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WARRIORS

TIGERSTAR & SASHA



ESCAPE FROM
THE FOREST



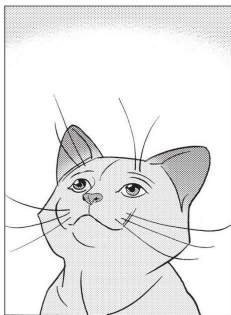
ERIN HUNTER

2

WARRIORS

TIGERSTAR & SASHA

2: ESCAPE FROM
THE FOREST



WARRIORS

TIGERSTAR & SASHA

2: ESCAPE FROM THE FOREST

CREATED BY
ERIN HUNTER

WRITTEN BY
DAN JOLLEY

ART BY
DON HUDSON



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Escape from the Forest**

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



First Edition



Dear readers,

Tigerstar didn't only betray the four Clans; he also betrayed the cat who loved him most—brave, hopeful, innocent Sasha. She fell for a warrior with the courage of a lion, only to discover that he was fox-hearted and treacherous to the tip of his tail. Luckily for Sasha, she left the forest before the battle with BloodClan, so she didn't see the full extent of Tigerstar's brutal ambitions, or his dramatic death (nine times over) beneath Scourge's strengthened claws. Right now, her priority is finding a new way of life, far from the forest where she had made her home. Once again, she has lost everything but her will to survive.

This time, help comes from a very unexpected quarter. One thing I admire most about Sasha is her strength of spirit. She's always ready to see kindness and warmth in other characters—which might have been her downfall where Tigerstar was concerned! Don't judge her harshly: Too often, characters that suffer the most become very cynical and resistant to signs of affection. Even when Sasha realizes that her life has become even more complicated, she never gives up hope.


Come, it's time to find out what happened when Sasha stumbled away from ShadowClan with her heart broken into pieces. . . .

**Best wishes always,
Erin Hunter**









SO THAT WAS YOU,
CREEPING ABOUT IN THE
DARKNESS, LISTENING
TO THINGS THAT DIDN'T
CONCERN YOU.

FINE.

THE CATS YOU'RE
TALKING ABOUT POISON
THE CLANS WITH THEIR
IMPURE BLOOD!

HOW CAN
WARRIORS BE
STRONG IF THEY
DON'T KNOW WHERE
THEIR LOYALTIES
LIE?



I DON'T
THINK THIS IS
ABOUT MAKING
LIFE EASIER FOR
THE WARRIORS.

I THINK THIS
IS ABOUT YOU
WANTING MORE POWER
THAN YOU CAN HAVE.
AND I DON'T WANT TO
BE PART OF THAT.


IF YOU'RE REALLY
GOING TO KILL THOSE
CATS, DOESN'T THAT
MEAN YOU'D HAVE TO
KILL ME, TOO?



THIS IS THE
BIGGEST MISTAKE
OF YOUR LIFE,
SASHA.

YOU COULD
HAVE BEEN MORE
THAN A KITTYPET. YOU
COULD HAVE BEEN A
WARRIOR.

NOW YOU WILL
ALWAYS BE
NOTHING.




MY HEART HASN'T EVER
BROKEN BEFORE.

IT HURTS.




BUT I'D RATHER
BE NOTHING THAN
A MURDERER.



TIGERSTAR LOVES POWER AND
BLOODSHED MORE THAN HE
LOVES ME. I SEE THAT NOW. BUT...


AM I REALLY
NOTHING?



I'M NOT A KITTYPET, BECAUSE
MY HOUSEFOLK HAVE GONE.


I'M NOT A LONER, BECAUSE
I DON'T LIKE BEING ON MY
OWN ALL THE TIME.

AND I CAN NEVER LIVE
WITH TIGERSTAR IN
SHADOWCLAN NOW.



THE PAIN I FEEL VISITS
ME IN MY DREAMS AS
SOON AS I FALL ASLEEP.

I'M ALL ALONE, AND EVERY SOUND
IN THE WOODS SEEMS LIKE THE
GROWL OF A FOX OR A BADGER...
OR A SHADOWCLAN CAT...



UNTIL I HEAR THE ONE THING
I NEVER EXPECTED. THE ONE
THING I LONGED FOR THE MOST.

SASHA?
SASHA, WHERE
ARE YOU?



THERE YOU
ARE!

KEN!
KEN, YOU
FOUND ME!



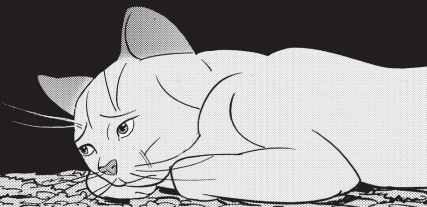
I'VE MISSED
YOU SO MUCH,
BEAUTIFUL
SASHA.

I'M SORRY YOU HAD
TO BE ALONE FOR SO
LONG. I'LL TAKE YOU
HOME NOW.

IT WAS PERFECT...
SO PERFECT...

A PERFECTLY
CRUEL DREAM.

I COME TO A DECISION NOT
LONG AFTER I WAKE.



THERE'S NOTHING KEEPING ME
HERE. I CERTAINLY DON'T BELONG
HERE. I HAVE TO LEAVE...

...AND I HAVE TO FIND
KEN. WHEREVER HE IS.

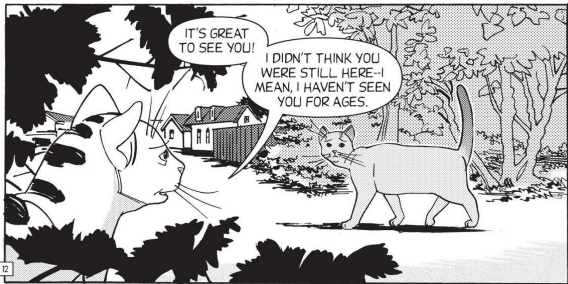


HEY,
SASHA!



IT'S GREAT
TO SEE YOU!

I DIDN'T THINK YOU
WERE STILL HERE--I
MEAN, I HAVEN'T SEEN
YOU FOR AGES.





WHERE'VE
YOU BEEN,
ANYWAY?

I SMELL
SOMETHING KIND
OF...I DON'T KNOW,
WEIRD.

OH NO...THAT MUST
BE SHADOWCLAN
HE'S SMELLING!

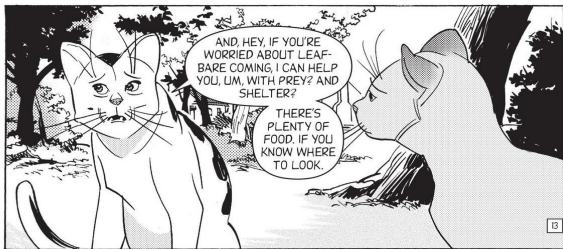
NO WAY AM I TELLING
HIM ABOUT TIGERSTAR.

I, AH...I'M GLAD I
RAN INTO YOU, PINE,
BECAUSE...WELL, I
NEED TO SAY
GOOD-BYE.



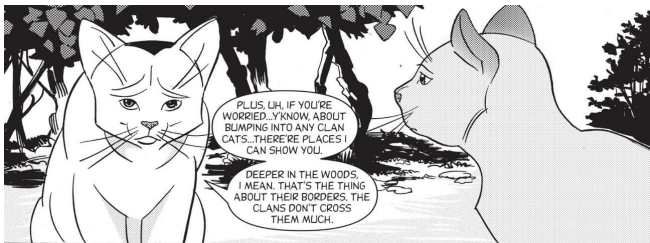
OH--YOU'RE,
YOU'RE
LEAVING?

I WAS
THINKING WE
MIGHT HUNT
TOGETHER OR, OR
SOMETHING LIKE
THAT...



AND, HEY, IF YOU'RE
WORRIED ABOUT LEAF-
BARE COMING, I CAN HELP
YOU, UM, WITH PREY? AND
SHELTER?

THERE'S
PLENTY OF
FOOD. IF YOU
KNOW WHERE
TO LOOK.



PLUS, UH, IF YOU'RE WORRIED...Y'KNOW, ABOUT BUMPING INTO ANY CLAN CATS...THERE'RE PLACES I CAN SHOW YOU.

DEEPER IN THE WOODS, I MEAN. THAT'S THE THING ABOUT THEIR BORDERS. THE CLANS DON'T CROSS THEM MUCH.



THANK YOU, PINE. IT'S VERY SWEET OF YOU TO OFFER.

BUT I HAVE TO FIND MY HOUSEFOLK. HIS NAME IS KEN, AND...

AND HE MUST BE MISSING ME TERRIBLY.



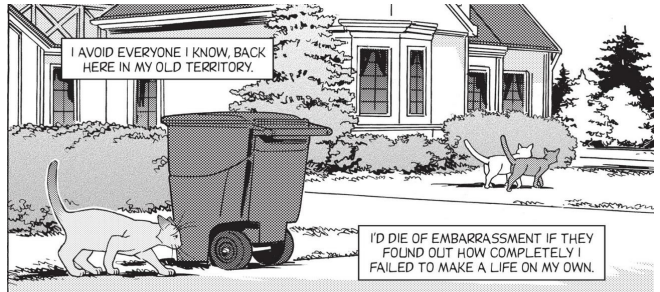
ALL RIGHT. WELL...

GOOD LUCK, SASHA. I REALLY HOPE YOU CAN FIND HIM.



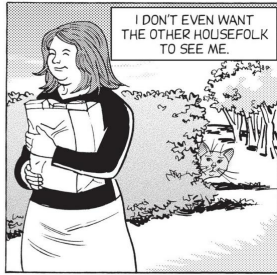
I HOPE SO, TOO.

