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WARRIORS

TIGERSTAR & SASHA



INTO THE WOODS

ERIN HUNTER

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TIGERSTAR & SASHA
#1: INTO THE WOODS



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TIGERSTAR & SASHA
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ERIN HUNTER

WRITTEN BY
DAN JOLLEY

ART BY
DON HUDSON



HAMBURG // LONDON // LOS ANGELES // TOKYO

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First Edition

Dear readers,

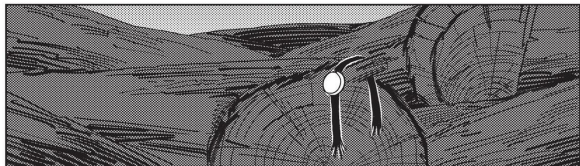
I was always fascinated by the idea of Tigerstar befriending a loner like Sasha. After all, he declared himself the sworn enemy of any cat who lived outside the Clans. When we met Sasha, she revealed herself to be a proud, independent cat who had enough respect for Clan values to want her kits to be raised as warriors. What did she see in Tigerstar? He may have been a great warrior—fearless, strong, and farsighted in planning his march to leadership—but he was hardly a romantic hero. And to make things even more mysterious, Sasha obviously knew the horror that Tigerstar had brought to the forest because she made her kits promise not to tell their new Clanmates who their father was; she didn't want her children to grow up with their father's reputation hanging over their heads.

But Sasha also raised Hawkfrost and Mothwing to have respect for Tigerstar's strengths—his courage, his sense of pride and ambition, and his willingness to fight for what he believed in. So Sasha must have genuinely loved the cat who murdered and lied his way to leadership, and who nearly destroyed all the Clans when he tried to manipulate Scourge into allying with him. What happened when she met him? How long was it before she saw his true colors? What made her leave her beloved kits in RiverClan?

It's time for Sasha to tell her story. . . .

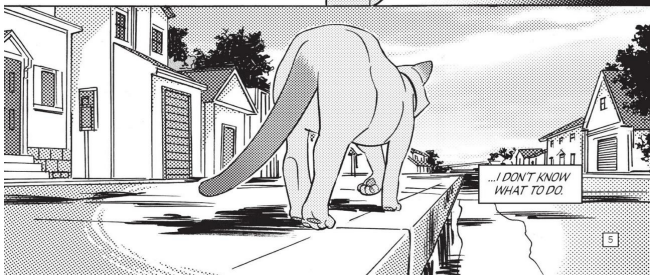
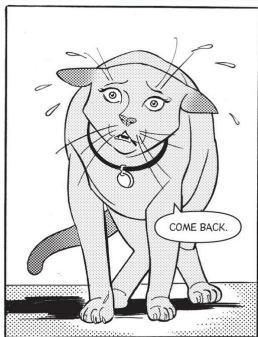
**Best wishes always,
Erin Hunter**














MY WHOLE LIFE I LIVED
WITH MY HOUSEFOLK.



I NEVER REALLY KNEW WHAT
THEY WERE SAYING, EXACTLY...
BUT I KNEW THEIR NAMES.



KEN AND JEAN.



I SPENT EVERY
DAY WITH THEM...



...AND THEN EVERY NIGHT THEY LET
ME OUT SO I COULD EXPLORE.

I DON'T THINK THEY KNEW ABOUT ALL
THE TREES I CLIMBED...THE SQUIRRELS
I HUNTED...THE FRIENDS I MADE.

THEY JUST LOVED
ME, AND WANTED
ME TO BE HAPPY.

THEN JEAN GOT SICK.

SHE GOT SO WEAK...SO FAST...
AND I TRIED TO HELP. I TRIED TO
COMFORT HER THE BEST I COULD.
BUT NOTHING WORKED.

THEN I CAME
HOME ONE DAY...

...AND SHE
WAS GONE.

OH, SASHA. WHAT
ARE WE GOING TO
DO NOW?

DAYS AND NIGHTS WENT
BY, AND KEN STARTED
GETTING WEAK TOO. HE
STOPPED GROOMING...AND
HE WOULDN'T EAT.

THEN THIS MORNING,
THESE HOUSEFOLK I'VE
NEVER SEEN BEFORE CAME
AND TALKED TO HIM...

...AND HE SHUT ME INSIDE THE
HOUSE, AND HE LEFT WITH
THEM. HE EVEN LOCKED THE CAT
DOOR! HE NEVER DOES THAT!

WHY IS HE GOING? WHEN
IS HE COMING BACK?

WHY IS HE LEAVING
ME BEHIND?



I SQUEEZED OUT A BATHROOM WINDOW AND RAN AFTER HIM, BUT I COULDN'T CATCH HIM. NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED.

NOW I GUESS THE ONLY THING I CAN DO IS WAIT. JUST WATCH THE HOUSE...AND WAIT TILL HE COMES BACK FOR ME.

SURELY HE'LL BE BACK SOON. SURELY HE WILL... IF I'M JUST PATIENT.



AFTER THE SUN GOES DOWN, I HEAR ONE OF THE OTHER HOUSEFOLK CALLING FOR ME. SHE WAS FRIENDS WITH KEN AND JEAN. I SHOULDN'T LEAVE, THOUGH. WHAT IF KEN COMES BACK WHEN I'M GONE?

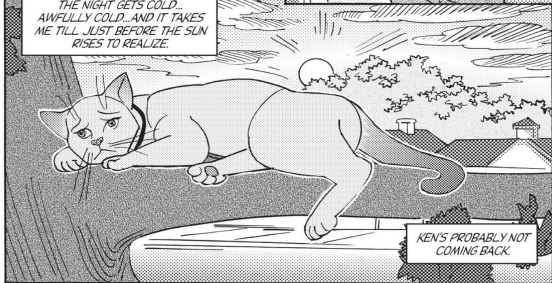


SAAAASHA!
SAAAAASHA! HERE, GIRL!
I'M SUPPOSED TO TAKE CARE
OF YOU NOW! COME HERE,
SASHA!

OH, I DO
HOPE SHE'S
ALL RIGHT!

TING
TING

THE NIGHT GETS COLD...
AWFULLY COLD...AND IT TAKES
ME TILL JUST BEFORE THE SUN
RISES TO REALIZE.



KEN'S PROBABLY NOT
COMING BACK.



I CAN'T GET INSIDE THE HOUSE.
THE WINDOW'S CLOSED NOW. BUT...
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO GET INSIDE.

NOT IF KEN'S
NOT THERE.

BUT WHERE
DO I GO NOW?

HI, SASHA!
HOW ARE YOU
TODAY?

THAT'S MY FRIEND
SHNUKY, WITH ONE OF
HER HOUSEFOLK.

I ALMOST WALK
ON BY WITHOUT
ANSWERING HER.

NOT SO GREAT,
SHNUKY. MY...THE...MY
LAST HOUSEFOLK IS
GONE NOW.

SASHA, I'M
SO SORRY!

