

WARRIORS

SKYCLAN AND
THE STRANGER



NOW IN
FULL
COLOR!

INCLUDES:
THE RESCUE • BEYOND THE CODE
AFTER THE FLOOD

ERIN HUNTER

#1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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WARRIORS

SKYCLAN &
THE STRANGER

CREATED BY
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HAMBURG // LONDON // LOS ANGELES // TOKYO

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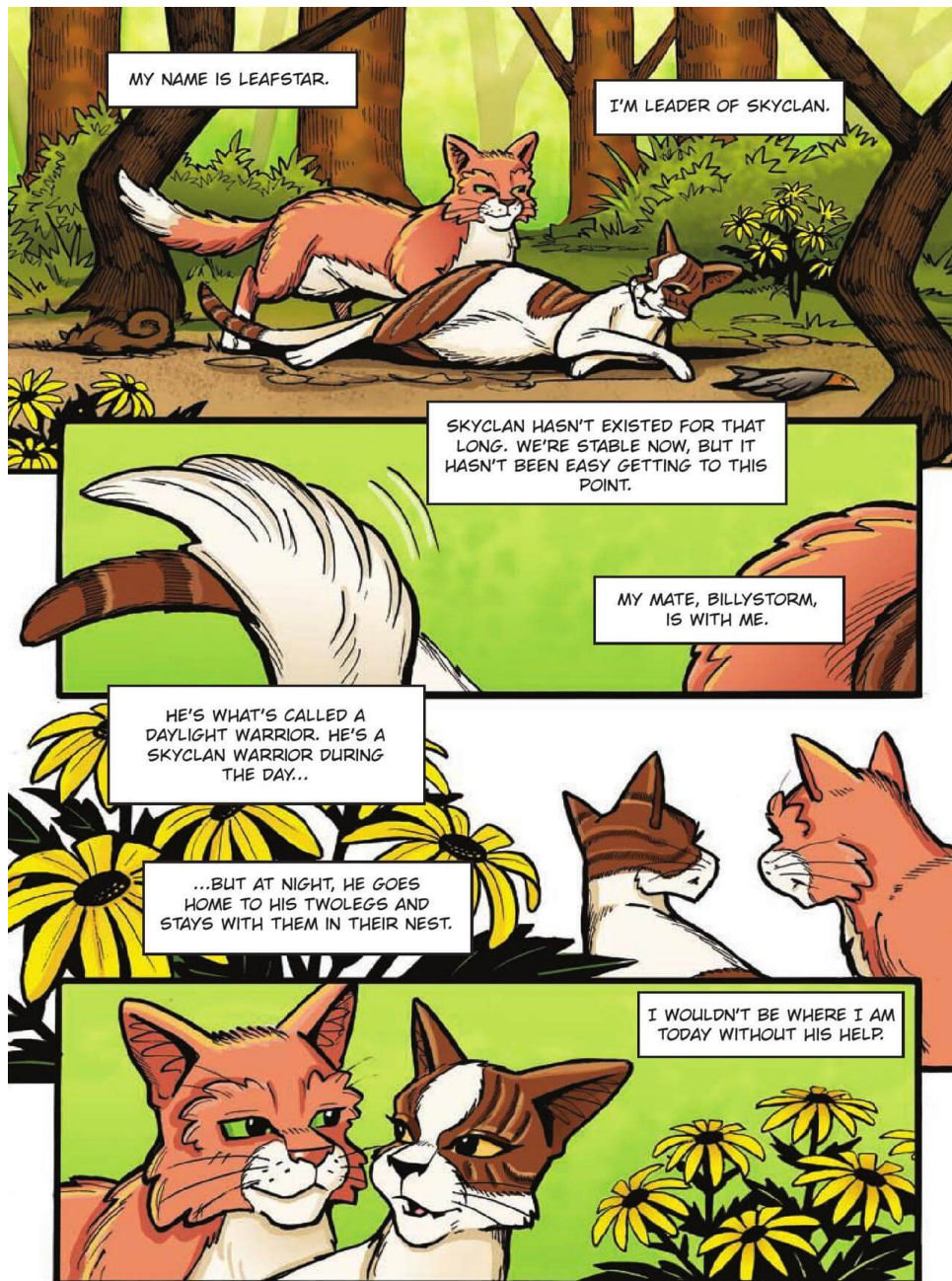
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WARRIORS

THE RESCUE



MY NAME IS LEAFSTAR.

I'M LEADER OF SKYCLAN.

SKYCLAN HASN'T EXISTED FOR THAT LONG. WE'RE STABLE NOW, BUT IT HASN'T BEEN EASY GETTING TO THIS POINT.

MY MATE, BILLYSTORM, IS WITH ME.

HE'S WHAT'S CALLED A DAYLIGHT WARRIOR. HE'S A SKYCLAN WARRIOR DURING THE DAY...

...BUT AT NIGHT, HE GOES HOME TO HIS TWOLEGS AND STAYS WITH THEM IN THEIR NEST.

I WOULDN'T BE WHERE I AM TODAY WITHOUT HIS HELP.



BELOW US IS
SKYCLAN'S CAMP.



IT'S A SAFE PLACE.
A SECURE PLACE.

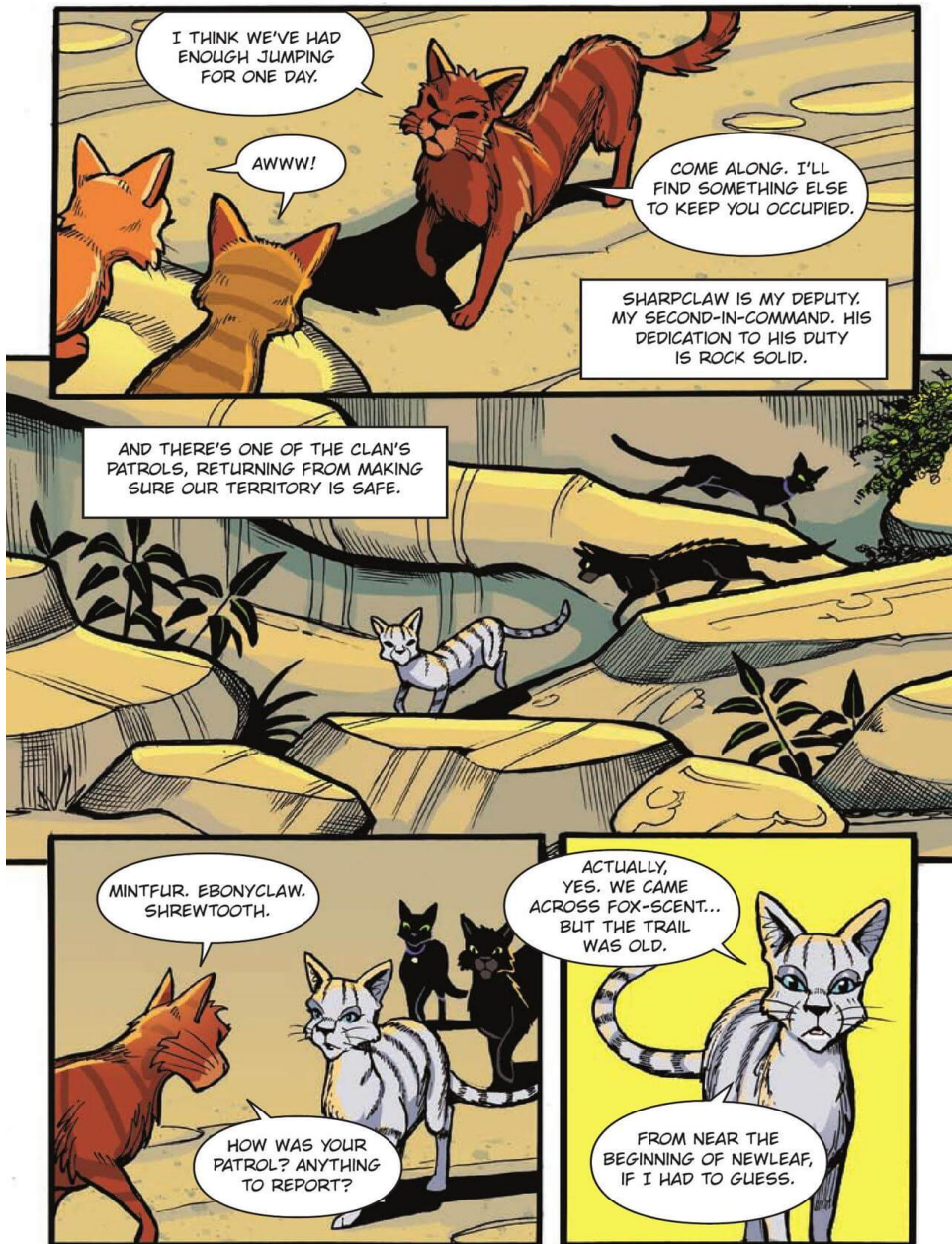
A PLACE OF PEACE.





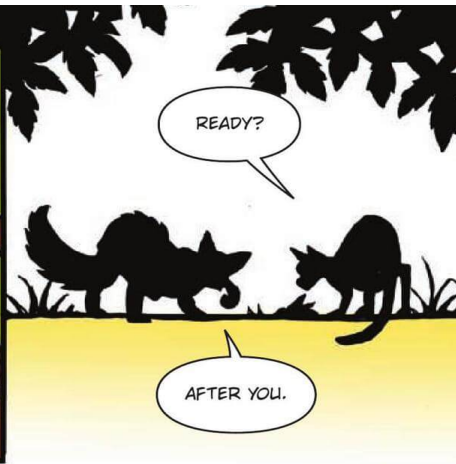
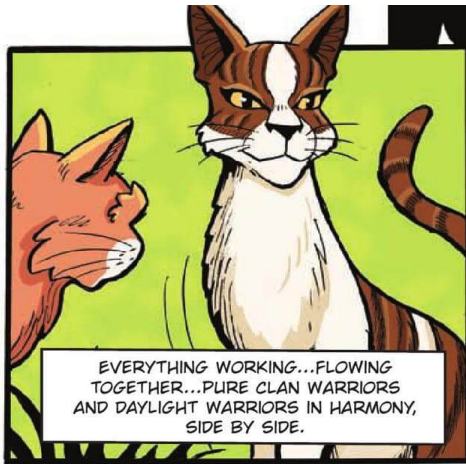






















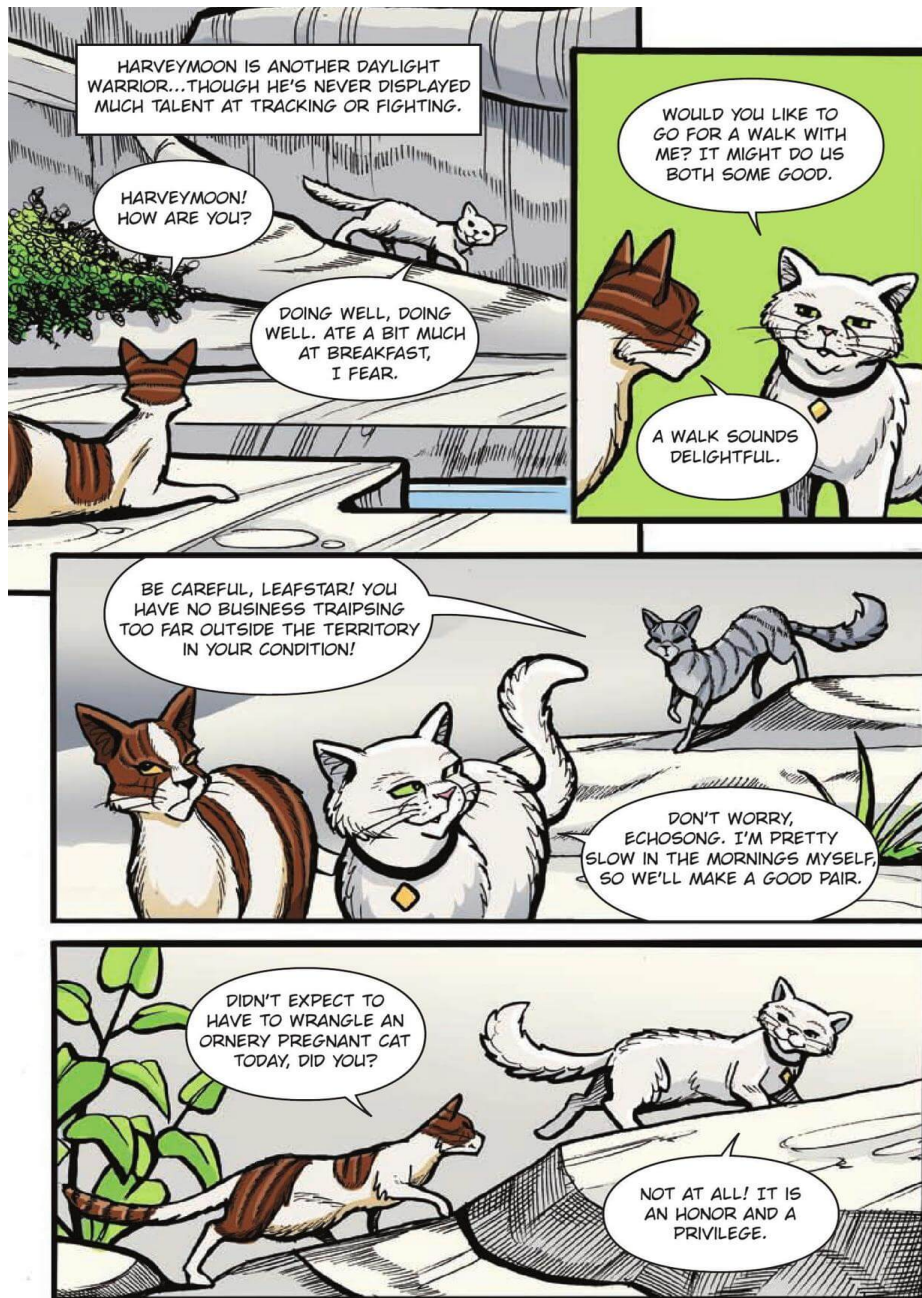




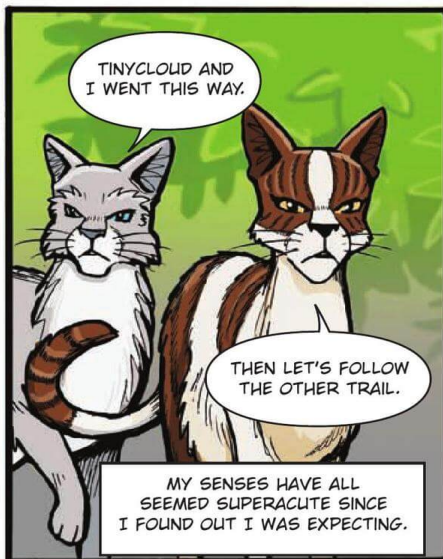
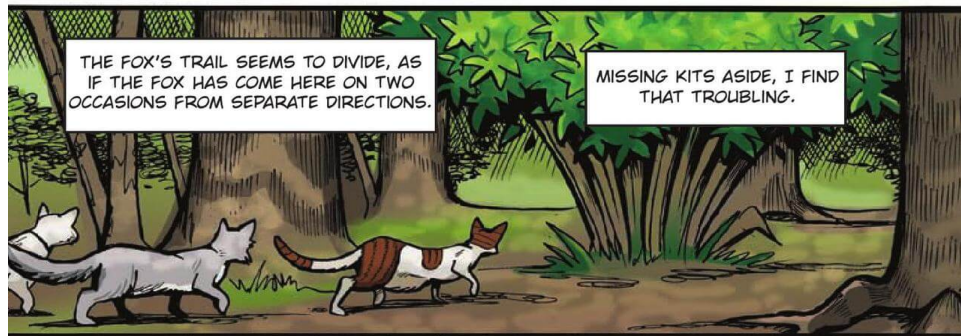


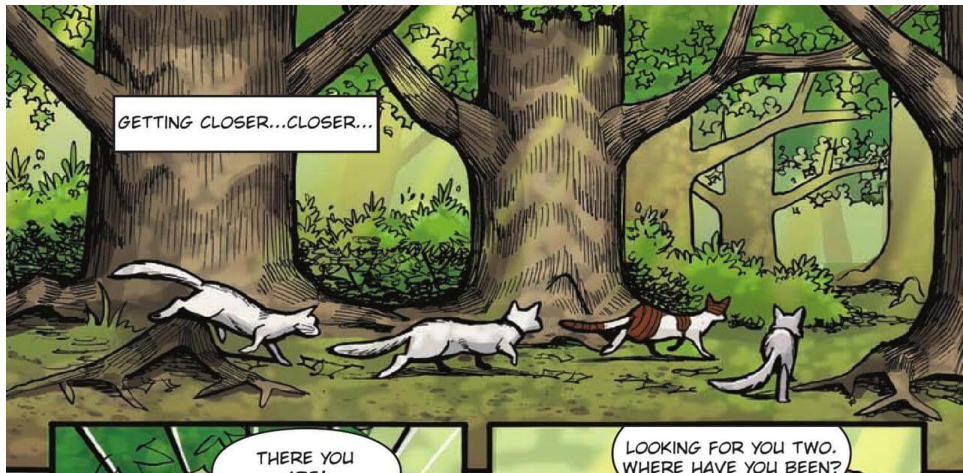


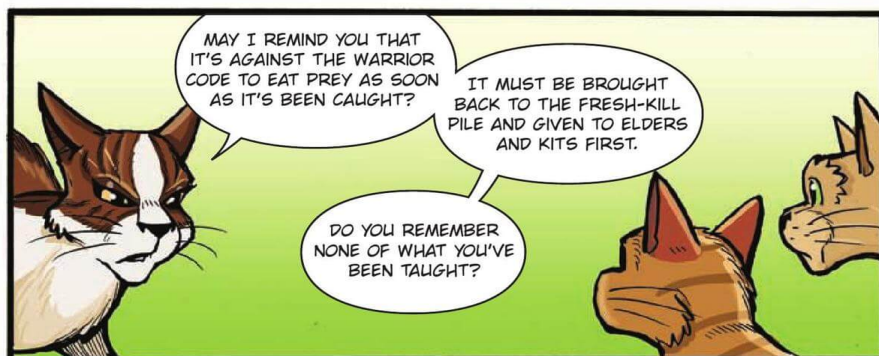


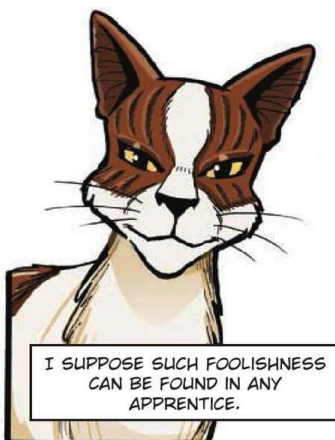
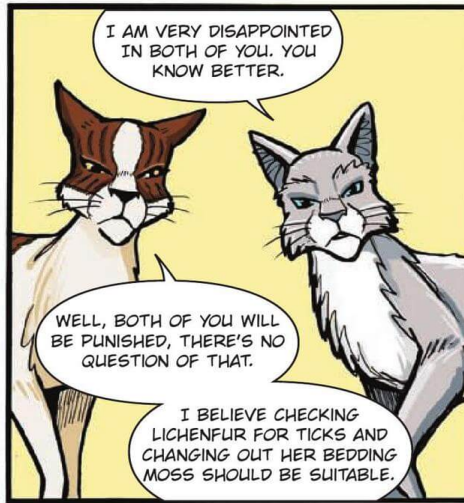