RIGHT NOW, KEN IS THE ONLY PART OF MY LIFE THAT MEANS ANYTHING.



I AVOID EVERYONE I KNOW, BACK
HERE IN MY OLD TERRITORY.


I'D DIE OF EMBARRASSMENT IF THEY
FOUND OUT HOW COMPLETELY I
FAILED TO MAKE A LIFE ON MY OWN.



I DON'T EVEN WANT
THE OTHER HOUSEFOLK
TO SEE ME.



ONLY KEN.



MAYBE HE'S COME BACK
BY NOW...I HOPE HE'S COME
BACK. PLEASE, PLEASE...



THIS IS WHERE I LIVED...BUT
IT SEEMS SO SMALL NOW!

AND IT LOOKS DIFFERENT.
WHAT'S HAPPENED HERE?

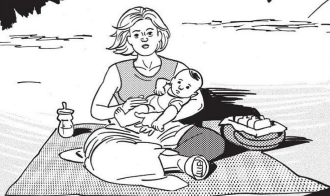


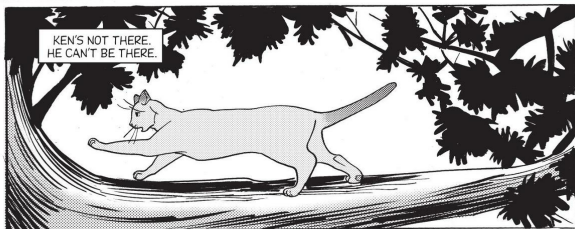
KEN...?

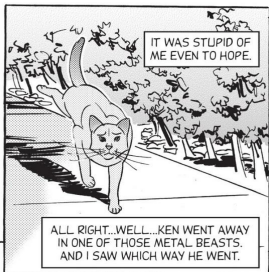
PLEASE BE HERE...

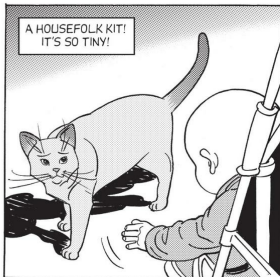


KEN? ARE
YOU THERE?
HELLO?



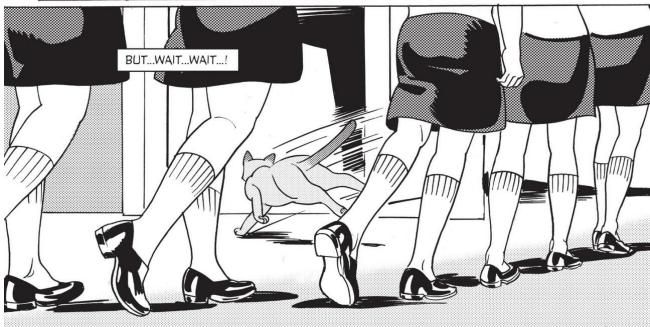












THAT HOUSEFOLK
ISN'T KEN...

...BUT I DO SMELL HIS
SCENT! I KNOW I DO. I'VE
GOT TO GET CLOSER

DIDN'T CARE
FOR THAT ONE,
HUH?

IT FITS WELL
ENOUGH. IT'S JUST...
AHEM...IT SORT OF
SMELLS LIKE
OLD MAN.

YEAH, I DON'T
BLAME YOU.

WE GET A LOT OF
STUFF FROM, LIKE,
NURSING HOMES, PLACES
LIKE THAT.

ARE YOU
SERIOUS? YOU
MEAN THESE
CLOTHES...

RIGHT. THE PEOPLE
THEY BELONGED TO?
AIN'T AROUND TO WEAR
'EM ANYMORE.



THIS DOES BELONG TO KEN! I WAS RIGHT!

AND THERE...THERE'S THAT LITTLE HOLE I PUT IN IT BY ACCIDENT.

JEAN WAS SO MAD WHEN I DID IT...BUT KEN JUST LAUGHED, AND SMILED, AND SCRATCHED ME BEHIND MY EARS.



BUT IF THIS IS KEN'S... WHY ISN'T HE HERE? WHERE COULD HE BE?

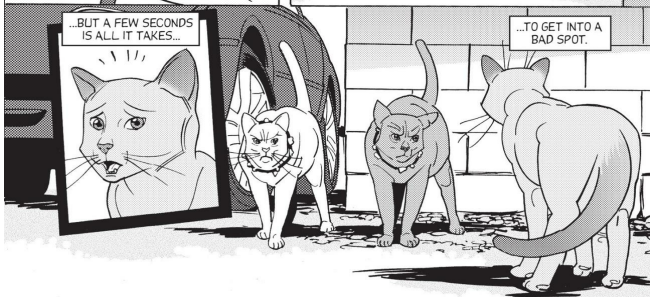
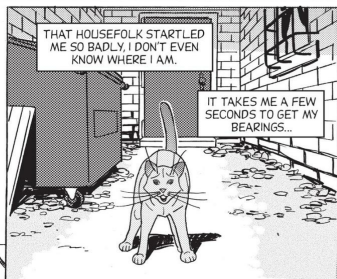
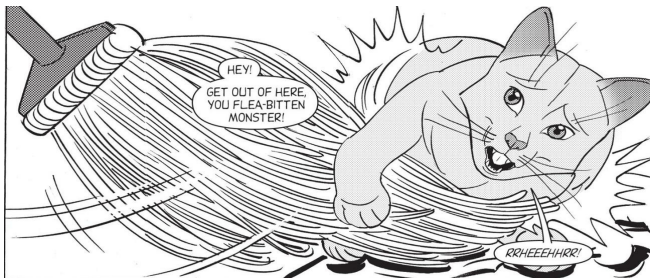
WHY CAN'T I FIND HIM...?

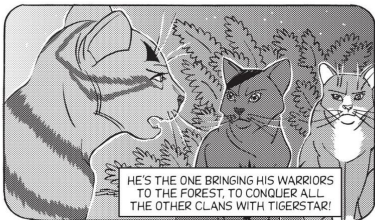
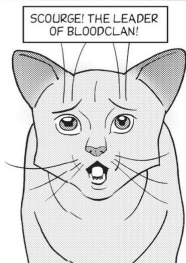


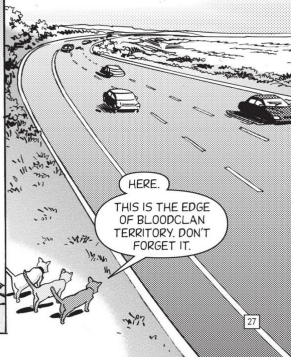
SOME PART OF ME, REALLY DEEP DOWN...SOME PART OF ME KNOWS SOMETHING'S WRONG. SOMETHING BAD.

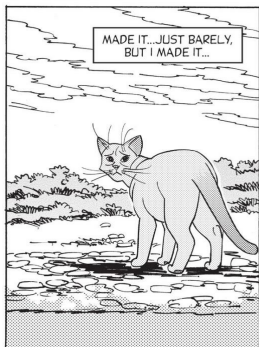
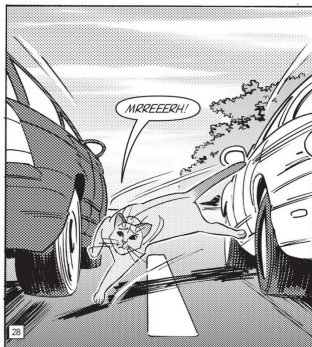
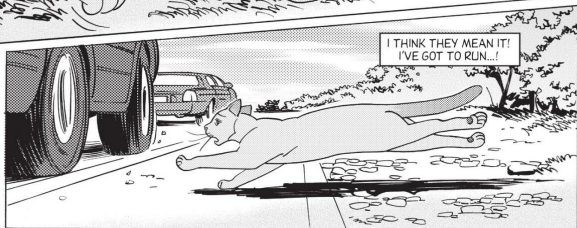
BUT RIGHT NOW...I'M JUST TOO TIRED TO KEEP LOOKING.



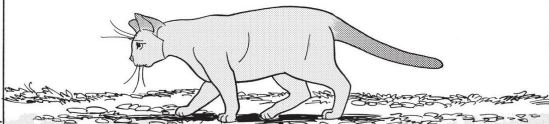




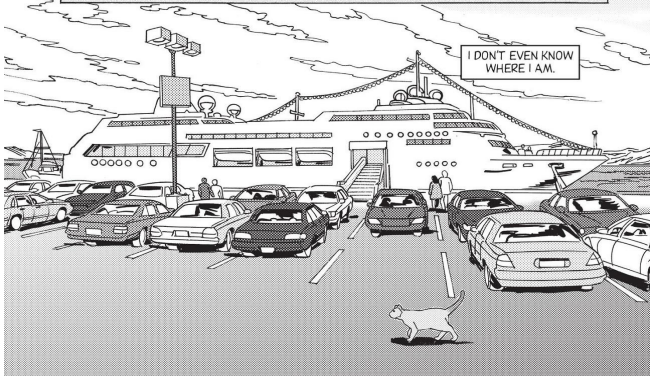




BUT WHAT DO
I DO NOW?

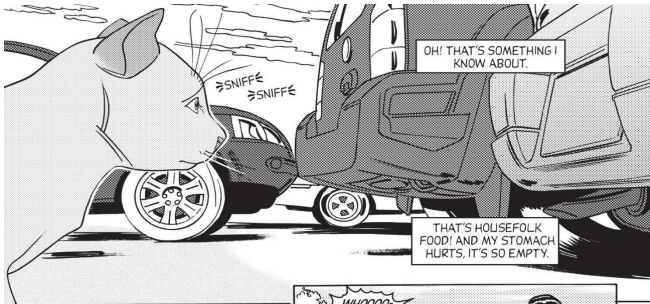


I DON'T EVEN KNOW
WHERE I AM.