OH! YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU COULD DO? YOU
COULD LIVE WITH US! MY
HOUSEFOLK ALREADY
LOVE YOU, Y'KNOW!

THANKS...BUT NO
THANKS. I WANT MY
OWN HOUSEFOLK
BACK.

I'M NOT READY
TO HAVE NEW ONES.
I'D RATHER JUST BE
ON MY OWN FOR A
WHILE.

OH, O-O-KAY.
WELL, COME BACK
AND VISIT, ALL
RIGHT?

I DON'T EVEN MEAN TO HEAD
FOR THE WOODS. I JUST SORT
OF END UP THERE.

MAYBE BECAUSE THIS IS
THE ONLY OTHER PLACE I'VE
EVER BEEN HAPPY.

OOH... IS THAT
A MOUSE?

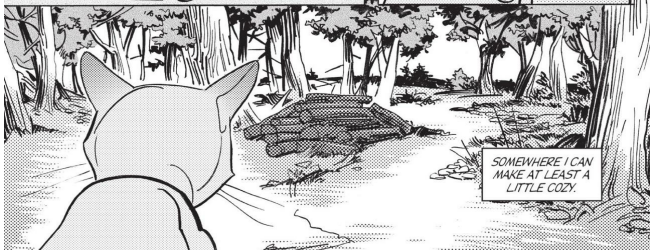
THE MOUSE IS
DELICIOUS.

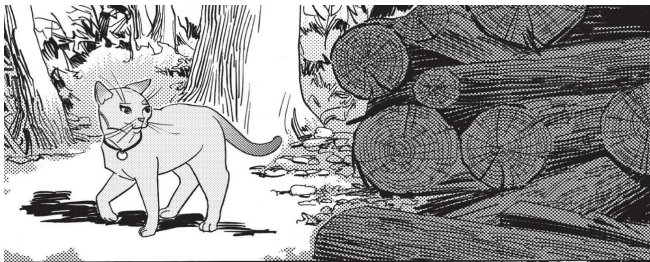
THAT HELPS
A LITTLE.

BUT EVEN AS I'M FALLING
ASLEEP, I CAN'T HELP
THINKING ABOUT KEN.

WHERE IS HE?

HOW AM I GOING
TO GET ALONG
WITHOUT HIM?





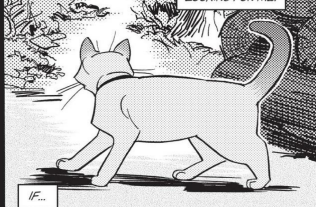
PERFECT.



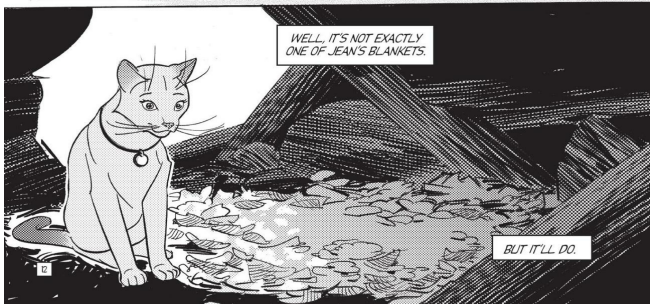
I CAN SLEEP
HERE...

...AND BEING NEXT
TO THIS PATH, MAYBE
I CAN SEE KEN.

IF HE COMES
LOOKING FOR ME.



IF...



WELL, IT'S NOT EXACTLY
ONE OF JEAN'S BLANKETS.

BUT IT'LL DO.

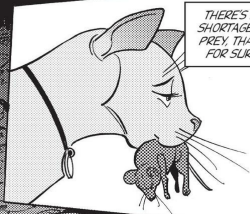


IT'S COLD TONIGHT. COLDER
THAN LAST NIGHT.

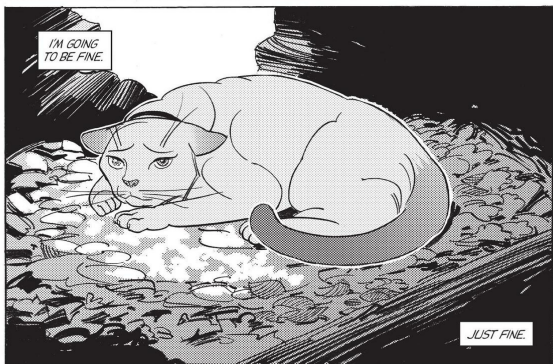
BUT THAT'S
OKAY.



MAYBE...MAYBE...STRIKING
OUT ON MY OWN LIKE THIS
WON'T BE SO BAD.

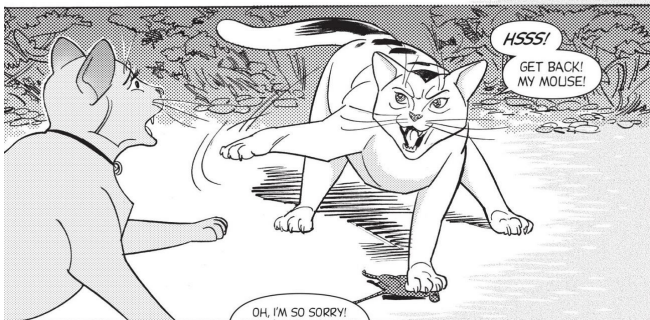


THERE'S NO
SHORTAGE OF
PREY, THAT'S
FOR SURE.



I'M GOING
TO BE FINE.

JUST FINE.





WELL...HUH.

I GUESS
I COULD SHARE
IT WITH YOU.

MY NAME'S
PINE. WHAT'S
YOURS?

I'M SASHA.

I HAVEN'T
SEEN YOU AROUND
BEFORE, SASHA.

NO...I JUST
GOT HERE.

I MADE MYSELF
A DEN OVER NEAR
THE PATH.

DEN? WHY WOULD
YOU NEED A DEN?
YOU'RE A KITTYPET!

*I DON'T KNOW THIS WORD.
"KITTYPET." PINE SAYS KITTYPETS
LIVE IN HOUSES, WITH HOUSEFOLK.
HE CALLS THEM "TWOLEGS."*



I TELL HIM WHAT HAPPENED TO
JEAN AND KEN. AND I TELL HIM
I'M NOT A KITTYPET ANYMORE.

HE'S NOT EXACTLY
WHAT YOU'D CALL
SYMPATHETIC.

