



...AND THEN THE
WEATHER DECIDES NOT
TO DO US ANY FAVORS.



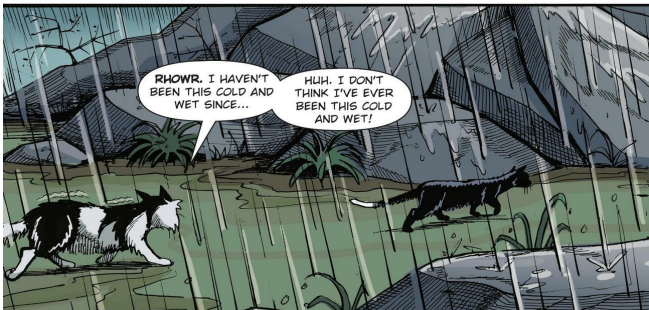
ARE WE
THERE YET?

ALMOST!



RHOW. I HAVEN'T
BEEN THIS COLD AND
WET SINCE...

HUH. I DON'T
THINK I'VE EVER
BEEN THIS COLD
AND WET!





THE FIRST TIME I CAME HERE, I WAS WITH DUSTPAW AND SANDPAW.



THEY WERE SO EXCITED ABOUT THE POSSIBILITY OF SHARING TONGUES WITH STARCLAN...WE ALL WERE.

I LET BARLEY KNOW THAT THE MOONSTONE IS SACRED TO THE CLANS. IT'S WHERE LEADERS COME TO GET THEIR NINE LIVES...

...AND WHERE THE MEDICINE CATS MEET EACH HALF-MOON TO TALK TO THEIR WARRIOR ANCESTORS IN THEIR DREAMS.

EVERY CLAN APPRENTICE MAKES THE JOURNEY ONCE. IT'S A RITUAL, A PART OF BEING A CLAN CAT.



THERE'S HARDLY ANY
LIGHT. EVEN STRAINING
TO LOOK, I CAN BARELY
SEE ANYTHING.



BUT I KNOW WHERE WE
ARE. I KNOW WHAT THAT
IS, WAITING THERE IN THE
CHAMBER.

WOW. IT'S
REALLY DARK
IN HERE.

I MEAN, THERE'S DARK,
AND THEN THERE'S **THIS**.
I CAN'T TELL IF MY EYES
ARE OPEN OR CLOSED.

WELL, THIS IS
THE PLACE. THIS
IS WHERE WE
WANT TO BE.



JUST--JUST
FIND A DRY SPOT
AND GET SOME
SLEEP, ALL RIGHT?

OH, BELIEVE
ME.

FALLING
ASLEEP TONIGHT...
THAT'S NOT GOING
TO BE A PROBLEM.







WH-WHUUH?

WHERE AM I?

BARLEY?

I KNOW I'M DREAMING.
I HAVE TO BE DREAMING, AS
CATS START COMING OUT
OF THE WOODS.

WHITESTORM,
AND BLUESTAR, AND
SPOTTEDLEAF...CATS
FROM THUNDERCLAN.

CATS WHO'VE...
DIED.





NEVER.

WE HAVE
SEEN THAT YOU
AND BARLEY ARE
IN TROUBLE. LISTEN
TO US.

YOU HAVE AS
MUCH RIGHT TO LIVE
ON THE FARM AS THE
CLANS HAVE TO LIVE IN
THE FOREST.


THAT IS
YOUR HOME.

YOU HELPED YOUR
FORMER CLANMATES
IN THE BATTLE
AGAINST SCOURGE.

THEY WILL
HELP YOU NOW.

GO TO
FIRESTAR.

TELL HIM
WHAT HAS
HAPPENED.



BUT...I TURNED MY
BACK ON THE CLANS!
AND ON YOU!

MAYBE NOT. BUT
YOU HAVE THEIR
FRIENDSHIP.

I DON'T
DESERVE THEIR
LOYALTY.

I'M NOT A
CLAN CAT NOW.

AND THAT IS A
LOYALTY THAT
NEVER DIES.

GOOD LUCK.

GOOD LUCK.

GOOD LUCK.

THANK
YOU.

THANK
YOU ALL!






THUNDERCLAN
WILL HELP US!

WARRIORS

RAVENPAW'S PATH

#2: A CLAN IN NEED



THIS WHOLE EXPERIENCE
SEEMS LIKE A DREAM TO ME.



GETTING DRIVEN OUT OF
THE FARM...COMING HERE TO THE
MOONSTONE...SEEING
STARCLAN IN A DREAM...



MY NAME'S RAVENPAW.

I WAS BORN INTO
THUNDERCLAN,
BUT WAS FORCED TO LEAVE...



...AND I FOUND A NEW HOME ON THE
FARM, WITH MY BEST FRIEND, BARLEY.



BARLEY'S HAD A HARD TIME IN
THE PAST, TOO. HE USED TO BE
PART OF BLOODCLAN, BEFORE HE
ESCAPED.

HE'S DREAMING. I HOPE
IT'S NOT THE BAD ONE.



HANG ON, VIOLET...
HANG ON, LITTLE
SISTER.



I'M ALMOST
THERE.



OH, THANK
GOODNESS
YOU'RE BACK!

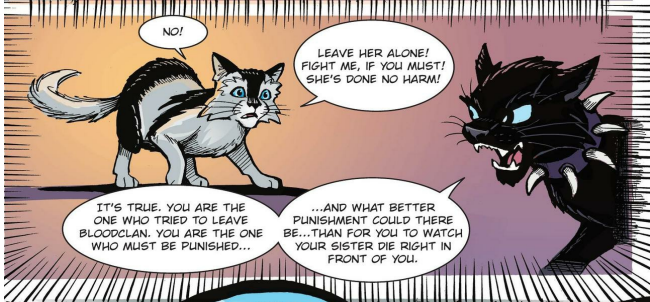
DID ANYBODY
FOLLOW YOU?

I DON'T
THINK SO.

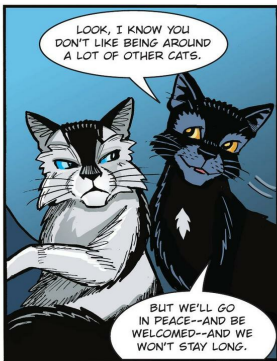


BUT THEY'RE
OUT THERE, AREN'T
THEY?

...YES. YES
THEY ARE.









TO GET TO THUNDERCLAN TERRITORY, WE HAVE TO RETRACE OUR STEPS...

...WHICH TAKES US RIGHT PAST THE FARM. OUR RIGHTFUL HOME.



AND THERE THEY ARE: THE ROGUES WHO DROVE US OUT. ACTING AS IF THEY OWN THE PLACE.

IT'S A HARD SIGHT TO TAKE.



WE'LL GET OUR HOME BACK, BARLEY. WE WILL.

YOU'LL SEE.

WE HAVE TO CROSS WINDCLAN TERRITORY, TOO. CROSSING FAMILIAR GROUND LIKE THIS...

...IT TAKES ME BACK TO WHEN I FIRST CAME HERE...AS AN EAGER YOUNG THUNDERCLAN APPRENTICE, ON MY WAY TO HIGHSTONES FOR THE FIRST TIME.



I KNOW WE'RE DOING THE RIGHT THING. I CAN FEEL IT.

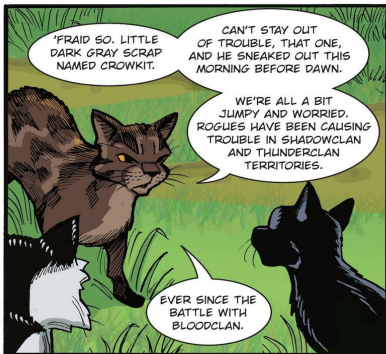
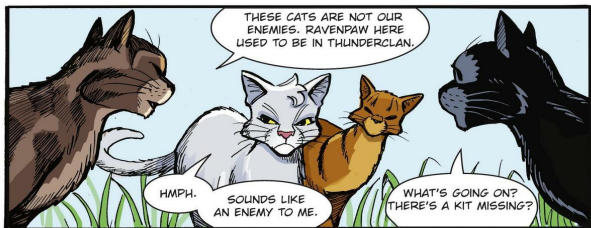
SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF MANY RUNNING CATS BREAKS ME OUT OF MY MEMORIES.

WHAT'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW.
BE READY.

WHEN YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO BE WELCOMED, THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND!





THE CLOSER WE GET TO THUNDERCLAN TERRITORY, THE MORE EXCITED I GET. IT'S LIKE A HOMECOMING, SORT OF.



HEY! LET'S GO TO THE CAMP BY WAY OF FOURTREES!

I CAN SHOW YOU WHAT THE GATHERING SPOT IS LIKE WHEN IT'S NOT COVERED UP WITH A BUNCH OF FIGHTING CATS.

UH...YEAH, OKAY.



SEE? ISN'T THIS PLACE GREAT?

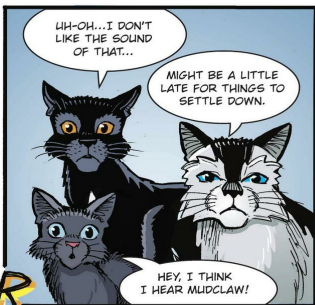
I GUESS SO.



AND THERE'S THE GREAT ROCK!


ONCE EVERY FULL MOON, THE CLAN LEADERS STAND UP THERE TO ADDRESS ALL THE CATS.