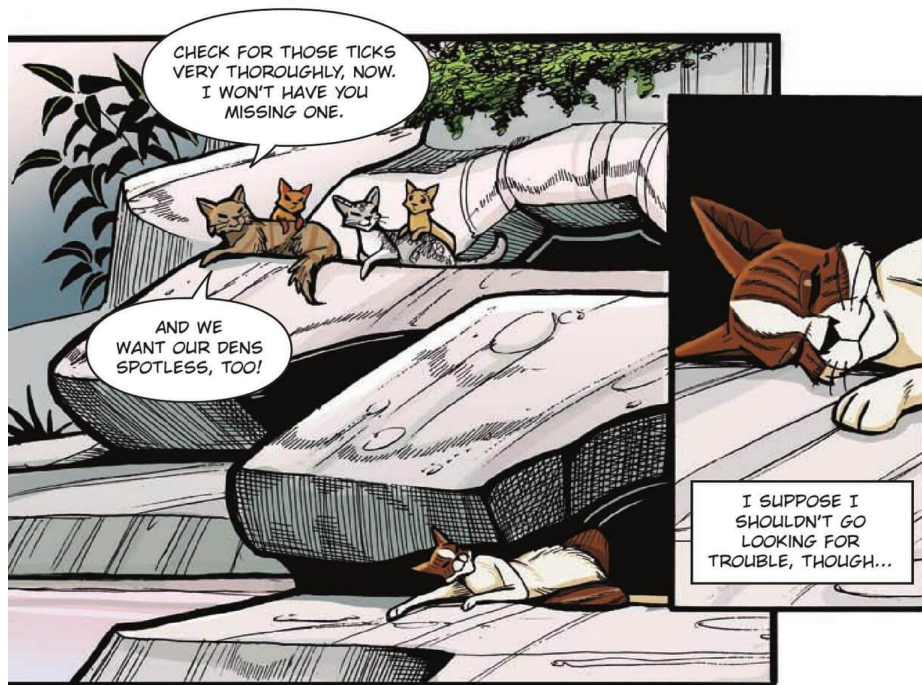


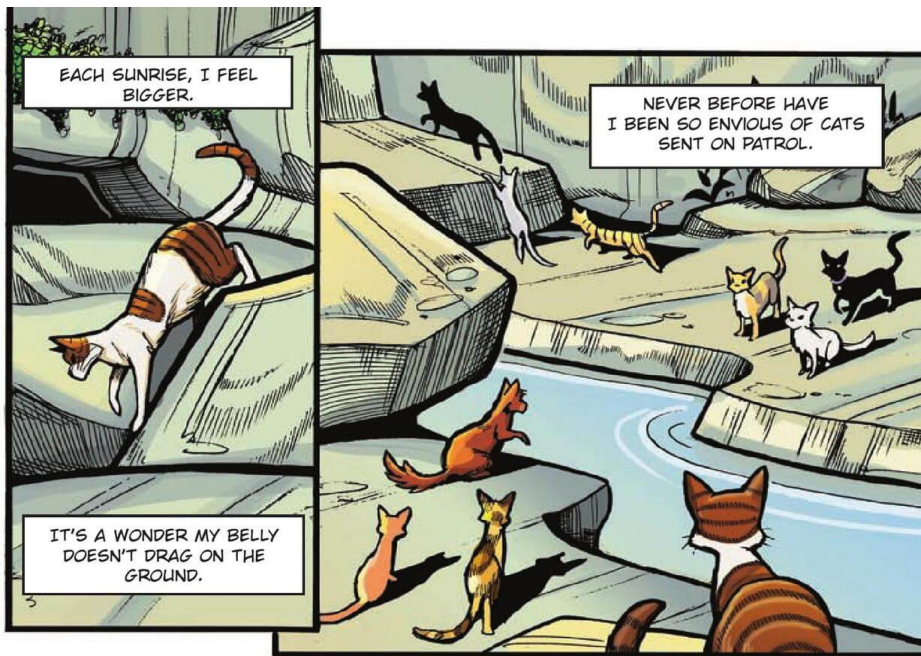


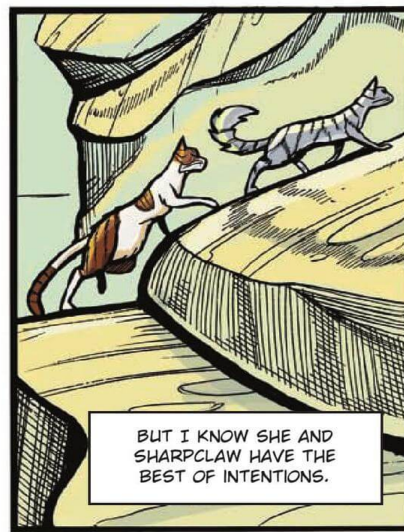


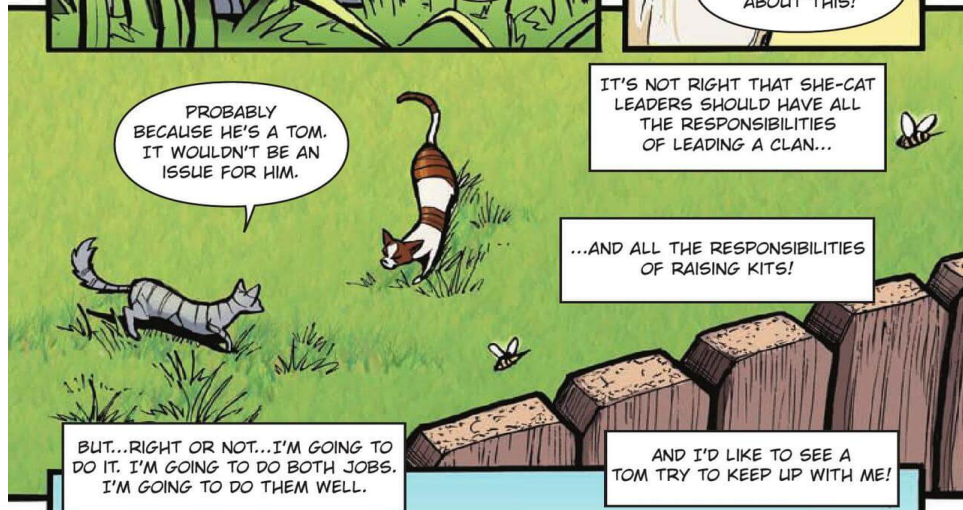


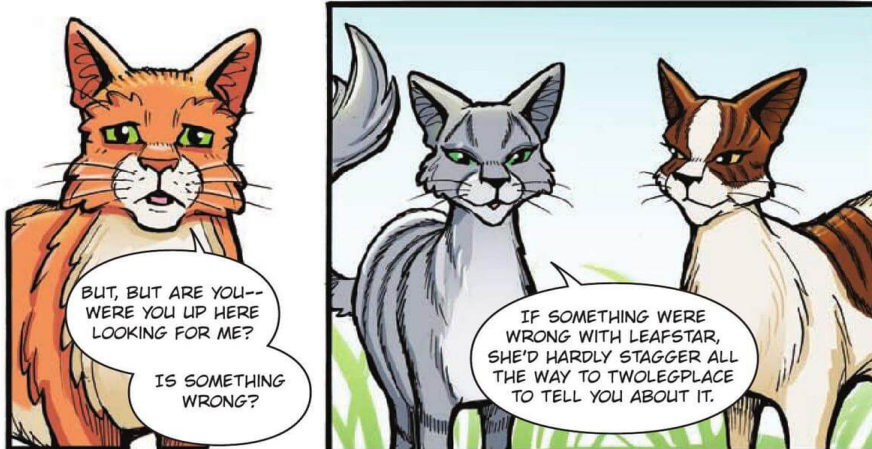


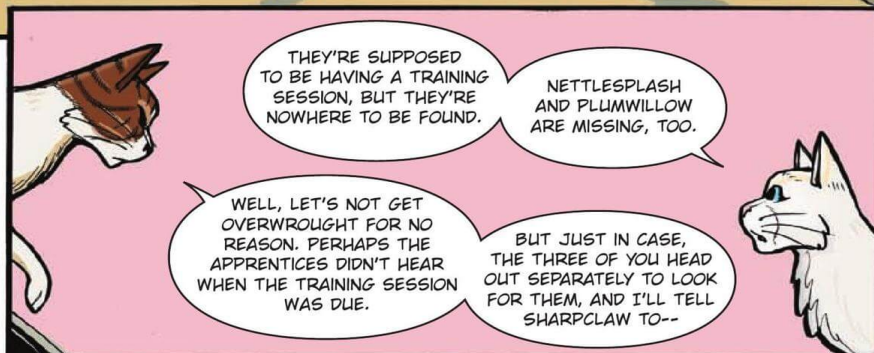


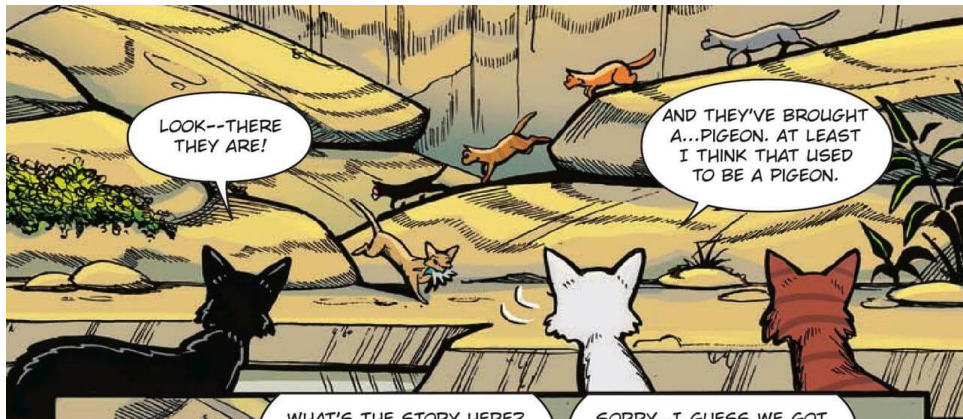












LOOK--THERE
THEY ARE!

AND THEY'VE BROUGHT
A...PIGEON. AT LEAST
I THINK THAT USED
TO BE A PIGEON.



WHAT'S THE STORY HERE?
YOU DISAPPEAR, AND THEN
YOU COME BACK WITH MANGLED
FRESH-KILL?

SORRY...I GUESS WE GOT
A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY
WHEN WE CAUGHT IT...

WELL, GO AND WASH
THE PIGEON STINK OFF
YOU IN THE POOL.

BEFORE YOU LEAD
A PACK OF FOXES
STRAIGHT TO US.



I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING
ON WITH THESE APPRENTICES...

...BUT THEY MUST LEARN TO
BE MORE CAREFUL. THAT PIGEON'S
CLAW SEEMS TO HAVE OPENED
BIRDPAW'S EYE BACK UP.



CARELESS KITS.
LOOK AT HOW SHE'S
REOPENED THAT
WOUND!

I KNOW.



THINGS SEEM TO BE
QUIET FOR A FEW DAYS.

PATROLS
COME AND GO...

THE SUN KEEPS
GETTING HOTTER...



...BUT I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THIS
MYSTERY AROUND THE YOUNGER CATS
WOULD REAR ITS HEAD AGAIN.

AND JUST WHERE
DO YOU LOT THINK
YOU'RE GOING?







A FEW MORE DAYS PASS
UNEVENTFULLY...



BUT I CAN TELL SOMETHING
IS UP JUST FROM THE WAY
ECHOSONG IS WALKING.

WHAT'S
WRONG?



OH, IT'S
BIRDPAW'S EYE.

IT HASN'T BEEN
IMPROVING THE
WAY I WANT IT TO.

I MAY HAVE TO KEEP HER
CONFINED TO THE MEDICINE DEN FOR
A FEW DAYS. I'M AFRAID SHE NEEDS
SOME INTENSIVE TREATMENT.

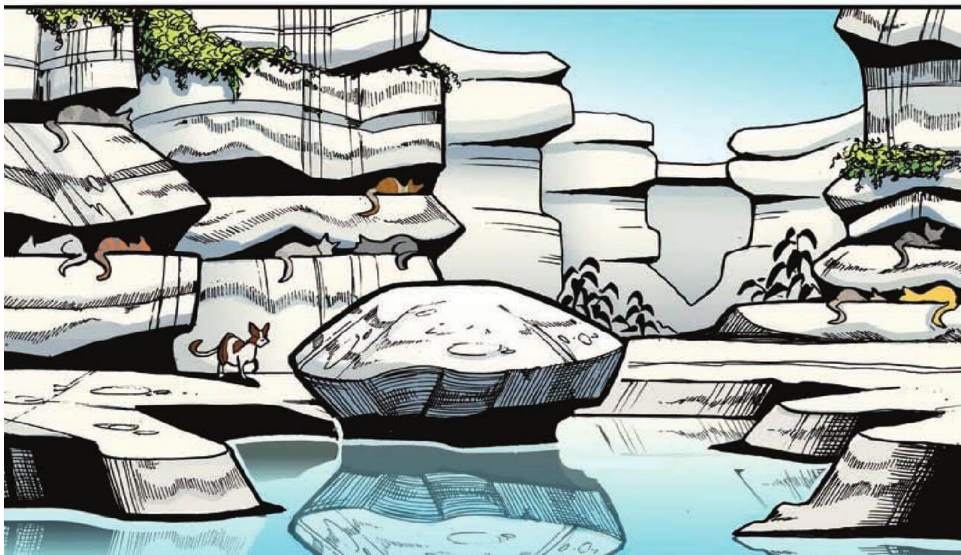
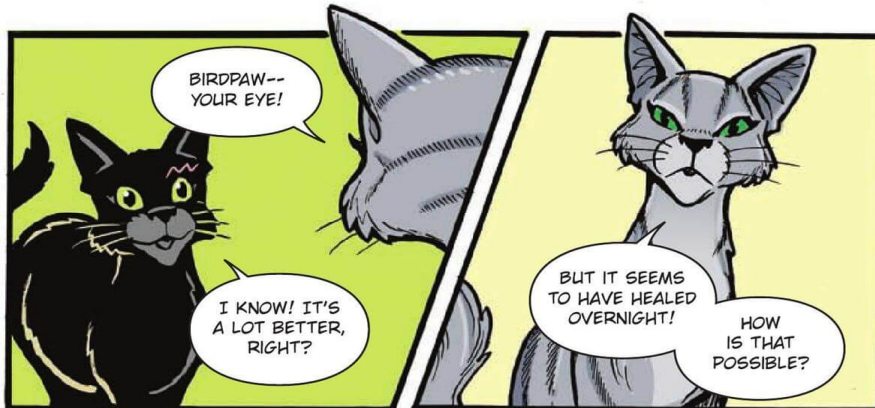


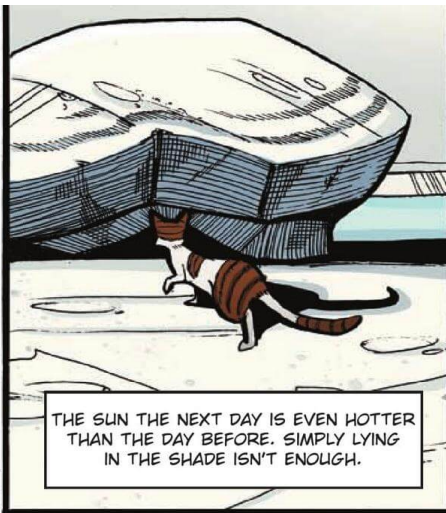
LEAFSTAR!

"WELL, I'LL GET SHARPCLAW
TO SEND HER OVER AS SOON AS
SHE'S BACK FROM PATROL."



SHARPCLAW
SAID YOU WANTED
TO SEE ME?





THE SUN THE NEXT DAY IS EVEN HOTTER THAN THE DAY BEFORE. SIMPLY LYING IN THE SHADE ISN'T ENOUGH.



WHICH IS WHAT LEADS ME HERE.

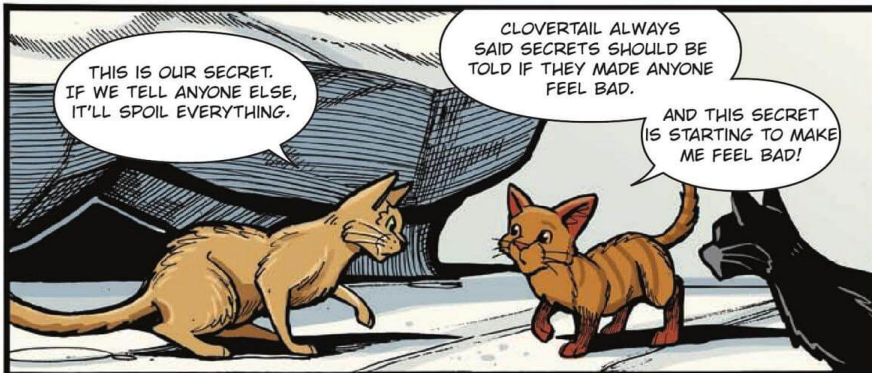


WHERE I SOON FIND MORE THAN JUST RELIEF FROM THE HEAT.

I DON'T SEE WHY I CAN'T TELL TINYCLOUD-- IT COULD HELP THE CLAN!

NO, YOU CAN'T!

YOU MUSTN'T!



THIS IS OUR SECRET. IF WE TELL ANYONE ELSE, IT'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING.

CLOVERTAIL ALWAYS SAID SECRETS SHOULD BE TOLD IF THEY MADE ANYONE FEEL BAD.

AND THIS SECRET IS STARTING TO MAKE ME FEEL BAD!

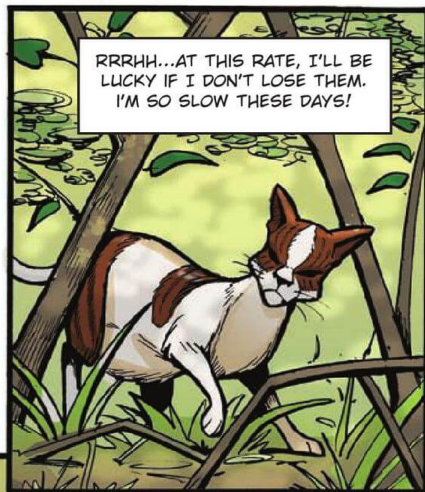




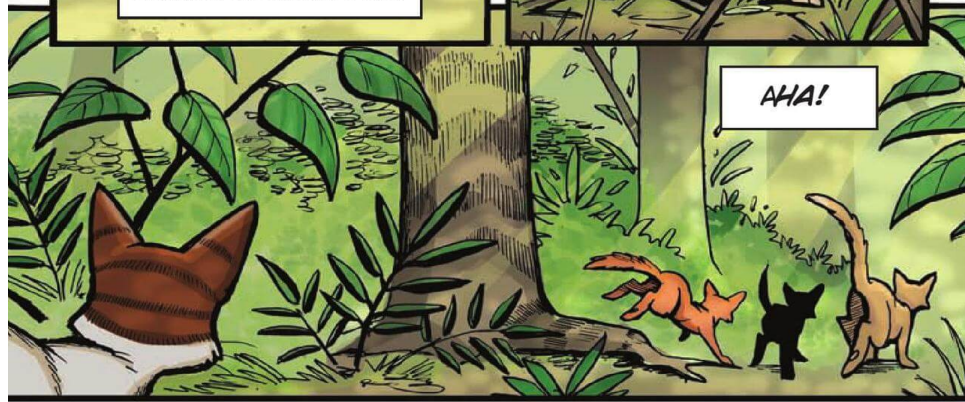


sniff
sniff

THERE WE GO...I CAN
SMELL ECHOSONG'S HERBAL
OINTMENT ON BIRDPAW'S EYE.



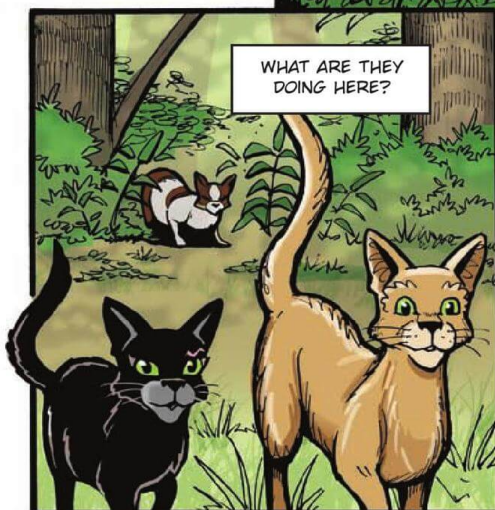
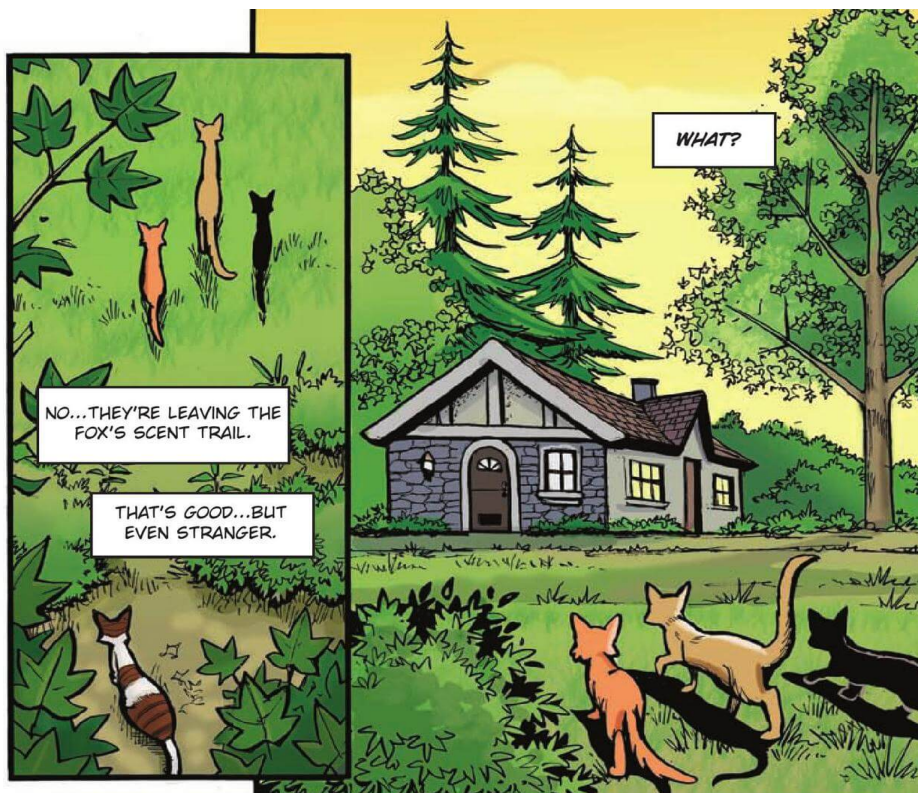
RRRHH...AT THIS RATE, I'LL BE
LUCKY IF I DON'T LOSE THEM.
I'M SO SLOW THESE DAYS!

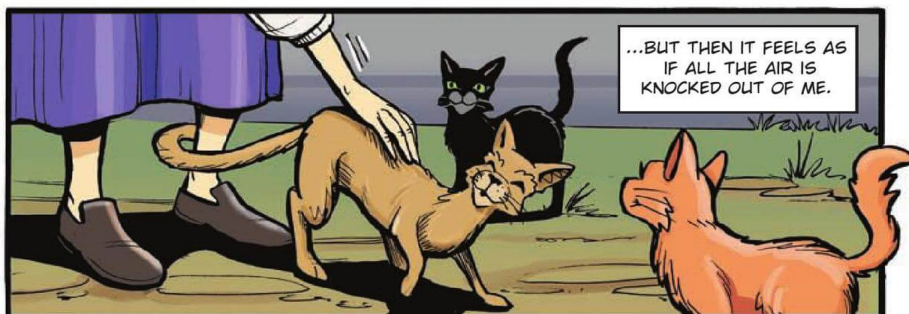


AHA!



WAIT A MOMENT...THIS IS THE FOX
TRAIL. SURELY THE APPRENTICES
AREN'T HUNTING FOXES?







BE BACK IN A
MOMENT, DEARIES!



NETTLEPLASH!
BIRDPAW!
ALL OF YOU!

I CAN'T BELIEVE
WHAT I'M SEEING!



YOU ARE ALL CLANBORN
CATS, NOT KITTYPETS! NOT
EVEN DAYLIGHT WARRIORS!
AND THE WOODS ARE FULL
OF PREY.

NEWLEAF HAS BEEN
KIND TO US. WHY DO YOU
WANT TO BE FED BY A TWOLEG
AS IF YOU CAN'T HUNT FOR
YOURSELVES?



WELL...THE THING IS...
IT TASTES REALLY GOOD...
AND SHE'S NICE TO US.

YEAH--EXCEPT
WHEN SHE PUT THE
SLIMY STUFF ON MY EYE.
THAT WAS NASTY.



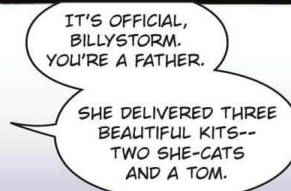
"NICE" TO YOU. THIS IS
THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS
DISPLAY OF--

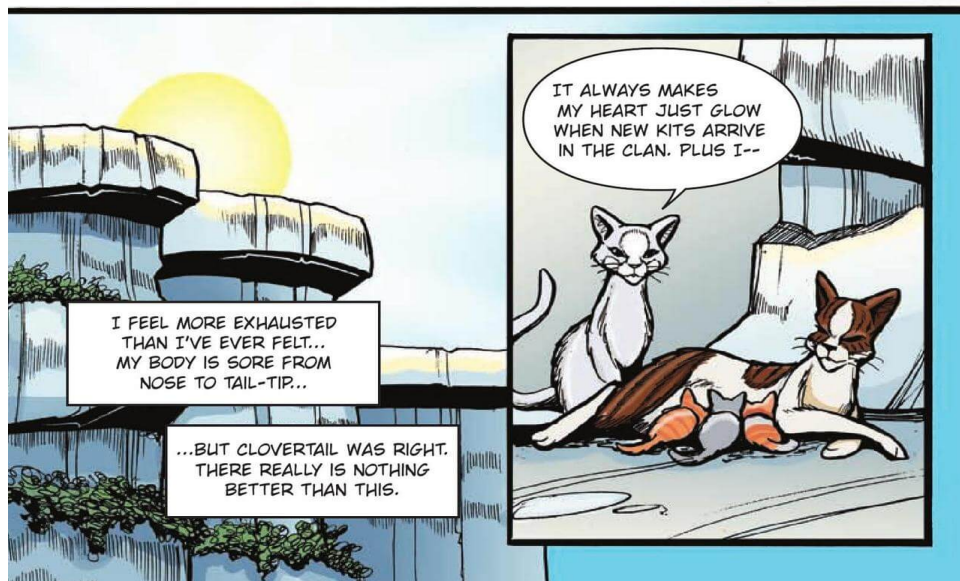
RROWWW!
I...YOU CAN'T...

WE CAN'T JUST
STAND HERE AND ARGUE.
GET BACK TO THE GORGE!
RIGHT NOW!

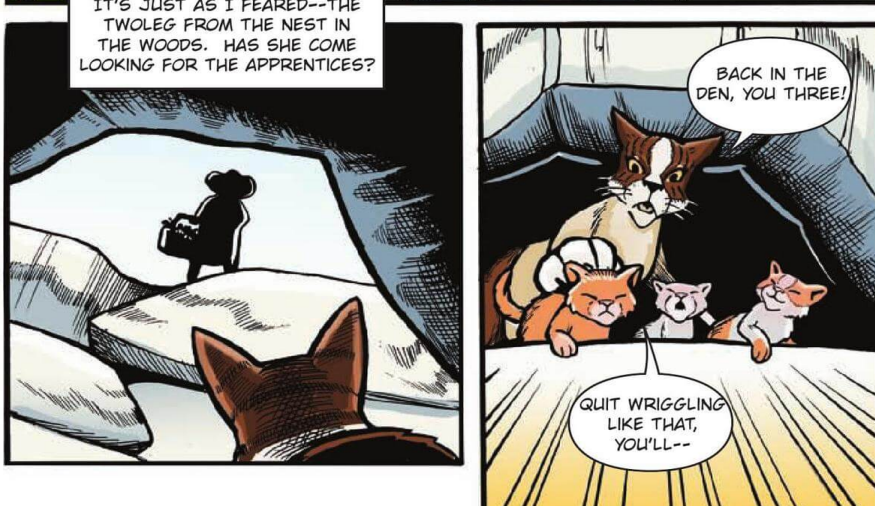
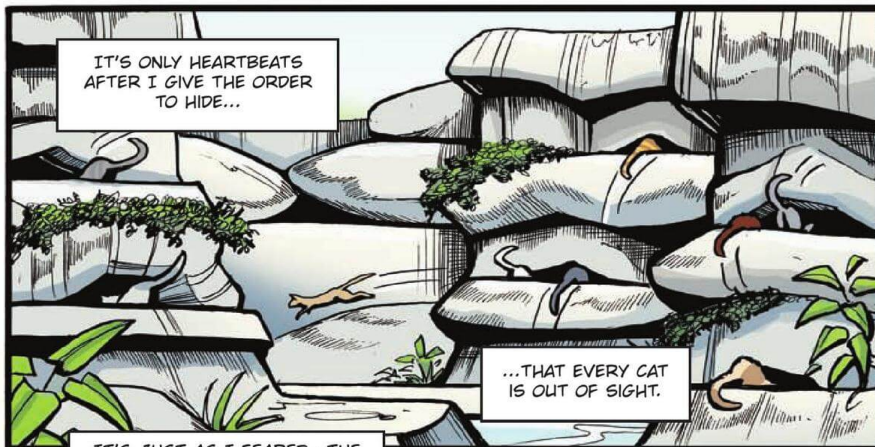
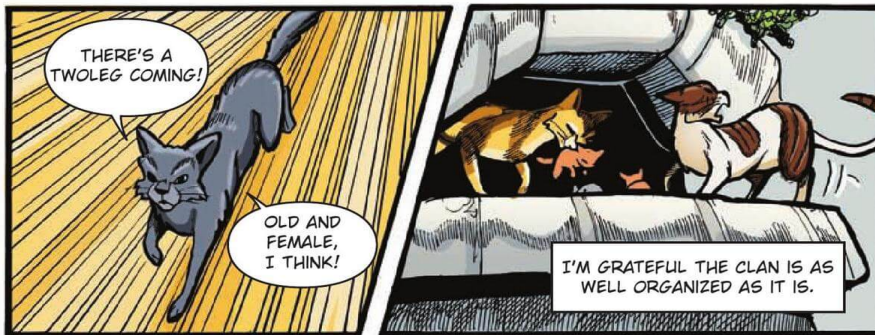