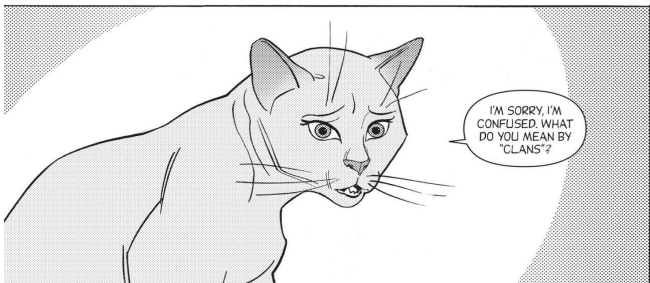


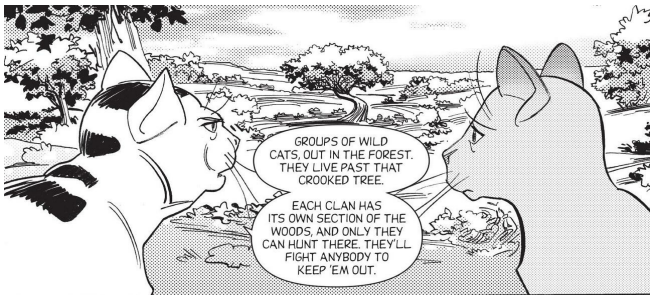
WELL, TIME
TO MOVE ON,
THEN!

YOU NEED TO
GET RID OF THAT
COLLAR.

MY
COLLAR?
WHY?

BECAUSE ONLY
KITTYPETS WEAR COLLARS. IF
YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE IN THE
WOODS, THE COLLAR'S GOT
TO GO. HERE, I'LL HELP.





GROUPS OF WILD
CATS, OUT IN THE FOREST.
THEY LIVE PAST THAT
CROOKED TREE.

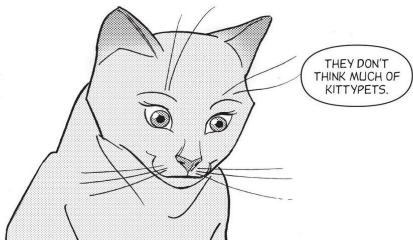
EACH CLAN HAS
ITS OWN SECTION OF THE
WOODS, AND ONLY THEY
CAN HUNT THERE. THEY'LL
FIGHT ANYBODY TO
KEEP 'EM OUT.



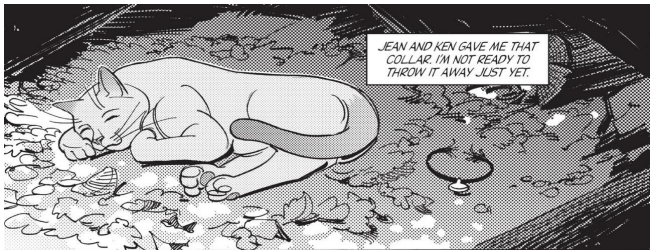
CLAN CATS ARE
FIERCE, LET ME TELL YOU.
SEE THESE SCARS? I KNOW
FIRSTHAND HOW FIERCE
THEY ARE.



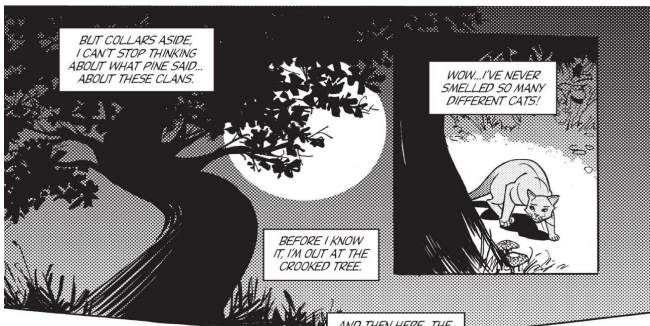
YOU BE
CAREFUL OF THE
CLANS, SASHA.



THEY DON'T
THINK MUCH OF
KITTYPETS.



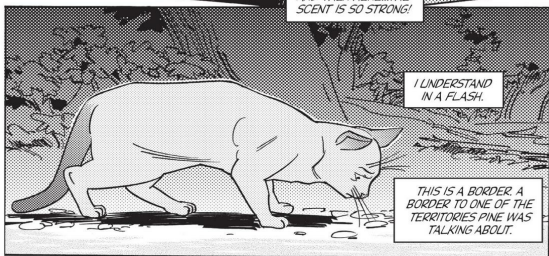
JEAN AND KEN GAVE ME THAT COLLAR. I'M NOT READY TO THROW IT AWAY JUST YET.



BUT COLLARS ASIDE, I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT WHAT PINE SAID... ABOUT THESE CLANS.

BEFORE I KNOW IT, I'M OUT AT THE CROOKED TREE.


WOW...I'VE NEVER SMELLED SO MANY DIFFERENT CATS!



AND THEN HERE...THE SCENT IS SO STRONG!

I UNDERSTAND IN A FLASH.

THIS IS A BORDER, A BORDER TO ONE OF THE TERRITORIES PINE WAS TALKING ABOUT.



WELL, IF THERE ARE
CLAN CATS AROUND HERE,
I WANT TO SEE THEM.

AND I'M PLENTY
PATIENT. I'LL WAIT AS
LONG AS I HAVE TO.



WHAT A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

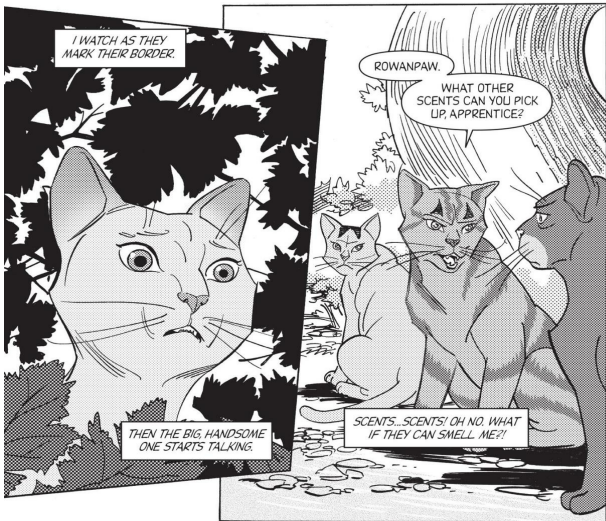
MAYBE THIS WAS A STUPID
IDEA. MAYBE NOBODY SEES
THESE CLAN CATS. MAYBE
THEY'RE NOT REAL.



MAYBE THEY'RE--OH!



MAYBE I'LL JUST SIT RIGHT
HERE AND BE QUIET NOW...



I WATCH AS THEY
MARK THEIR BORDER.

ROWANPAW.

WHAT OTHER
SCENTS CAN YOU PICK
UP, APPRENTICE?

THEN THE BIG, HANDSOME
ONE STARTS TALKING.

SCENTS...SCENTS! OH NO. WHAT
IF THEY CAN SMELL ME?!



IT'S FOX.
TIGERSTAR.
IT'S FOX!

*THE HANDSOME CAT
IS CALLED TIGERSTAR?
HOW DRAMATIC!*



VERY GOOD. THE SCENT
IS FAINT, WASHED MOSTLY AWAY
BY A LIGHT RAIN, YET ROWANPAW
DETECTED IT EASILY.

YOU'VE
TAUGHT YOUR
APPRENTICE
WELL, JAGGED-
TOOTH.