...BUT THEY'RE
GONE BEFORE WE GET A
CHANCE TO TALK.



WE HAVE NO CHOICE
BUT TO FOLLOW THEM BACK
TOWARD THEIR CAMP.



HAS WINDCLAN
SENT YOU TO SPY,
RAVENPAW?

TRAITOR!

THIS IS A BAD
IDEA! LET'S
GO!

NO! WE'VE DONE
NOTHING WRONG.

WE COME IN PEACE,
DUSTPELT. WE WERE ONLY
PASSING THROUGH WINDCLAN
TERRITORY AND HAPPENED
TO FIND THE KIT.

WE NEED
TO SPEAK WITH
FIRESTAR.



DUSTPELT SOON REALIZES
THAT IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY
SENSE FOR A SPY TO ASK TO
SEE THE CLAN LEADER.

HE AGREES TO TAKE
US TO THE CAMP.



ALONG THE WAY WE
STOP SO HE CAN DIG UP SOME
FRESH-KILL THEY'D BURIED
FOR SAFEKEEPING.



THIS IS ALL STARTING
TO FEEL SO FAMILIAR!
I'VE BURIED PREY BENEATH
THAT TREE MYSELF!



AND THE GORSE TUNNEL...
THE ENTRANCE TO THE THUNDERCLAN
CAMP. SUDDENLY MY HEART SPEEDS UP...!



AND HERE IT IS!
JUST LIKE I REMEMBER!

WILL IT BE LIKE I
PROMISED BARLEY? WILL
THEY WELCOME US...?



RAVENPAW! IT'S
SO GOOD TO SEE
YOU!



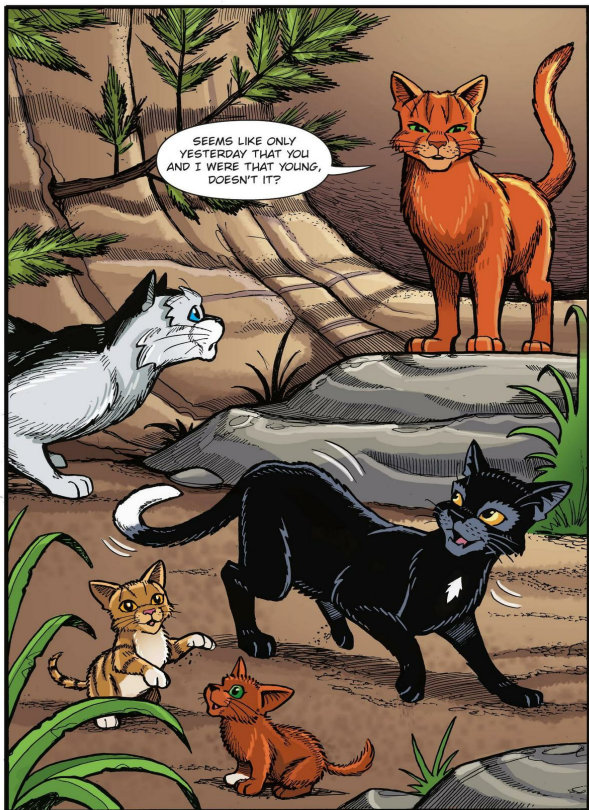
LOOK, IT'S
RAVENPAW AND BARLEY!
LET'S GO SAY HELLO!

THANK STARCLAN.

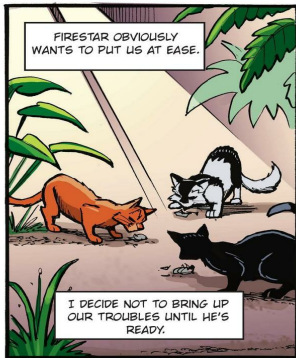



GO TELL
FIRESTAR WE
HAVE VISITORS!












I'M GRATEFUL THAT HE DOESN'T
WAIT VERY LONG, THOUGH.

WHAT BRINGS
YOU TO THUNDERCLAN,
RAVENPAW?



I...WELL,
YOU SEE, IT'S...

TO MY SURPRISE, THE WORDS
WON'T COME. I'VE BEEN AWAY
FROM THE CLAN TOO LONG. I'VE
FORGOTTEN HOW TO ASK FOR HELP.



I CAN SEE YOU'RE
IN TROUBLE. THERE
IS NOTHING YOU
CAN'T ASK.


THUNDERCLAN REMEMBERS
THAT YOU AND BARLEY CAME TO OUR
AID TO DEFEAT BLOODCLAN.



WE NEED YOUR HELP,
FIRESTAR.



I TELL HIM EVERYTHING.



THE ROGUES, THE
FIRE, ALL OF IT.



SO...


WHAT WE'D
REALLY LIKE...IS A
THUNDERCLAN PATROL
TO COME BACK TO THE
FARM WITH US.



WITH THE HELP OF SOME
OF YOUR WARRIORS, WE CAN
DRIVE OUT THE ROGUES.


AND GET OUR
HOME BACK.





NEITHER BARLEY NOR
I UNDERSTAND WHAT
HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON.

THERE'S SOMETHING
WRONG...SOMETHING
FIRESTAR ISN'T TELLING US.



I JUST WISH WE
KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

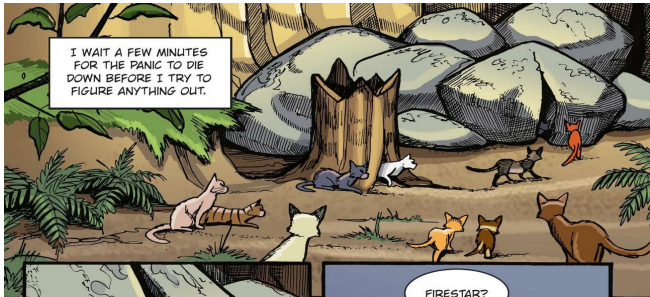


GET
CINDERPELT!

HURRY!



I WAIT A FEW MINUTES
FOR THE PANIC TO DIE
DOWN BEFORE I TRY TO
FIGURE ANYTHING OUT.



FIRESTAR?

WHAT'S GOING ON?
WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOUR PATROL?

CATS HAVE BEEN COMING FROM
TWOLEGPLACE.
LAUNCHING RAIDS ON
THUNDERCLAN TERRITORY.

ATTACKING
THUNDERCLAN PATROLS
AND STEALING PREY.

I HAD HOPED THE
TROUBLE WITH TWOLEGPLACE
ROGUES WOULD HAVE
STOPPED, NOW THAT
SCOURGE IS DEAD...

...BUT IT HASN'T. AND
THESE RAIDS ARE GETTING
MORE FREQUENT.





OUR FIRST PATROL IS THE
NEXT MORNING AT DAWN.

TWO STRONG WARRIORS,
GRAYSTRIPE AND CLOUDTAIL,
ARE READY TO GO AND
WAITING FOR US.



OF COURSE, SOME OF US ARE
MORE READY TO GO THAN OTHERS.
I DON'T THINK BARLEY'S EVER
HAD TO WAKE UP THIS EARLY.

COME ON, BARLEY,
LET'S GO! THEY'RE
WAITING!

JUS' LEMME
SLEEP A LITTLE MORE.
JUS' A LITTLE
SNOOZE.



GET UP!



IT'S A SUCCESSFUL PATROL.
WE'VE GOT A DAY'S WORTH
OF FRESH-KILL...



...AND WE'RE STARTING
TO THINK EVERYTHING'S
GOING TO BE QUIET.



WE'RE MISTAKEN ABOUT
THAT.





BUT THEN--RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF EVERYTHING--



--SOMETHING
STRANGE HAPPENS.



BARLEY REACTS AS IF THE
CAT WITH THE TORN EAR HADN'T
SAID ANYTHING AT ALL...



HEY!



HEY! YOU!

...AND THEN THERE'S NO MORE TIME TO THINK ABOUT IT, AS ANOTHER THUNDERCLAN PATROL ARRIVES.



BACK!
BACK NOW!


WE GOT WHAT
WE CAME FOR!



WE WATCH THEM GO.
THEY'VE STOLEN OR RUINED
ALL OF OUR FRESH-KILL.



AND I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO
THINK ABOUT THAT CAT WHO SEEMED
TO RECOGNIZE BARLEY. DID THEY
KNOW EACH OTHER BEFORE?



AND IT TURNS OUT I WASN'T
THE ONLY ONE WHO NOTICED,
EITHER.



DID YOU KNOW
THOSE CATS?

...NO. NO,
I DIDN'T.

REALLY? BECAUSE
THEY SEEMED
TO KNOW YOU.




GRAYSTRIPE DOESN'T GET
THE CHANCE TO KEEP ASKING
BARLEY QUESTIONS.

Mew!

!

?



BUT I CAN TELL HE'S
NOT FINISHED WITH THIS.



"THOSE CATS BACK
THERE..."




...YOU KNEW THEM
WHEN YOU WERE IN
BLOODCLAN, DIDN'T YOU?




THAT PART
OF MY LIFE
IS OVER.

I DON'T
WANT TO TALK
ABOUT IT.



I KNOW HOW MUCH BARLEY WAS
SUFFERED BECAUSE OF BLOODCLAN.
IF HE DOESN'T WANT TO TALK, I'M
NOT GOING TO PRESSURE HIM.



IT'S NOT JUST ME
INVOLVED, THOUGH.




BARLEY.




MAY WE
SPEAK WITH
YOU?