**LUXURY BOAT
CRUISE COMPANY**
7 Brand-New Pleasure Boats
Price Includes Audio
Commentary
**Plus All New
Disco Cruises**

ALL THESE PLACES AND THINGS
I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE AND
DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT...



OH! THAT'S SOMETHING I
KNOW ABOUT.

THAT'S HOUSEFOLK
FOOD! AND MY STOMACH
HURTS, IT'S SO EMPTY.



MAYBE IF I SNEAK IN...DON'T
LET ANYBODY SEE ME...
MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME
SCRAP OF SOMETHING...



WHOOOO-
HOOOO!!

DID YOU SEE THAT,
THE WAY SHANNON
HURLED?

AWESOME,
MAN, PURE
AWESOME!




WHAT KIND OF
PLACE IS THIS? ALL
THOSE HOUSEFOLK
WERE SO LOUD!




NIGHT COMES SOONER
THAN I EXPECTED.

I CAN FEEL MY HOPE
FADING ALONG WITH
THE SUNLIGHT.




IT'S TIME TO ADMIT IT
TO MYSELF. I'M NOT
GOING TO FIND KEN.

EVER.




HIS THINGS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE
WITH ALL THOSE OTHER HOUSEFOLK
CLOTHES UNLESS...UNLESS HE'S...GONE.

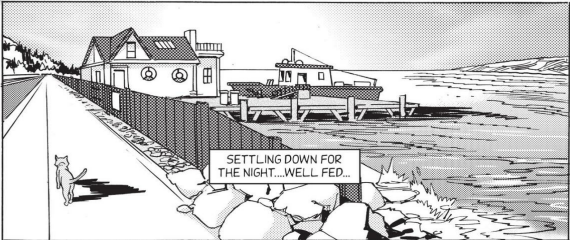


BUT WHAT DOES THAT
MEAN FOR ME? I'M NOWHERE.
I HAVE NOTHING.


I REALLY AM
NOTHING.



I TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT,
BUT...I CAN'T HELP IMAGINING THE
SHADOWCLAN CATS RIGHT NOW.



SETTLING DOWN FOR
THE NIGHT...WELL FED...



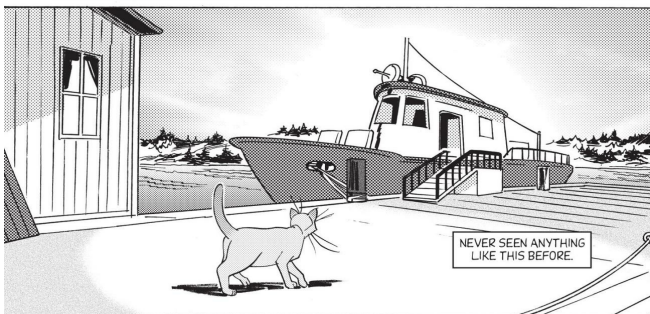
**Captain Bandy's
Full-day and
Half-day
Boat Cruises
on the
Dolly Blue**

...ALL CURLED UP AND
WARM. AM I EVER GOING
TO HAVE ANY OF THAT
AGAIN? WILL I EVER--



≡SNIFF≡

I SMELL FISH!

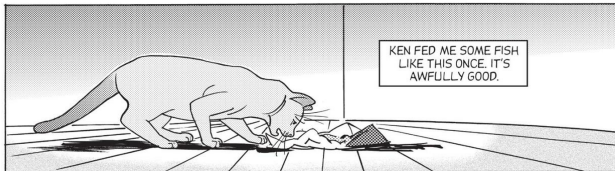




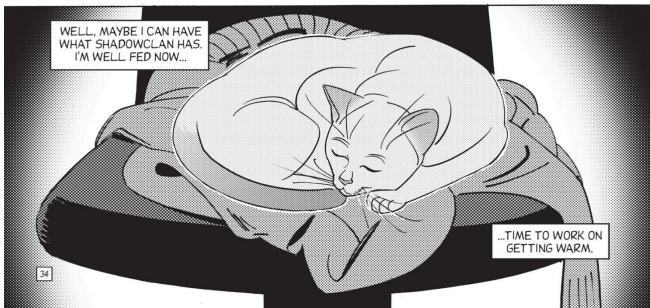
I THINK THERE MUST BE FISH
IN THE WATER HERE...BUT
THIS THING SMELLS LIKE
FISH ALL ON ITS OWN.



AHA! NOW THAT'S
MORE LIKE IT!



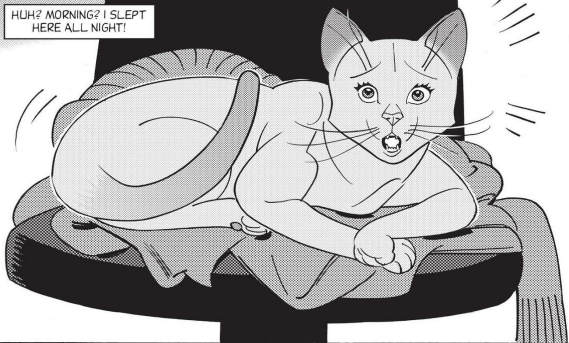
KEN FED ME SOME FISH
LIKE THIS ONCE. IT'S
AWFULLY GOOD.



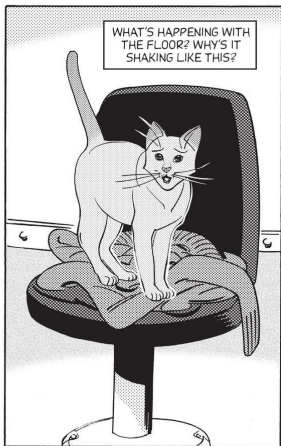
WELL, MAYBE I CAN HAVE
WHAT SHADOWCLAN HAS.
I'M WELL FED NOW...

...TIME TO WORK ON
GETTING WARM.

HUH? MORNING? I SLEPT
HERE ALL NIGHT!

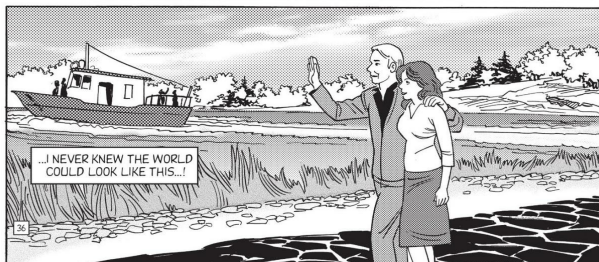
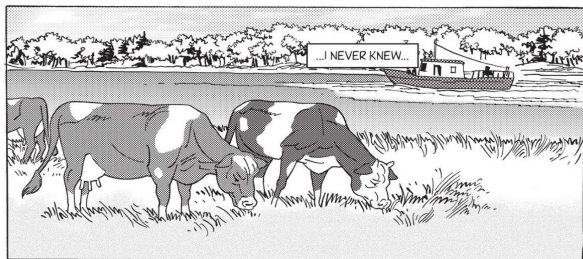
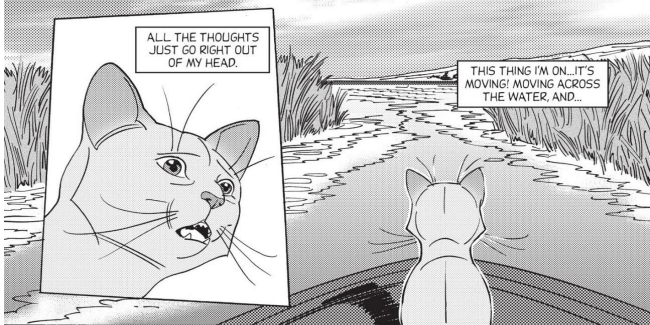


WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH
THE FLOOR? WHY'S IT
SHAKING LIKE THIS?



I'D BETTER JUMP OFF THIS
THING AND GET TO--
GET TO...





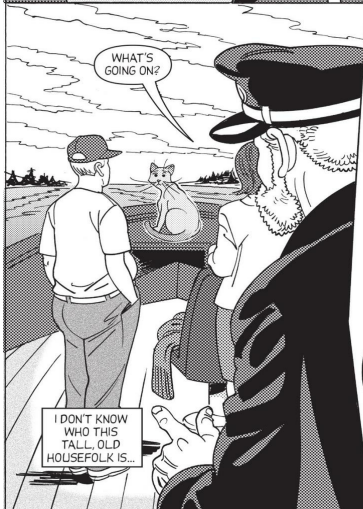


WHOOA! CHECK
IT OUT-IT'S A
CAT!

THAT'S SO
COOL!



IT'S A REAL
LIVE SHIP'S
CAT!

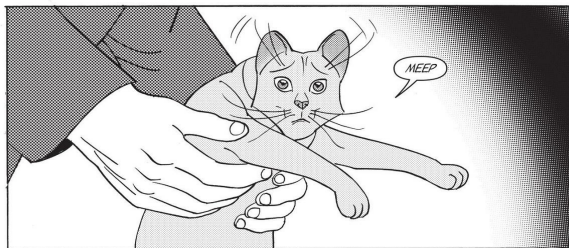


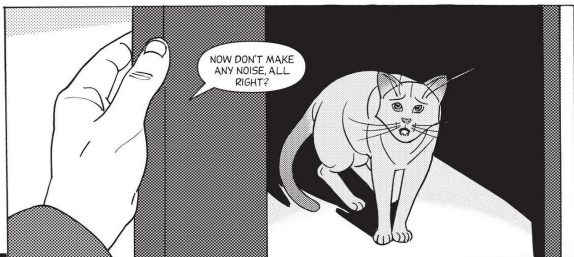
WHAT'S
GOING ON?