THANK YOU,
TIGERSTAR.



CONTINUE
THE PATROL.

*THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT
THIS BIG, STRONG CAT...*



THE FOX
IS NO THREAT
TO US.

AS YOU
WISH.

*I JUST CAN'T TAKE
MY EYES OFF HIM!*



THESE CLAN CATS...THEY MIGHT LIVE IN THE FOREST, AND FIGHT TO SURVIVE...BUT AT LEAST THEY HAVE EACH OTHER.



I'M ENVILOUS. WHO DO I HAVE?
NO ONE, THAT'S WHO. I--



--DOES HE...IS HE
LOOKING AT ME?




NO...NO. THEY'RE GOING.
WHAT AM I THINKING?



IF I CAN'T HAVE JEAN AND KEN
BACK, I'D RATHER BE ALONE. I
DON'T NEED NEW FRIENDS, NOT
PINE, NOT TIGERSTAR.

NOT ANYONE.



ALL THROUGH THE NEXT
DAY I TELL MYSELF THAT.
OVER AND OVER.

I FIGURE I CAN CONVINCE
MYSELF, AND THEN I WON'T
BE CURIOUS ANYMORE.



I SHOULD'VE
KNOWN BETTER.



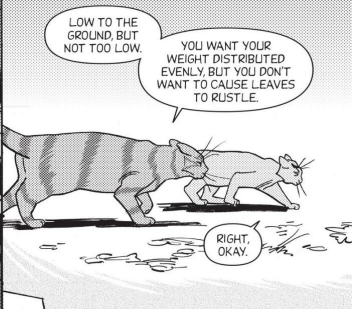
OOOH, THERE HE IS!

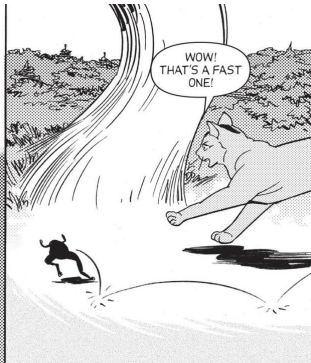
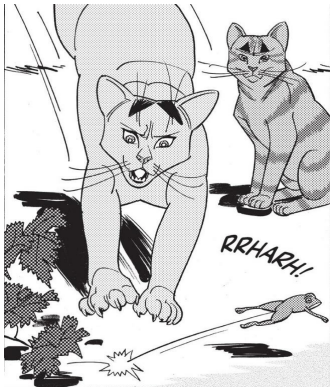


I SMELL IT
AGAIN!

I DO TOO.
FRESH...BUT
FAINT.

I DON'T THINK WE
HAVE TO WORRY. THIS
FOX IS LIVING BEYOND
OUR BORDERS.





BUT THE LOOK ON THE
BIG, HANDSOME CAT'S
FACE IS PRICELESS.



GHRRRH!

RRHAOWRRH!



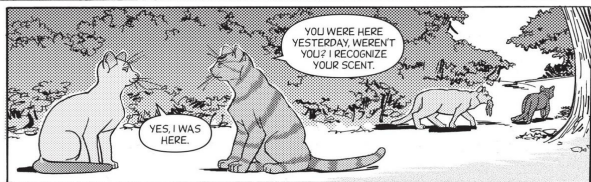
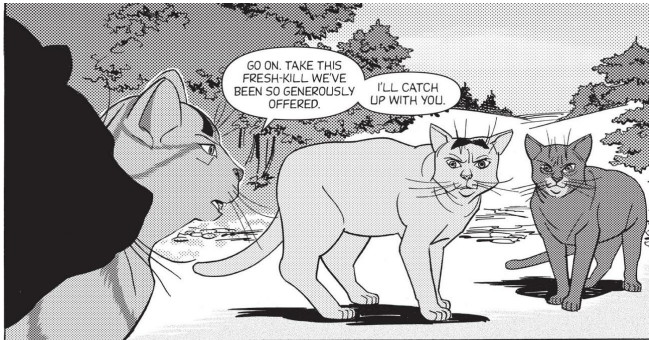
RELAX,
YOU TWO.

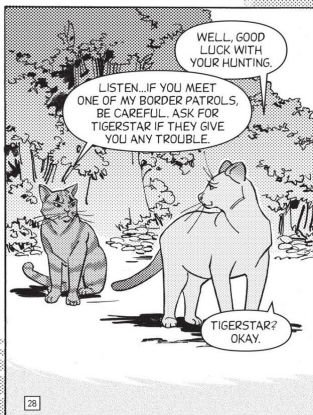
SHE'S NO
THREAT.



I THINK THIS
SLIPPED THROUGH
YOUR PAWS...?

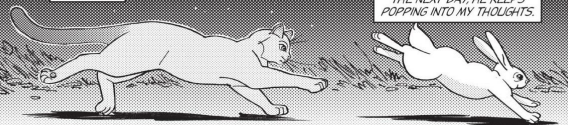




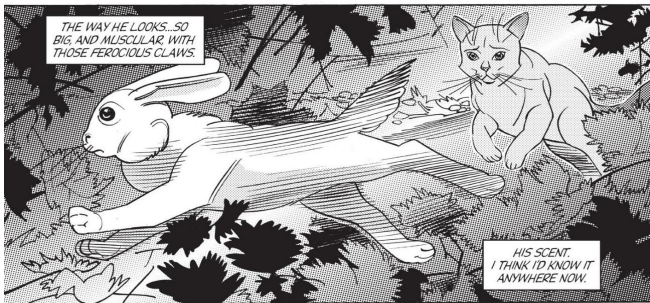


TIGERSTAR.

THE WHOLE NIGHT, AND ALL
THE NEXT DAY, HE KEEPS
POPPING INTO MY THOUGHTS.

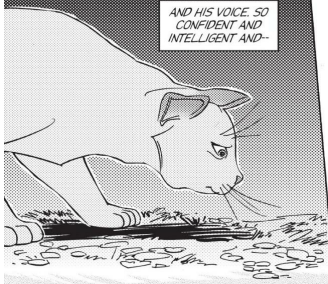


THE WAY HE LOOKS... SO
BIG, AND MUSCULAR, WITH
THOSE FEROCIOUS CLAWS.

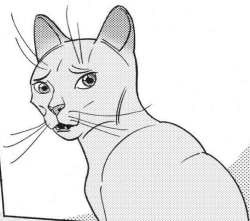


HIS SCENT.
I THINK I'D KNOW IT
ANYWHERE NOW.

AND HIS VOICE. SO
CONFIDENT AND
INTELLIGENT AND--



--RRH?