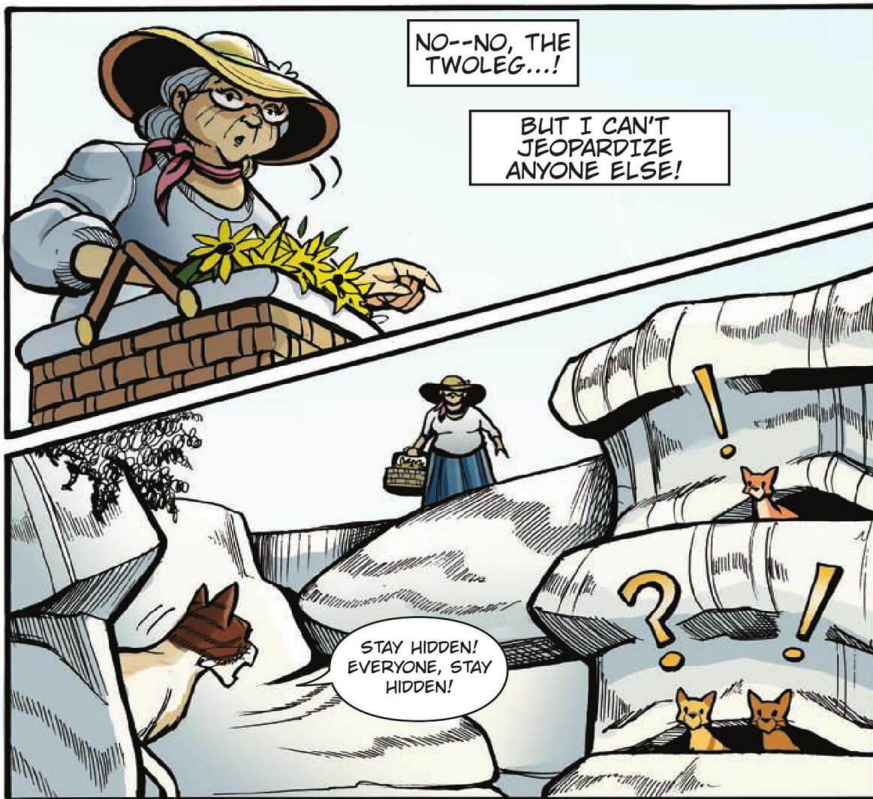








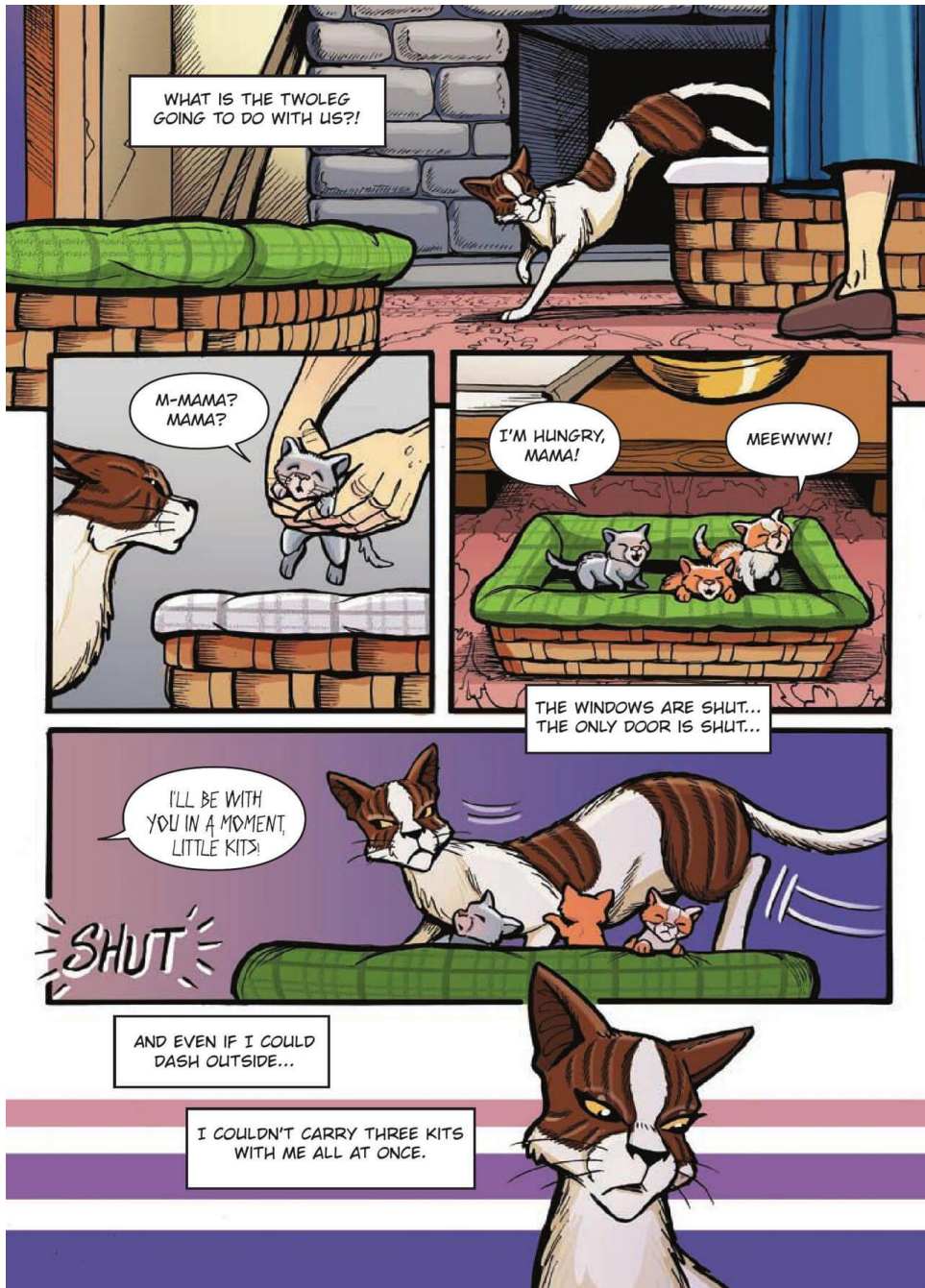












WHAT IS THE TWOLEG
GOING TO DO WITH US?!

M-MAMA?
MAMA?

I'M HUNGRY,
MAMA!

MEEWWWW!

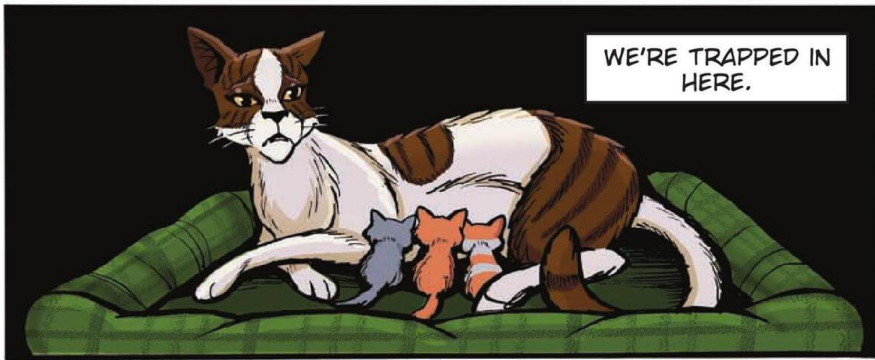
THE WINDOWS ARE SHUT...
THE ONLY DOOR IS SHUT...

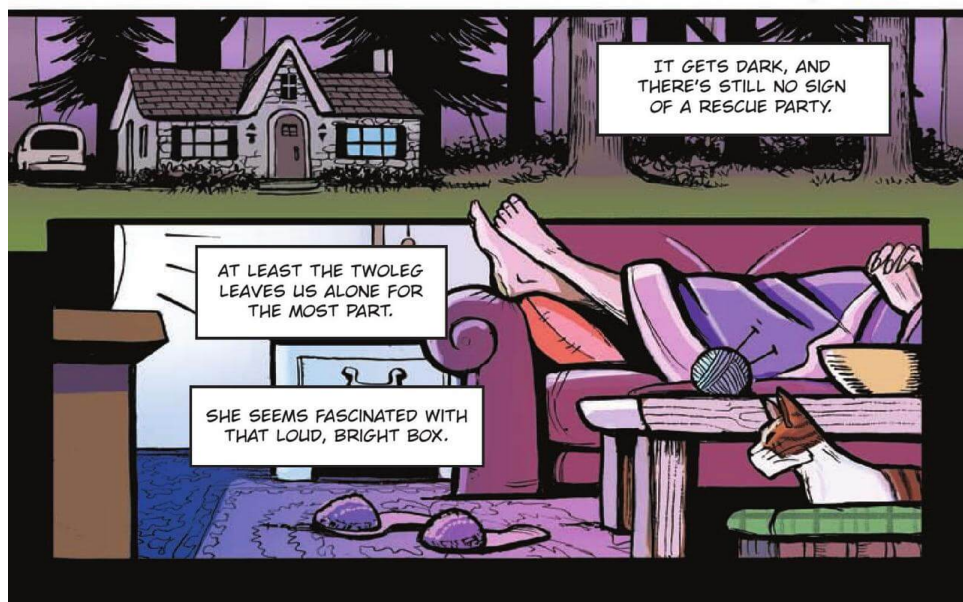
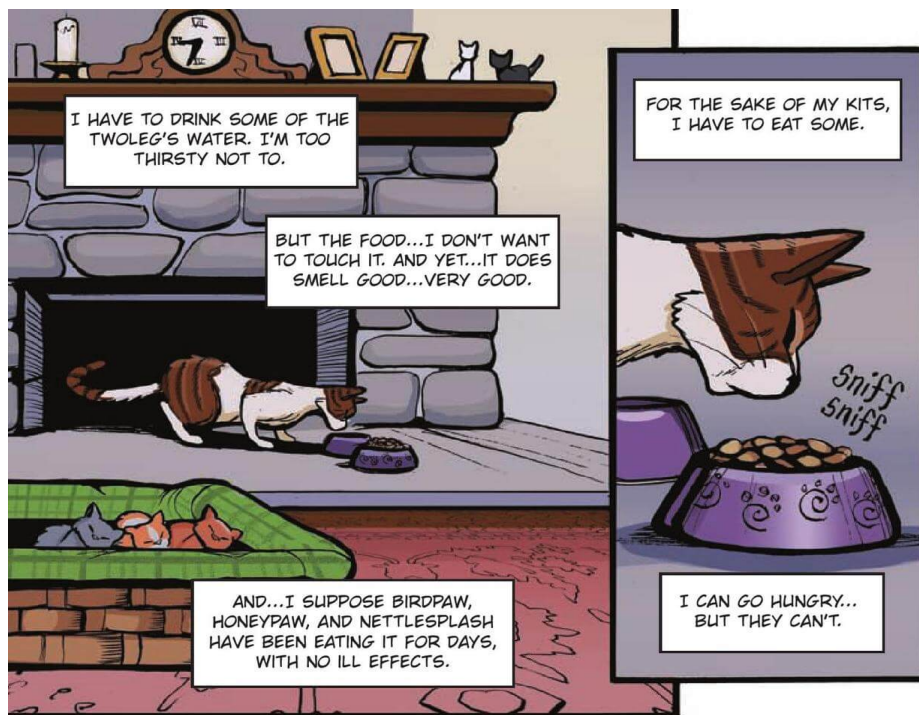
I'LL BE WITH
YOU IN A MOMENT,
LITTLE KITS!

SHUT

AND EVEN IF I COULD
DASH OUTSIDE...

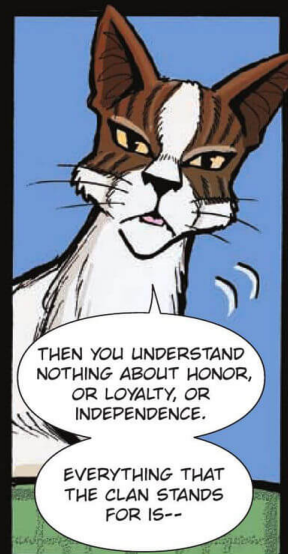
I COULDN'T CARRY THREE KITS
WITH ME ALL AT ONCE.





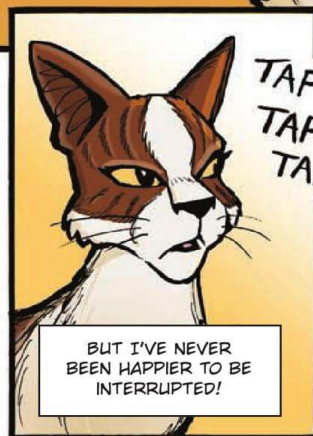
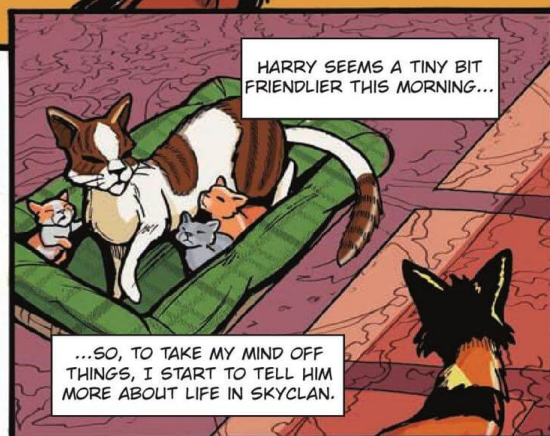


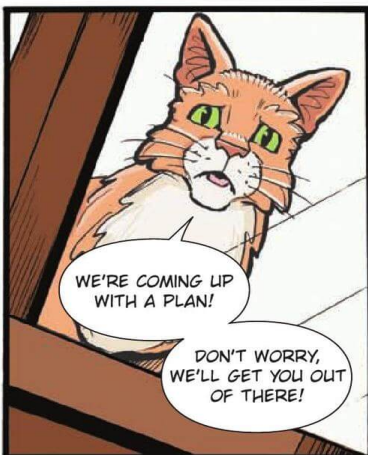


















WARRIORS!

COME ON--
WE HAVE TO GO!



THEY'RE HERE...MY CLAN
KNOWS EXACTLY WHERE
I AM NOW...AND YET I FEEL
MORE ALONE THAN EVER.

• • •



OH, COME NOW,
LEAFSTAR. IT'S
NOT ALL BAD.

LOOK, THE TWOLEG
GAVE US TUNA TONIGHT.
HAVE YOU EVER HAD
TUNA BEFORE?

I CAN'T EVEN BRING MYSELF TO
SPEAK TO HARRY, EVEN THOUGH
HE'S TRYING TO HELP, IN HIS OWN
WAY.

WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO?



TWO LONG DAYS PASS, WITH
NO SIGN OF MY CLANMATES.

THEY WOULDN'T
ABANDON US...
WOULD THEY?





I DREAM AGAIN.

THIS TIME I'M WITH MY
KITS, BACK IN SKYCLAN...

...BUT THE CLAN HAS
LEFT ME. LEFT US.

HOW? HOW COULD THEY
ABANDON US LIKE THIS?

MRRROOWWWW!

I KNOW THAT
VOICE...!

IT'S FALLOWFERN!







OH DEAR! WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE TO
YOUR POOR LEG?



YOU POOR THING!
I'LL HAVE YOU FIXED
UP IN NO TIME

YOU CAN STAY THE
NIGHT, BUT I'M AFRAID I
CAN'T LET YOU GO INTO
THE SITTING ROOM.

WE ALREADY HAVE
SOME GUESTS IN THERE.
NOW HERE YOU GO SOME
NICE FOOD AND SOME
MILK.



IN THE MORNING WE'LL
TAKE A LOOK AT THAT
LEG, AND SEE IF YOU NEED
TO GO TO MR VETERINARIAN,
WON'T WE?

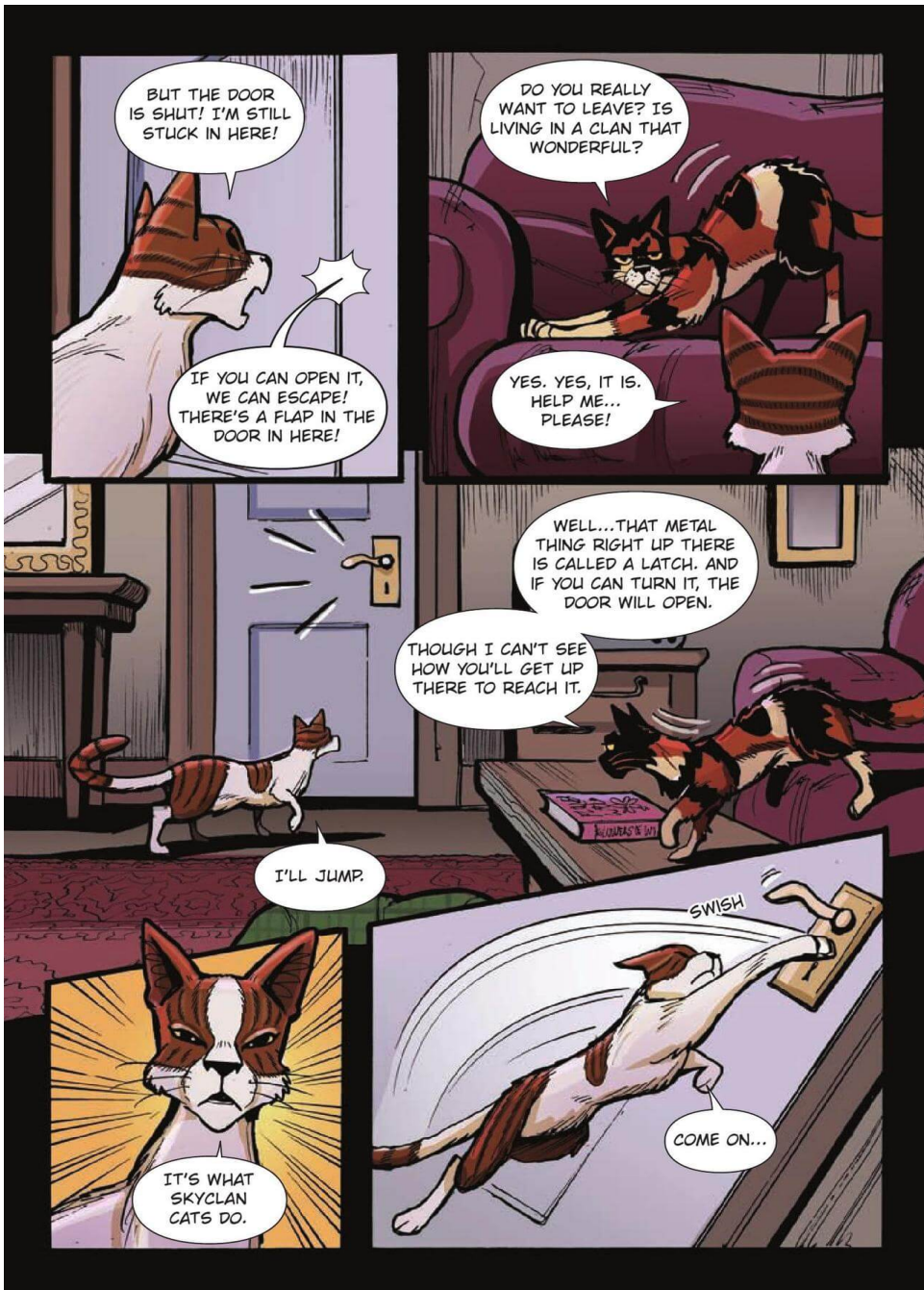


CLICK



LEAFSTAR! I'M OKAY!
I WAS JUST PRETENDING
TO HAVE A BAD LEG
SO THE TWOLEG
WOULD LET ME IN!

THE OTHERS ARE
OUTSIDE. I'M GOING TO
GET YOU OUT OF HERE!













I ALSO NEED TO THANK
FALLOWFERN FOR HER
BRILLIANT PLAN...



OH--ACTUALLY
THAT WAS
BIRDPAW'S IDEA.

SHE THOUGHT THE
TWOLEG PUT THAT
GREASY STUFF ON HER
EYE TO HELP IT...



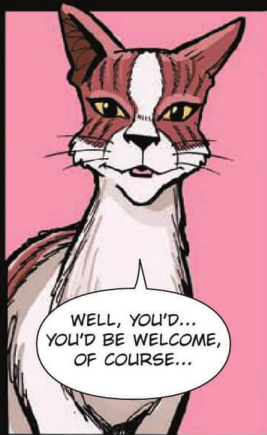
WELL, BIRDPAW,
IT WAS AN
EXCELLENT IDEA...

...BUT YOU MUST
ALSO REMEMBER,
ALWAYS, THAT YOU
ARE A CLAN CAT...YOU
AND THE REST OF
THE APPRENTICES...

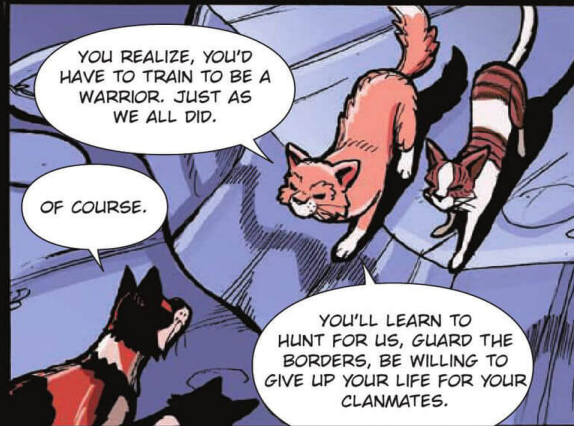


...AND THAT YOU
NEVER TAKE FOOD
FROM TWOLEGS.





WELL, YOU'D...
YOU'D BE WELCOME,
OF COURSE...



YOU REALIZE, YOU'D
HAVE TO TRAIN TO BE A
WARRIOR. JUST AS
WE ALL DID.

OF COURSE.

YOU'LL LEARN TO
HUNT FOR US, GUARD THE
BORDERS, BE WILLING TO
GIVE UP YOUR LIFE FOR YOUR
CLANMATES.



I'M WILLING TO
LEARN WHAT I
NEED TO.

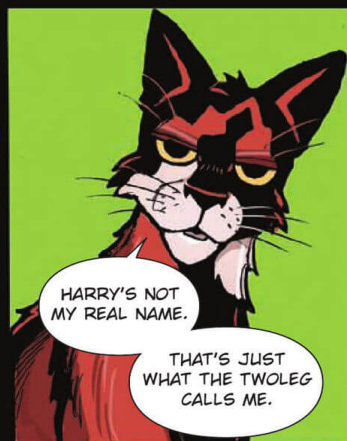
WELL, THEN...
WELCOME TO
SKYCLAN!

ACTUALLY, THERE'S
SOMEONE YOU NEED TO
MEET, FOR THE SECOND TIME.



THIS IS
HARRYKIT.

I HOPE YOU
DON'T MIND, WE
NAMED HIM
AFTER YOU.



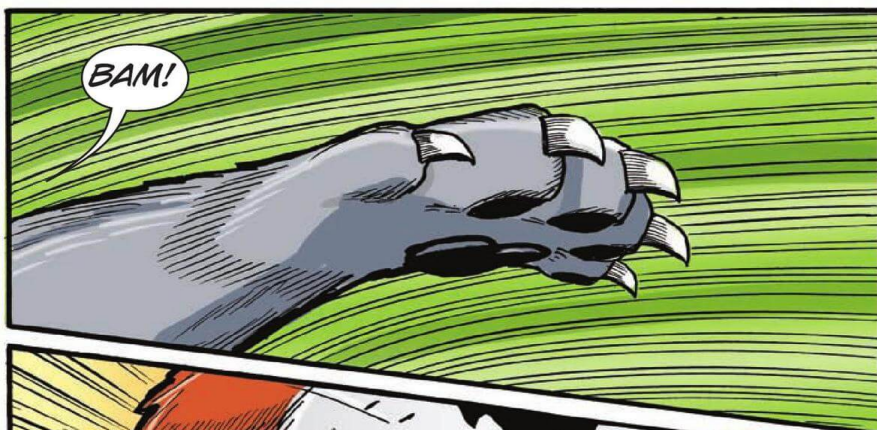
HARRY'S NOT
MY REAL NAME.

THAT'S JUST
WHAT THE TWOLEG
CALLS ME.