I DON'T KNOW
WHO THIS
TALL, OLD
HOUSEFOLK IS...

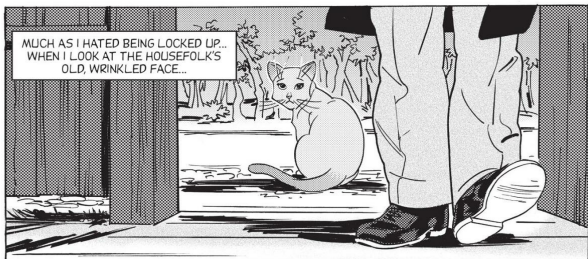


...BUT I KNOW IN A
HEARTBEAT, HE'S THE
ONE IN CHARGE HERE.









MUCH AS I HATED BEING LOCKED UP...
WHEN I LOOK AT THE HOUSEFOLK'S
OLD, WRINKLED FACE...

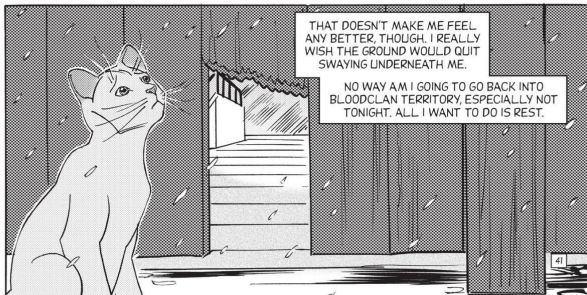


...I CAN'T HELP THINKING THAT
HE REMINDS ME OF KEN. I CAN
TELL HE'S LONELY AND SAD.



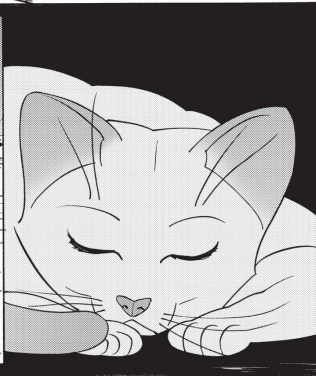
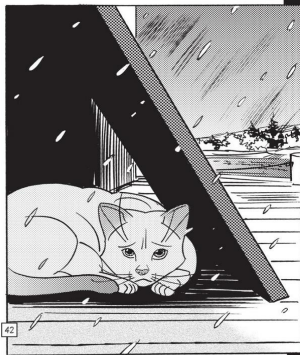
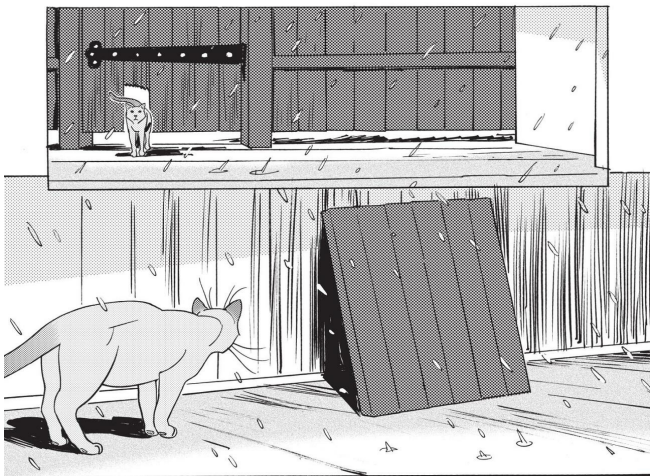
MAYBE NOT THE KIND OF SAD
KEN WAS AFTER JEAN WENT
AWAY...BUT STILL SAD.


I FEEL SORT OF
SORRY FOR HIM.



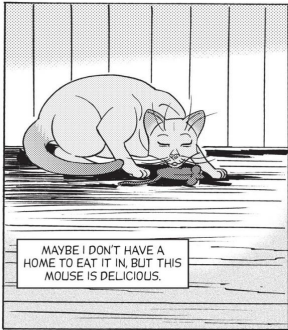
THAT DOESN'T MAKE ME FEEL
ANY BETTER, THOUGH. I REALLY
WISH THE GROUND WOULD QUIT
SWAYING UNDERNEATH ME.

NO WAY AM I GOING TO GO BACK INTO
BLOODCLAN TERRITORY, ESPECIALLY NOT
TONIGHT. ALL I WANT TO DO IS REST.

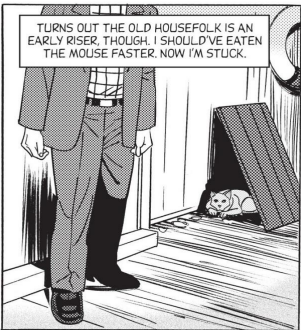


A black and white illustration of a cat sitting on the deck of a boat. In the background, there are mountains and a large ship on the water.


FOR AT LEAST A LITTLE WHILE
THIS MORNING, I CAN TAKE SOME
PLEASURE IN HUNTING.

A black and white illustration of a cat lying on its side on a wooden floor, eating a small mouse.


MAYBE I DON'T HAVE A
HOME TO EAT IT IN, BUT THIS
MOUSE IS DELICIOUS.

A black and white illustration of a man in a suit and tie standing on a wooden deck. A cat is visible in the background, peeking out from under a piece of wood.


TURNS OUT THE OLD HOUSEFOLK IS AN
EARLY RISER, THOUGH. I SHOULD'VE EATEN
THE MOUSE FASTER. NOW I'M STUCK.

A black and white illustration of a cat's face in profile, looking towards the right.

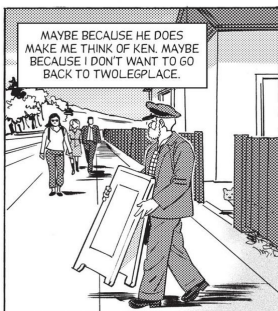
TRUTH IS, I DON'T MIND STAYING
HERE A LITTLE LONGER. LIVING
IN TWOLEGPLACE ALL ALONE
DOESN'T APPEAL TO ME ONE BIT.

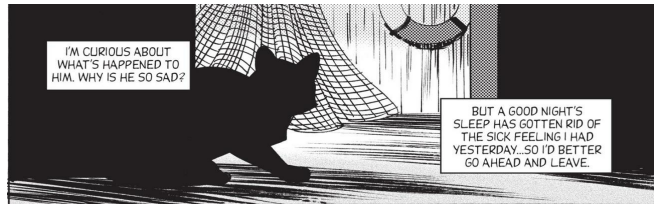
A black and white illustration of a cat looking out from a cage. The cage has a metal door with a handle.

I MISS THE FOREST SO
MUCH! BUT I CAN'T GO
BACK. I JUST CAN'T.

A black and white illustration of a man in a suit and tie walking on a wooden deck. A cat is visible in the background, looking out from under a piece of wood.

IS THIS REALLY MY DESTINY?
THIS...ISOLATION?






I'M CURIOUS ABOUT
WHAT'S HAPPENED TO
HIM. WHY IS HE SO SAD?

BUT A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP HAS GOTTEN RID OF
THE SICK FEELING I HAD
YESTERDAY...SO I'D BETTER
GO AHEAD AND LEAVE.



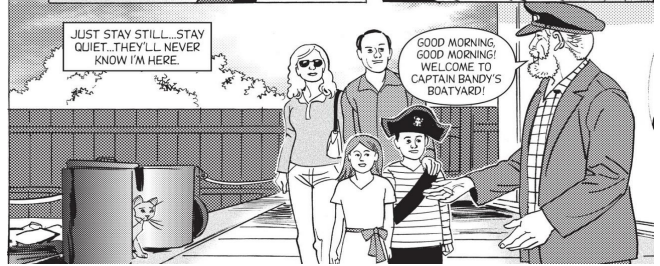
THIS IS IT!
THIS IS THE
RIGHT PLACE!



WELL, AS SOON AS
THESE HOUSEFOLK
LEAVE, ANYWAY.

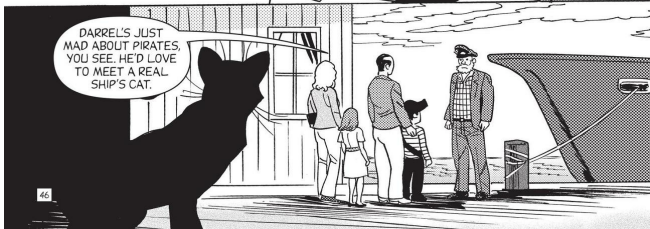
ARE YOU SURE
ABOUT THIS, DARREL?
IT DOESN'T LOOK
VERY...I MEAN, IT'S A
LITTLE BIT...

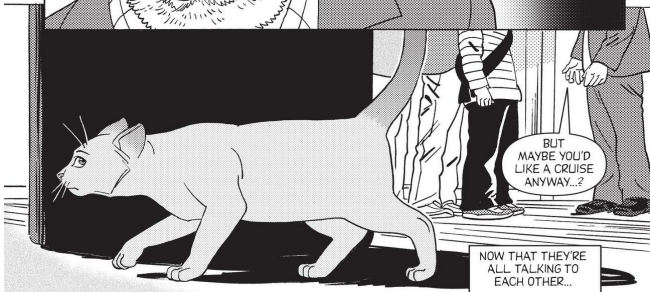
THE PLACE
IS A DUMP,
SON.