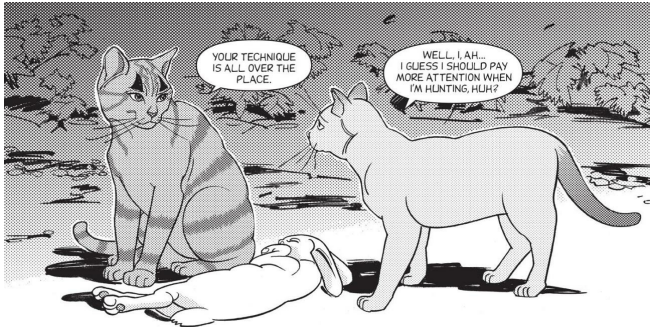


OH!

I THINK THIS
SLIPPED THROUGH
YOUR PAWS.

I TRY REALLY HARD NOT
TO LET IT SHOW, BUT...

...I THINK THIS IS THE
CLOSEST I'VE EVER COME TO
DYING OF EMBARRASSMENT.





PINE'S WORDS COME BACK TO ME, ABOUT CLAN CATS NOT LIKING KITTYPETS. I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL.



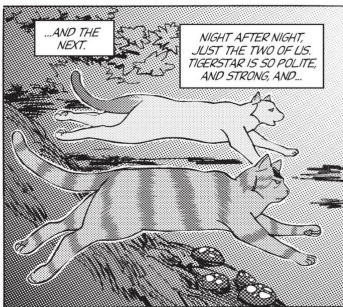
AND THAT'S WHERE IT
BEGAN. WE MET AGAIN
THE NEXT NIGHT...



...AND THE NEXT...

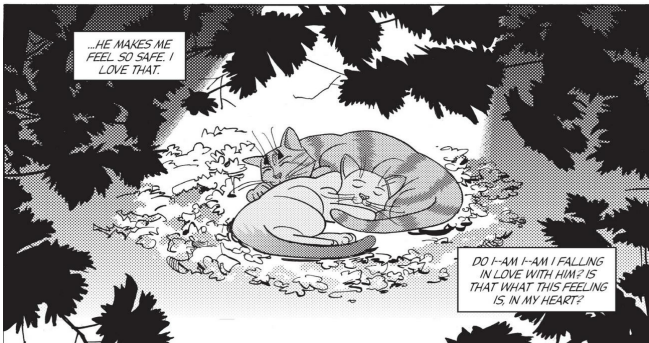


...AND THE
NEXT.

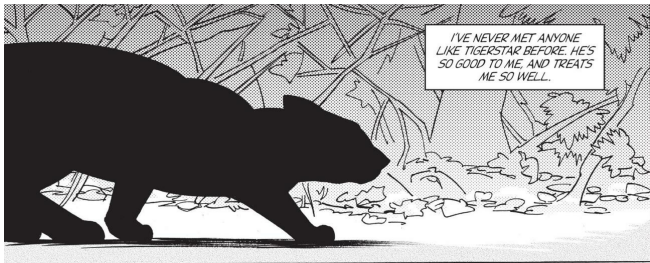


NIGHT AFTER NIGHT,
JUST THE TWO OF US.
TIGERSTAR IS SO POLITE,
AND STRONG, AND...

...HE MAKES ME
FEEL SO SAFE. I
LOVE THAT.



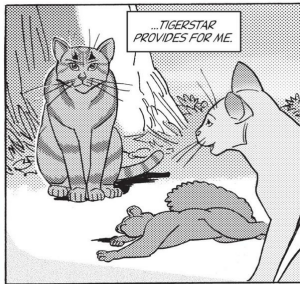
DO I-AM I-AM I FALLING
IN LOVE WITH HIM? IS
THAT WHAT THIS FEELING
IS, IN MY HEART?



I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE
LIKE TIGERSTAR BEFORE. HE'S
SO GOOD TO ME, AND TREATS
ME SO WELL.



PREY'S BEEN GETTING
A LITTLE HARDER TO
FIND, BUT EVEN WHEN
I'M PREPARED TO GO TO
SLEEP WITH AN EMPTY
STOMACH...



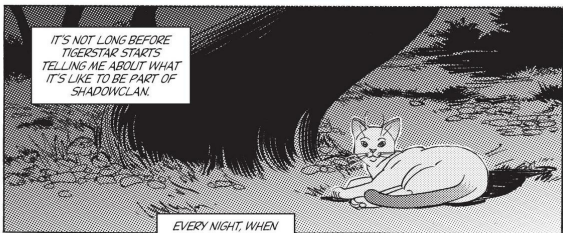
...TIGERSTAR
PROVIDES FOR ME.



ANYTIME,
SASHA.

THANK YOU.

IT'S NOT LONG BEFORE
TIGERSTAR STARTS
TELLING ME ABOUT WHAT
IT'S LIKE TO BE PART OF
SHADOWCLAN.



EVERY NIGHT, WHEN
HE COMES TO SEE ME,
HE TELLS ME ABOUT
CLAN LIFE, AND THE
WARRIOR CODE.



AND ONE NIGHT
WHEN THERE ARE NO
CLOUDS IN THE SKY
AT ALL....



...HE TELLS ME
ABOUT STARCLAN.





THEN ONE NIGHT, WHEN WE'RE
WALKING BACK TO THE CROOKED
TREE, A FOX COMES OUT OF
NOWHERE.




BUT TIGERSTAR GROWLS AND
UNSLHEATHS HIS CLAWS AND
JUST CHARGES STRAIGHT
AT THE FOX!

I'M READY TO RUN
FOR MY LIFE.


I'M NOT ASHAMED TO
SAY IT. NOT ONLY DID
HE SAVE MY LIFE...



...BUT I SWEAR, HE'S
THE BRAVEST CAT
I'VE EVER SEEN.




HE EVEN GIVES IT A
WARNING SCRATCH FOR
GOOD MEASURE!

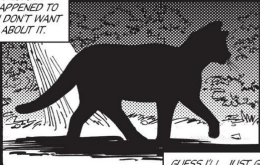


I NEVER THOUGHT IT COULD
HAPPEN, BUT I'M STARTING TO
THINK I COULD BE HAPPY HERE.
HERE...WITH TIGERSTAR.

WHERE IS HE,
ANYWAY?



I HOPE HE'S OKAY. IF
ANYTHING HAPPENED TO
HIM...WELL, I DON'T WANT
TO THINK ABOUT IT.

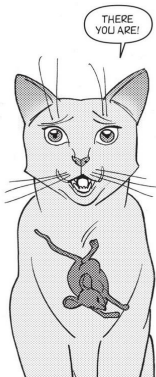


GUESS I'LL JUST GET
SOMETHING TO EAT
AND HEAD HOME.



EVENING,
SASHA.

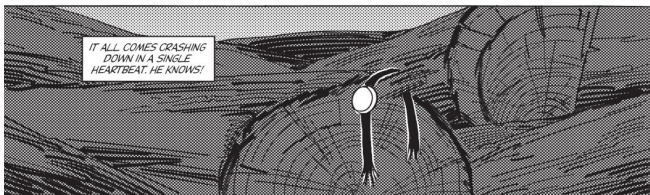
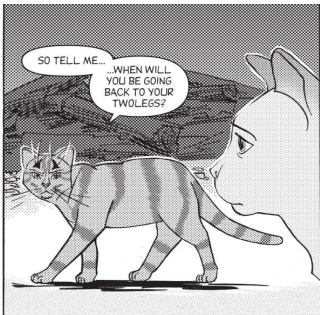
THERE
YOU ARE!



WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE WERE YOU?



I WAS
WORRIED
SICK!





I THOUGHT I
WAS A ROGUE!



YOU'RE A
KITTYPET.

BURY THIS...
THIS THING, RIGHT
NOW.

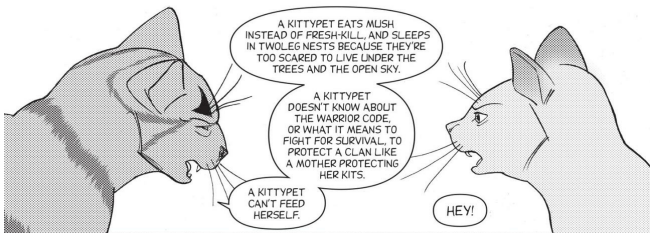
TREAT IT LIKE
DIRT, LIKE THE
FILTH IT IS.

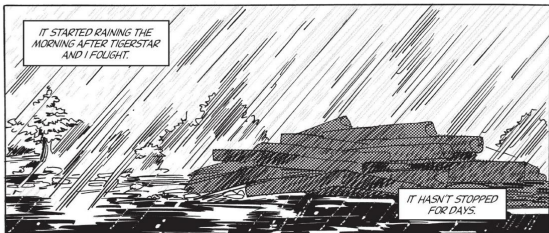
I SHOULD'VE TOLD HIM THE
TRUTH FROM THE START.

BUT HOW COULD I BURY THAT
COLLAR, WHEN KEN AND JEAN
GAVE IT TO ME?

IT'S NOT FILTH.
THAT COLLAR IS
TOO IMPORTANT TO
ME TO JUST GET
RID OF IT.

AND WHAT'S
SO WRONG WITH
BEING A KITTYPET,
ANYWAY?





IT STARTED RAINING THE
MORNING AFTER TIGERSTAR
AND I FOUGHT.

IT HASN'T STOPPED
FOR DAYS.



PREY'S GETTING
SCARCER. MY STOMACH
WON'T STOP GROWLING.



WITH ALL THIS TIME
TO THINK, I CAN'T HELP
BUT WONDER...

MAYBE
TIGERSTAR'S
RIGHT.



MAYBE I AM A
KITTYPET AT HEART.





"FROM RUNNING
AROUND AT NIGHT,
I'LL BET"



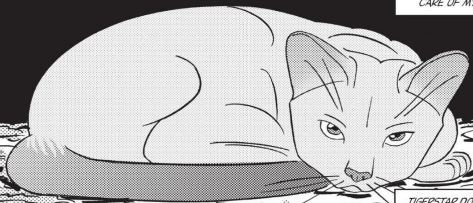
"WHO KNOWS
WHAT MISCHIEF SHE GETS
INTO OUT THERE?"



MORROW?

FINALLY I REALIZE: I
CAN'T BE ASHAMED OF
MY LIFE WITH KEN AND
JEAN.

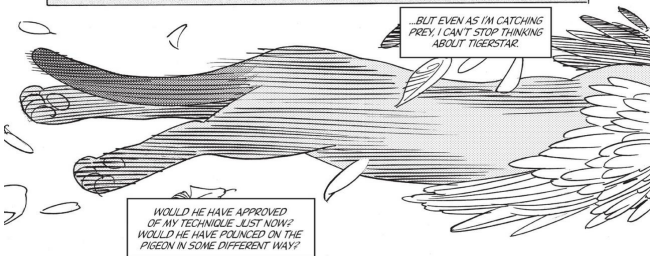
I WAS WELL CARED
FOR THERE. WELL FED.
I WAS LOVED, AND
NOW...NOW I'M TAKING
CARE OF MYSELF.



TIGERSTAR DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT.
...STUPID FURBALL.



AT LAST IT STOPS
RAINING, AND I HEAD
OUT TO HUNT...



...BUT EVEN AS I'M CATCHING
PREY, I CAN'T STOP THINKING
ABOUT TIGERSTAR.

WOULD HE HAVE APPROVED
OF MY TECHNIQUE JUST NOW?
WOULD HE HAVE POUNCED ON THE
PIGEON IN SOME DIFFERENT WAY?

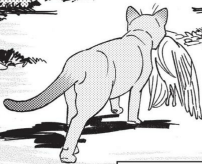


I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE'D THINK
EVEN FOR A HEARTBEAT, THAT I
CAN'T CATCH MY OWN FOOD.

WELL, I'LL
SHOW HIM.




I'LL DROP THIS
PIGEON RIGHT AT HIS
STUPID FEET.

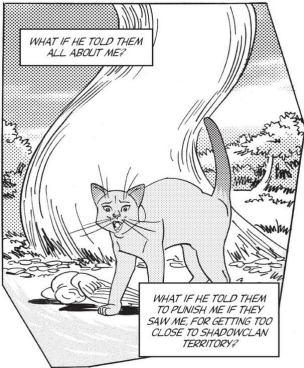


RRRHH. THAT WAS...A LONG WAY...TO DRAG A PIGEON.

BUT THE TIMING IS PERFECT!
I HEAR A PATROL COMING.



OH, NO...TIGERSTAR'S NOT WITH THEM. I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY OF THOSE CATS.



WHAT IF HE TOLD THEM ALL ABOUT ME?

WHAT IF HE TOLD THEM TO PUNISH ME IF THEY SAW ME, FOR GETTING TOO CLOSE TO SHADOWCLAN TERRITORY?



FORGET THE PIGEON.
I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE.



I HEAD OUT FOR A NEW PART OF
THE WOODS THE NEXT DAY—THE
OPPOSITE DIRECTION FROM
SHADOWCLAN.



IF THEY HATE KITTYPETS
SO MUCH, FINE. I CAN
GET BY ON MY OWN, NO
PROBLEM.



I SEE NOW HOW RIDICULOUS
IT WAS TO TRY TO IMPRESS
TIGERSTAR WITH THAT
STUPID PIGEON, TOO.

HOW HUMILIATING.

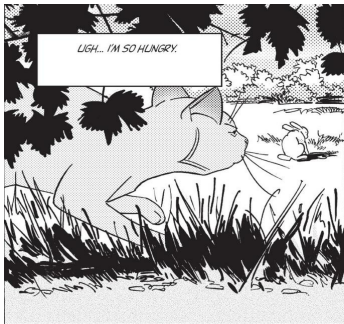


THERE'S THAT FOX SCENT
THE PATROL WAS TALKING
ABOUT. NOTHING TO GET
EXCITED OVER. IT'S ALWAYS
AROUND.