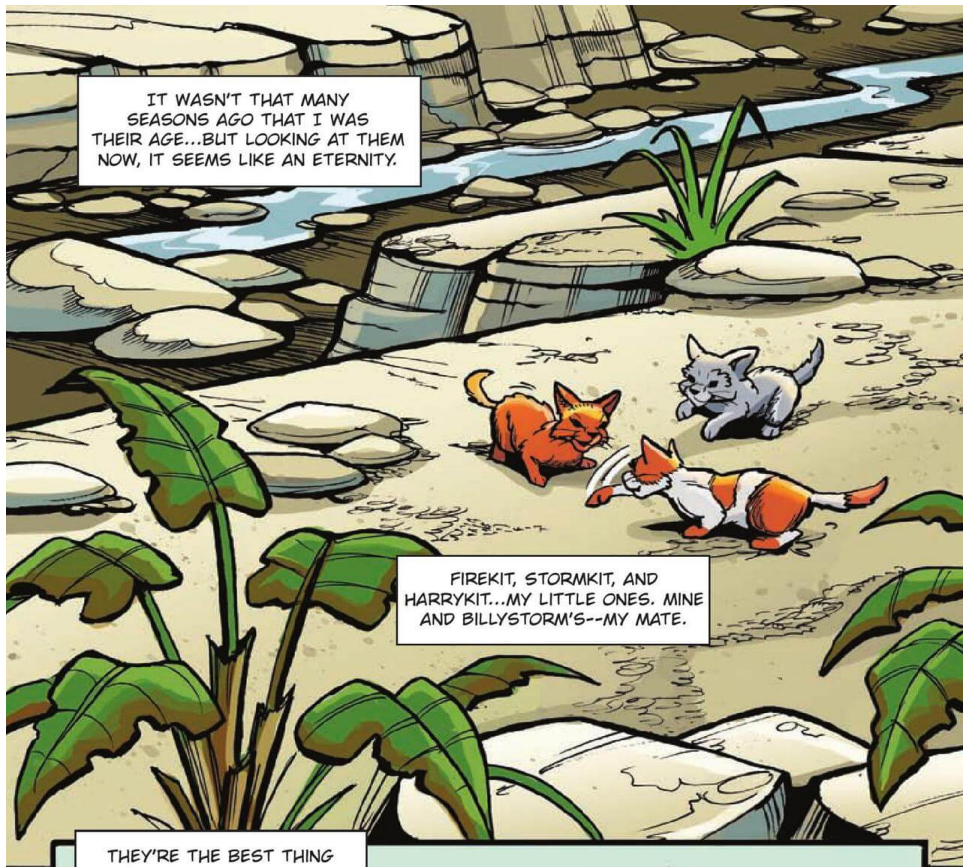


WARRIORS

BEYOND THE
CODE



IT WASN'T THAT MANY
SEASONS AGO THAT I WAS
THEIR AGE...BUT LOOKING AT THEM
NOW, IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY.

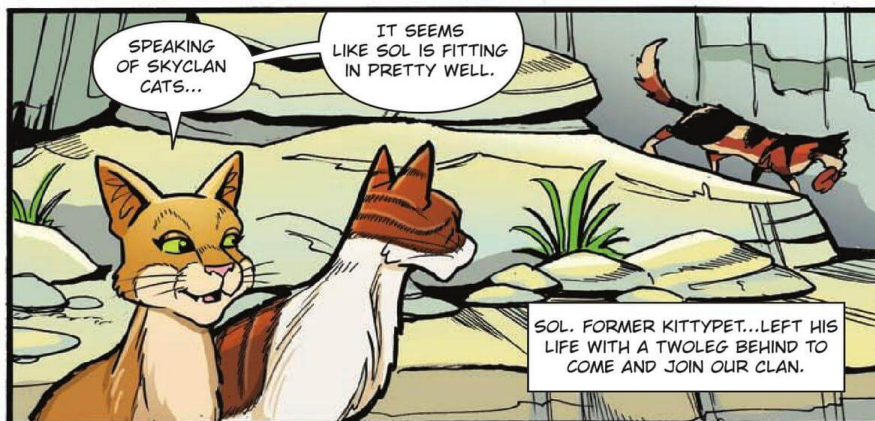


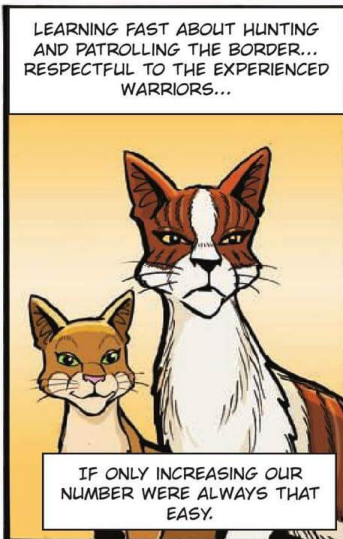
FIREKIT, STORMKIT, AND
HARRYKIT...MY LITTLE ONES. MINE
AND BILLYSTORM'S--MY MATE.

THEY'RE THE BEST THING
THAT'S EVER HAPPENED TO ME.

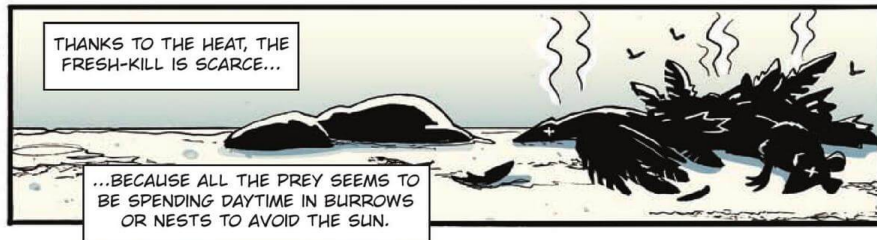






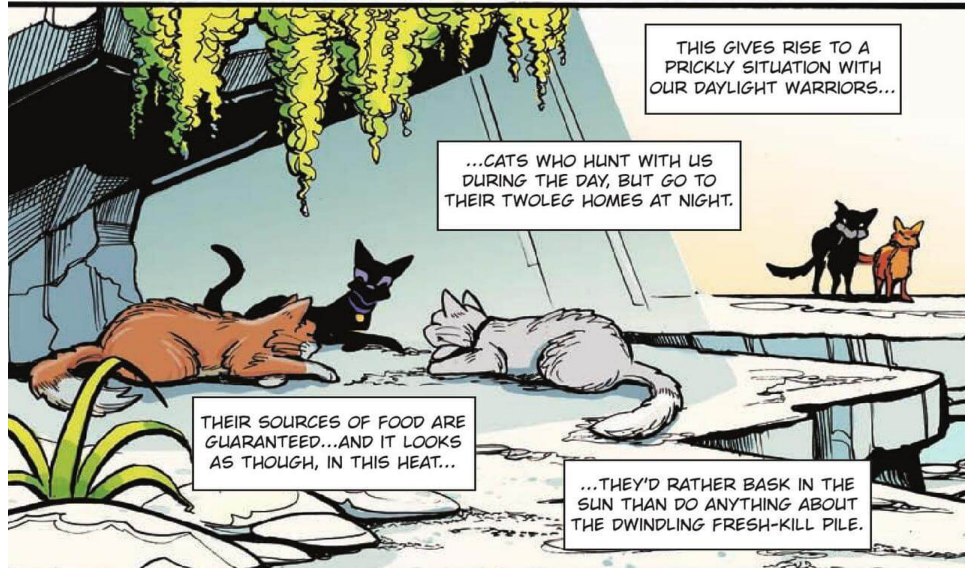






THANKS TO THE HEAT, THE
FRESH-KILL IS SCARCE...

...BECAUSE ALL THE PREY SEEMS TO
BE SPENDING DAYTIME IN BURROWS
OR NESTS TO AVOID THE SUN.



THIS GIVES RISE TO A
PRICKLY SITUATION WITH
OUR DAYLIGHT WARRIORS...

...CATS WHO HUNT WITH US
DURING THE DAY, BUT GO TO
THEIR TWOLEG HOMES AT NIGHT.

THEIR SOURCES OF FOOD ARE
GUARANTEED...AND IT LOOKS
AS THOUGH, IN THIS HEAT...

...THEY'D RATHER BASK IN THE
SUN THAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT
THE DWINDLING FRESH-KILL PILE.



EVEN MY DAYLIGHT WARRIOR
MATE, BILLYSTORM, DOESN'T SEEM
TOO ENTHUSIASTIC ABOUT GOING
OUT ON ANOTHER PATROL.

HMMPH.
"DAYLIGHT
WARRIORS."



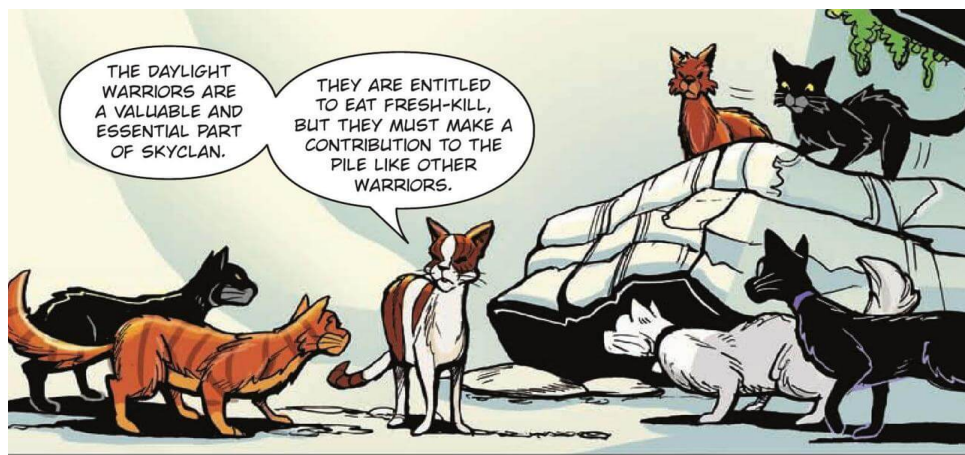
WHAT WAS
THAT, ROCKSHADE?
DID YOU WANT TO SAY
SOMETHING?

SURE--HOW
ABOUT THIS? "WHY DON'T
YOU START PULLING
YOUR WEIGHT AROUND
HERE FOR ONCE?"









BY DOZE!
BY DOZE IS
DESTROYED!

DON'T WORRY,
HARRYKIT! WE WON'T
LET YOU DIE! WE'LL FIND
SOME WAY TO SAVE
YOUR POOR NOSE!



I THINK BILLYSTORM
MIGHT BE IN OVER HIS
HEAD WITH THE
LITTLE ONES. GO ON.
SEE TO YOUR KITS.

I'LL SORT
THIS OUT.



...THANK
YOU.

THE WEIGHT OF TRYING TO LEAD
A CLAN AND BE A MOTHER HAS
BEEN HEAVY ON MY SHOULDERS...



...SINCE THE DAY I REALIZED
I WAS GOING TO HAVE KITS.

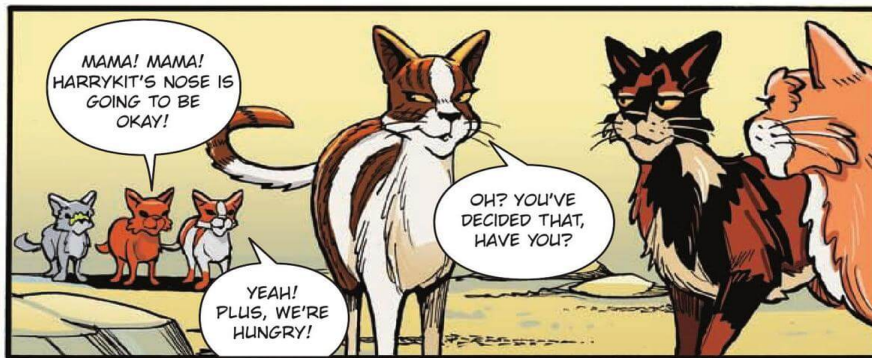
NOW...WITH A YOUNG ONE CRYING
IN FRONT OF ME AND WARRIORS
GRUMBLING BEHIND ME...



...IT FEELS AS IF THAT WEIGHT
MIGHT FINALLY CRUSH ME.

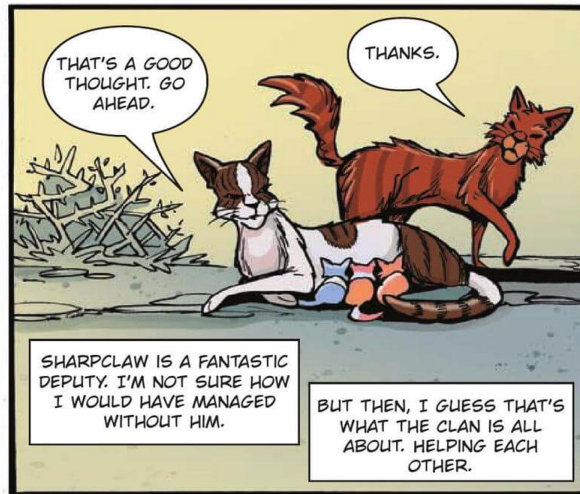








THEY HAVE ENOUGH FRESH-KILL TO LAST THE DAY--NO USE STORING IT ANYWAY SINCE IT SPOILS SO FAST IN THIS HEAT.



THAT'S A GOOD THOUGHT. GO AHEAD.

THANKS.

SHARPCLAW IS A FANTASTIC DEPUTY. I'M NOT SURE HOW I WOULD HAVE MANAGED WITHOUT HIM.

BUT THEN, I GUESS THAT'S WHAT THE CLAN IS ALL ABOUT. HELPING EACH OTHER.



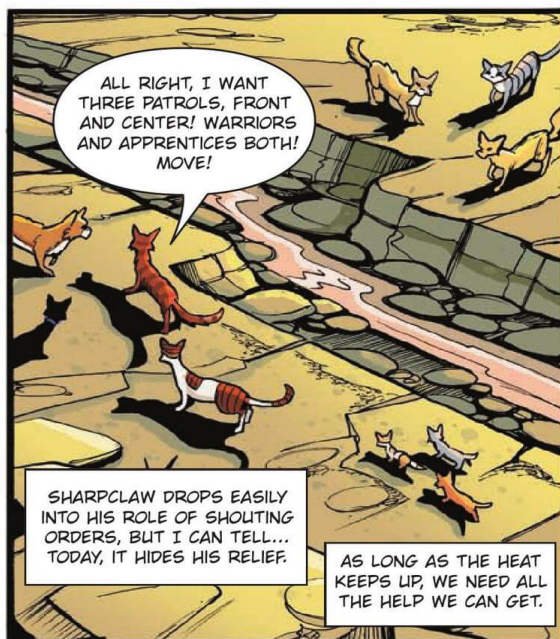
THE DAYLIGHT WARRIORS HEAD BACK TO THEIR TWOLEG NESTS AS THE DAY COMES TO AN END...



...EXCEPT, TODAY, FOR BILLYSTORM AND EBONYCLAW. GIVING ME ONE MORE REASON TO BE PROUD OF MY MATE.

YOU'RE DOING WHAT, NOW?

WE'LL HUNT FOR THE CLAN WITHOUT EATING FROM THE FRESH-KILL PILE.









OH, EBONYCLAW, YOUR LEG!

CAN YOU MOVE IT?

YES. IT JUST H-HURTS...



MAMA?



M-MAMA?

MEEEEEEEEEP!



I'LL SEE TO THE KITS, LEAFSTAR. DON'T WORRY. WE'LL PLAY A GAME OR SOMETHING.

MEEP MEEP MEEEEEEP!

THANK YOU, HONEYPAW. I APPRECIATE IT.



HAPPY TO DO IT.



WHAT
HAPPENED
OUT THERE?

WE MET
A BADGER.

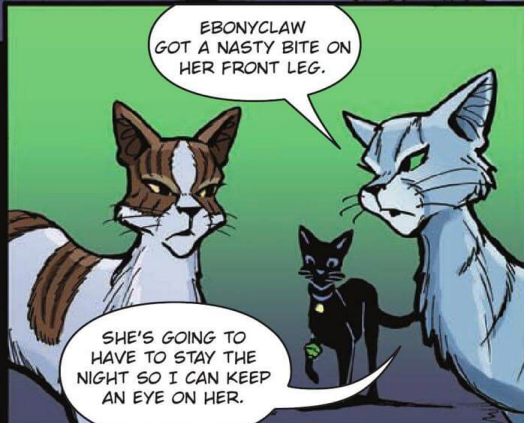
WE DIDN'T
WANT THE BADGER'S
WORMS AND GRUBS,
OF COURSE...



...BUT THE
BADGER FELT
THREATENED ANYWAY
AND TURNED ON US.



WE MANAGED
TO DRIVE IT FARTHER
INTO THE WOODS, BUT EVERY
ONE OF US GOT HURT.



EBONYCLAW
GOT A NASTY BITE ON
HER FRONT LEG.

SHE'S GOING TO
HAVE TO STAY THE
NIGHT SO I CAN KEEP
AN EYE ON HER.



OH--A-ARE
YOU SURE?

I DON'T
WANT MY HOUSEFOLK
TO WORRY ABOUT
ME...

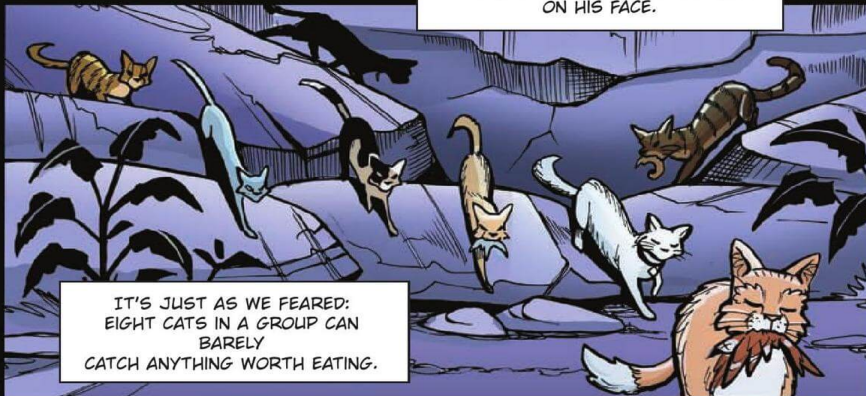








BILLYSTORM RETURNS SAFELY,
AND I THANK STARCLAN FOR THAT...
BUT I CAN SEE THE DISAPPOINTMENT
ON HIS FACE.



IT'S JUST AS WE FEARED:
EIGHT CATS IN A GROUP CAN
BARELY
CATCH ANYTHING WORTH EATING.



UM...
WE'RE BACK,
TOO.



PATCHFOOT, WHAT
HAPPENED? WHERE IS
EVERYONE ELSE?

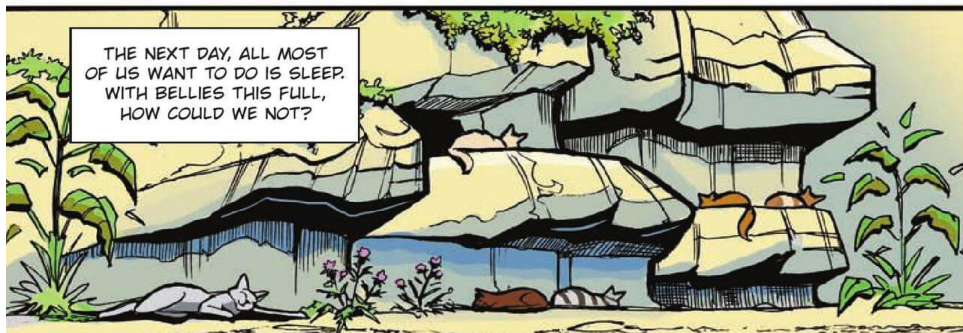
WELL, SEE,
SOL HAD AN
IDEA...

WHAT?
WHAT IDEA?

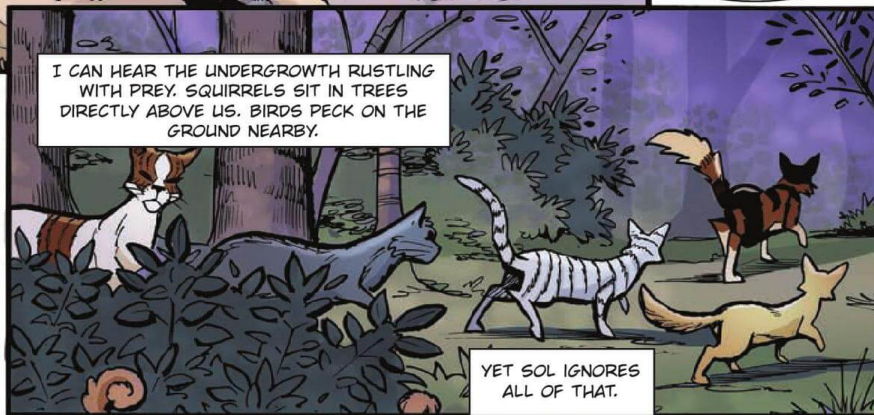
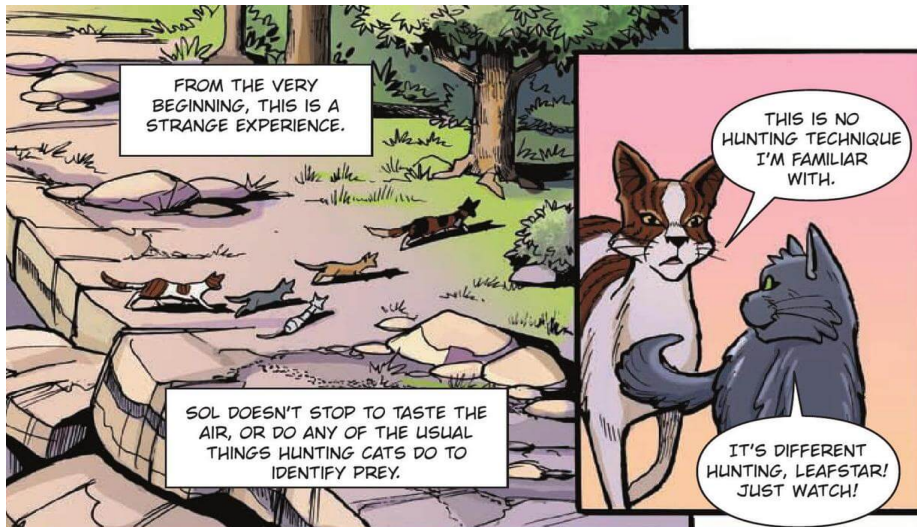
HE, UM...WELL,
HE DIDN'T EXACTLY SAY,
BUT HE TALKED US INTO
LETTING HIM SPLIT THE
PATROL IN TWO.













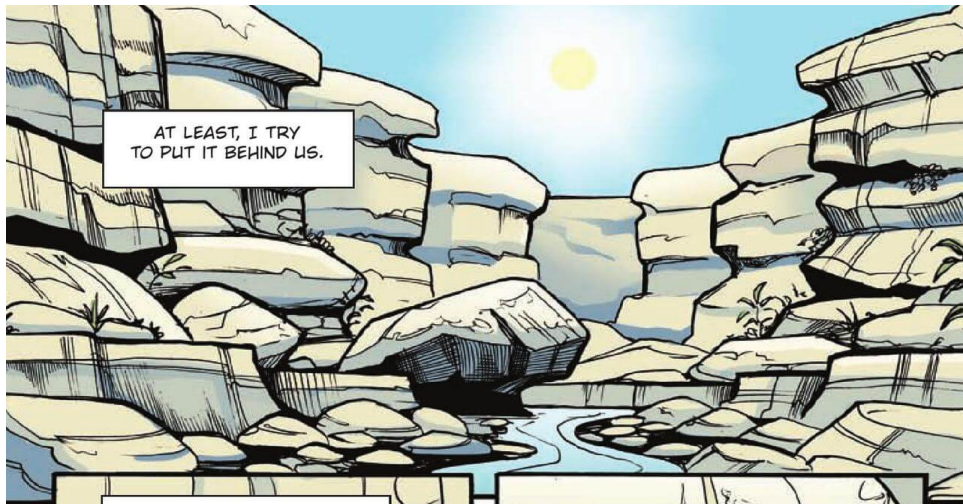












AT LEAST, I TRY
TO PUT IT BEHIND US.



BUT ALL DAY, SOL AVOIDS
THE REST OF THE CLAN AND...
WELL, SULKS, MORE OR LESS.



I'M GRATEFUL WHEN
WASPWISKER AND
CHERRYTAIL APPROACH HIM.

HEY, SOL!