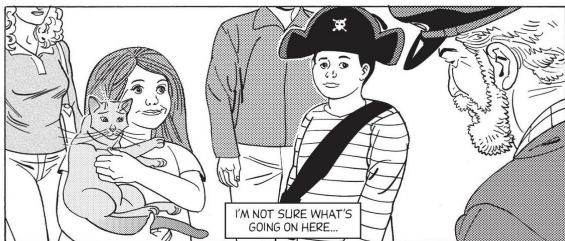
JUST STAY STILL...STAY
QUIET...THEY'LL NEVER
KNOW I'M HERE.

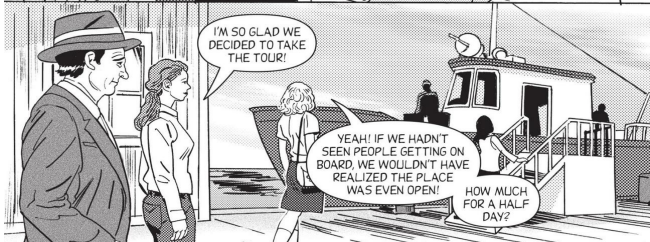
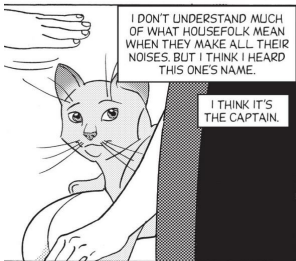
GOOD MORNING,
GOOD MORNING!
WELCOME TO
CAPTAIN BANDY'S
BOATYARD!

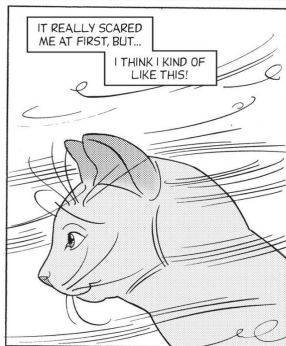
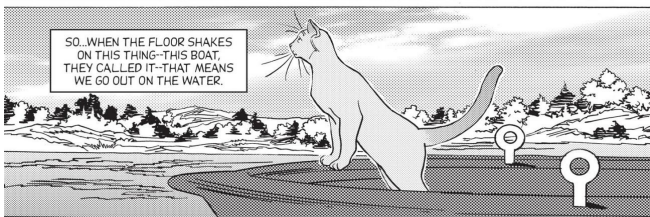
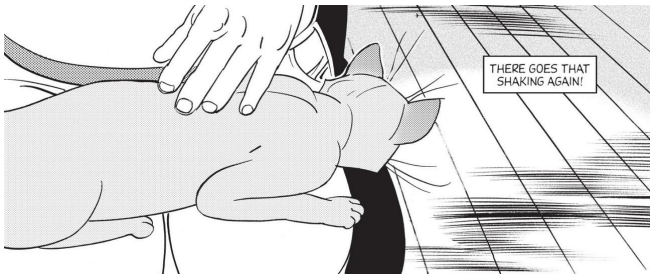


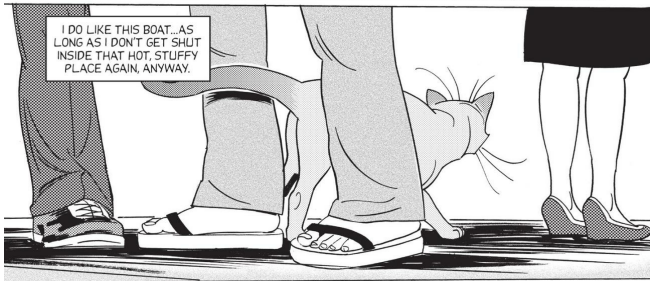














OH--DON'T PUT ME IN THE STUFFY PLACE!

WELL,
HEY THERE,
BROWNIE.



YOU ARE
A CUTE ONE,
AREN'T YOU?



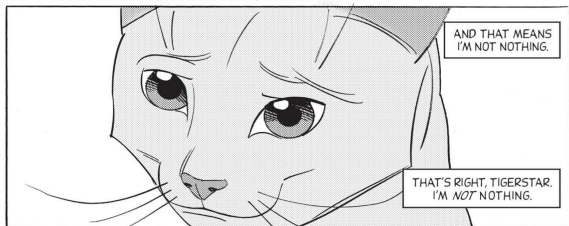
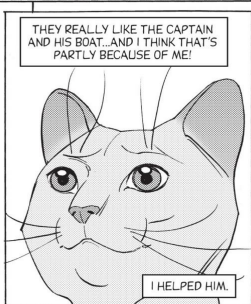
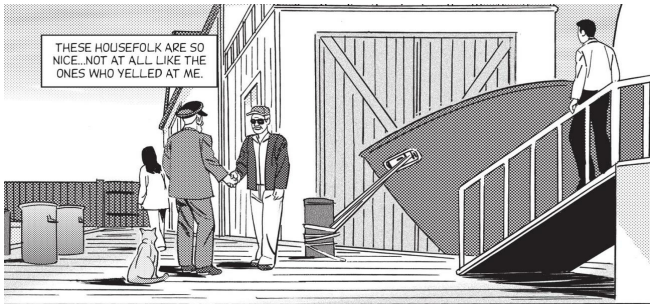
WHO'D HAVE
GUESSED A STOWAWAY
WOULD BE SUCH A BIG
ATTRACTION?

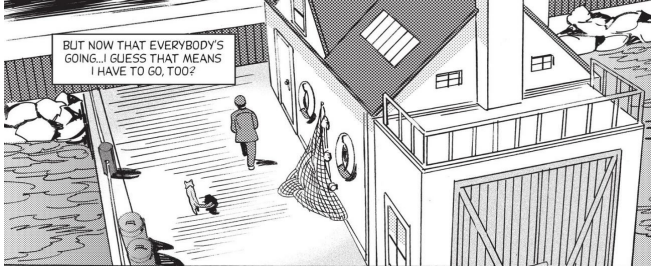
OOH, THAT'S NICE. AND I LIKE
THE WAY HE SMELLS.



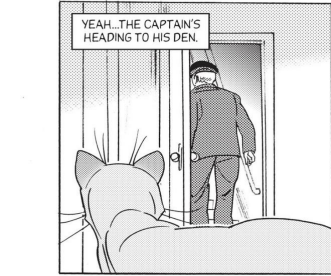
MAYBE YOU'LL
BRING ME BETTER
LUCK IF YOU STICK
AROUND.

I GUESS IT'S OKAY
TO STAY HERE FOR A
LITTLE WHILE.






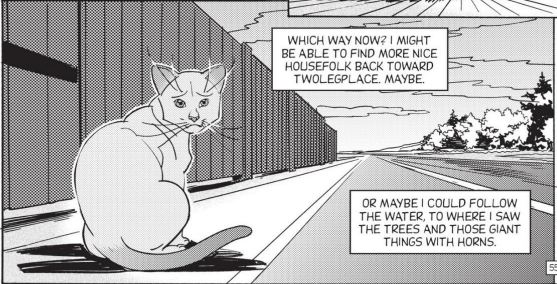
BUT NOW THAT EVERYBODY'S
GOING...I GUESS THAT MEANS
I HAVE TO GO, TOO?



YEAH...THE CAPTAIN'S
HEADING TO HIS DEN.

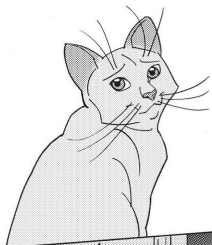


I'LL TRY NOT TO MAKE
ANY NOISE WHEN I
LEAVE THIS TIME.



WHICH WAY NOW? I MIGHT
BE ABLE TO FIND MORE NICE
HOUSEFOLK BACK TOWARD
TWOLEGPLACE. MAYBE.

OR MAYBE I COULD FOLLOW
THE WATER, TO WHERE I SAW
THE TREES AND THOSE GIANT
THINGS WITH HORNS.



BROWNIE!

HUH?



BROWWWWNIE!

C'MERE, GIRL!
I'VE GOT SOME
CHICKEN FOR
YOU!

BROWNIE...THAT'S WHAT
HE CALLS ME!



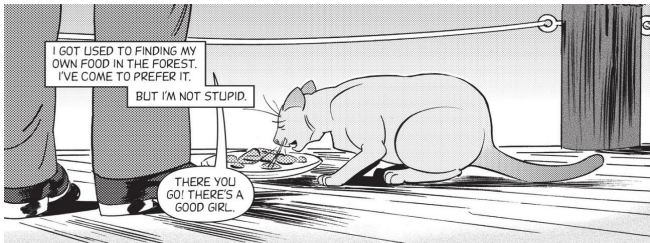
THERE YOU
ARE.

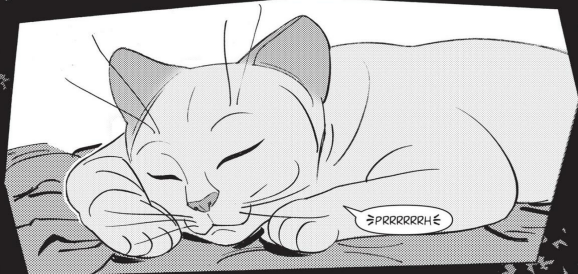
RECKON
YOU'VE EARNED
THIS.

I HOPE YOU'LL
STAY FOR A
WHILE.

DOES
THIS
MEAN...
THAT HE
WANTS
ME TO
STAY?







I THINK OF THE FOREST AS MY HOME NOW. I LOVE IT THERE.