NOT MUCH
PREY OUT TODAY.
WONDER WHY?

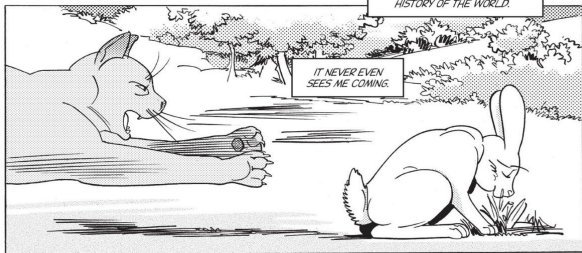
LIGH... I'M SO HUNGRY.



THIS IS GOING TO BE THE
MOST DELICIOUS RABBIT IN THE
HISTORY OF THE WORLD.



IT NEVER EVEN
SEES ME COMING.



BUT BEFORE I CAN
START MY MEAL....





...IT FEELS LIKE ALL MY
BLOOD JUST FREEZES
SOLID INSIDE ME.

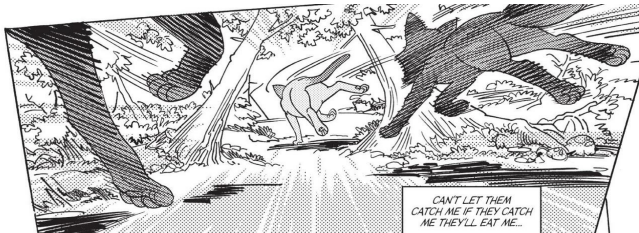


THIS IS MY KILL!
MINE! YOU...

...YOU JUST GO
FIND YOUR OWN! GO
ON, NOW! GO!



RUN RUN RUN
GOTTA RUN GOTTA
RUN FAST!



CAN'T LET THEM
CATCH ME IF THEY CATCH
ME THEY'LL EAT ME...



RUN RUN RUN
GO GO GO!!



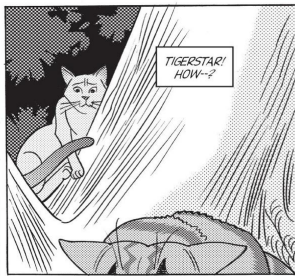
NO!

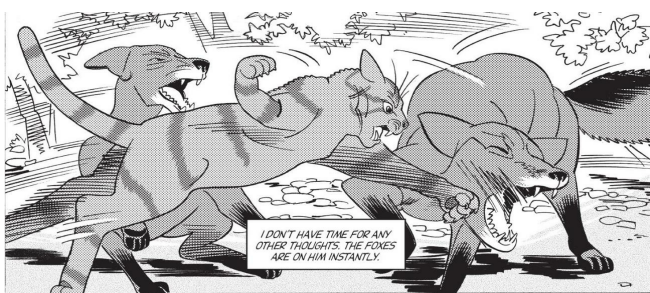
NO TIME TO CLIMB
THE TREE...



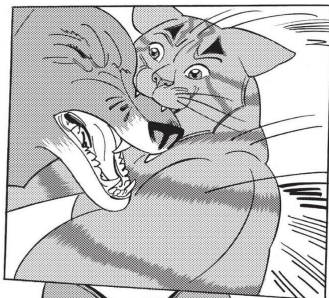
...AND IF I TURN MY BACK ON
THEM NOW, THEY'LL HAVE ME
IN THEIR JAWS BEFORE I CAN DO
ANYTHING ABOUT IT.

WHAT DO I DO?
WHAT DO I DO?



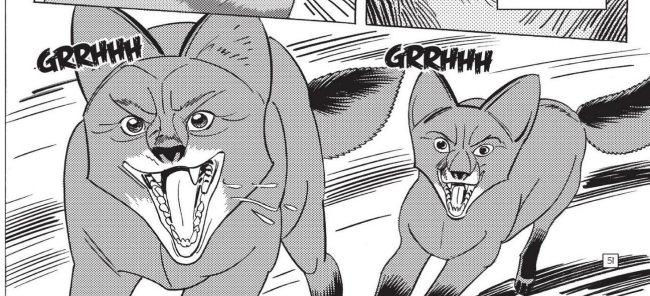


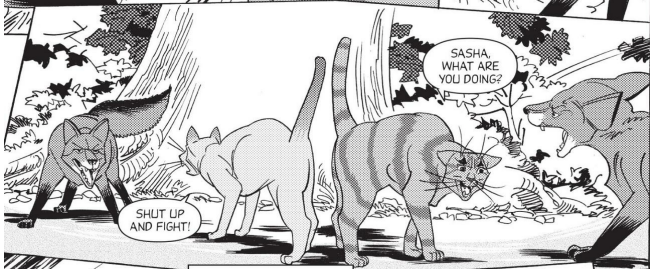
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR ANY
OTHER THOUGHTS. THE FOXES
ARE ON HIM INSTANTLY.



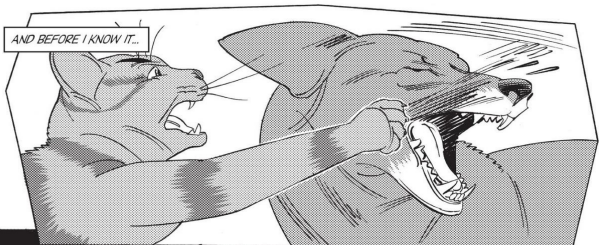
IT'S TWO AGAINST ONE...AND
THAT OLDER FOX IS SO BIG! I
HAVE TO HELP HIM!

BUT I'VE NEVER
FOUGHT BEFORE!
HOW DO I DO THIS?





AND BEFORE I KNOW IT...



...THE FIGHT'S DONE.



TIGERSTAR! YOU'RE BLEEDING--ARE YOU HURT BAD?

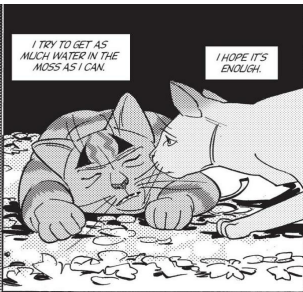
I JUST...NEED TO REST...



COME ON. LEAN ON ME.



"I'LL GET YOU SOMEWHERE SAFE."



I TRY TO GET AS
MUCH WATER IN THE
MOSS AS I CAN.

I HOPE IT'S
ENOUGH.



THANK YOU
FOR SAVING
MY LIFE.

WHY'D YOU
COME BACK?

TO THANK
YOU FOR THE
PIGEON.

IT HAD
YOUR SCENT ALL
OVER IT.



WHY'D YOU
LEAVE IT AT THE
BORDER?

I WANTED TO SHOW
YOU THAT KITTYPETS
CAN HUNT.



YOU'RE NOT LIKE
ANY KITTYPET I'VE
EVER MET.

YOU SURE YOUR
MOTHER WASN'T
CLAN? OR AT LEAST
A ROGUE?

I DON'T
THINK SO.