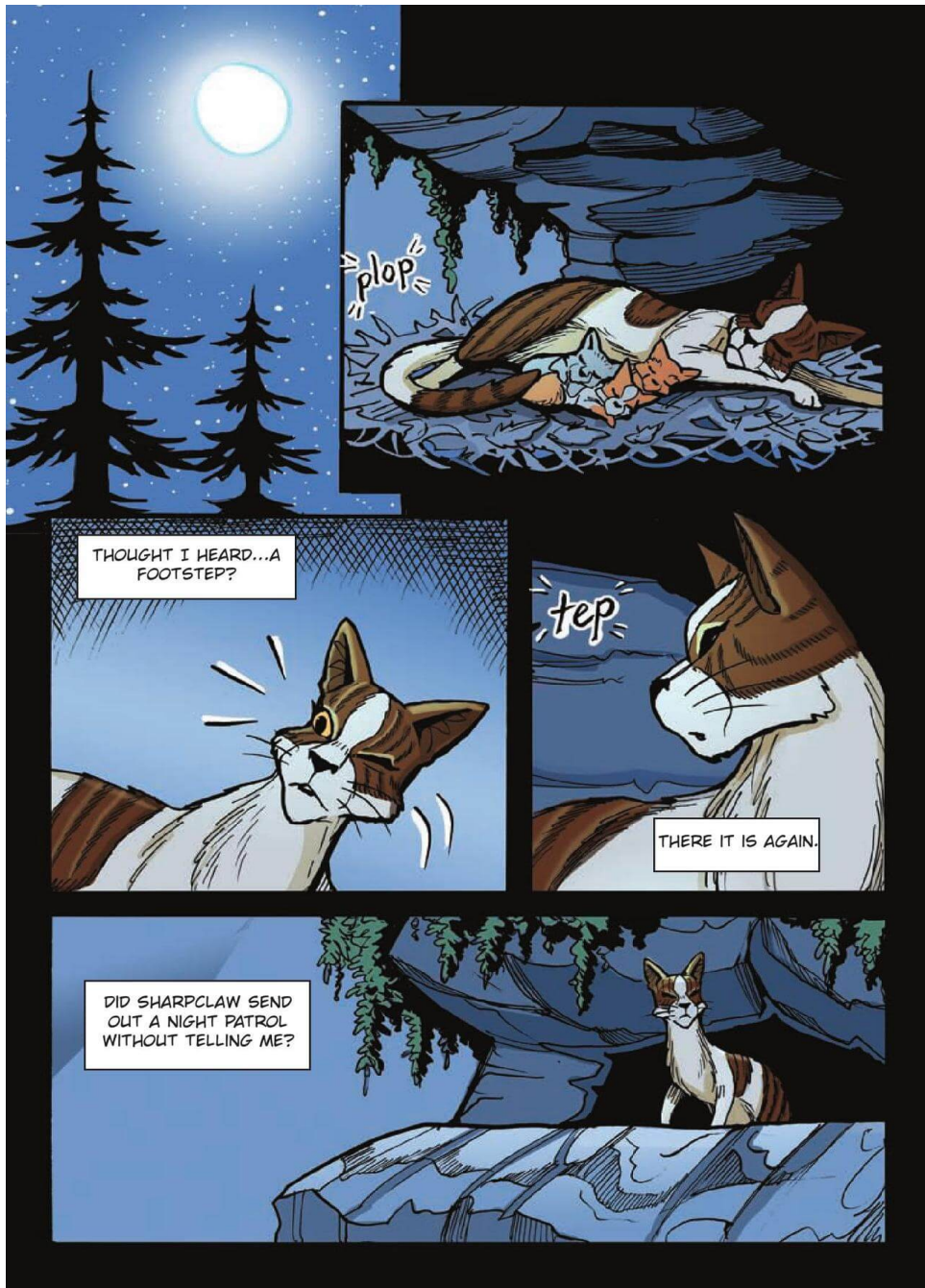
WE'RE ABOUT
TO HAVE A HUNTING
SKILLS SESSION WITH
THE APPRENTICES.

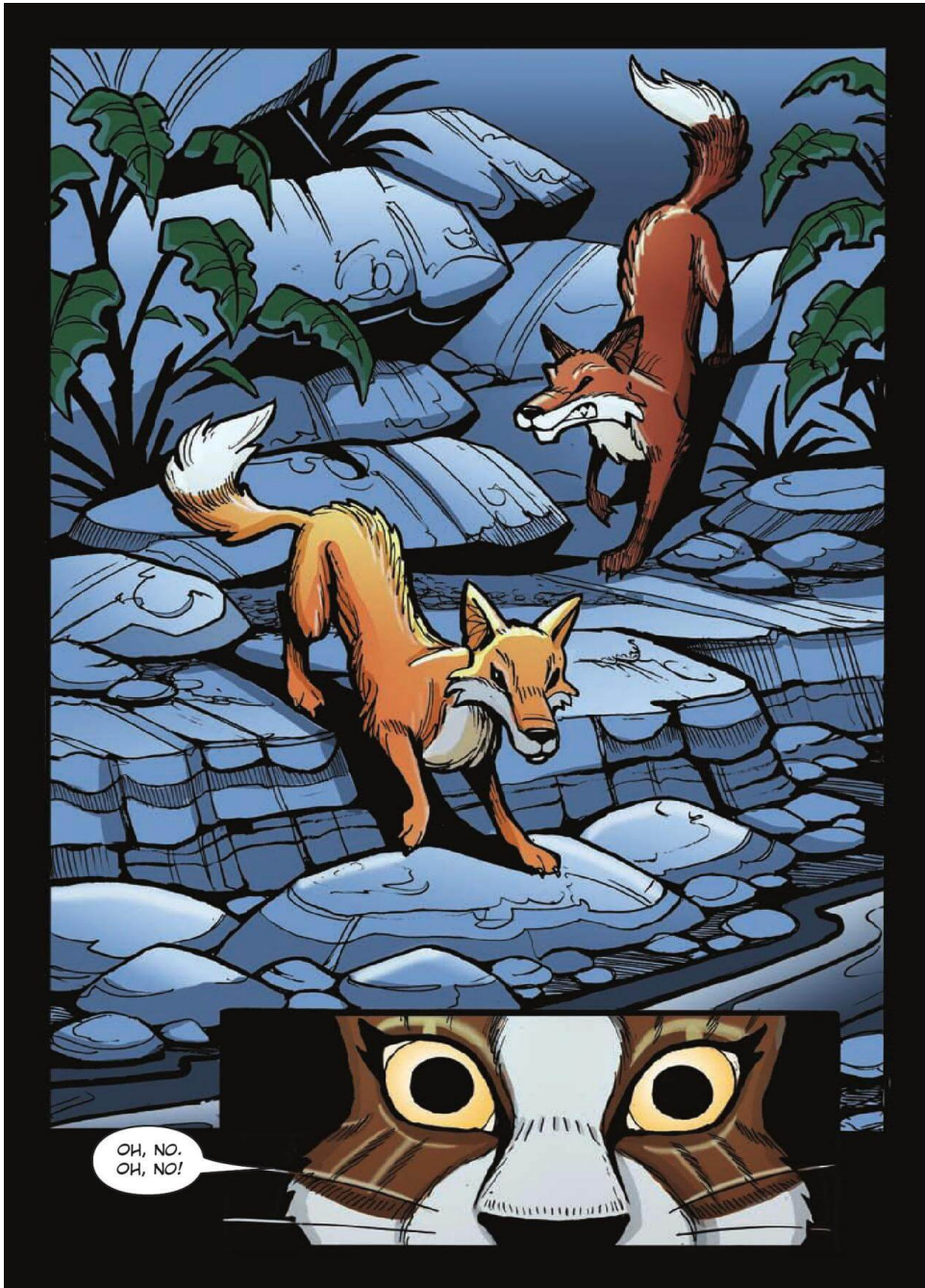
WANT TO
JOIN US?

UH...SURE!
THAT'D BE GREAT.
THANKS!

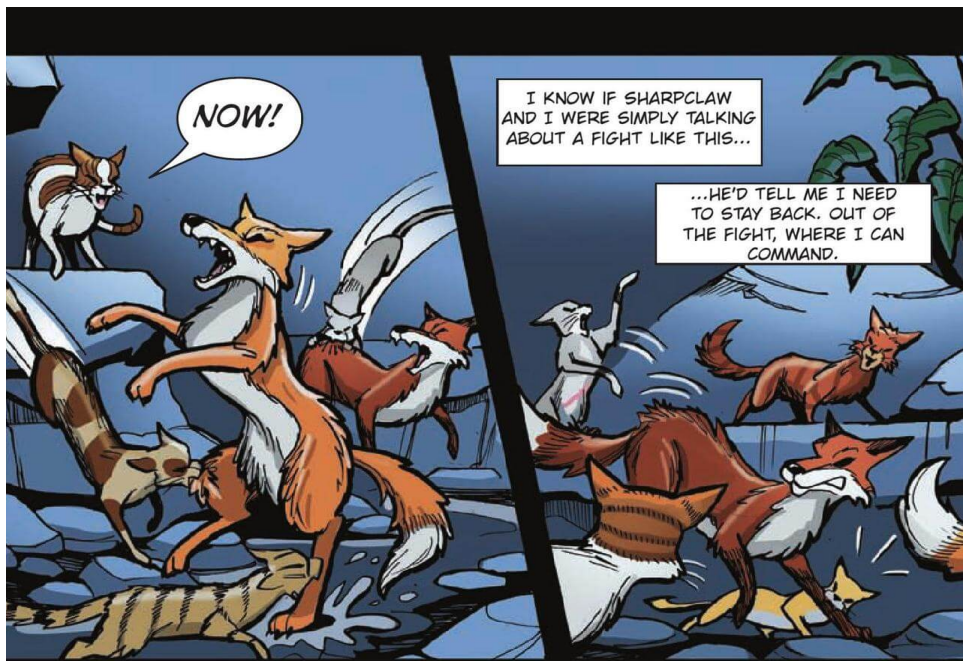








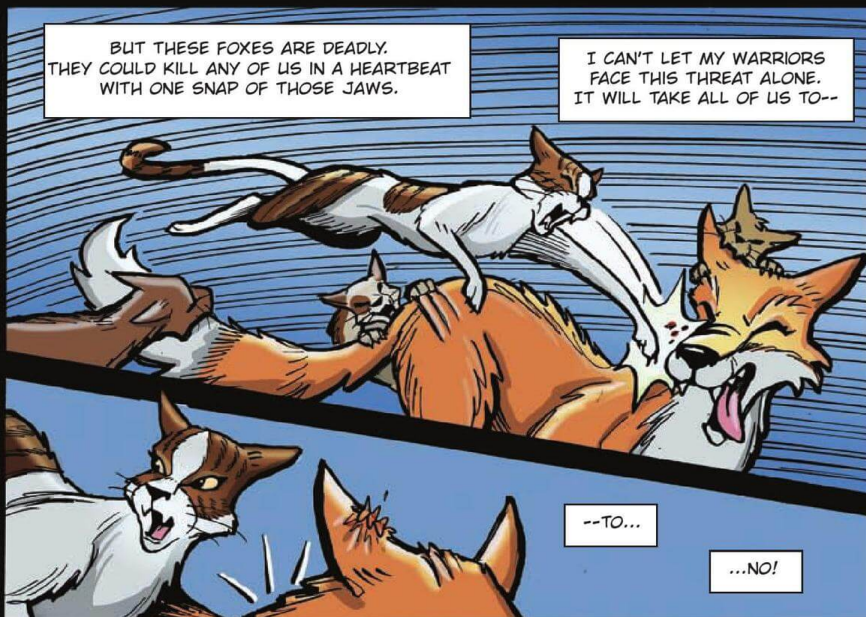




NOW!

I KNOW IF SHARPCLAW
AND I WERE SIMPLY TALKING
ABOUT A FIGHT LIKE THIS...

...HE'D TELL ME I NEED
TO STAY BACK. OUT OF
THE FIGHT, WHERE I CAN
COMMAND.



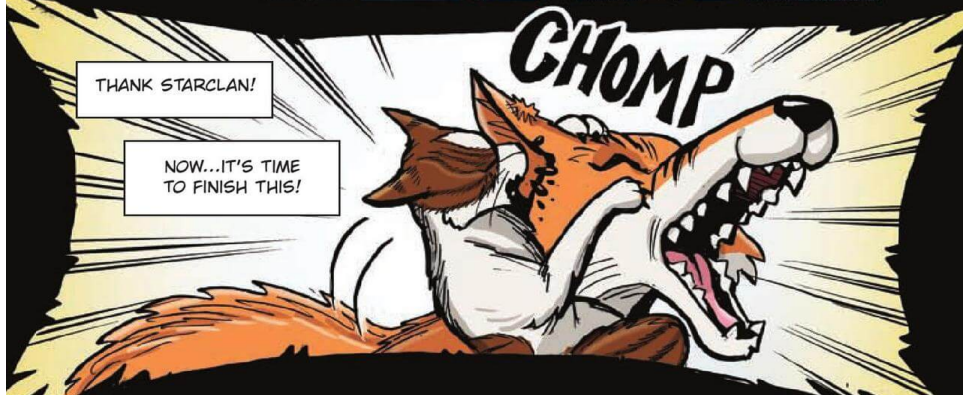
BUT THESE FOXES ARE DEADLY.
THEY COULD KILL ANY OF US IN A HEARTBEAT
WITH ONE SNAP OF THOSE JAWS.

I CAN'T LET MY WARRIORS
FACE THIS THREAT ALONE.
IT WILL TAKE ALL OF US TO--

--TO...

...NO!









BUT WE
COULD HAVE
HELPED, MAMA!



NO, YOU
COULD NOT HAVE
HELPED. YOU'RE
ALL STILL TOO
SMALL.

BUT--

NO, NO
"BUTS." IF YOU
PULL A STUNT LIKE
THAT AGAIN, YOU'LL GET
NOTHING BUT MOUSE TAILS
FOR TWO DAYS.



LEAFSTAR...
I...



I'M SO, SO
SORRY. I JUST...

I JUST GOT
SO SCARED.

AND I DIDN'T
KNOW. I DIDN'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO. HOW
TO HELP.



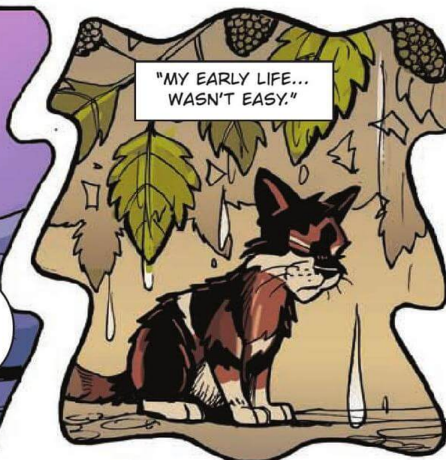
WILL
YOU...

ARE YOU GOING TO
TELL THE REST OF THE CLAN
THAT IT WAS MY FAULT
THE FOXES CAME?

...NO. NO,
THERE'D BE NO
POINT. SOL...

LISTEN, MAYBE CLAN
LIFE JUST ISN'T RIGHT FOR YOU.
HUNTING AND FIGHTING ARE AT
THE CENTER OF BEING A
CLAN WARRIOR.

IT'S NOT YOUR
FAULT IF YOU'RE JUST
NOT BORN WITH THE
RIGHT INSTINCTS.





"I'M NOT SURE CINDERS REALLY WANTED TO HAVE KITS. AND SHE DIDN'T HUNT VERY WELL."

"BUT SHE TOLD US STORIES. TO GET US TO BEHAVE."

QUIET, NOW. YOU HAVE TO BE QUIET SO YOU CAN LISTEN.

"SHE'D TELL US STORIES TO CHEER US UP. THEY WERE ALL ABOUT A CLAN OF CATS FROM LONG AGO..."

"CATS THAT WERE HEROIC... AND BRAVE...AND HONORABLE."

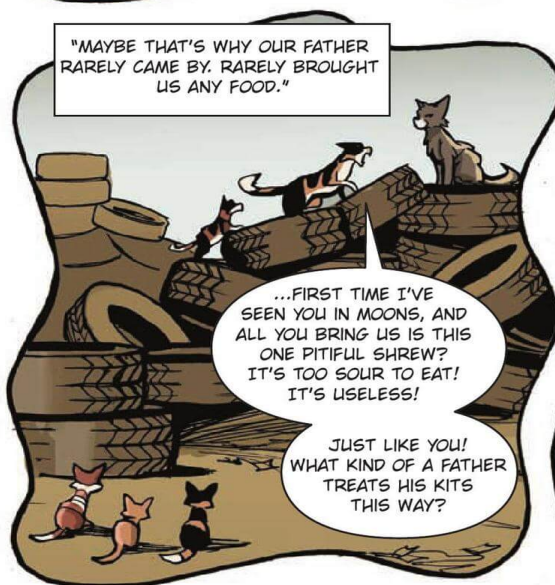
THESE CATS WERE ALL STRONG AND BEAUTIFUL...AND THEY CAME DOWN ON CLOUDS, LIKE SKY WARRIORS.

THEY GREW AS BIG AS LIONS WHEN THEY WERE ANGRY..

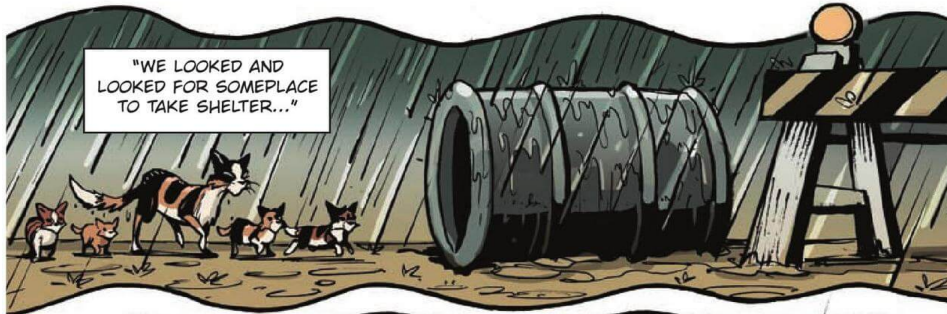


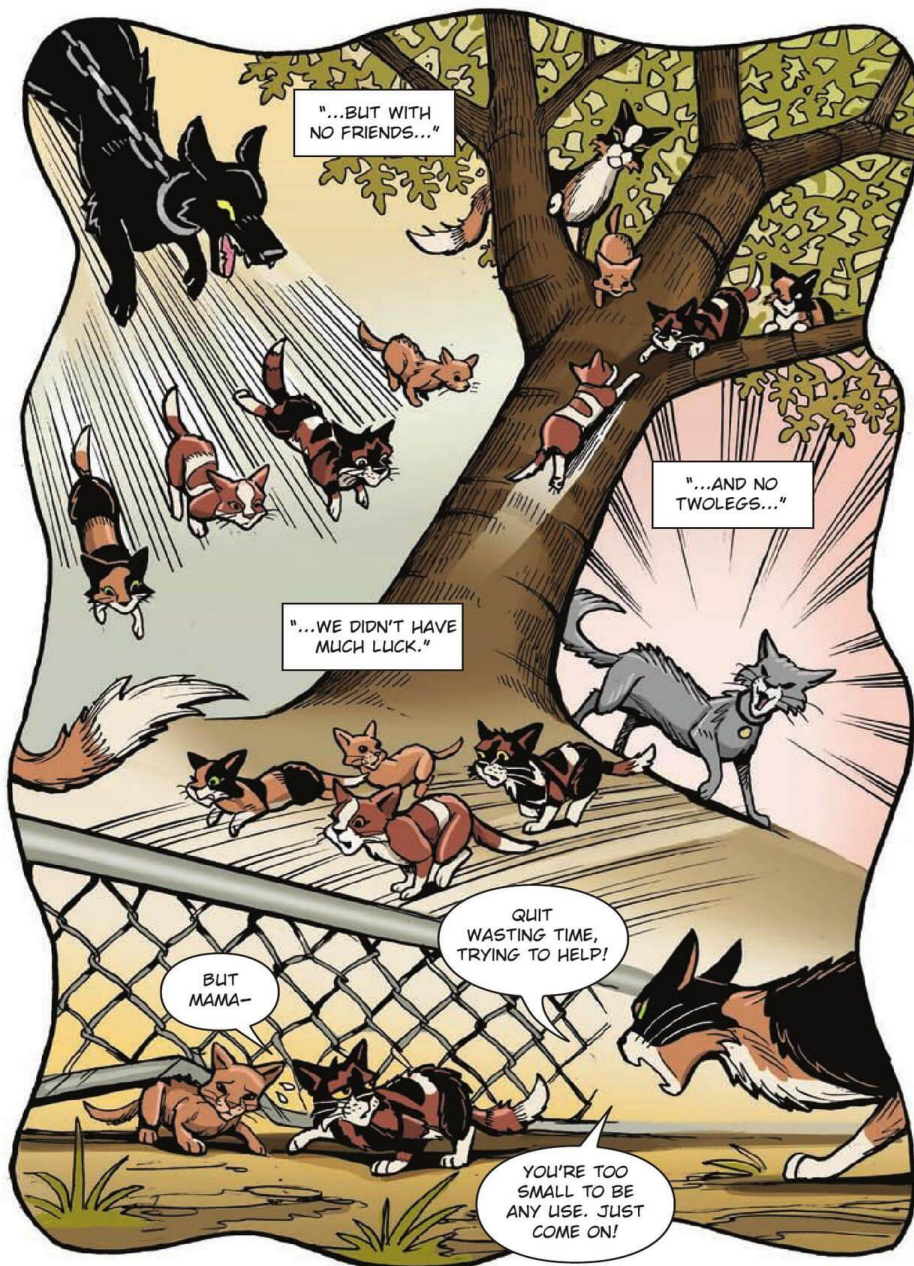
AND THEY
COULD FLY!

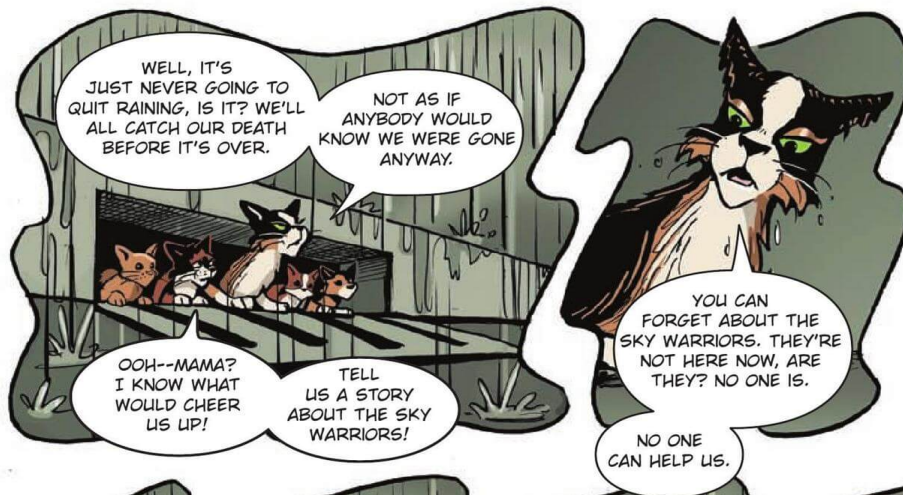
UP INTO THE TREES
TO HIDE FROM THEIR ENEMIES,
AND TO CATCH BIRDS
AND SQUIRRELS.



















"WISHING OVER AND OVER THAT I COULD'VE BEEN A SKY WARRIOR...BECAUSE THEN SHE..."

"...MIGHT'VE STAYED..."



THE OLD ONE WHO TOOK ME IN WAS KIND, AND KEPT ME WELL-FED.

BUT WHEN YOU SHOWED UP, AND I FOUND OUT THE CLAN HAD RETURNED... I JUST... COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

SKYCLAN WAS REAL. I'D FINALLY GET TO BE A PART OF IT!



OKAY, SO MAYBE THE CATS HERE DON'T ACTUALLY FLY OR TURN INTO LIONS...

...BUT THEY ARE BRAVE, AND HONORABLE, AND ALWAYS LOOK OUT FOR EACH OTHER. YOU SEE? MY WISH HAS COME TRUE!

WHEREVER CINDERS IS...

SHE MUST BE SO PROUD AND HAPPY TO KNOW THAT I'VE BECOME A SKYCLAN WARRIOR!



OH, SOL...

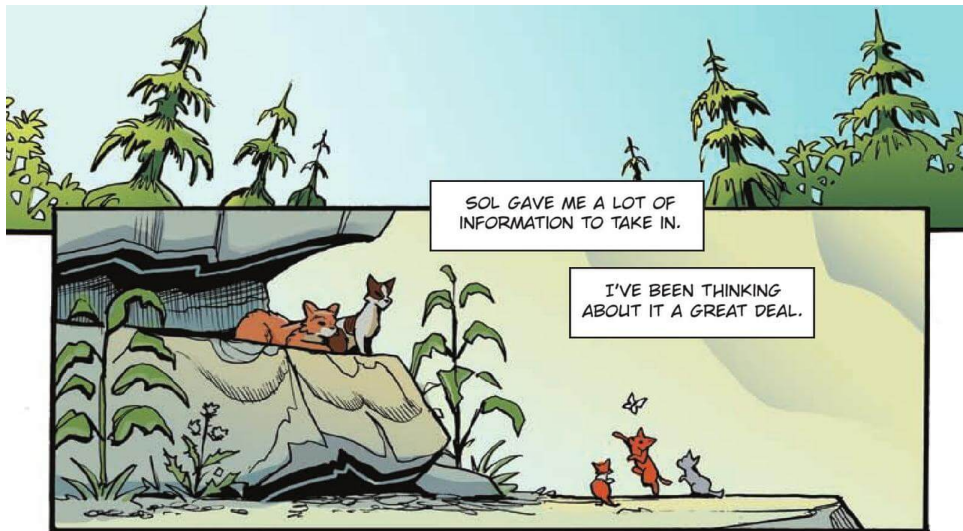
I'M SO SORRY THAT YOU LOST YOUR MOTHER AND YOUR BROTHERS AND SISTERS LIKE THAT.



BUT... BUT YOU UNDERSTAND NOW?

YOU KNOW WHY BEING A WARRIOR IS SO IMPORTANT TO ME?