I SORT OF LOSE TRACK OF
THE DAYS FOR A WHILE.

THE CAPTAIN SEEMS HAPPY
ALMOST ALL THE TIME NOW.

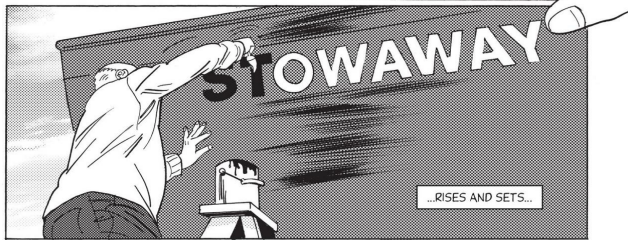
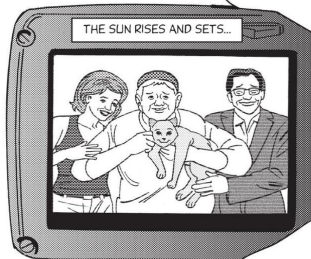
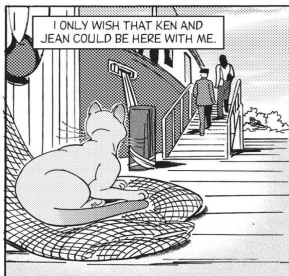
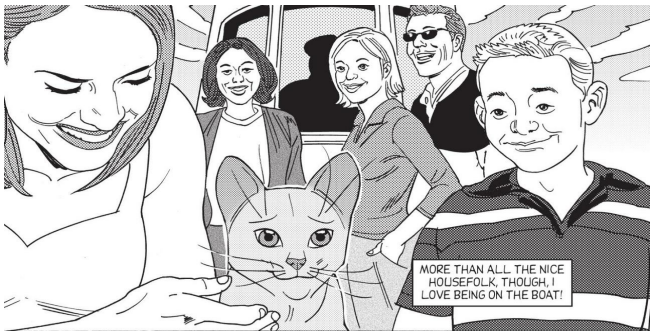
HOME OF BROWNIE

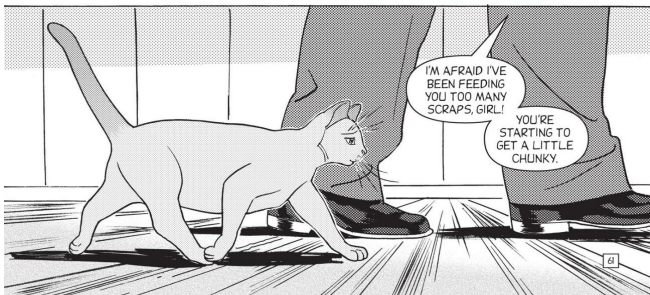
THE FAMOUS
SHIP'S CAT

HE EVEN GOT NEW THINGS TO WEAR.
HE STILL SMELLS THE SAME,
THOUGH, AND I'M GLAD ABOUT THAT.

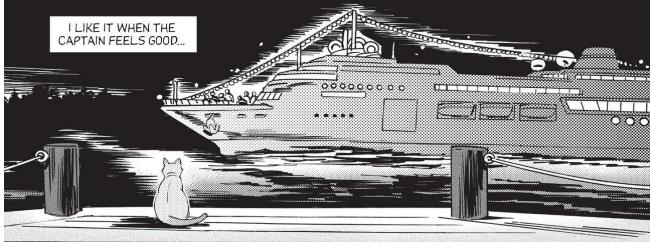
I CAN TELL THE CAPTAIN
LIKES IT WHEN THERE ARE A
LOT OF HOUSEFOLK HERE...

...AND THE HOUSEFOLK LIKE IT WHEN
I'M HERE. IT'S NOT HARD TO PURR AND
NUZZLE AND LET THEM PET ME.





I LIKE IT WHEN THE
CAPTAIN FEELS GOOD...



...AND SO WHEN SOMETHING
MAKES HIM UNHAPPY, I
NOTICE RIGHT AWAY.



GOOD-FER-NOTHIN',
FLASHY, DISRESPECTFUL
LITTLE... GRUMBLE
GRUMBLE

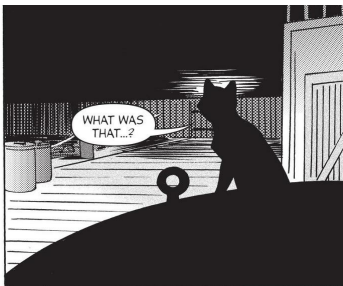


HE DOESN'T LIKE THE FLASHY
BOAT. I WONDER WHY? MAYBE
HE THINKS IT'S TOO LOUD?

SOMETIMES I WISH
I COULD ASK HIM.





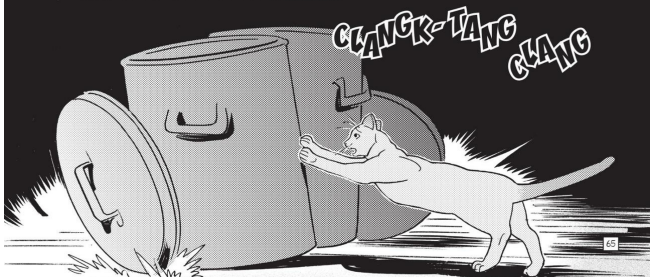
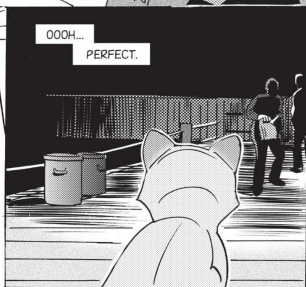


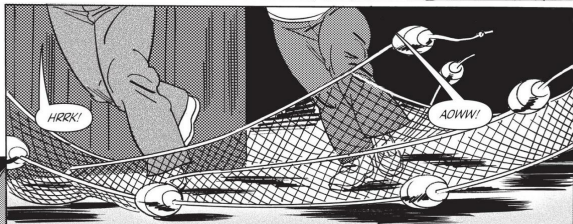


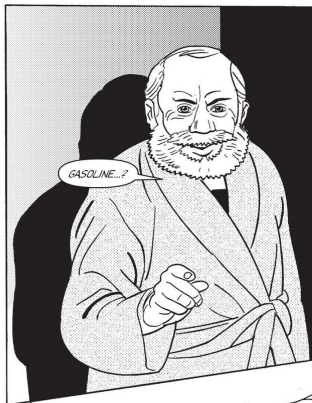
THOSE HOUSEFOLK
SHOULDN'T BE HERE!
I'VE GOT TO WAKE UP
THE CAPTAIN!



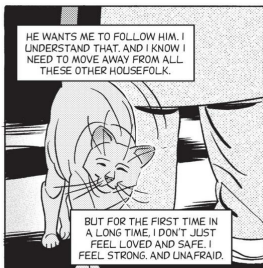
BUT HOW?



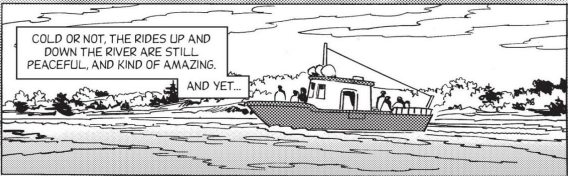














COLD OR NOT, THE RIDES UP AND
DOWN THE RIVER ARE STILL
PEACEFUL, AND KIND OF AMAZING.

AND YET...



...MORE AND MORE...I
KNOW THIS ISN'T RIGHT.



BUT EVEN AS TIGERSTAR HAUNTS
MY THOUGHTS, I REALIZE THAT HE
NO LONGER HAUNTS MY HEART.

I'M NOT AFRAID OF HIM ANYMORE.
PLUS, HE WAS WRONG ABOUT ME.
DEAD WRONG. I'M NOT NOTHING.

ESPECIALLY BECAUSE
OF WHAT'S COMING.



I'M SASHA.



HUH? WHAT'S THAT?



THERE'S SOMETHING IN THERE!
I'VE GOT TO GET THE CAPTAIN!

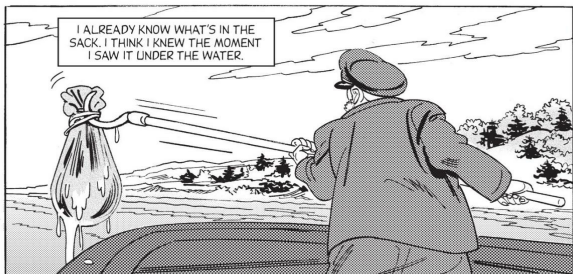


MRREEEE00000W WWWRRR!!



SAINTS ABOVE,
BROWNIE, WHAT'S
THAT RACKET ABOUT?
WHAT'S GOT YOU SO--

BOUNCIN'
BARNACLES!
SOMEBODY HAND
ME THAT GAFF!



I ALREADY KNOW WHAT'S IN THE SACK. I THINK I KNEW THE MOMENT I SAW IT UNDER THE WATER.