BARLEY, I DON'T MEAN
TO BE INSENSITIVE. I KNOW
YOU HAVE AN UNPLEASANT
HISTORY WITH THESE CATS.



BUT IF YOU KNOW WHERE
THEY LIVE, THUNDERCLAN CAN
TAKE THE FIGHT TO THEM...



...AND SHOW THEM
THAT THEY CAN'T KEEP
RAIDING OUR TERRITORY.



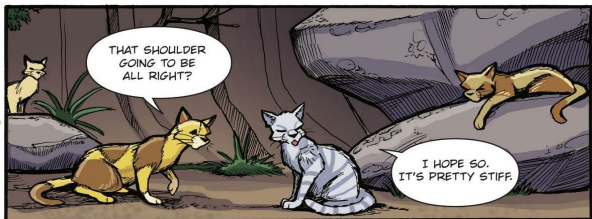
SO? CAN YOU
HELP US?



LOOK, I DON'T KNOW
THOSE CATS! I DON'T KNOW
WHERE THEY LIVE!

I CAN'T
HELP YOU!







THE NEXT DAY COMES, ALONG WITH
THE CRYING OF KITS AND THE
RUMBLING OF EMPTY BELLIES.



AND BARLEY STILL MIGHT AS
WELL BE MADE OF STONE, FOR
ALL THE NOISE HE MAKES.

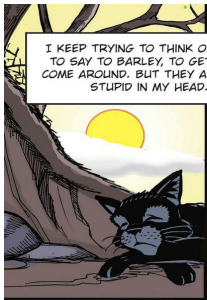


DON'T WORRY, SANDSTORM.
WE'RE HEADING OUT NOW.
I KNOW WHERE THERE'S
SOME GOOD HUNTING.

WE'LL HAVE
THOSE KITS FED
BEFORE YOU KNOW IT.



GOOD LUCK,
YOU TWO!



I KEEP TRYING TO THINK OF THINGS TO SAY TO BARLEY, TO GET HIM TO COME AROUND. BUT THEY ALL SOUND STUPID IN MY HEAD...



...SO I KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT. HOURS PASS...



...AND THEN...

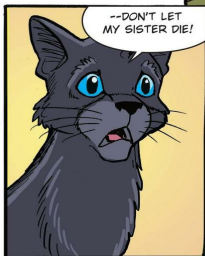
HELP! HELP! I NEED HELP, PLEASE!



RAINPAW! WHAT'S WRONG? WHERE'S YOUR SISTER?

SORRELPAW--IT WAS ROGUES! THEY HURT HER BAD!

PLEASE, FIRESTAR--







THAT NIGHT, FIRESTAR CALLS A COUNCIL OF ALL THE CLAN WARRIORS, AND EVERYONE LISTENS HARD TO WHAT BARLEY HAS TO SAY.



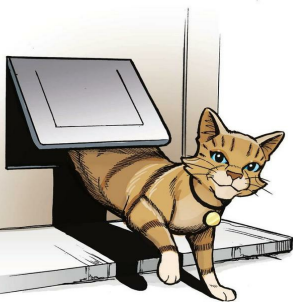
I KNOW HOW DIFFICULT THIS IS FOR HIM. I'M SO PROUD OF HIM FOR DOING IT!

THOSE WERE BLOODCLAN CATS THAT ATTACKED US, BUT IT'S MORE THAN THAT.

THEY WERE SOME OF SCOURGE'S CLOSEST ADVISORS.







I HATE GOING
INTO TWOLEGPPLACE.





BUT I'M PRETTY SURE BARLEY
HATES IT EVEN MORE THAN I DO.



IT SEEMS TO TAKE FOREVER
TO GET TO THE TWOLEG NEST
WHERE VIOLET LIVES.

I JUST HOPE SHE'S HOME.

IS SHE THERE?
DO YOU SEE HER?

WELL--I SEE A CAT
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE ONE
YOU DESCRIBED.

IS THAT
YOUR SISTER?

VIOLET...

VIOLET.

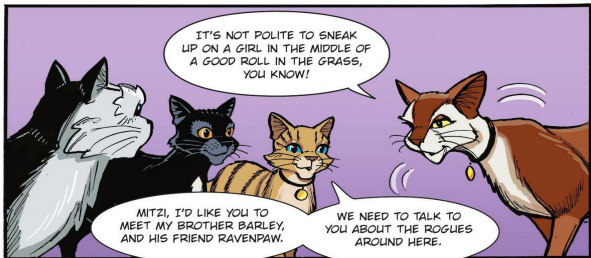
HMM...?
WHO'S THERE?

...BARLEY?

BARLEY! IT *IS* YOU!
YOU LOOK GREAT!

HOW ARE YOU?
WHO'S THIS? TELL
ME EVERYTHING!





IT TURNS OUT MITZI'S
HAD MORE TO DO WITH THE
ROGUES THAN WE'D KNOWN.

THEY...THEY TOOK MY
SON. THOSE MONSTERS FROM
BLOODCLAN. THEY JUST TOOK
HIM ONE NIGHT, AND I HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM SINCE.

I FOLLOWED THEM,
FOLLOWED HIS SCENT,
BUT I DIDN'T DARE GET CLOSE.
THEY'RE RECRUITING A NEW
BLOODCLAN NOW, WITH NEW
LEADERSHIP.

TAKE US THERE,
MITZI. PLEASE.

MAYBE WE CAN
FIND YOUR SON.

I-I DON'T KNOW,
VIOLET. WHAT CAN
YOU THREE DO?

IT WON'T BE JUST US.
IF WE CAN FIND OUT WHERE
THESE CATS LIVE, THERE
ARE MORE WHO WOULD
FIGHT THEM, TOO.

A LOT
MORE.

WITH MITZI CONVINCED, WE SET OUT...
AND THE CLOSER WE GOT TO THIS
PLACE, EVEN THOUGH I HADN'T SEEN
IT YET, THE TENSER I GOT.







THANK YOU, MITZI.
THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT
WE NEEDED TO KNOW.
NOW WE HAVE TO GO.

SO...YOU DON'T NEED
ME TO BE OUT HERE
ANYMORE? I CAN GO BACK
HOME...AND YOU'LL BRING
BACK MY SON?

YES. AND THANK
YOU AGAIN.



ALL RIGHT, NOW LET'S
GET YOU HOME, TOO.
WHERE IT'S SAFE.

I DON'T
THINK SO.

I'M COMING
WITH YOU.



WHAT? NO!
YOU CAN'T-- IT'S TOO
DANGEROUS!

I'LL BE FINE.


BUT...BUT YOUR
HOUSEFOLK! THEY'LL
BE SO WORRIED!

THEY LET ME GO OUT
ON MY OWN AT NIGHT. THEY'LL
NEVER EVEN KNOW I WAS GONE.
I'M COMING WITH YOU,
BARLEY!





OUR NEWS BRINGS WITH IT
MIXED WORRY AND EXCITEMENT.



THUNDERCLAN FINALLY KNOWS
HOW TO STOP THESE AWFUL
ATTACKS...BUT WHO KNOWS IF
EVERY CAT WILL MAKE IT BACK?

STILL. IT'S SOMETHING
THAT HAS TO BE DONE.



WARRIORS OF
THUNDERCLAN!

WE ATTACK
TONIGHT!



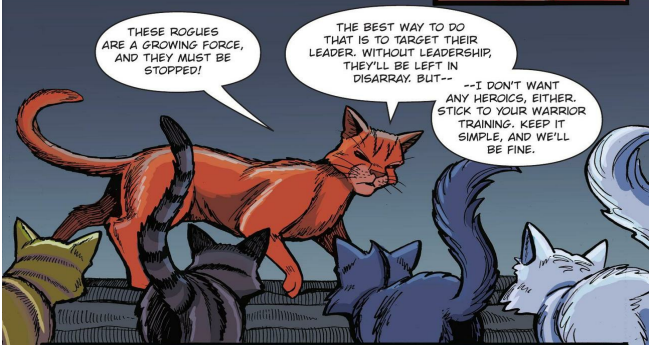
THEY'RE ALL READY TO GO.
A FEW OF THEM TREMBLE,
BUT NO ONE COMPLAINS AS
FIRESTAR SPEAKS TO THEM.



THE PLAN IS SIMPLE.
WE GO IN QUIET, STAY HIDDEN
UNTIL EVERYONE IS
IN PLACE...

...THEN WE HIT THEM
HARD AND FAST, AND
GET OUT WHILE THEY'RE
STILL REELING.

THUNDERCLAN,
I SAY THESE WORDS
RARELY, BUT--



THESE ROGUES
ARE A GROWING FORCE,
AND THEY MUST BE
STOPPED!

THE BEST WAY TO DO
THAT IS TO TARGET THEIR
LEADER. WITHOUT LEADERSHIP,
THEY'LL BE LEFT IN
DISARRAY. BUT--

--I DON'T WANT
ANY HEROICS, EITHER.
STICK TO YOUR WARRIOR
TRAINING. KEEP IT
SIMPLE, AND WE'LL
BE FINE.



I'LL COME, TOO.
YOU CAN COUNT
ON ME.

AND YOU, BARLEY?
WHERE DO YOU STAND?

I'M NOT LETTING
VIOLET GO WITHOUT ME.





WE LEAVE SILENTLY...



...AND THE WHOLE WAY THERE...



...NO ONE SAYS A WORD.



I WISH I FELT AS CONFIDENT
AS FIRESTAR LOOKS.



I FOUND IT FIRST.
GET YOUR PAWS
OFF IT.