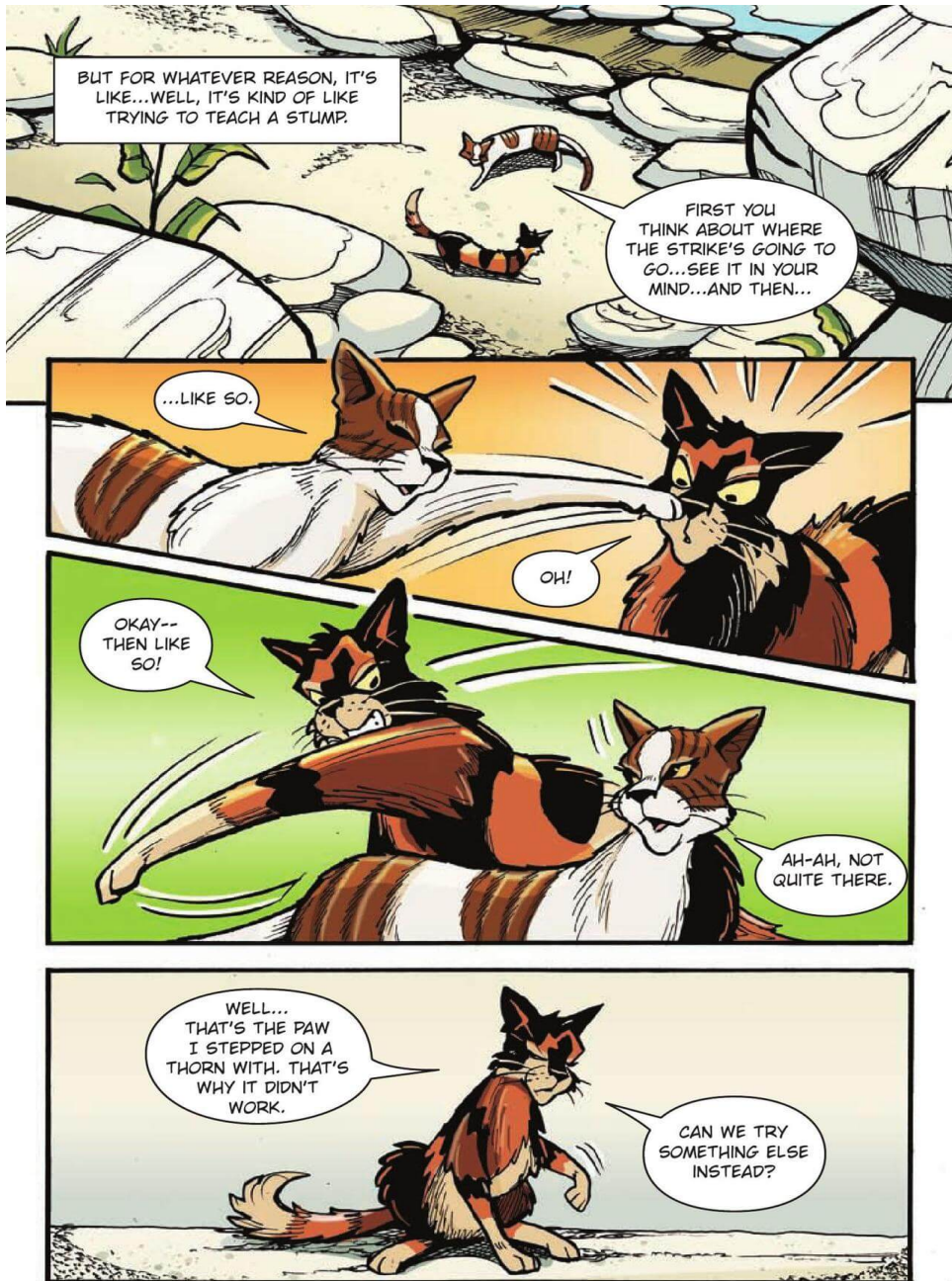


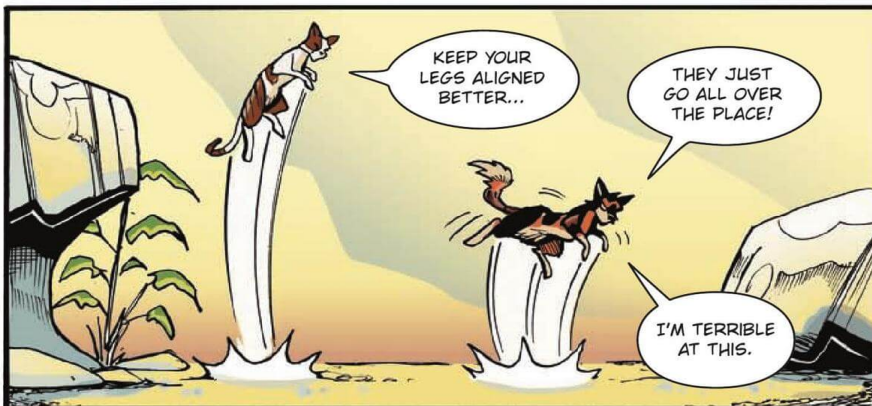


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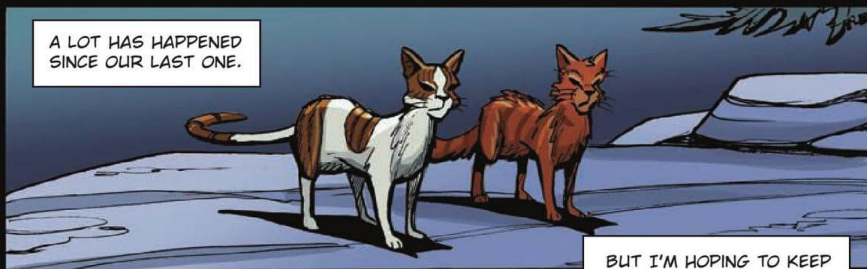






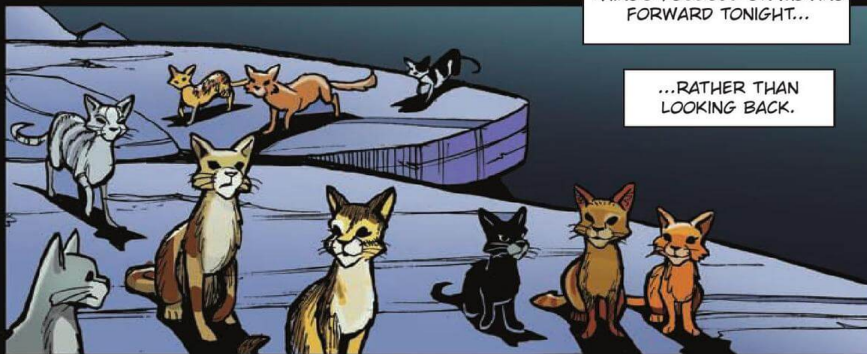


A LOT HAS HAPPENED
SINCE OUR LAST ONE.



BUT I'M HOPING TO KEEP
THINGS FOCUSED ON MOVING
FORWARD TONIGHT...

...RATHER THAN
LOOKING BACK.



THAT SHOULDN'T
BE TOO HARD.



THE WIND IS SUDDENLY
MUCH COLDER, AND WE ALL
KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS.

≡ SNFF SNFF ≡
RAIN'S ON THE
WAY.

GOOD.

WE COULD
SURE USE
SOME!





IT'S BEEN HOT
AND DRY FOR FAR
TOO LONG.

MAYBE IT
WILL EVEN WASH
SOME PREY OUT OF
THEIR BURROWS!

CATS JOKE AND
LAUGH WITH EACH
OTHER AS THEY BEGIN
TO SETTLE DOWN.

IT'S A WELCOME CHANGE
FROM THE SHORT TEMPER
OF THE LAST FEW DAYS.

CATS OF
SKYCLAN!

WE'VE ALL
WORKED HARD TO
HUNT IN THE HOT
WEATHER...

...AND I'M
PROUD OF THE
WAY WE FOUGHT OFF
THE FOXES.

THE CLAN
IS SAFE AND STRONG NOW,
AND ALL IS WELL AS WE
HEAD TOWARD LEAF-FALL.











WHAT IS
IT, MAMA?

STARCLAN HELP
US...







HOLD ON!

EVERYONE GRAB ON TO THE ROCKS!



IT TAKES A LONG TIME.
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG.
I KNOW IT FEELS LIKE...
A SEASON OR TWO...

MEEEEEEEP!
MEEEEEEEEP!



...BUT FINALLY, FINALLY
THE FLOODWATERS DIE DOWN,
AND THE RAIN STOPS.



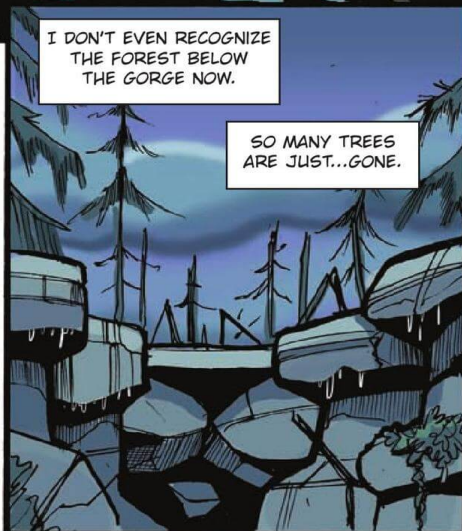
...IS IT OVER?



I THINK WE
MIGHT NEED SOME
HELP GETTING DOWN
FROM HERE.



CATS, DAZED AND BEDRAGGLED,
MAKE THEIR WAY BACK INTO
WHAT'S LEFT OF OUR CAMP.



I DON'T EVEN RECOGNIZE
THE FOREST BELOW
THE GORGE NOW.

SO MANY TREES
ARE JUST...GONE.



CAN YOU--
WOULD YOU MIND
LOOKING AFTER THE
KITS FOR A BIT?

I NEED TO
FIND OUT HOW BAD
THINGS ARE.

OF
COURSE.

WE'LL BE
RIGHT HERE.



SKYCLAN!

I NEED ALL CATS
ACCOUNTED FOR!
IS ANYONE HURT?











WILL WE? IS HE RIGHT?
...I DON'T KNOW.

STARCLAN HELP ME,
I'M AFRAID THIS COULD BE
A CHALLENGE TOO FAR.

WARRIORS

AFTER THE
FLOOD



THIS IS
SKYCLAN.

WHAT'S LEFT
OF IT, ANYWAY.





...OPEN TO ATTACKS
FROM RATS...FOXES...
ROGUE CATS...



...EVEN
TWOLEGS.



NOT THAT OUTSIDE
THREATS ARE OUR
ONLY TROUBLES.

JUST AS DANGEROUS TO
THE CLAN IS A LACK OF
CLEAN WATER TO DRINK.



A LOT OF CARE MUST
BE TAKEN AS WE
REBUILD OUR CAMP.

IT REQUIRES A LOT
OF THOUGHT...

...BUT EVEN MORE THAN
THOUGHT RIGHT NOW, IT NEEDS
A LOT OF
HARD WORK AND MUSCLE.



THE APPRENTICES WORK AS
HARD AS THE WARRIORS...



WE NEED ALL THE
HELP WE CAN GET.



CLOVERTAIL SUPERVISES
THE CONSTRUCTION OF NEW
NESTS, TO REPLACE THE ONES
THE FLOOD DESTROYED.

THE FIRST ONE IS FOR
TANGLE...LICHENFUR'S
DENMATE.



ORDINARILY TANGLE
WOULD GRUMBLE AND SNAP
AND TELL US ALL THAT HE
COULD BUILD HIS OWN NEST...

...BUT TODAY HE JUST
SITS AND WATCHES.



ALMOST THERE,
TANGLE! WE'LL HAVE
A NEW NEST FOR YOU
IN NO TIME!



I'VE GOT TO KEEP
A CLOSE EYE ON HIM...

...AND TRY TO KEEP HIS
GRIEF OVER LICHENFUR
FROM MAKING HIM ILL.



SHARPCLAW, MY DEPUTY,
HAS TAKEN CHARGE OF MOST
OF THE HEAVIEST LIFTING.

I EXPECTED WASPWHISKER AND
SPARROWPELT TO JOIN HIM...



...BUT HARVEYMOON TOOK ME
BY SURPRISE. FOR THE LONGEST
TIME I THOUGHT HE WAS THE
LAZIEST CAT I HAD EVER MET.





MAMA!
MAMA! WE CAN
HELP! WHAT CAN
WE DO?

YOU CAN STOP
STEPPING ON ME,
CLUMSY!

MAMA! FIREKIT
SAID THERE'S GONNA
BE ANOTHER
FLOOD!

THERE'S
NOT, IS THERE?
IS THERE?



ADD BEING A NEW MOTHER
TO CLAN LEADER, AND, WELL...
SOMETIMES IT GETS
A BIT DAUNTING.

MAMA...?



YOU THREE
JUST WORK ON GETTING
ALL THE RUINED BEDDING
OUT OF OUR DEN, ALL
RIGHT?



LOOK AT
THOSE CLOUDS!
IT'S GONNA RAIN
AGAIN!

WE'LL ALL
GET WASHED
AWAY!



QUICK,
CLIMB THE CLIFF.
WE'LL BE SAFE UP
THERE!

OW.
HEY, QUIT
IT!

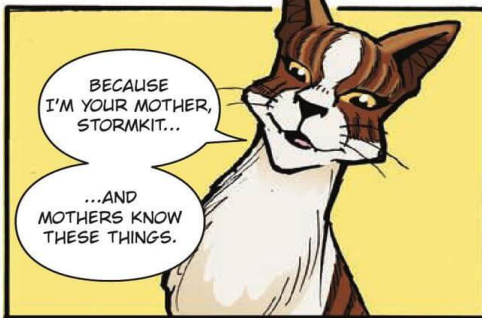


NO ONE'S GETTING
WASHED AWAY,
HARRYKIT.



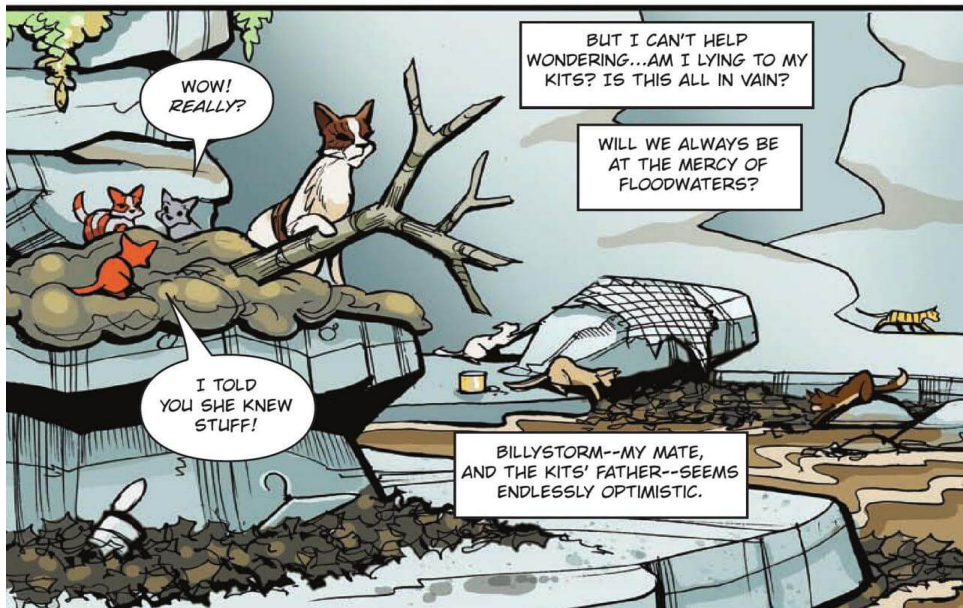
THERE
WON'T BE ANOTHER
FLOOD.

BUT HOW
DO YOU KNOW?



BECAUSE
I'M YOUR MOTHER,
STORMKIT...

...AND
MOTHERS KNOW
THESE THINGS.



WOW!
REALLY?

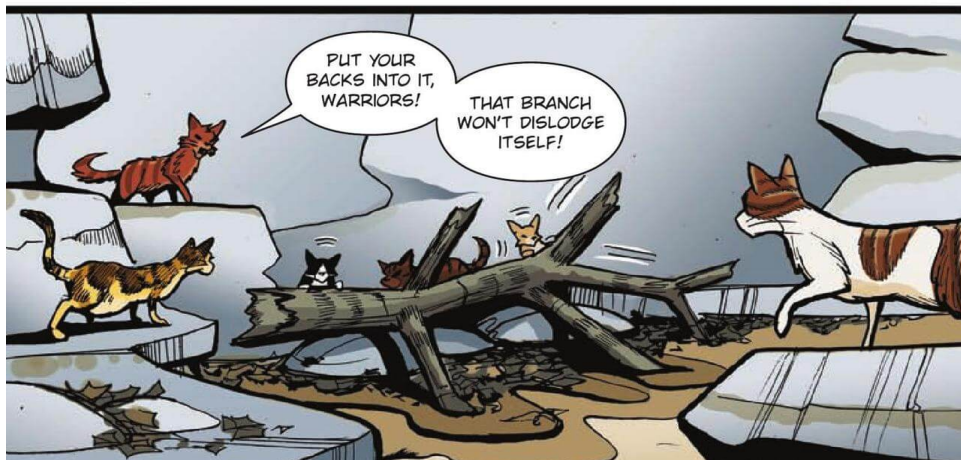
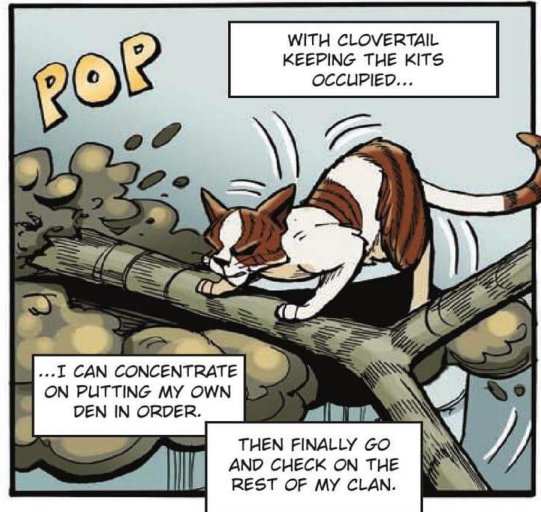
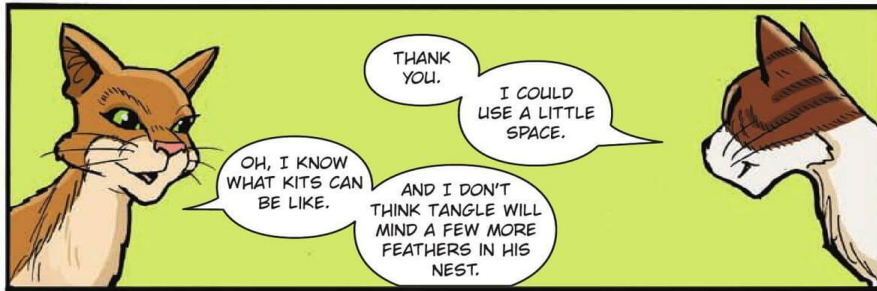
I TOLD
YOU SHE KNEW
STUFF!

BUT I CAN'T HELP
WONDERING...AM I LYING TO MY
KITS? IS THIS ALL IN VAIN?

WILL WE ALWAYS BE
AT THE MERCY OF
FLOODWATERS?

BILLYSTORM--MY MATE,
AND THE KITS' FATHER--SEEMS
ENDLESSLY OPTIMISTIC.





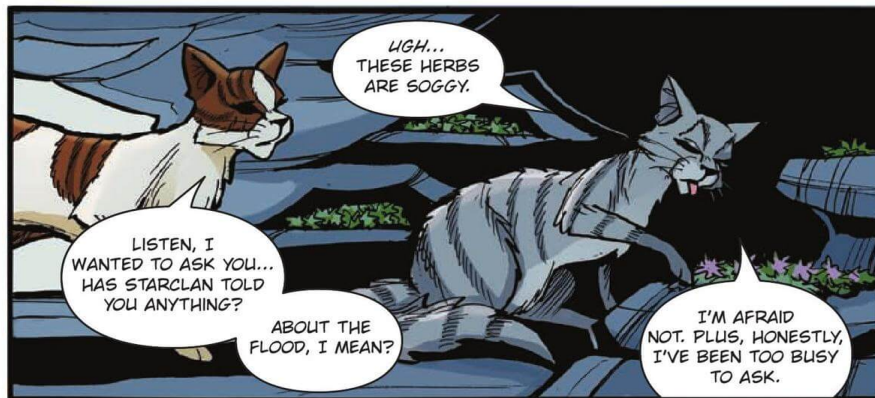














SPOTTEDLEAF!

I WAS BEGINNING
TO WONDER IF YOU'D
EVER SLEEP LONG
ENOUGH TO DREAM
AGAIN.

SPOTTEDLEAF--
I HAVE TO ASK
YOU--

ARE WE
NOT SAFE HERE
ANYMORE?

DID STARCLAN
SEND THE FLOOD
FOR A REASON?

NO, NO, THE
FLOOD WASN'T A
PUNISHMENT. NOTHING
LIKE THAT. BUT...





BUT...
WAIT!



CATS CAN
CHOOSE TO BE
WARRIORS, CAN'T
THEY?

...CAN'T
THEY?



LAST NIGHT'S DREAM-VISIT
DIDN'T HELP AS MUCH
AS I WOULD'VE LIKED.



BUT AT LEAST TODAY
I HAVE THE COMFORT OF
BILLYSTORM RETURNING
TO CAMP.

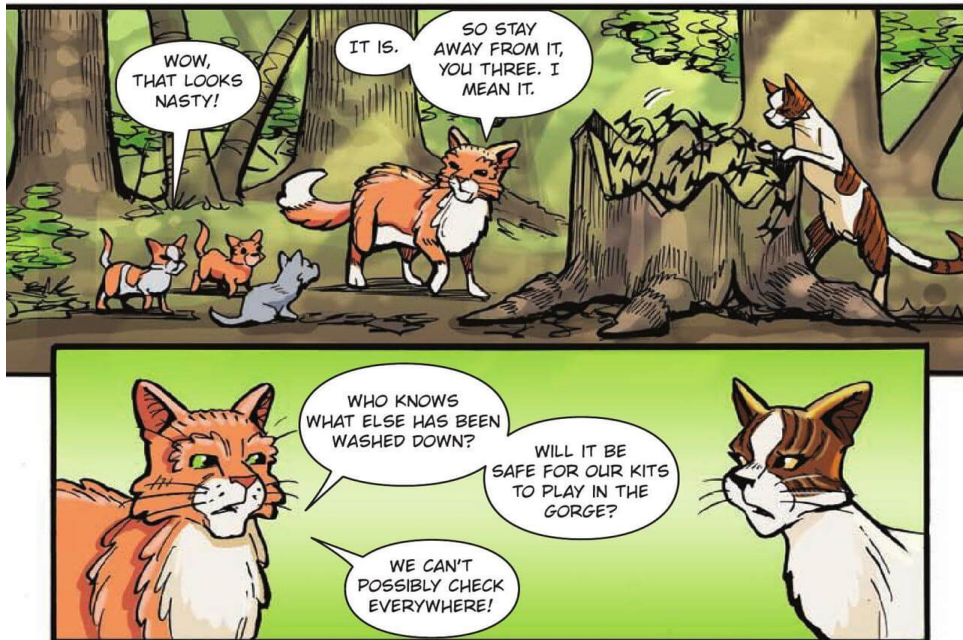


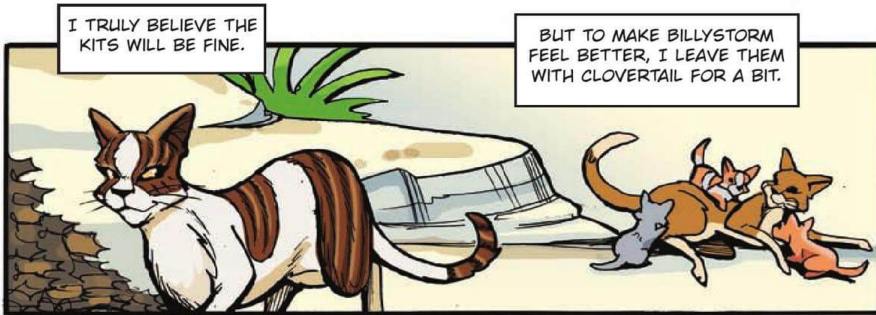
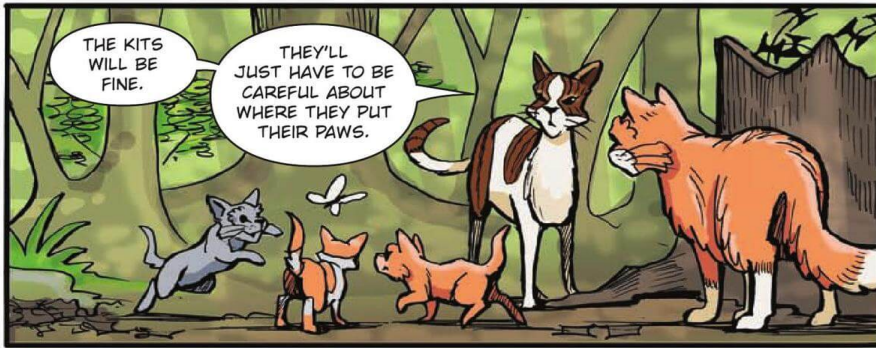
HE GOT PRETTY
BATTERED DURING
THE FLOOD.