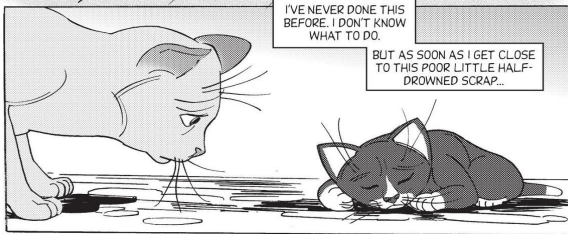
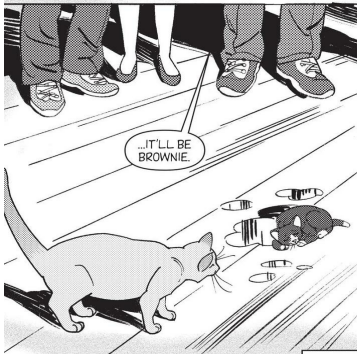
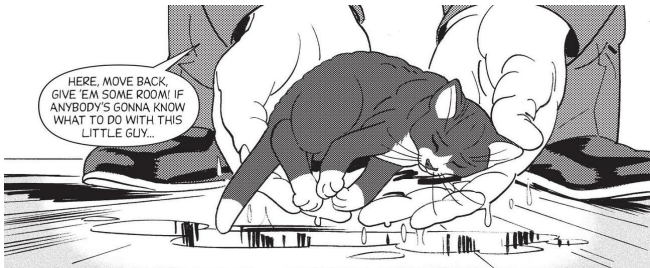



I JUST DON'T KNOW IF IT'S TOO LATE OR NOT. I HOPE NOT. I HOPE NOT.



OOOH, THAT POOR LITTLE KITTY! IS IT ALIVE?

I THINK SO. BUT JUST BARELY.






I FIND THAT I DO KNOW
WHAT TO DO. IT JUST
COMES NATURALLY.
AND CONSIDERING WHAT
THE NEAR FUTURE
HOLDS FOR ME...



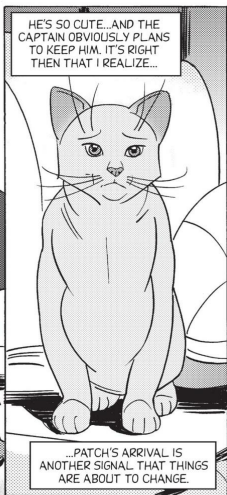
...I'M MORE RELIEVED
THAN I CAN SAY.



YOU'RE ON A BOAT.
DON'T WORRY,
LITTLE ONE.

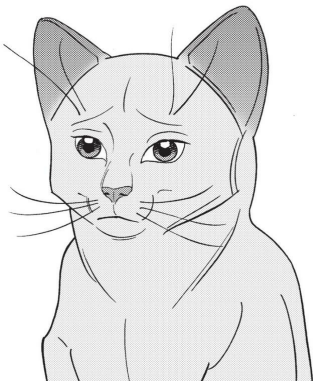
YOU'RE
SAFE NOW.







AT LEAST WHEN I HAVE TO LEAVE, THE CAPTAIN WON'T BE ALONE.





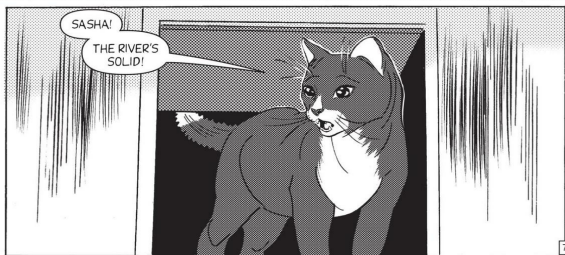
THE TINY LIVES INSIDE
ME... PATCH'S ARRIVAL...



...THEY WERE LEADING UP
TO ONE LAST BIG CHANGE...



...A CHANGE THAT
ARRIVES ONE COLD,
COLD MORNING.

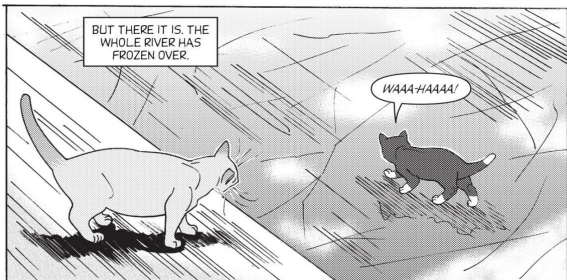


SASHA!

THE RIVER'S
SOLID!



I'VE ONLY HEARD ABOUT THIS. I'VE NEVER SEEN IT. IT'S A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE, UNTIL I DO SEE IT.



BUT THERE IT IS. THE WHOLE RIVER HAS FROZEN OVER.

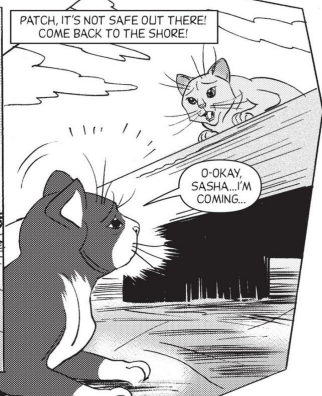
WAAAA-HAAAA!



IT'S NOT SOLID, THOUGH. THERE'S STILL FRIGID WATER UNDERNEATH. I CAN SMELL IT...

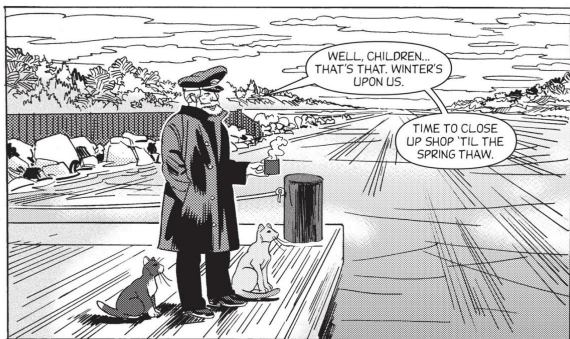
AND I CAN HEAR THE CREAKING AS WEIGHT SHIFTS ON IT.

PATCH!

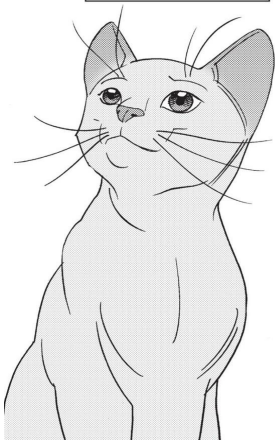


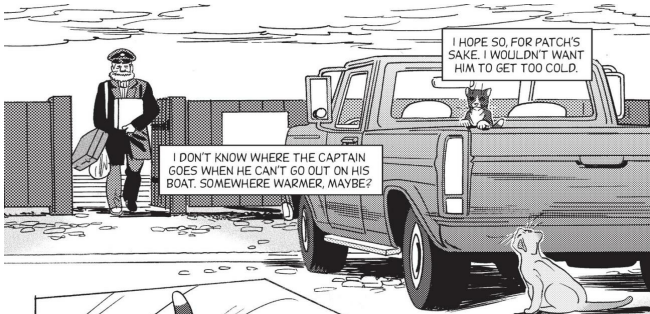
PATCH, IT'S NOT SAFE OUT THERE! COME BACK TO THE SHORE!

O-O-KAY, SASHA... I'M COMING...



I KNOW WE CAN'T GO ON BOAT TRIPS ANYMORE. AND I KNOW THE CAPTAIN WILL HAVE TO GO SOMEWHERE ELSE NOW.





I HOPE SO, FOR PATCH'S SAKE. I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO GET TOO COLD.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THE CAPTAIN GOES WHEN HE CAN'T GO OUT ON HIS BOAT. SOMEWHERE WARMER, MAYBE?



WHEEEEE!
LOOK AT ME!

NOW YOU GO, SASHA!



NO, NO, I DON'T THINK SO.

I WISH YOU WEREN'T SO FAT AND CLUMSY NOW. YOU NEVER WANT TO JUMP OFF ANYTHING HIGH ANYMORE!

WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU SCARED?



NO.
NOT OF JUMPING, ANYWAY.







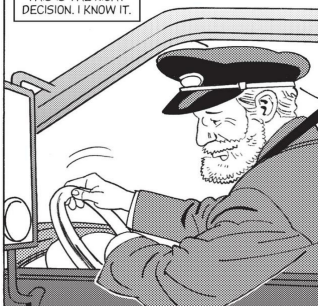
WELL... I ALWAYS
KNEW YOU WERE
A WANDERER,
GIRL.

YOU TAKE CARE
OF YOURSELF, ALL
RIGHT?



HE UNDERSTANDS.
I CAN TELL.

THIS IS THE RIGHT
DECISION. I KNOW IT.



I JUST WISH IT DIDN'T
HURT SO MUCH.



SNOW.

SOMETHING ELSE I'VE
NEVER SEEN BEFORE.



I'VE BEEN HAPPY WITH THE
CAPTAIN AND PATCH...BUT MY
KITS WILL BE BORN SOON.

AND I WANT TO RAISE THEM
IN THE WOODS, WITH TREES
AND PREY AND FREEDOM.



THE CAPTAIN IS GOOD AND SWEET...
BUT HE MIGHT NOT BE AROUND
FOREVER, LIKE KEN AND JEAN.

I CAN'T RELY ON HOUSEFOLK, OR
ON OTHER CATS. I HAVE TO BE
ABLE TO SURVIVE ON MY OWN.



I JUST HOPE MY KITS
WILL UNDERSTAND.

To Be Continued...

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 series.