YOU GOT THE LAST
ONE. IT'S MY TURN.



LEAVE IT,
OR I SWEAR I'LL--



I'LL...!



THAT WAS...
A LITTLE EASIER THAN
I WAS EXPECTING.

LET'S
GET INSIDE.





EVERY DROP OF BLOOD IN MY VEINS
TURNS TO ICE WHEN THOSE TWO
MONSTER CATS TURN AND STARE
AT HER.

WHAT IN STARCLAN'S
NAME IS SHE DOING?

AND IT'S THAT MOMENT WHEN
IT HITS ME, SO HARD MY LEGS
FEEL WEAK. THOSE TWO CATS...

...THEY'RE COLORED EXACTLY
LIKE BARLEY! THEY'RE BIGGER,
TOUGHER-LOOKING, BUT OTHERWISE
THEY'RE EXACTLY THE SAME!

WHO'S THERE?

IT'S ME.

VIOLET.

YOUR SISTER.



"HOOT?"
"JUMPER?"

WE ARE SNAKE
AND ICE. WE HAVE
NO SISTER.

BOW, KITTYPET,
WHEN YOU ADDRESS THE
LEADERS OF BLOODCLAN.



FIRESTAR...?

DON'T MOVE.
NOT YET.



I AM YOUR
SISTER!

YOUR NAMES
ARE HOOT AND
JUMPER!



WE HAVE NO KIN
OTHER THAN
BLOODCLAN.



I REMEMBER
THESE CATS NOW.

ONCE I TAUGHT
THEM A LESSON...BUT
IT SEEMS THEY HAVE
FORGOTTEN. IT LOOKS AS
THOUGH THEY'LL HAVE TO BE
TAUGHT ALL OVER AGAIN.

THE LESSON FOR TODAY
IS, WEAK AND FEEBLE
CATS MUST DIE!





THUNDERCLAN!


ATTACK!





SINGLE VOICES GET LOST IN
THE SUDDEN STORM OF NOISE.

THE FLOOR OF THE TWOLEG
NEST BECOMES A SEA OF CHAOS...
BUT ONE CRYSTAL-CLEAR
IMAGE SPRINGS OUT AT ME.



WHATEVER HESITATION
BARLEY MIGHT ONCE HAVE
FELT...IT'S GONE NOW.

BAM

CHOMP

WOP

THESE ROGUES ARE
VICIOUS...

...BUT THEY'RE NO WARRIORS.
AND TONIGHT--FOR ONE
NIGHT--

SWIPE

CLAMP

CRACK

--BARLEY AND
VIOLET AND I ARE.

TONIGHT, THUNDERCLAN SHOWS THEM
WHAT REAL WARRIORS ARE MADE OF!





AND JUST LIKE THAT...

...THE BATTLE'S OVER.

BUT THINGS
STILL AREN'T FINISHED.

ALL RIGHT,
YOU TWO. VIOLET
AND BARLEY.

LET'S SAY YOU'VE
GOT OUR ATTENTION
NOW. LET'S TALK.

BARLEY...VIOLET.
WE HAVE THEM BEATEN.
NEITHER OF YOU HAS TO
DO ANYTHING.

I THINK WE DO,
FIRESTAR. WE HAVE
TO TALK TO THEM...





THE SILENCE IN THIS PLACE
IS SO SUDDEN, AND SO
PROFOUND...



...I THINK I CAN ACTUALLY
HEAR THESE ROGUES'
ATTITUDES CHANGING.



WAIT! WAIT!

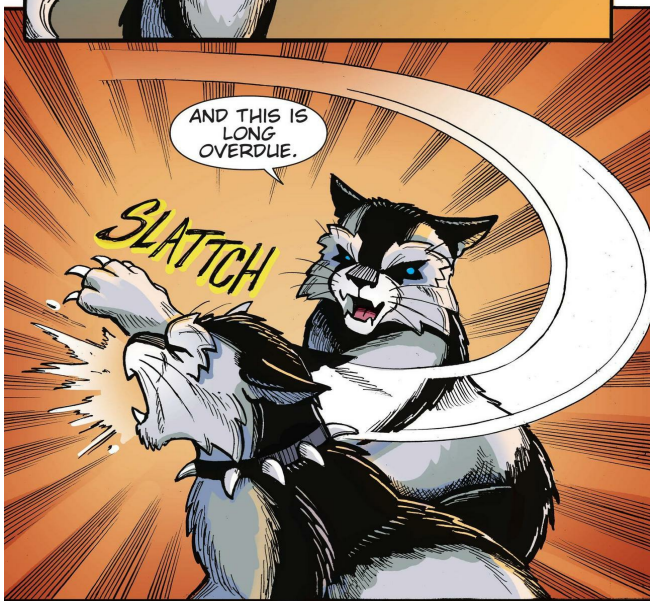
IT'S JUMPER AND
HOOT! REMEMBER
US?

WE'RE KIN, LIKE YOU SAID!
YOU WOULDN'T HURT YOUR OLD
LITTERMATES, WOULD YOU?



OH YES.

I REMEMBER YOU.

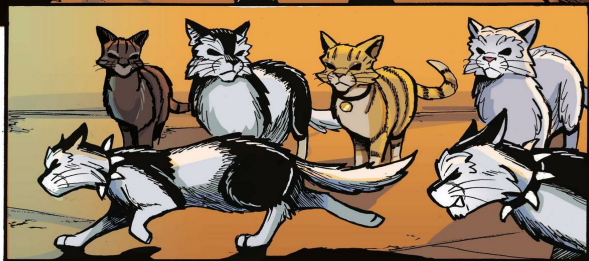


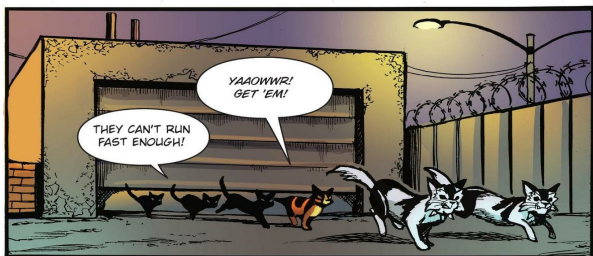
AND THIS IS
LONG
OVERDUE.

SLATTCH









AND WITH THAT, HOOT
AND JUMPER WERE GONE.....

A FEW TERRIFIED ROGUES WERE
STILL MILLING AROUND BUT THERE
WAS ONE IN PARTICULAR WE'D
FORGOTTEN ABOUT.



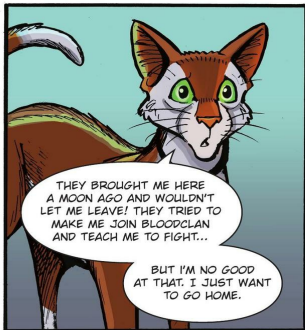
EXCUSE ME....
VI- VIOLET?

WHAT? YOU
ROGUES HAVEN'T HAD
ENOUGH?



NO! I MEAN...YES.
VIOLET, IT'S FRITZ. I USED
TO LIVE NEXT DOOR!

YOU'RE MITZI'S SON!
ARE YOU OKAY? DID
THEY HURT YOU?



THEY BROUGHT ME HERE
A MOON AGO AND WOULDN'T
LET ME LEAVE! THEY TRIED TO
MAKE ME JOIN BLOODCLAN
AND TEACH ME TO FIGHT...

BUT I'M NO GOOD
AT THAT. I JUST WANT
TO GO HOME.



I KNOW
THE FEELING...

OH, FRITZ... WE'LL
GET YOU HOME. MITZI
WILL BE SO HAPPY!






I CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT
BARLEY MUST BE THINKING,
AND FEELING, RIGHT NOW.



WE CAME HERE TO GET
OUR HOME BACK...AND
MAYBE, MAYBE...



...HE GOT A PART OF
HIS PAST BACK, TOO.



I WANT TO THANK
YOU, RAVENPAW. YOU
AND BARLEY BOTH.

REALLY, IT WAS...
IT WAS NOTHING.



WE BOTH KNOW BETTER
THAN THAT. AS SOON AS
MY WARRIORS ARE FIT AGAIN,
I'LL LEAD A PATROL TO
YOUR FARM MYSELF.

WE'LL GET YOU
YOUR HOME BACK.



• • •






YOU LOOK WORRIED.
ARE YOU THINKING
ABOUT VIOLET?



NO, VIOLET'S FINE.
SHE'S SAFE. I THINK SHE'S
DEALT WITH ALL THIS
BETTER THAN I HAVE.

I'M JUST WONDERING
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.



NEXT? WELL...WE GO
BACK TO THE FARM, AND
FIGHT AGAIN, I'D SAY.



I THOUGHT YOU..
MIGHT WANT TO STAY
HERE.



YOU MADE SUCH
A GREAT WARRIOR
TONIGHT.

STAY? NO! THAT'S NOT
WHAT I AM. BARLEY, YOU'RE
MY BEST FRIEND. BESIDES,
THAT BARN BELONGS TO US,
NOT THOSE ROGUES!

"SO LET'S GO TAKE IT BACK!"



WARRIORS

RAVENPAW'S PATH

#3: THE HEART OF A WARRIOR



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I'M HERE.

BACK IN THE
THUNDERCLAN CAMP.



CATS YAWN AND STRETCH ALL
AROUND ME AS THEY WAKE UP...



...AND INSTEAD OF DOGS BARKING
OR ROOSTERS CROWING, ALL I HEAR
IS THE SONG OF BIRDS IN THE FOREST.