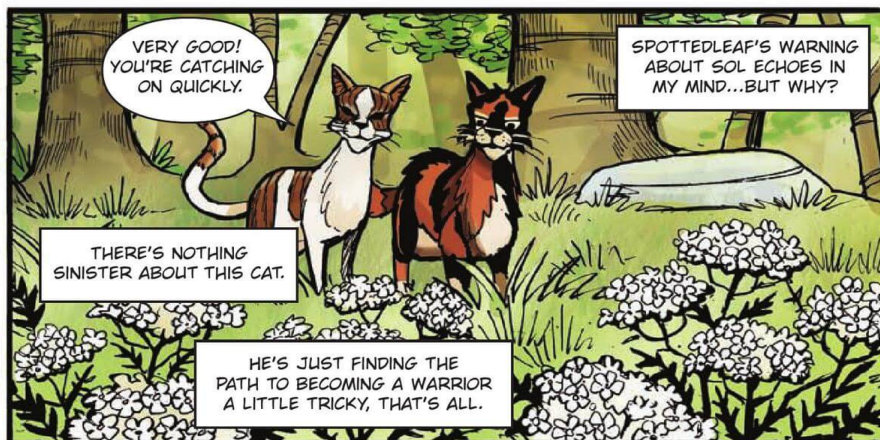
HE STAYED AWAY
YESTERDAY BECAUSE
I TOLD HIM TO CATCH
UP ON SLEEP.















THE PLEASANT OUTING WITH SOL SOURED IN A HURRY...

...AND NOW I CAN TELL, JUST LOOKING AT FALLOWFERN, PATCHFOOT, AND PETALNOSE, THAT I'M NOT GOING TO ENJOY THIS CONVERSATION EITHER.



WHAT CAN I HELP YOU WITH, FALLOWFERN?

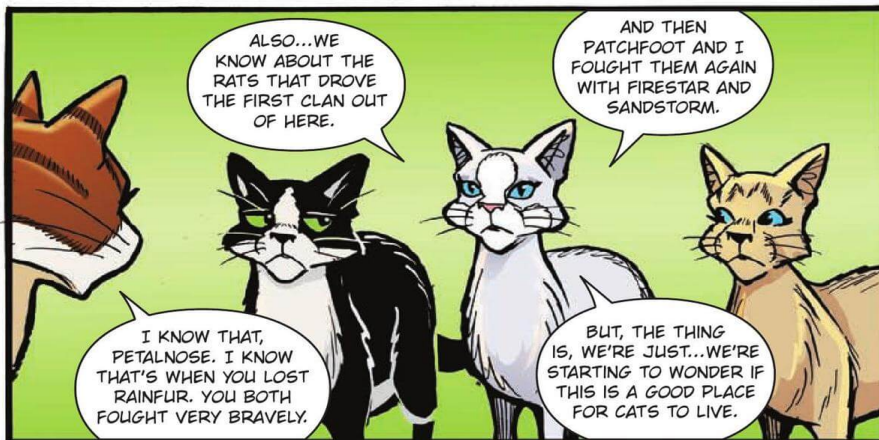
WELL... LEAFSTAR...IT'S THE DENS.



WHAT ABOUT THEM?

WE'RE...SORT OF...HAVING DOUBTS ABOUT REBUILDING THEM.

WHAT IF THEY JUST GET FLOODED OUT AGAIN?

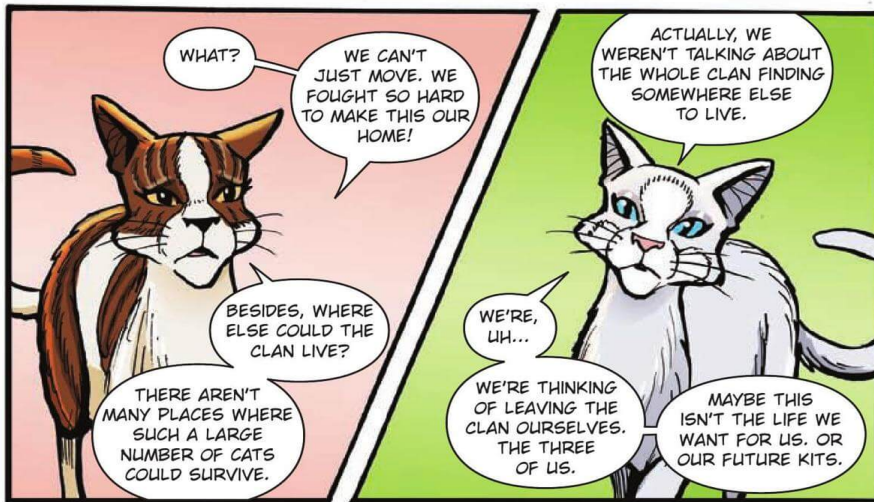


ALSO...WE KNOW ABOUT THE RATS THAT DROVE THE FIRST CLAN OUT OF HERE.

AND THEN PATCHFOOT AND I FOUGHT THEM AGAIN WITH FIRESTAR AND SANDSTORM.

I KNOW THAT, PETALNOSE. I KNOW THAT'S WHEN YOU LOST RAINFUR. YOU BOTH FOUGHT VERY BRAVELY.

BUT, THE THING IS, WE'RE JUST...WE'RE STARTING TO WONDER IF THIS IS A GOOD PLACE FOR CATS TO LIVE.

















"...AND ONE LESS
WARRIOR TO HELP DO IT."



MAMA! MAMA!
WHEN ARE WE GOING
TO TWOLEGPLACE?

YEAH,
WHEN?

BILLYSTORM SAID
THE HOUSEFOLK WERE
REALLY NICE, AND THEY'D
PLAY WITH US!



YOU'RE NOT
GOING. THIS IS WHERE
YOU BELONG.

WE'RE
NOT...?

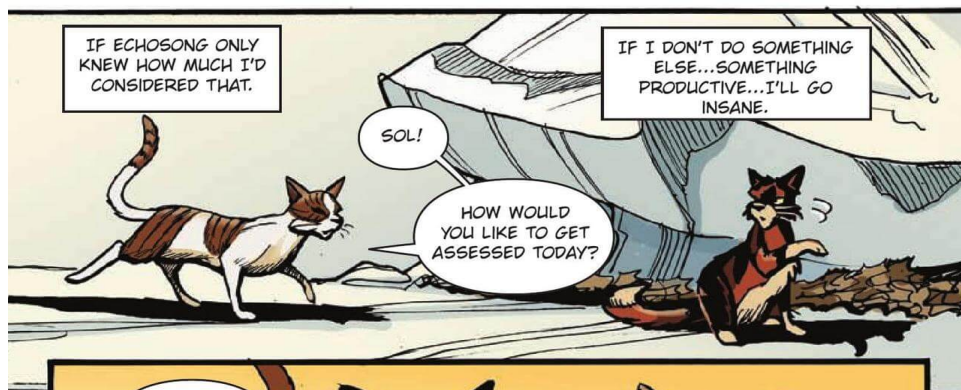


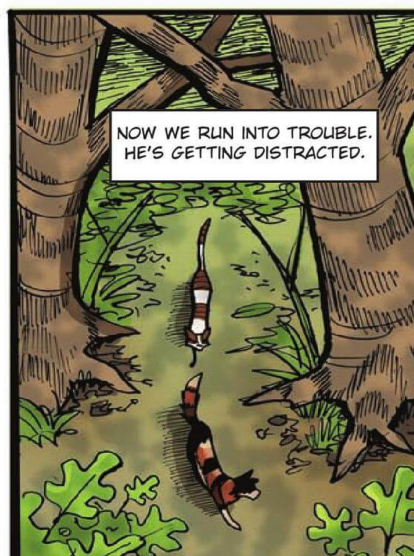
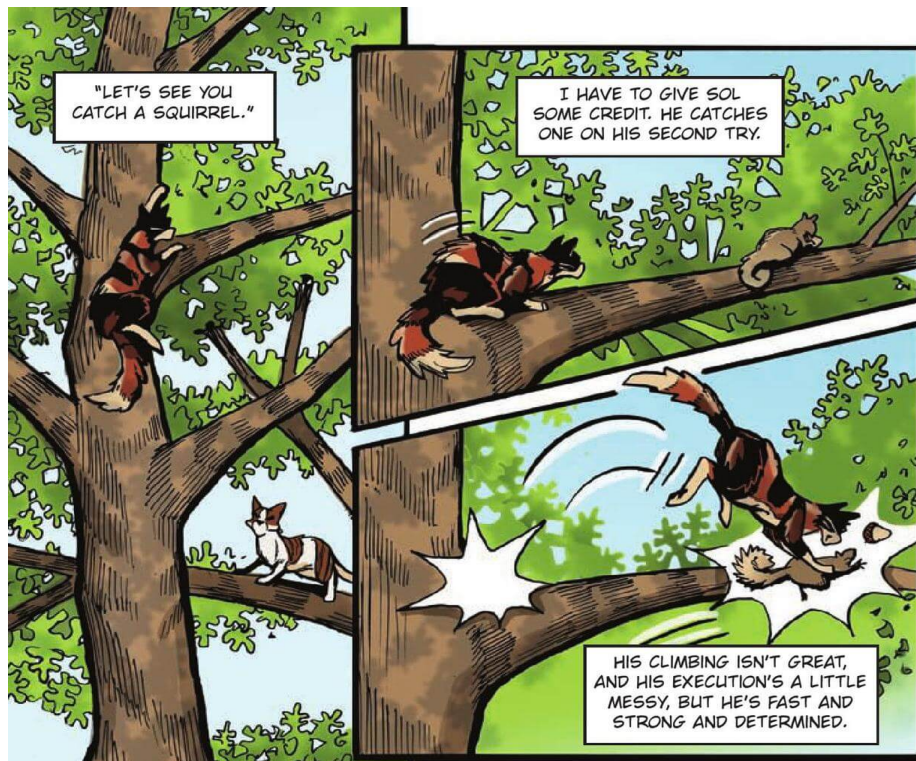
BUT...BUT...
WHAT IF I TREAD
ON SOME PRICKLY
STUFF?

YOU WON'T,
IF YOU KEEP YOUR
EYES OPEN.

BUT
BILLYSTORM
SAID--







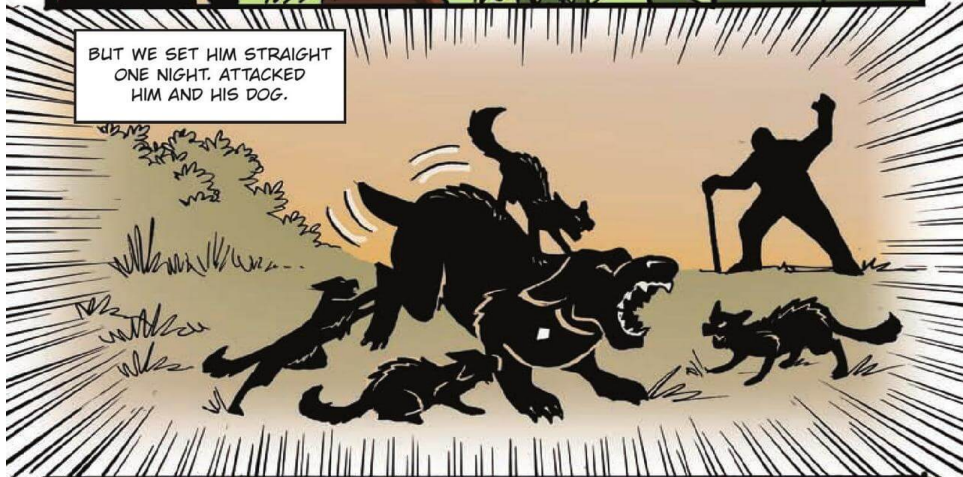




A MEAN
OLD TWOLEG USED
TO LIVE HERE.

HE TERRORIZED
SHREWTOOTH, AND
PETALNOSE TOO, A LONG
TIME AGO.

BUT WE SET HIM STRAIGHT
ONE NIGHT. ATTACKED
HIM AND HIS DOG.



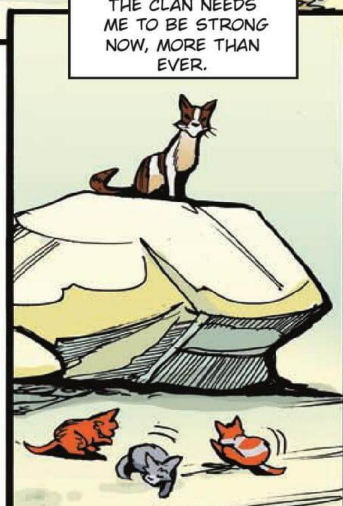
I'M NOT PROUD
OF RESORTING TO VIOLENCE
LIKE THAT, BUT HE HAD
TO LEARN A LESSON.

NOW WE
DON'T GO NEAR THE
NEST, THOUGH.

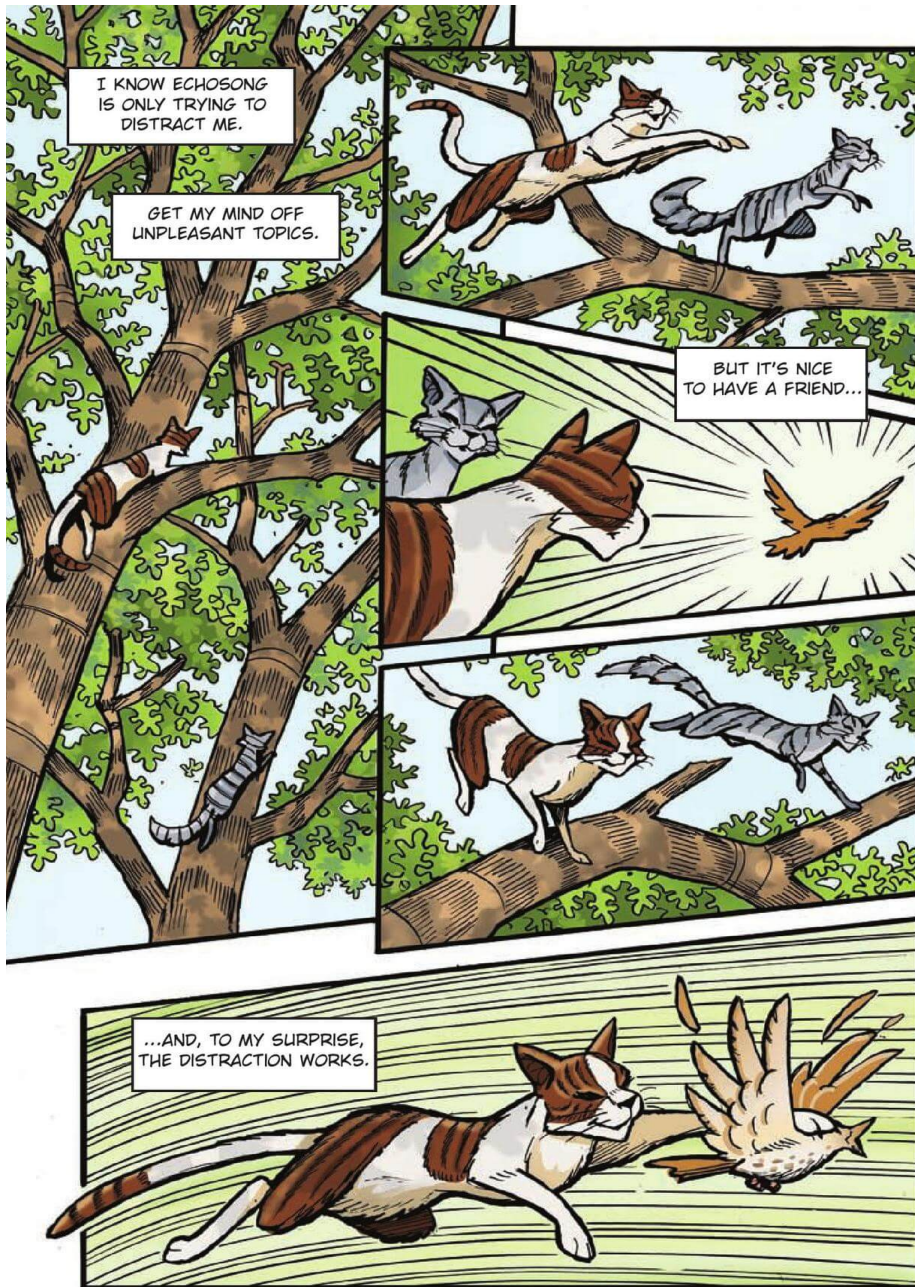
WHY? IS HE
STILL THERE?

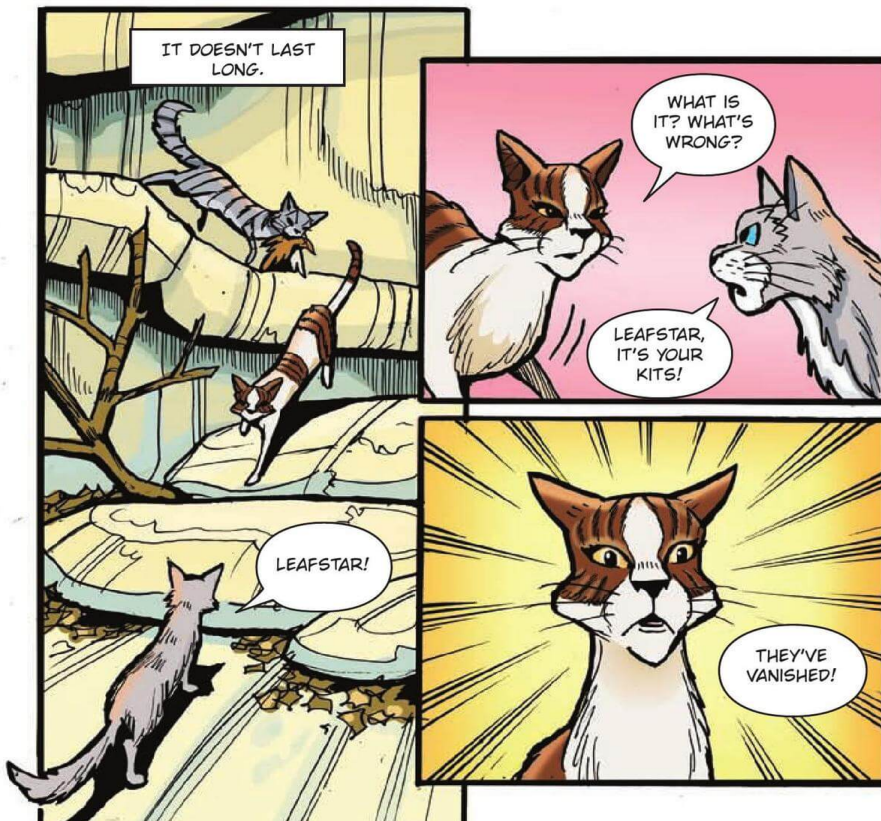
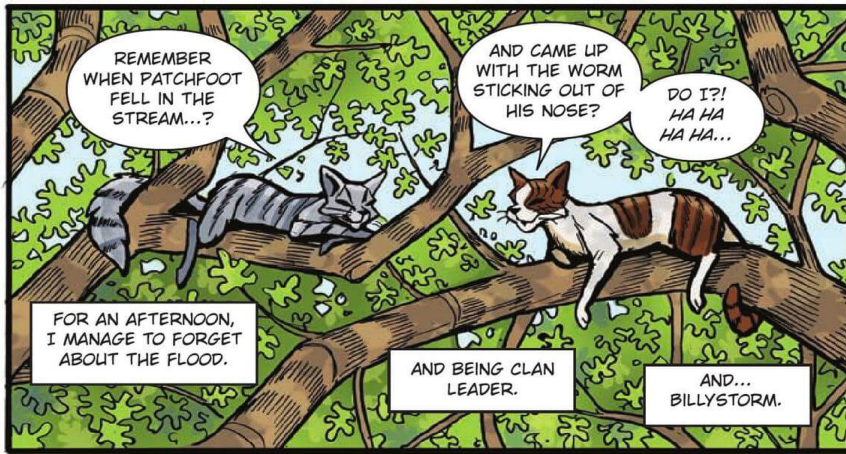
NO, HE'S GONE.
IT'S JUST THAT THERE
ARE BAD ECHOES THERE.
UNHAPPY CATS. TWOLEG
FURY. IT'S A BAD
PLACE.

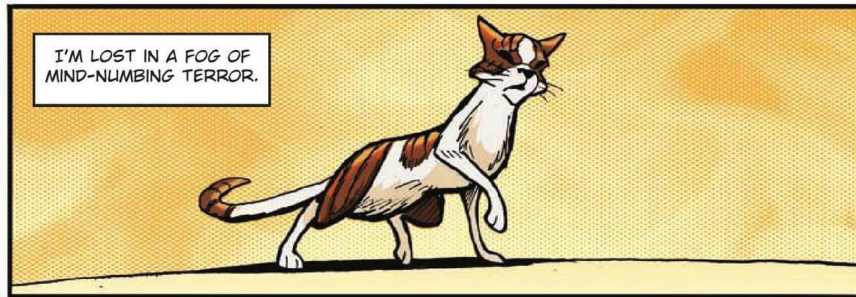
COME ON,
LET'S HEAD
BACK.

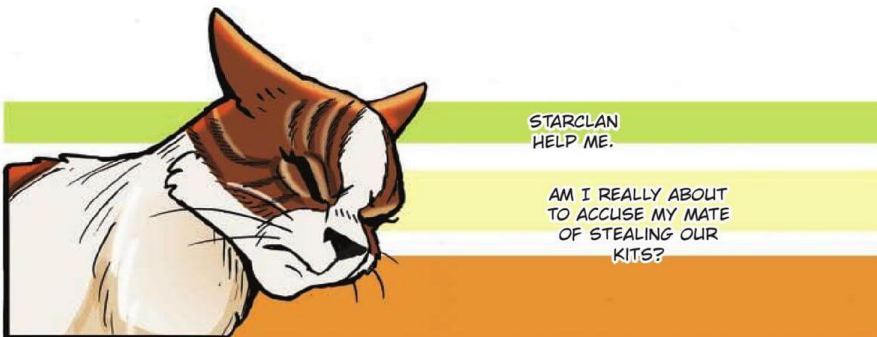
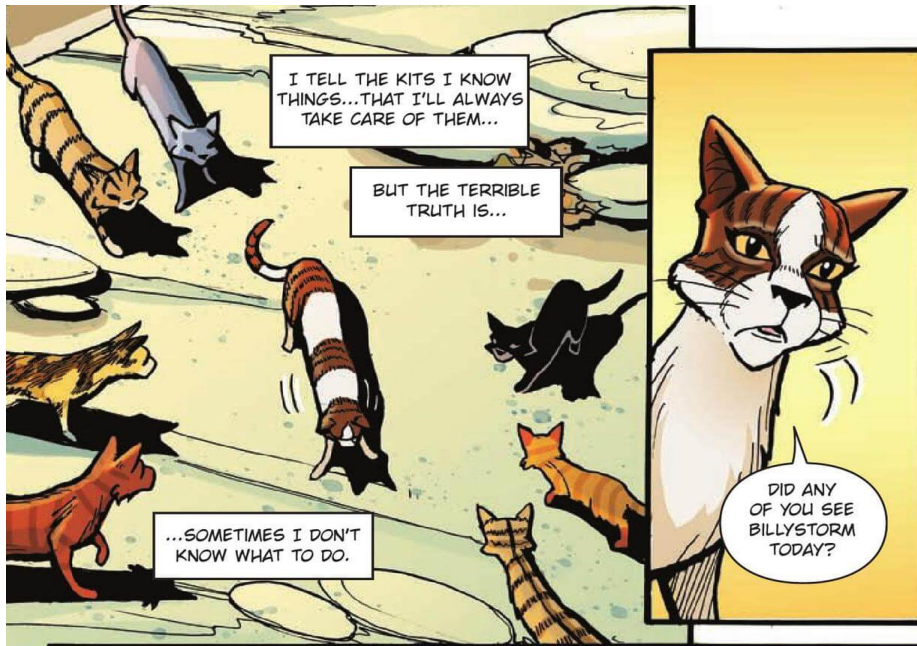














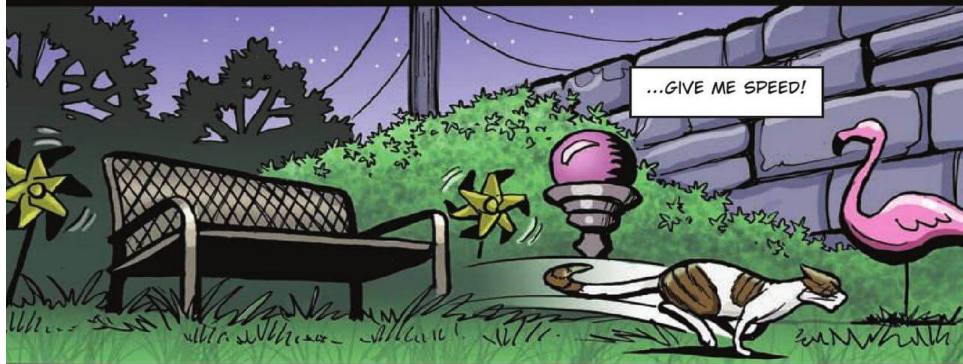




GOOD. LET'S
HEAD OUT.













I...DON'T
SUPPOSE THAT'LL
BE NECESSARY...
AT THIS POINT...



LOOK, I
SHOULD'VE...I MEAN,
I SHOULDN'T'VE...

SAVE IT.



"RIGHT NOW THE ONLY
THING I CARE ABOUT
IS FINDING OUR KITS."



I JUST WANT
YOU TO KNOW, LEAFSTAR,
I WON'T REST UNTIL
THE KITS ARE BROUGHT
BACK HOME.

THEY'RE THE
FUTURE OF THE
CLAN. THEY'RE
WARRIORS!



THANK
YOU, SOL.