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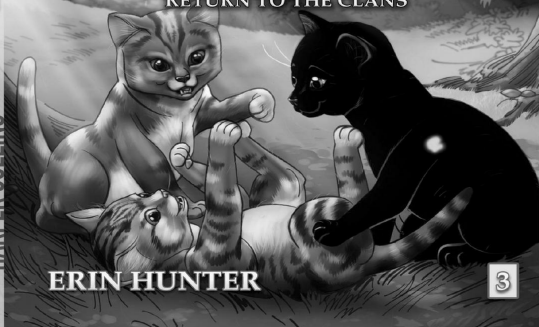
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WARRIORS

TIGERSTAR & SASHA



RETURN TO THE CLANS



HARPER COLLINS

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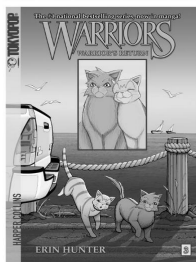
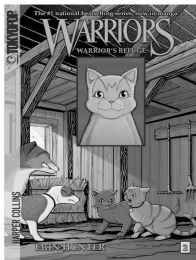
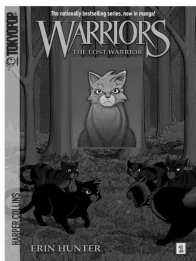
3

KEEP WATCH FOR

WARRIORS

TIGERSTAR & SASHA
#3: RETURN TO THE CLANS

Sasha has gone back to the forest to raise her kits, Moth, Hawk, and Tadpole. She thinks she's a safe distance from ShadowClan's prying eyes, but Tigerstar still haunts her dreams, and Sasha fears that he will soon discover the existence of his kits. As leaf-bare stretches on, and Sasha finds it harder to feed her family, she wonders if her kits might be better off as warriors, with a Clan to protect and train them. But where does Sasha belong?



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WARRIORS

~~~~~

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**ERIN HUNTER**

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LONG SHADOWS



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**WARRIORS**  
BOOK 5:  
**LONG SHADOWS**

TURN THE PAGE FOR A PEEK  
AT THE NEXT WARRIORS NOVEL,  
*WARRIORS: POWER OF THREE*  
*#5: LONG SHADOWS.*

Blackstar has declared that ShadowClan will no longer follow StarClan, which throws the rest of the Clans into turmoil. Should they, too, abandon the warrior code? Jaypaw believes that their ancestors still have a place in the cats' lives, but there are questions that can't be answered by StarClan alone. Determined to discover the truth about the cats' history, Jaypaw finds he must look deep into events long-buried in time, farther back than even StarClan can remember. . . .





## CHAPTER 1

*The moon was huge, a golden circle resting on a dark ridge of hills. Stars blazed above Hollyleaf's head, reminding her that the spirits of her ancestors were watching over her. Her fur prickled as something stirred on the ridge. A cat had appeared there, outlined against the moon. She recognized the broad head and tufted ears, and the tail with its bushy tip; even though the shape was black against the light, she knew the colors of its pelt: white with brown, black, and ginger blotches.*

*"Sol!" she hissed.*

The outlined shape arched its back, then reared up on its hind paws, its forepaws stretched out as if it was about to rake its claws across the sky. It leaped upward, and as it leaped it swelled until it was so huge that it blotted out the moon and the blazing stars. Hollyleaf crouched, shivering, in darkness thicker than the deepest places of the forest.

Screeches of alarm rose up around her, a whole Clan of hidden cats wailing their fear of the shadow cutting

them off from the protective gaze of StarClan. Above the noise, a single voice rang out: "Hollyleaf! Hollyleaf! Come out!"

Hollyleaf thrashed in terror and found her paws tangled in soft moss and bracken. Pale gray light was filtering through the branches of the warriors' den. A couple of foxlengths away, Hazeltail was scrambling out of her nest, shaking scraps of moss from her pelt.

"Hollyleaf!" The call came again, and this time Hollyleaf recognized Birchfall's voice, meowing irritably outside the den. "Are you going to sleep all day? We're supposed to be hunting."

"Coming." Groggy with sleep, every hair on her pelt still quivering from her nightmare, Hollyleaf headed toward the nearest gap between the branches. Before she reached it, her paws stumbled over the haunches of a sleeping cat, half hidden under the bracken.

Cloudtail's head popped up. "Great StarClan!" he grumbled. "Can't a cat get any sleep around here?"

"S-sorry," Hollyleaf stammered, remembering that Cloudtail had been out on a late patrol the night before; she had seen him return to camp with Dustpelt and Sorreltail while she was keeping her warrior's vigil.

*Just my luck. My first day, and I manage to annoy one of the senior warriors!*

Cloudtail snorted and curled up again, his blue eyes closing as he buried his nose in his fur.

"It's okay," Hazeltail murmured, brushing her muzzle

against Hollyleaf's shoulder. "Cloudtail's mew is worse than his scratch. And don't let Birchfall ruffle your fur. He's bossy with the new warriors, but you'll soon get used to it."

Hollyleaf nodded gratefully, though she didn't tell Hazeltail the real reason she was thrown off balance. Birchfall didn't bother her; it was the memory of the dream that throbbed through her from ears to tail-tip, making her paws clumsy and her thoughts troubled.

Her gaze drifted to the nest where her brother Lionpaw—no, *Lionblaze* now—had curled up at the end of his vigil. She wanted to talk to him more than anything. But the nest was empty; *Lionblaze* must have gone out on the dawn patrol.

Careful where she put her paws, Hollyleaf pushed her way out of the den behind Hazeltail. Outside, Birchfall was scraping the ground impatiently.

"At last!" he snapped. "What kept you?"

"Take it easy, Birchfall." Brambleclaw, the ThunderClan deputy and Hollyleaf's father, was sitting a tail-length away with his tail wrapped neatly around his paws. His amber eyes were calm. "The prey won't run away."

"Not till they see us, anyway," Sandstorm added as she bounded across from the fresh-kill pile.

"If there is any prey." Birchfall lashed his tail. "Ever since the battle, fresh-kill's been much harder to find."

Hollyleaf's grumbling belly told her that Birchfall

was right. Several sunrises ago all four Clans had battled in ThunderClan territory; their screeching and trampling had frightened off all the prey, or driven them deep underground.

"Maybe the prey will start to come back now," she suggested.

"Maybe," Brambleclaw agreed. "We'll head toward the ShadowClan border. There wasn't as much fighting over there."

Hollyleaf stiffened at the mention of ShadowClan. *Will I see Sol again?* she wondered.

"I wonder if we'll see any ShadowClan cats," Birchfall meowed, echoing her thought. "I'd like to know if they're all going to turn their back on StarClan, and follow that weirdo loner instead."

Hollyleaf felt as if stones were dragging in her belly, weighing her down. ShadowClan had not appeared at the last Gathering, two nights before. Instead, their leader Blackstar had come alone except for Sol, the loner who had recently arrived by the lake, and explained that his cats no longer believed in the power of their warrior ancestors.

*But that can't be right! How can a Clan survive without StarClan? Without the warrior code?*

"Sol's not such a weirdo," Hazeltail pointed out to Birchfall with a flick of her ears. "He predicted that the sun would vanish, and it did. None of the medicine cats knew that was going to happen."

Birchfall shrugged. "The sun came back, didn't it? It's not that big a deal."

"In any case," Brambleclaw interrupted, rising to his paws, "this is a hunting patrol. We're not going to pay a friendly visit to ShadowClan."

"But they fought beside us," Birchfall objected. "WindClan and RiverClan would have turned us into crow-food without the ShadowClan warriors. We can't be enemies again so soon, can we?"

"Not enemies," Sandstorm corrected. "But they're still a different Clan. Besides, I'm not sure we can be friends with cats who reject StarClan."

*What about our own cats, then?* Hollyleaf didn't dare to ask the question out loud. *Cloudtail has never believed in StarClan.* But she knew without question Cloudtail was a loyal warrior who would die for any of his Clanmates.

Brambleclaw said nothing, just gave his pelt a shake and kinked his tail to beckon the rest of the patrol. As they headed toward the thorn tunnel they met Brackenfur pushing his way into the hollow with Sorreltail and Lionblaze behind him. The dawn patrol had returned. As all three cats headed for the fresh-kill pile, Hollyleaf darted across and intercepted her brother.

"How did it go? Is there anything to report?"

Lionblaze's jaws parted in a huge yawn. *He must be exhausted,* Hollyleaf thought, *after keeping his warrior vigil and then being chosen for the dawn patrol.*

"Not a thing," he mewed, shaking his head. "All's



quiet on the WindClan border.”

“We’re going over toward ShadowClan territory.” Alone with her brother, Hollyleaf could confess how worried she was. “I’m scared we’ll meet Sol. What if he tells the other cats about the prophecy?”

Lionblaze pressed his muzzle into her shoulder. “Come on! Is it likely that Sol will be doing border patrols? He’ll be lying around the ShadowClan camp, stuffing himself with fresh-kill.”

Hollyleaf shook her head. “I don’t know . . . I just wish we’d never told him anything.”

“So do I.” Lionblaze’s eyes narrowed and his tone was bitter as he went on. “But it’s not like Sol is bothered about us. He decided to stay with Blackstar, didn’t he? He promised to help us after we told him about the prophecy, but he soon changed his mind.”

“We’re better off without him.” Hollyleaf swiped her tongue over her brother’s ear.

“Hollyleaf!”

She spun around to see Brambleclaw waiting beside the entrance to the thorn tunnel, the tip of his tail twitching impatiently.

“I’ve got to go,” she meowed to Lionblaze, and raced across the clearing to join Brambleclaw. “Sorry,” she gasped, and plunged into the tunnel.

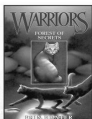
The morning had been raw and cold, but as Hollyleaf padded through the forest with her Clanmates the

clouds began to clear away. Long claws of sunlight pierced the branches, tipping the leaves with fire where they had changed from green to red and gold. Leaf-fall was almost upon them.

# ENTER THE WORLD OF WARRIORS

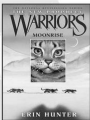
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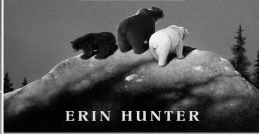


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