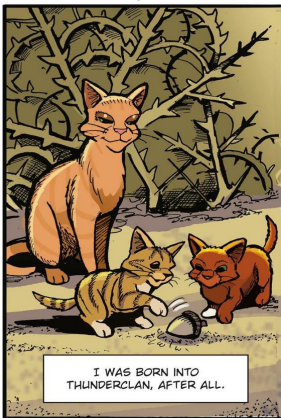


MY NAME IS RAVENPAW.
MY BEST FRIEND, BARLEY, AND I
WERE FORCED OUT OF OUR HOME
ON THE FARM BY A GROUP OF
ROGUES...

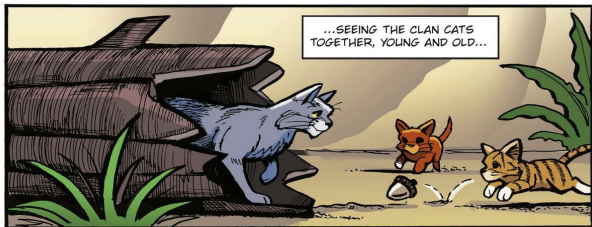
...AND WE CAME TO
THUNDERCLAN FOR HELP.



WHAT BROUGHT US HERE WAS
PRETTY HORRIBLE...BUT I REALLY
DO ENJOY BEING HERE.



WATCHING THE HUNTING
PATROLS HEADING OUT...



...SEEING THE CLAN CATS
TOGETHER, YOUNG AND OLD...



IT'S TAKEN ME LESS TIME
THAN I EXPECTED TO GET
USED TO ALL THIS AGAIN.



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE ONLY THREE
DAYS HAVE PASSED SINCE BARLEY
AND I HELPED THUNDERCLAN DEFEAT
SOME OTHER ROGUES...

...A BUNCH OF
SCAVENGERS FROM
TWOLEGPLACE.

THOSE MANGY CATS WON'T BE
AMBUSHING ANY MORE CLAN
HUNTING PATROLS NOW.

AND TODAY, FIRESTAR'S
MAKING GOOD ON
HIS PROMISE.

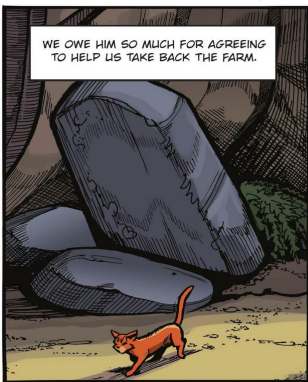
HE'S GOING TO HELP
BARLEY AND ME
RECLAIM OUR FARM.



TODAY, BARLEY
AND I ARE GOING HOME!



THERE'S FIRESTAR NOW.



WE OWE HIM SO MUCH FOR AGREEING
TO HELP US TAKE BACK THE FARM.



READY?

YES!



IT'S TIME!



GRAYSTRIPE'S GOING TO HELP US...
ALONG WITH CLOUDTAIL, BRIGHTHEART,
BRACKENFUR, AND AN APPRENTICE
NAMED BRAMBLEPAW.

ALL BRAVE CATS...ALL
TRAINED WELL BY THUNDERCLAN.



THE ROGUES LIVING ON OUR
FARM DON'T STAND A CHANCE.

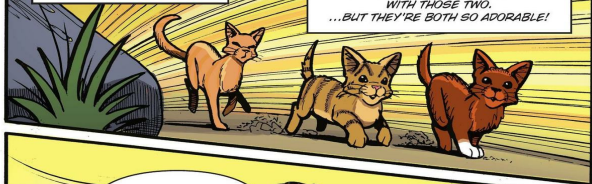






THOSE ARE FIRESTAR'S KITS
MAKING ALL THE NOISE.

HIS MATE, SANDSTORM, HAS HER
WORK CUT OUT FOR HER, DEALING
WITH THOSE TWO.
...BUT THEY'RE BOTH SO ADORABLE!



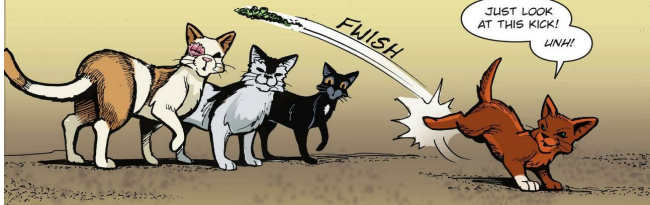
SQUIRRELKIT, BE QUIET!
YOU'RE DISTURBING
THE WHOLE CAMP!


BUT I CAN
FIGHT! I CAN!



JUST LOOK
AT THIS KICK!

UHH!





SANDSTORM'S WARNING COMES
TOO LATE. SQUIRRELKIT'S
RUCKUS WAKES EVERYONE UP.



THEY COME TO SEE WHAT
SQUIRRELKIT'S MAKING ALL
THE NOISE ABOUT...



...AND HERE WE ARE. RIGHT
OUT IN THE OPEN. OBVIOUSLY
ABOUT TO LEAVE.



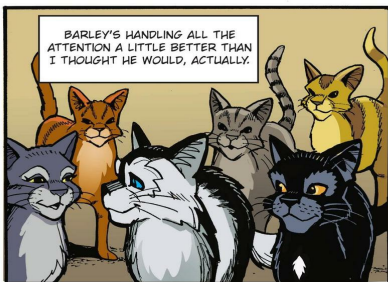
SO MUCH FOR NOT
HAVING ANY BIG FUSS.

GOOD LUCK,
RAVENPAW!

WE'LL MISS
YOU, BARLEY!

GIVE THOSE ROGUES
A SWIPE FOR ME!

WISH I COULD
GO WITH YOU!






RUNNING THROUGH THE FOREST, THOUGH, AS PART OF A WARRIOR PATROL....THAT'S HARD TO BEAT.



WARRIORS--HOLD UP. BE READY.

NO, GRAYSTRIPE... THERE'S NO NEED.

OUR FRIENDS FROM WINDCLAN ARE EXPECTING US.




DEADFOOT. GOOD TO SEE YOU.

AND YOU, FIRESTAR.



RAVENPAW...BARLEY. WE'VE HEARD ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED AT THE FARM.

GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH. YOU DESERVE TO GET YOUR HOME BACK.



THANK YOU...THAT MEANS A LOT!

LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE FRIENDS IN MORE THAN ONE CLAN NOW...!

WE DON'T GET ANY MORE
SURPRISES ON THE TRIP,
GOOD OR BAD.

JUST LOTS OF RUNNING. LOTS
OF TIME TO THINK...AND THE
MORE I THINK, THE MORE
NERVOUS I GET.



BY THE TIME WE REACH THE
FARM, I THINK I'M ABOUT AS
NERVOUS AS I COULD POSSIBLY BE.

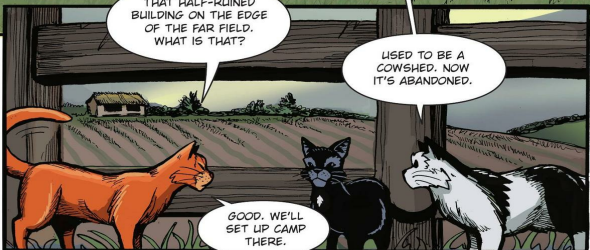


LOOK AT THAT.
THEY FIXED THE BARN
AFTER THE FIRE...


THAT HALF-RUINED
BUILDING ON THE EDGE
OF THE FAR FIELD.
WHAT IS THAT?

USED TO BE A
COWSHED. NOW
IT'S ABANDONED.

GOOD. WE'LL
SET UP CAMP
THERE.








THOSE TWO. YOU
RECOGNIZE THEM?



YES...



...THAT'S WILLIE AND
SNAPPER. THE ROGUES'
LEADER AND HIS
BRUISER.



KWAANK!



**BUK
KWAANK!**

KWAANK!



RAWR!

RAWR!

RAWR!



HISS!

"THESE ROGUES ARE RUTHLESS.
THEY FORCED US OUT OF HERE
WITH A MIX OF SAVAGERY AND
DIRTY TRICKS."



"PLUS, WELL...THEY
OUTNUMBERED US
PRETTY BADLY, TOO."



YOU WERE RIGHT TO ASK
US FOR HELP. EVEN IF YOU
HADN'T BEEN OUTNUMBERED,
FROM THE LOOKS
OF THEM...


...THERE'S NO WAY
THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN
A CLEAN, FAIR FIGHT.



OKAY. NOW THAT
THOSE TWO ARE OUT OF
THE WAY I WANT A LOOK
INSIDE THAT BARN.

QUICKLY
NOW. GO.






IT BREAKS MY HEART, WHAT
GREET'S US INSIDE THE BARN.
THIS PLACE USED TO BE OUR HOME.

NOW IT'S A WRECK...AND
IT STINKS OF STALE
BEDDING AND CAT DIRT.




WE HEAR SOMEONE SNORING.
SLEEPING, INSTEAD OF TAKING
CARE OF WHERE THEY LIVE.



NOT ONLY THAT...BUT THOSE KITS ARE
PLAYING WITH THEIR PREY. I DON'T
THINK THEY'RE EVEN GOING TO EAT IT.

HOW WASTEFUL.
HOW WRONG.



THE WARRIOR CODE FORBIDS WASTING
FOOD LIKE THIS. I'M NO WARRIOR--
I DON'T HAVE TO LIVE BY THE CODE...