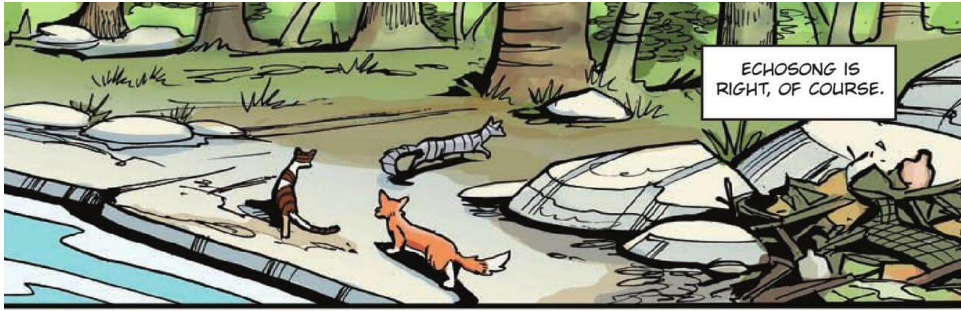
I APPRECIATE SOL'S WORDS,
BUT THEY DON'T MAKE ME
FEEL ANY BETTER.

NEITHER DOES HOW
THOROUGHLY BILLYSTORM
IS IGNORING ME.









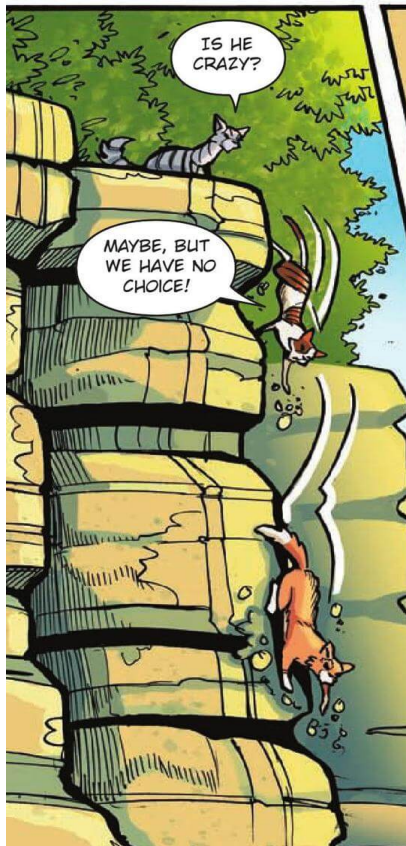


ROGUES. TOUGH
AND MEAN FROM THE
LOOKS OF THEM.

DANGEROUS.

AND HEADING
STRAIGHT FOR SKYCLAN.



















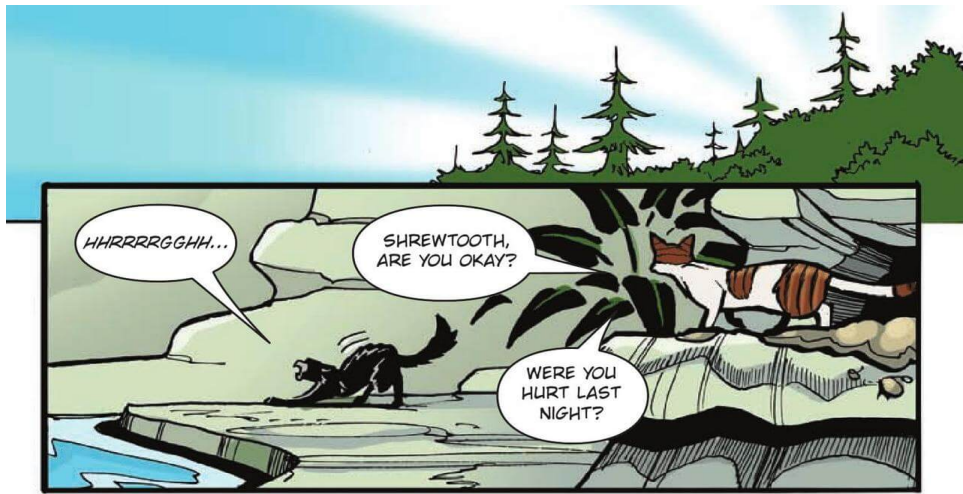


IT SHOULD BE A JOYOUS
MOMENT...BUT I FEEL MY HEART
BREAK ALL OVER AGAIN.

IT'S MY KITS'
HOME, TOO.



WHERE
ARE THEY?







I'LL HAVE TO ASK HIM
WHERE THEY ARE AT
SOME POINT, SO I CAN
AVOID THEM MYSELF.



GOING
OUT AGAIN?

THE LAST PARTY
JUST RETURNED...
WHAT ELSE AM I
GOING TO DO?

YOU FOUGHT
A HARD BATTLE
YESTERDAY, AND I BET
YOU HAVEN'T SLEPT
FOR DAYS.

WHEREVER
OUR KITS ARE...



...THEY HAVE
ENOUGH SENSE
TO SEEK SHELTER IN
THE NIGHT.

WE'LL FIND THEM
MORE EASILY IN
DAYLIGHT. I'LL WAKE
YOU AT DAWN.



I DON'T HAVE THE
ENERGY
TO ARGUE WITH HIM...

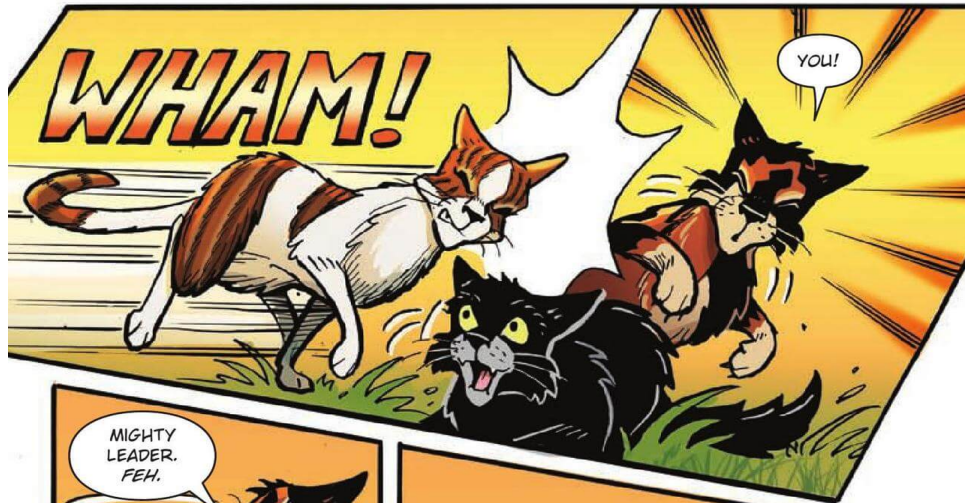
...BUT THEN I SEE
SOMETHING ODD.



SOMETHING THAT GIVES
ME A SECOND WIND. SOL
AND SHREWTOOTH...?



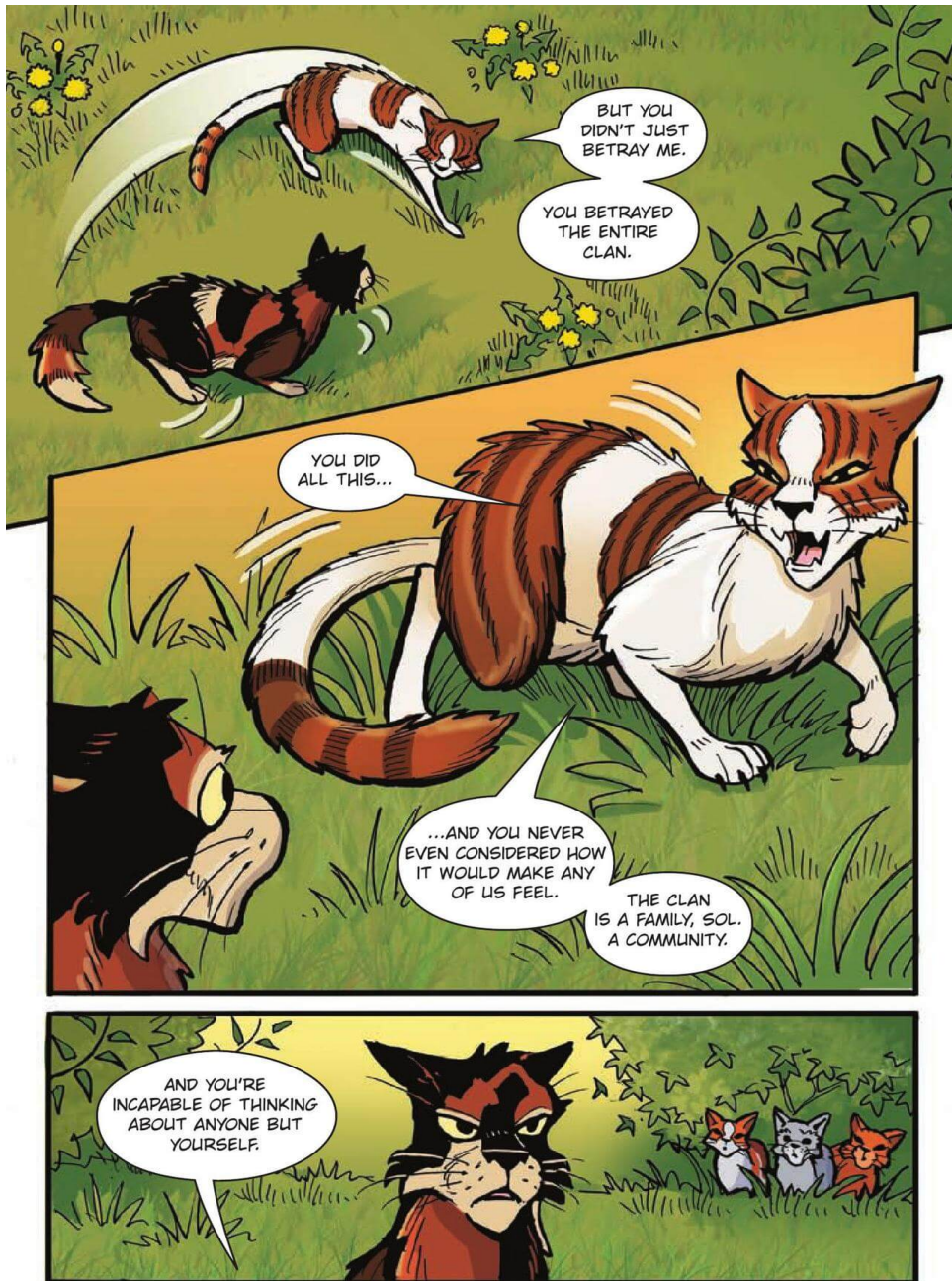






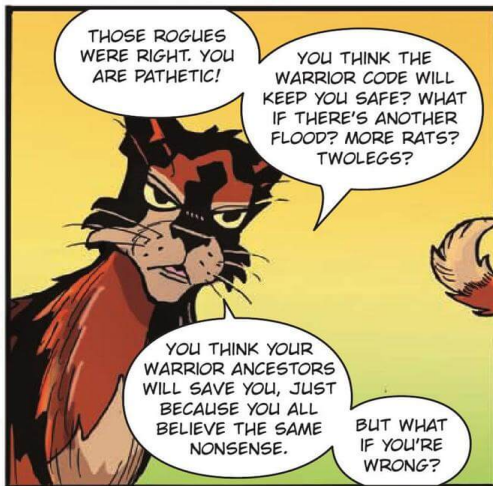






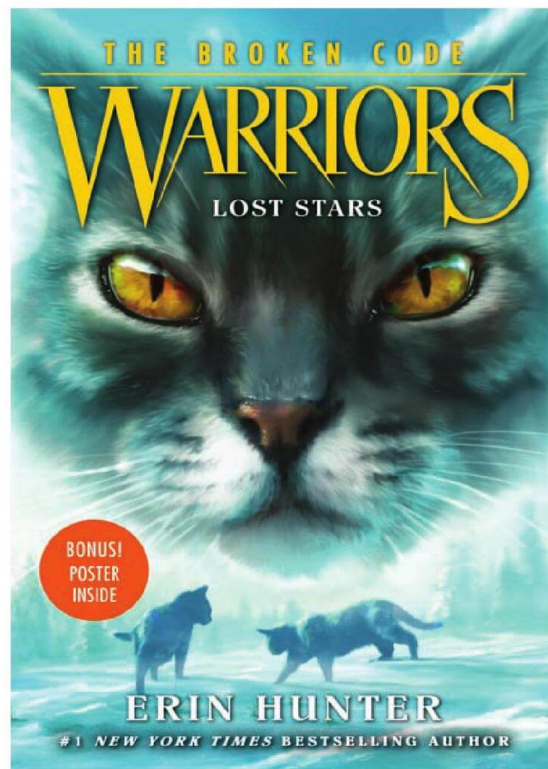








A NEW **WARRIORS** ADVENTURE BEGINS!
DON'T MISS





CHAPTER 1



Shadowpaw craned his neck over his back, straining to groom the hard-to-reach spot at the base of his tail. He had just managed to give his fur a few vigorous licks when he heard paw steps approaching. He looked up to see his father, Tigerstar, and his mother, Dovewing, their pelts brushing as they gazed down at him with pride and joy shining in their eyes.

"What is it?" he asked, sitting up and giving his pelt a shake.

"We just came to see you off," Tigerstar responded, while Dovewing gave her son's ears a quick, affectionate lick.

Shadowpaw's fur prickled with embarrassment. *Like I haven't been to the Moonpool before, he thought. They're still treating me as if I'm a kit in the nursery!*

He was sure that his parents hadn't made such a fuss when his littermates, Pouncestep and Lightleap, had been

warrior apprentices. *I guess it's because I'm going to be a medicine cat. . . .* Or maybe because of the seizures he'd had since he was a kit. He knew his parents still worried about him, even though it had been a while since his last upsetting vision. *They're probably hoping that with some training from the other medicine cats, I'll learn to control my visions once and for all . . . and I can be normal.*

Shadowpaw wanted that, too.

"The snow must be really deep up on the moors," Dove-wing mewed. "Make sure you watch where you're putting your paws."

Shadowpaw wriggled his shoulders, praying that none of his Clanmates were listening. "I will," he promised, glancing toward the medicine cats' den in the hope of seeing his mentor, Puddleshine, emerge. But there was no sign of him yet.

To his relief, Tigerstar gave Dovewing a nudge and they both moved off toward the Clan leader's den. Shadowpaw rubbed one paw hastily across his face and bounded across the camp to see what was keeping Puddleshine.

Intent on finding his mentor, Shadowpaw barely noticed the patrol trekking toward the fresh-kill pile, prey dangling from their jaws. He skidded to a halt just in time to avoid colliding with Cloverfoot, the Clan deputy.

"Shadowpaw!" she exclaimed around the shrew she was carrying. "You nearly knocked me off my paws."

"Sorry, Cloverfoot," Shadowpaw meowed, dipping his head respectfully.

Cloverfoot let out a snort, half annoyed, half amused. “Apprentices!”

Shadowpaw tried to hide his irritation. He was an apprentice, yes, but an old one—medicine cat apprentices’ training lasted longer than warriors’. His littermates were full warriors already. But he knew his parents would want him to respect the deputy.

Cloverfoot padded on, followed by Strikestone, Yarrowleaf, and Blazefire. Though they were all carrying prey, they had only one or two pieces each, and what little they had managed to catch was undersized and scrawny.

“I can’t remember a leaf-bare as cold as this,” Yarrowleaf complained as she dropped a blackbird on the fresh-kill pile.

Strikestone nodded, shivering as he fluffed out his brown tabby pelt. “No wonder there’s no prey. They’re all hiding down their holes, and I can’t blame them.”

As Shadowpaw moved on, out of earshot, he couldn’t help noticing how pitifully small the fresh-kill pile was, and he tried to ignore his own growling belly. He could hardly remember his first leaf-bare, when he’d been a tiny kit, so he didn’t know if the older cats were right and the weather was unusually cold.

I only know I don’t like it, he grumbled to himself as he picked his way through the icy slush that covered the ground of the camp. *My paws are so cold I think they’ll drop off. I can’t wait for newleaf!*

Puddleshine ducked out of the entrance to the medicine

cats' den as Shadowpaw approached. "Good, you're ready," he meowed. "We'd better hurry, or we'll be late." As he led the way toward the camp entrance, he added, "I've been checking our herb stores, and they're getting dangerously low."

"We could search for more on the way back," Shadowpaw suggested, his medicine-cat duties driving out his thoughts of cold and hunger. He always enjoyed working with Puddleshine to find, sort, and store the herbs. Treating cats with herbs made him feel calm and in control . . . the opposite of how he felt during his seizures and upsetting visions.

"We can try," Puddleshine sighed. "But what isn't frost-bitten will be covered with snow." He glanced over his shoulder at Shadowpaw as the two cats headed out into the forest. "This is turning out to be a really bad leaf-bare. And it isn't over yet, not by a long way."

Excitement tingled through Shadowpaw from ears to tail-tip as he scrambled up the rocky slope toward the line of bushes that surrounded the Moonpool hollow. His worries over his seizures and the bitter leaf-bare faded; every hair on his pelt was bristling with anticipation of his meeting with the other medicine cats, and most of all with StarClan.

He might not be a full medicine cat yet, and he might not be fully in control of his visions . . . but he would still get to meet with his warrior ancestors. And from the rest

of the medicine cats he would find out what was going on in the other Clans.

Standing at the top of the slope, waiting for Puddleshine to push his way through the bushes, Shadowpaw reflected on the last few moons. Things had been tense in ShadowClan as every cat settled into their new boundaries and grew used to sharing a border with SkyClan. Not long ago, SkyClan had lived separately from the other Clans, in a far-flung territory in a gorge. But StarClan had called SkyClan back to join the other Clans by the lake, because the Clans were stronger when all five were united. Still, SkyClan had needed its own territory, which had meant new borders for everyone, and it had taken time for the other Clans to accept them. Shadowpaw was relieved that things seemed more peaceful now; the brutally cold leaf-bare had given all the Clans more to worry about than quarreling with one another. They were even beginning to rely on one another, especially in sharing herbs when the cold weather had damaged so many of the plants they needed. Shadowpaw felt proud that they were all getting along, instead of battling one another for every piece of prey.

That wasn't a great start to Tigerstar's leadership. . . . I'm glad it's over now!

"Are you going to stand out there all night?"

At the sound of Puddleshine's voice from the other side of the bushes, Shadowpaw dived in among the branches, wincing as sharp twigs scraped along his pelt, and thrust

himself out onto the ledge above the Moonpool. Opposite him, halfway up the rocky wall of the hollow, a trickle of water bubbled out from between two moss-covered boulders. The water fell down into the pool below, with a fitful glimmer as if the stars themselves were trapped inside it. The rippling surface of the pool shone silver with reflected moonlight.

Shadowpaw wanted to leap into the air with excitement at being back at the Moonpool, but he fought to hold on to some self-control, and padded down the spiral path to the water's edge with all the dignity expected of a medicine cat. Awe welled up inside him as he felt his paws slip into the hollows made by cats countless seasons before.

Who were they? Where did they go? he wondered.

The two ThunderClan medicine cats were already sitting beside the pool. Shadowpaw guessed it was too cold to wait outside for everyone to arrive, as the medicine cats usually did. Alderheart was thoughtfully grooming his chest fur, while Jayfeather's tail-tip twitched back and forth in irritation. He turned his blind blue gaze on Puddleshine and Shadowpaw as they reached the bottom of the hollow.

"You took your time," he snapped. "We're wasting moonlight."

Shadowpaw realized that Kestrelflight of WindClan and Mothwing and Willowshine, the two RiverClan medicine cats, were sitting just beyond the two from ThunderClan. The shadow of a rock had hidden them

from him until now.

"Nice to see you, too, Jayfeather," Puddleshine responded mildly. "I'm sorry if we're late, but I don't see Frecklewish or Fidgetflake, either."

Jayfeather gave a disdainful sniff. "If they're not here soon, we'll start without them."

Would Jayfeather really do that? Shadowpaw was still staring at the ThunderClan medicine cat, wondering, when a rustling from the top of the slope put him on alert. Looking up, he saw Frecklewish pushing her way through the bushes, followed closely by Fidgetflake.

"At last!" Jayfeather hissed.

He's in a mood, Shadowpaw thought, then added to himself with a flicker of amusement, *Nothing new there, then*.

As the two SkyClan medicine cats padded down the slope, Shadowpaw noticed how thin and weary they both looked. For a heartbeat he wondered if there was anything wrong in SkyClan. Then he realized that he and the rest of the medicine cats looked just as skinny, just as worn out by the trials of leaf-bare.

Frecklewish dipped her head to her fellow medicine cats as she joined them beside the pool. "Greetings," she mewed, her fatigue clear in her voice. "How is the prey running in your Clans?"

For a moment no cat replied, and Shadowpaw could sense their uneasiness. *None of them wants to admit that their Clan is having problems*.

Shadowpaw was surprised when Puddleshine, who was

normally so pensive, was the first to speak up. Maybe the cold had banished his mentor's reserve and enabled him to be honest.

"The hunting is very poor in ShadowClan," he replied; Shadowpaw felt a twinge of alarm at how discouraged his mentor sounded. "If this freezing cold goes on much longer, I don't know what we'll do."

The remaining medicine cats exchanged glances of relief, as if they were glad to learn their Clan wasn't the only one suffering.

Willowshine nodded agreement. "Many RiverClan cats are getting sick because it's so cold."

"In ThunderClan too," Alderheart murmured.

"We're running out of herbs," Fidgetflake added with a twitch of his whiskers. "And the few we have left are shriveled and useless."

Frecklewish gave her Clanmate a sympathetic glance. "I've heard some of the younger warriors joking about running off to be kittypets," she meowed.

"No cat had better say that in my hearing," Jayfeather drew his lips back in the beginning of a snarl. "Or they'll wish they hadn't."

"Keep your fur on, Jayfeather," Frecklewish responded. "It was only a joke. All SkyClan cats are loyal to their Clan."

Jayfeather's only reply was an irritated flick of his ears.

"I don't suppose any of you have spare supplies of catmint?" Kestrelflight asked hesitantly. "The clumps that

grow in WindClan are all blackened by frost. We won't have any more until newleaf."

Most of the cats shook their heads, except for Willowshine, who rested her tail encouragingly on Kestrelflight's shoulder. "RiverClan can help," she promised. "There's catmint growing in the Twoleg gardens near our border. It's more sheltered there."

"Thanks, Willowshine." Kestrelflight's voice was unsteady. "There's whitecough in the WindClan camp, and without catmint I'm terrified it will turn to green-cough."

"Meet me by the border tomorrow at sunhigh," Willowshine mewed. "I'll show you where the catmint grows."

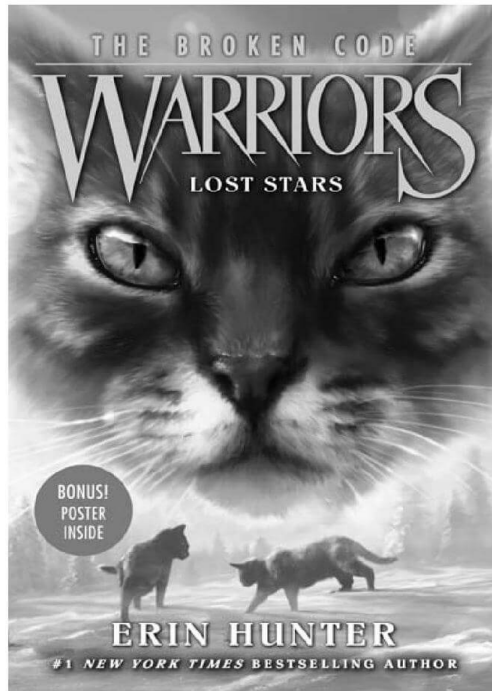
"This is all well and good," Jayfeather snorted, "every cat getting along, but let's not forget why we're here. I'm much more interested in what StarClan has to say. Shall we begin?" He paced to the edge of the Moonpool and stretched out one forepaw to touch the surface, only to draw his paw back with a gasp of surprise.

ERIN HUNTER

is inspired by a love of cats and a fascination with the ferocity of the natural world. As well as having great respect for nature in all its forms, Erin enjoys creating rich mythical explanations for animal behavior. She is also the author of the Seekers, Survivors, and Bravelands series.

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— DIVE INTO THE WARRIORS WORLD —
A NEW ADVENTURE BEGINS IN

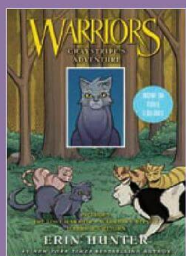


LEAFSTAR HAS FOUGHT TO RESTORE HER CLAN. BUT CAN IT SURVIVE A DANGEROUS NEW THREAT?

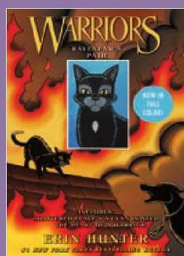
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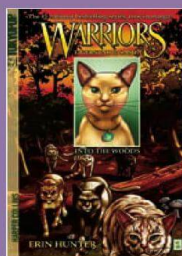
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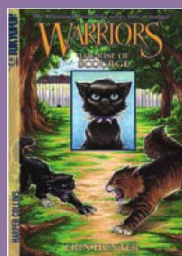
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