...BUT THIS MAKES ME SO ANGRY, I
BARELY HEAR FIRESTAR CALLING FOR
US TO LEAVE, THE BLOOD'S RUSHING
SO LOUD IN MY EARS.



WE'RE GOING TO KEEP
THIS SIMPLE AND
STRAIGHTFORWARD. WE
STAY HERE, OUT OF SIGHT,
UNTIL NIGHTFALL...

...THEN WE TAKE
THE FIGHT TO
THEM.

THE ODDS ARE STACKED IN
OUR FAVOR. WE HAVE BATTLE
TRAINING AND THE ELEMENT
OF SURPRISE. THIS IS OURS.



I HAVE A FEW
QUESTIONS, THOUGH,
FOR THE TWO OF YOU.

WE'LL TELL YOU
ANYTHING YOU NEED
TO KNOW.



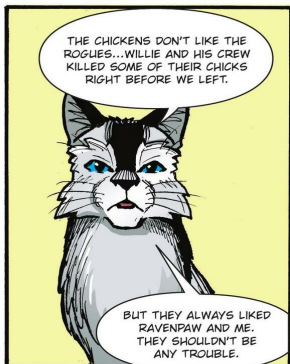
ABOUT THOSE DOGS.
ARE THEY GOING TO MAKE
A LOT OF NOISE AND GIVE
US AWAY?



NO, I DON'T THINK
SO. THEY'RE HEAVY
SLEEPERS. WE CAN
JUST AVOID THEM.

HOW ABOUT
THE CHICKENS? THEY'LL
BE IN THEIR COOP WHEN
WE GO IN, CORRECT?





IT'S TENSE, ALL
THE WAITING.

SEVERAL OF THE OTHER CATS
GET SOME SLEEP, BUT I CAN'T.

POOR BARLEY. HE'S LOOKING...
OLDER. THIS WAS HIS HOME
BEFORE IT WAS MINE.

THIS MUST BE SO
HARD ON HIM.

RAVENPAW.
YOU OKAY?

YEAH, I'M FINE. JUST
A LITTLE NERVOUS.

I OWE THIS TO BARLEY.
I NEED TO MAKE HIS HOME
SAFE AGAIN. HE WAS SO
GENEROUS TO ME WHEN
I NEEDED HELP.

VIOLET...

DON'T WORRY, OLD FRIEND.
WE'LL MAKE THIS RIGHT.





WE CAN HEAR THE TWOLEGS START TO
FEED THE COWS AND THE CHICKENS.



THESE ARE THE LAST THINGS
THEY DO BEFORE SUNDOWN.



IT'S ALMOST TIME.



EXCEPT FOR THE DISTANT HOOT
OF AN OWL, THE FARM IS SILENT
AND STILL.







SO FAR, SO GOOD.



I WONDER IF THE DOGS
REMEMBER HOW BARLEY AND I
SAVED THEIR LIVES DURING THE
FIRE HERE.



RRRRHH?



ZZZZZ...

PROBABLY NOT.



IT SEEMS LIKE THE PLAN'S GOING TO GO OFF WITHOUT A HITCH...



...UNTIL THE CHICKENS GIVE US A NASTY SURPRISE.



WHAT'S GOING ON?

I DON'T KNOW! THEY NEVER USED TO BE THIS NERVOUS!



IT'S SNAPPER! HE MUST TAUNT THEM ALL THE TIME!

NOW THEY'RE SCARED OF ALL CATS!



AND JUST LIKE THAT, NOT ONLY IS OUR
CAREFUL PLAN GONE, BUT I'M FIGHTING,
AND I CAN'T EVEN TELL WHO'S WHO!



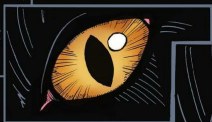
RAAOWR!



I JUST HOPE WHOEVER I'M
SLASHING IS AN ENEMY,
AND NOT A FRIEND.

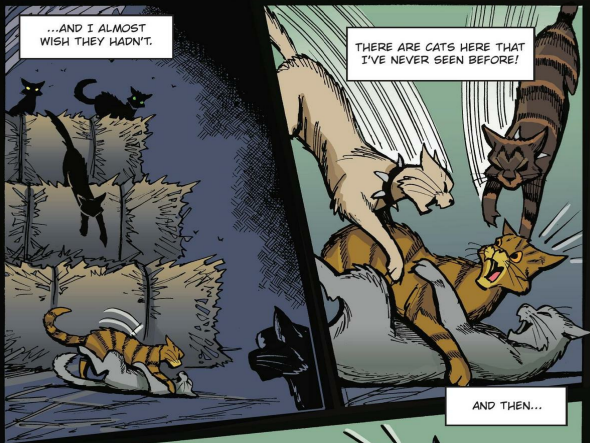


FINALLY...





...MY EYES ADJUST
ENOUGH TO SEE...



...AND I ALMOST
WISH THEY HADN'T.

THERE ARE CATS HERE THAT
I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!

AND THEN...



THIS WAY,
JUMPER!

GET HIM,
HOOT!



WHAT THE...

GET OUT!
SCOOT!



ALL OF YOU
GET OUT!

I GET A GOOD, SOLID LOOK
FOR THE FIRST TIME, AND IT
CONFIRMS MY WORST FEAR.

THESE CATS ARE BLOODCLAN.

THEY'VE FOLLOWED US!







THE CLOUDS HANG LOW AND
HEAVY THE NEXT DAY. I KEEP WAITING
FOR IT TO RAIN, BUT IT NEVER DOES.

NO ONE'S LEFT THE
BARN SINCE SUNUP.

WE USE THE TIME TO COME
UP WITH A NEW PLAN OF ATTACK...

...AND I TRY NOT TO LET MY
NERVES GET THE BEST OF ME.

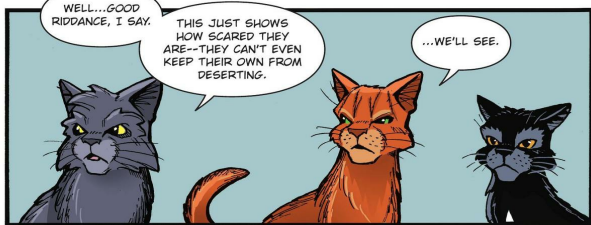
FROM HERE THE PLACE
LOOKS DESERTED.

THE BLOODCLAN
CATS CHANGE
EVERYTHING.

IS THERE ANY OTHER
WAY INTO THE BARN
BESIDES UNDER THE DOOR?

WELL...YES.
YES, THERE IS!

THERE ARE HOLES
IN THE ROOF, LEADING
ONTO THE RAFTERS!



FINALLY WE COME UP WITH A
PLAN. I THINK IT'S A GOOD ONE...
IF NOTHING MESSES IT UP.



...

EVERYONE,
LISTEN TO ME.

IT'S GOING TO
HAPPEN LIKE THIS...



FIRESTAR EXPLAINS HIS PLAN
QUICKLY AND CLEARLY. WE'LL BE
ATTACKING ON TWO FRONTS.

SINCE THE DOOR WILL BE
GUARDED, WE'LL SEND
TWO CATS TO THE FRONT DOOR...

...THEN WE'LL SLIP DOWN
THROUGH THE ROOF AND
CATCH THEM BY SURPRISE.

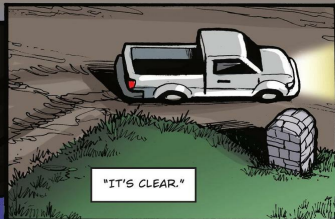


THIS WILL WORK.

WE WILL DRIVE
THEM OUT THIS TIME.







"IT'S CLEAR."



LET'S GO.



NONE OF US
MAKES A SOUND...

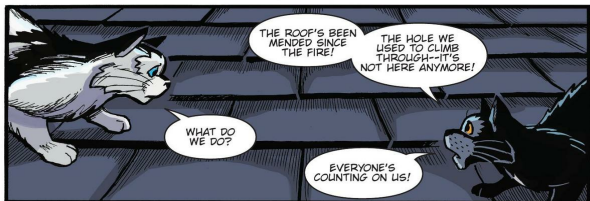
...AND THERE'S BRACKENFUR
AND BRAMBLEPAW. BUT—!



THEY'RE TOO CLOSE
TO THE CHICKENS!
THEY'LL SET THEM TO
SQUAWKING AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY.
THEY KNOW WHAT
THEY'RE DOING.








IT'S AS IF BRAMBLEPAW AND
BRACKENFLUR CAN HEAR FIRESTAR
THINKING.



HISSS!

THEY FLOOD THE WHOLE BARN
WITH MOONLIGHT. THE ROGUES
CAN'T EVEN HIDE AMONG THE HAY BALES!





THE ROGUES MAY
OUTNUMBER US. BUT
THEY CAN'T OUTFIGHT US.



FORWARD,
THUNDERCLAN!

PUSH THEM
OUTSIDE!



MAKE THEM
UNDERSTAND--THEY'RE
NOT WELCOME HERE!



SO MANY OF THE ROGUES
HAVE ALREADY RUN AWAY...



WE'RE LEFT WITH
ONLY A FEW OF THEM.



BUT THERE'S ONE THAT
I'M GLAD TO SEE. ONE I HAVE
PERSONAL BUSINESS WITH.



GO, WILLIE. GET
OUT OF HERE.

THIS IS NOT
YOUR HOME.

DU DUM DU DUM DU DUM DU DUM

THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK, IS IT,
RAVENPAW?

WELL, LET ME
TELL YOU SOMETHING...

...IT DOESN'T MATTER
WHAT YOU THINK!




OH NO...
OH NO...

SNAPPER AND POUNCE
WEREN'T DESERTING!



THEY WERE GOING FOR
REINFORCEMENTS!

KILL THEM! KILL
THE CLAN CATS!



IN A FLASH I'M FIGHTING
FOR MY LIFE. WE ALL ARE.



AND THE BARKING OF THE DOGS
IS SO LOUD IT FEELS LIKE MY
HEAD'S GOING TO EXPLODE...!

RAWR! RAWR! RAWR!
RAWR! RAWR! RAWR!
RAWR! RAWR! RAWR!



I STILL HAVE FAITH IN FIRESTAR.
I KNOW IF HE CAN GET US TO
SAFETY, WE CAN FIGURE OUT
A WAY TO DEAL WITH THIS.



BUT GETTING
US TO SAFETY...

...ALL OF A SUDDEN...



...ISN'T LOOKING
TOO LIKELY.





ALL THIS TALK ABOUT WHO BELONGS WHERE.

WELL, I THINK THAT'S OBVIOUS, DON'T YOU?



TEAR THEM TO PIECES.

NOW.

EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN AS SOON AS WILLIE GIVES THAT ORDER.



I'M AWARE OF EVERY SINGLE CAT AS THEY CLOSE IN ON US. EVERY WHISKER...EVERY CLAW...EVERY TOOTH.

I KNOW THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US ALL! JUST AS WILLIE COMMANDED.



EVEN SO, I KNOW WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT THEM. FIGHT UNTIL IT'S OVER. FIGHT UNTIL WE CAN'T FIGHT ANY LONGER.


AND EVEN THOUGH DEATH IS ONLY SECONDS AWAY...THE ONE THING I HEAR...THE ONE THING THAT FILLS UP THE WHOLE WORLD...

RAWK! RAWR!

...IS THE BARKING
OF THE DOGS.

rrrrhhhRRH!!!





I DON'T EVEN HAVE THE WORDS
TO DESCRIBE THE FURY THE DOGS
UNLEASH ON THE ROGUES.

AS FIERCE AND VICIOUS AS
THE ROGUES ARE, THE DOGS
ARE SO MUCH MORE TERRIBLE...



...IT'S LIKE WATCHING
A FOREST FIRE.



RUN! WE'VE
GOT TO RUN!

WHAT?

NO--NO,
WAIT!

BARLEY AND I SAVED
THE DOGS' LIVES ONCE!

WE MIGHT NOT BE
ABLE TO TALK TO THEM,
BUT THEY'RE ON
OUR SIDE!

IT DOESN'T TAKE LONG
FOR THE THUNDERCLAN
CATS TO UNDERSTAND
THIS...OR TO GET EXCITED
ABOUT IT.

LET'S GO,
DOGS!
GET 'EM!

WAK

CHOMP

DONG



FIND YOUR
MOTHER AND GET
LOST! THIS IS NO
FIGHT FOR KITS!



ALMOST BEFORE I
KNOW IT...



...I'VE GOT WILLIE PINNED.

BUT I DON'T GET THE
CHANCE TO ENJOY IT.



RRHAOWR!
HELP US!



HELP US,
BARLEY!

WE DIDN'T KNOW
THIS WAS YOUR
PLACE, HONEST!

WILLIE TOLD
US IT WAS *HIS*
PLACE!

WE WOULDN'T HAVE
COME HERE IF WE'D KNOWN
IT WAS YOURS, BROTHER!

GRRRR...



LIARS!



?

YOU KNEW FULL
WELL, COWARDS!



I'M SORRY,
MY FRIEND.

BUT I CAN'T LET
YOU HURT THESE
CATS.



THEY'RE WEAK...BUT
THEY'RE MY BROTHERS.



I GUESS THE DOGS CAN
UNDERSTAND US...EVEN IF WE DON'T
SPEAK THE SAME LANGUAGE.

I'LL HAVE TO KEEP THAT IN MIND FROM
NOW ON, WHENEVER I'M AROUND DOGS.



YOU CAN PLAY
HAPPY FAMILIES
HERE IF YOU WANT.

BUT IF I EVER SEE YOUR
FACES IN TWOLEGPPLACE,
I'LL SKIN YOU.



THIS ISN'T
OVER.




REALLY?
WHAT MAKES YOU
THINK THAT?





WHEN YOUR FRIENDS
FROM THE FOREST HAVE GONE
AND YOU'RE ALL ON YOUR OWN,
YOU'D BETTER BE LOOKING OVER
YOUR SHOULDER.

'CAUSE I'LL
BE BACK!



THIS IS *MY* TERRITORY.
I WILL DEFEND IT TO
THE DEATH.

IF YOU SET FOOT ON
THIS FARM AGAIN, YOU DO
SO AT YOUR OWN RISK.



THAT'S PART OF THE
GARBAGE CLEARED OUT.
TIME FOR THE REST.



GET A MOVE
ON, YOU TWO.



PLEASE, BARLEY! HELP US!
WE CAN'T GO BACK TO
TWOLEGPLACE NOW.
WILLIE WILL KILL US!

COME ON,
BARLEY...BROTHER.




I CAN SEE THE
HESITATION IN YOUR
EYES, BARLEY. I HAVE
TO TELL YOU...

...LETTING THESE TWO
TAKE ADVANTAGE OF
YOUR GOOD NATURE
WOULD BE UNWISE.




I CAN SEE THE CONFLICT IN
BARLEY AS CLEARLY AS I CAN
SEE THE STARS IN THE SKY.


HE CAN'T JUST SEND THESE
ROGUES TO THEIR DEATHS.





LIKE IT OR NOT,
THEY ARE FAMILY.



IT'S ALL RIGHT,
FIRESTAR. IF BARLEY
WANTS THEM TO STAY...



...I'LL MAKE
SURE THERE AREN'T
ANY PROBLEMS.



WELL...IF YOU'RE
BOTH SURE...



I CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT
THIS MUST BE LIKE FOR
BARLEY.



LOSING HIS HOME...

DEALING WITH
HIS BROTHERS...



HE LOOKS
FRAILER THAN EVER.



IS THIS EVEN
THE SAME PLACE,
RAVENPAW?

I...I BARELY
RECOGNIZE IT.





I KNOW THE WARRIORS ARE ANXIOUS TO
GET BACK TO THEIR CAMP...TO THEIR OWN
MATES, THEIR OWN KITS, THEIR OWN DENS.



THEIR OWN HOME.



HOOT AND JUMPER HARDLY LIFT
A PAW TO HELP US AS WE CLEAR
AWAY SOME OF THE SOILED
STRAW TO MAKE A NEST.



BUT I'M TOO TIRED TO CARE.
I SUSPECT BARLEY IS TOO.
ALL I WANT NOW IS SLEEP.



HOOT.
JUMPER.

WE'LL TALK
MORE IN THE
MORNING.



AS I WAKE UP, THE SOUNDS
COME BACK TO ME.

THE COWS AND CHICKENS...
THE TWOLEGS...THE CREAK OF
THE BARN'S WOODEN WALLS...


I'M HOME AGAIN! I'M HOME, AND
BARLEY IS HERE WITH ME, AND
EVERYTHING IS RIGHT IN THE WORLD.

WELL, ALMOST EVERYTHING.
HOOT AND JUMPER ARE HERE
NOW. WE'RE BACK...


...BUT I WONDER...CAN THINGS
EVER BE THE SAME AGAIN?

AS SOON AS I'M OUT OF SIGHT--
JUST GOING TO CATCH A MOUSE
FOR BREAKFAST--I HEAR THEM
TALKING TO BARLEY.


REMEMBER, BARLEY?
REMEMBER ALL THE FUN WE
USED TO HAVE PLAYING WHEN
WE WERE ALL KITS?



YEAH, REMEMBER HOW WE USED TO HIDE FROM EACH OTHER? THOSE WERE THE GREATEST TIMES!



BARLEY DOESN'T EVEN RESPOND. HE LOOKS SO OLD, AND WEAK. ...MAYBE HE JUST NEEDS SOME TIME TO RECOVER FROM ALL THIS.



GOOD MORNING, EVERYONE.

HEY, BARLEY, LISTEN. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY OUTSIDE. WHY DON'T YOU GO FOR A NICE RELAXING WALK?



I CAN STAY AND START SHOWING YOUR BROTHERS AROUND THE FARM.

YOU KNOW--ALL OUR BEST HUNTING AND SNOOZING SPOTS.

THANKS, RAVENPAW. THAT SOUNDS GREAT. I WON'T BE GONE TOO LONG.



AS I WATCH HIM GO, I CAN'T HELP WONDERING EXACTLY WHAT I'VE GOTTEN MYSELF INTO WITH THESE TWO.

AS IT TURNS OUT, I CAN BEST
DESCRIBE BARLEY'S BROTHERS
IN ONE WORD: LAZY.

I SHOW THEM THE
BEST SPOTS TO HUNT...

I SHOW THEM WHERE TO
TAKE THEIR DIRTY STRAW...

I SHOW THEM HOW TO PUT TOGETHER
THE MOST COMFORTABLE NEST....

I EVEN SHOW THEM WHERE TO
COLLECT MEDICINAL HERBS, LIKE
TANSY AND POPPY SEED AND MINT.



BUT THEY DON'T SEEM TO WANT
TO DO ANYTHING. THEY JUST WANT
EVERYTHING HANDED TO THEM.

I TRY TO SEE THE GOOD IN THEM,
FOR BARLEY'S SAKE, BUT THEY'VE
GOT A LONG WAY TO GO.



THE LAST THING I SHOW THEM IS
UNDERNEATH THE CHICKEN COOP...

...WHERE WE CAN GATHER UP SOME OF THE
TASTY GRAIN THAT FALLS THROUGH.

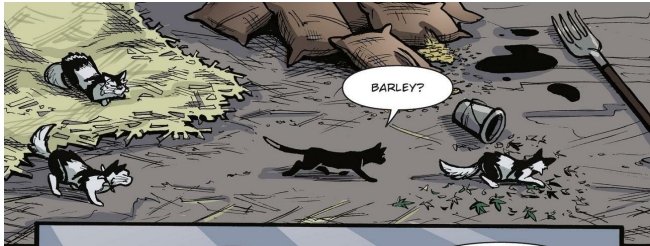


AFTER THAT, I'M DONE. IT'S BEEN A LONG, HARD DAY, AFTER A WHOLE LOT OF LONG, HARD DAYS, AND I AM EXHAUSTED.









I CAN'T BELIEVE BARLEY
WOULD BELIEVE THEM OVER ME,
EVEN FOR A HEARTBEAT!

IT FLUSTERS ME SO BADLY,
I CAN'T EVEN SAY ANYTHING.
BUT I DO KNOW THIS:



I AM SICK OF THOSE TWO.

YOU KNOW,
BARLEY...

THIS PLACE IS MUCH
NICER, NOW THAT WE'RE
HERE WITH FAMILY.

YEAH! LIVING HERE
WITH YOU IS GREAT.

A LOT BETTER THAN
SHARING THIS SPACE
WITH OTHER CATS.





WHEN THEY COME BACK, THEY'RE
LAUGHING AND JOKING WITH ONE
ANOTHER...JUST LIKE FAMILY.
JUST LIKE BROTHERS.

MAYBE BLOOD IS THAT
IMPORTANT. MAYBE IT CAN
OVERCOME ANYTHING. BUT IF
BARLEY IS CHOOSING THEM...

...WHERE DOES THAT
LEAVE ME? ...WHAT
PLACE DO I HAVE HERE?

HEY, RAVENPAW,
CATCH US SOME DINNER,
WOULD YOU?

WE'RE STILL
GETTING CAUGHT UP
WITH BARLEY.

I CAN'T COMPETE WITH
THEM. THAT MUCH
IS BECOMING OBVIOUS.

EASIER TO JUST...DO
AS THEY ASK, I GUESS.

YEAH--IT'S
NO PROBLEM.

I'LL GET
A MOUSE.


NATURALLY IT DOESN'T
TAKE MUCH EFFORT TO CATCH
A MEAL. BUT I'M NOT PREPARED
FOR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

THERE
HE IS.

ABOUT
TIME.







IS THIS REALLY WHAT
BARLEY WANTS?

AFTER EVERYTHING HOOT
AND JUMPER HAVE DONE?

I SHOULDN'T BE SO
UPSET, I GUESS. THIS IS
MY OWN FAULT.

BARLEY AND I ARE NOT
CLANMATES. THERE'S NO
BOND BETWEEN US. I CHOSE
NOT TO LIVE IN A CLAN...

...AND THIS IS WHAT LIFE
IS LIKE ON THE OUTSIDE.

I GUESS...I'LL HAVE TO FIND
A NEW PLACE TO LIVE NOW...

RRRHEEEHHRR!

BARLEY!

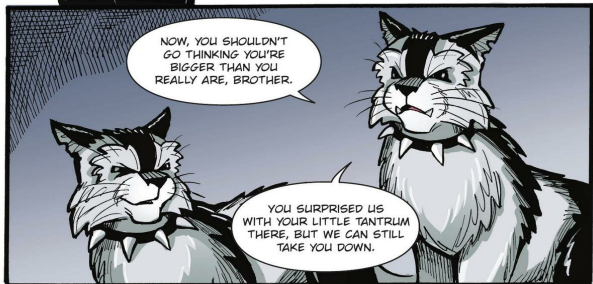
WHAT COULD MAKE HIM SNARL LIKE
THAT? I HOPE IT'S NOT A RAT, HE'S SO
FRAIL RIGHT NOW, HE MIGHT NOT BE
ABLE TO HANDLE A RAT, HE'S--





AND RAVENPAW HAS BEEN MORE LOYAL TO ME THAN YOU COULD BE IN A HUNDRED LIFETIMES.

NOW GO. OR DO I HAVE TO MAKE YOU?





RRRHEEHRR!

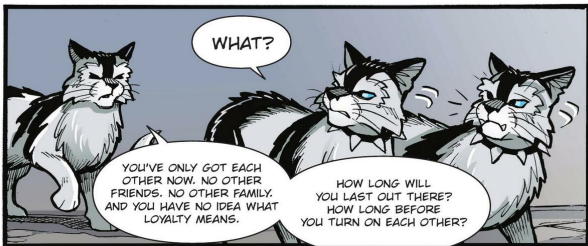
SKATCH



YOU'RE RIGHT.
WE ARE KIN.

WHICH MEANS I CAN
FIGHT JUST AS WELL
AS YOU CAN.









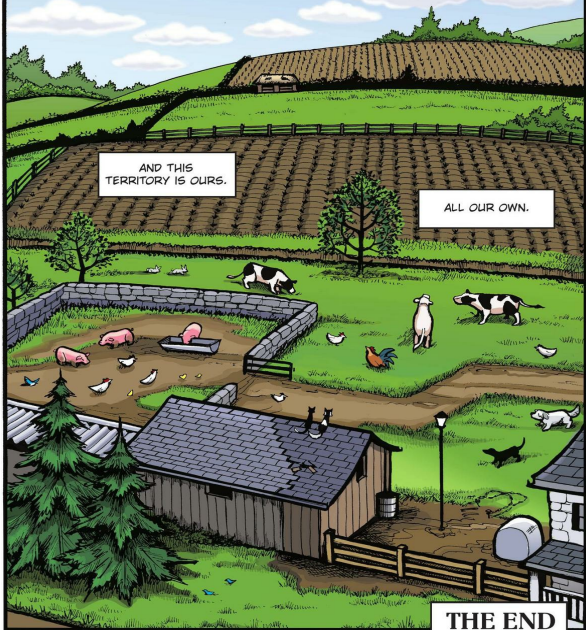


HE'S RIGHT. I GUESS
I WAS AFRAID TO BELIEVE IT,
BUT HE'S RIGHT.

WE'RE AS STRONG AS
A CLAN, THE TWO OF US.

AND THIS
TERRITORY IS OURS.

ALL OUR OWN.



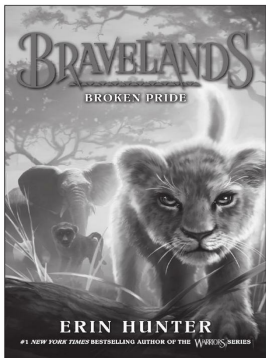
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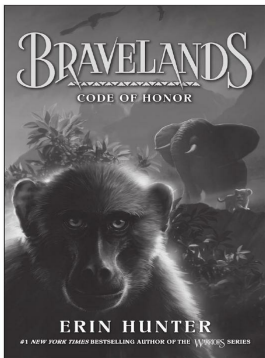
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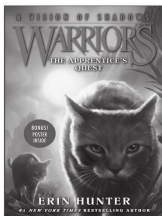
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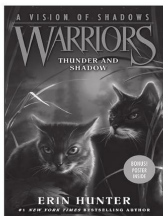
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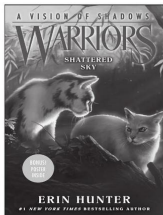
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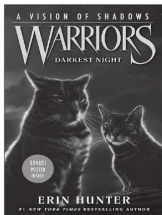
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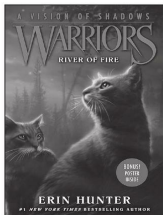
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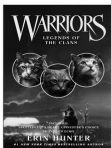
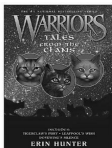
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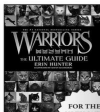
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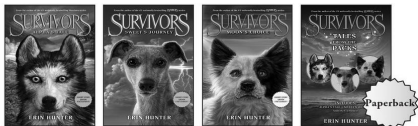
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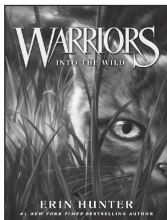
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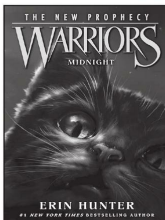
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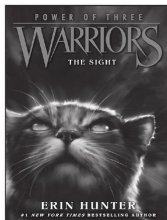
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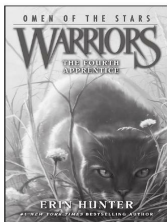
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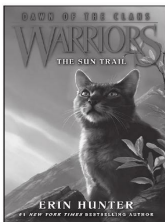
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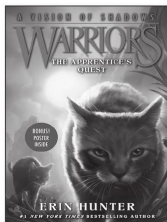
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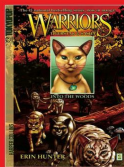
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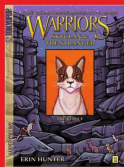
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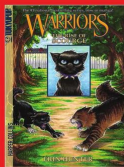
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