A black and white comic panel showing a woven basket filled with several small kittens. The basket is placed on a tiled floor inside a wire cage. In the background, a fox is visible behind the cage bars.

"I WAS BORN
WITH HOUSEFOLK
AROUND ME."

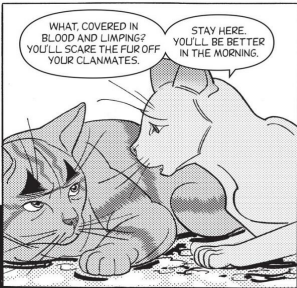
"YOU FIGHT BETTER THAN A
KITTYPET, TOO. THOSE FOXES
LOOKED SURPRISED!"

A black and white comic panel showing two cats. One cat is lying down, looking injured with a bandage on its head. The other cat is sitting and talking to it.

WE MADE A
GOOD TEAM.

ER...YES.
WE DID.

I SHOULD
GET BACK TO
MY CLAN.

A black and white comic panel showing two cats. One cat is lying down, looking injured with a bandage on its head. The other cat is sitting and talking to it.

WHAT, COVERED IN
BLOOD AND LIMPING?
YOU'LL SCARE THE FUR OFF
YOUR CLANMATES.

STAY HERE.
YOU'LL BE BETTER
IN THE MORNING.

A large black and white comic panel showing a cat lying on its side on a bed of leaves or grass. The cat has a bandage on its head. In the foreground, the silhouette of another cat is visible, looking towards the injured cat.

I'M GLAD TIGERSTAR
CAME BACK. NOT JUST
BECAUSE HE SAVED ME
FROM THE FOXES...

...BUT BECAUSE I WANT
HIM TO KNOW THAT I'M
NOT ONLY A KITTYPET.

I'M JUST...ME





I THINK ABOUT WHAT
TIGERSTAR SAID ALL DAY.
CLANS... ROGUES... KITTYPETS.

I DON'T SEE WHY
WE CAN'T ALL JUST
LIVE AND LET LIVE.



CONFUSED OR NOT,
THOUGH, I HAVE MORE
RESPECT FOR CLAN
CATS NOW.

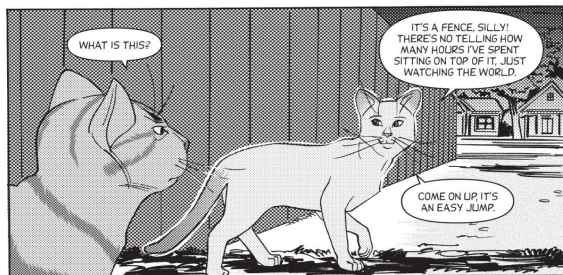
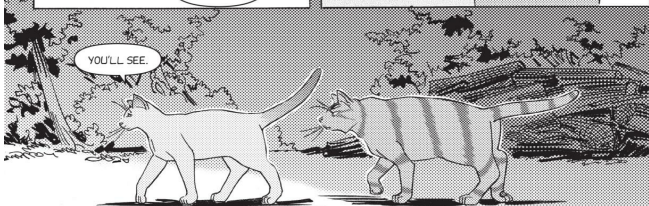
I CAN'T SEE SHNLIKY
EVER TAKING ON ONE FOX,
NEVER MIND TWO.

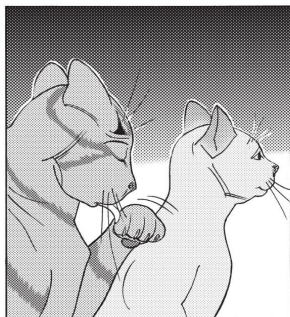


TIGERSTAR...?



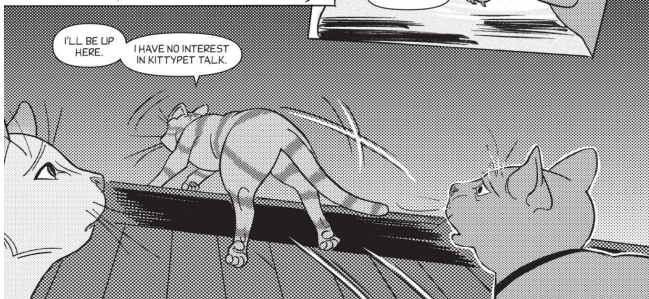
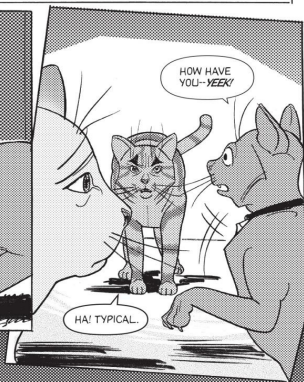
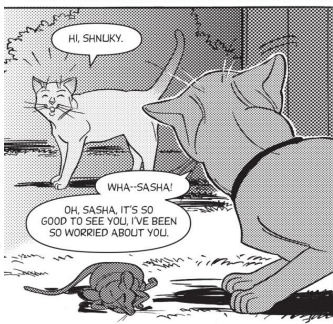
HERE.

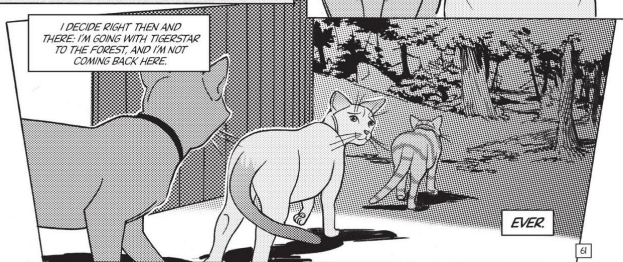
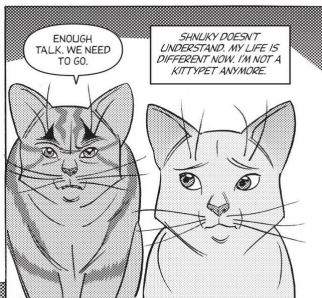
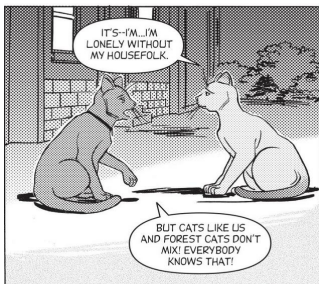
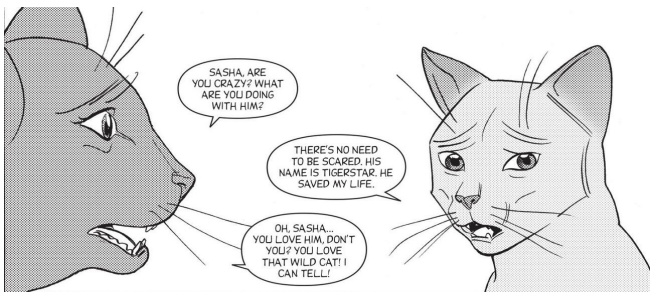


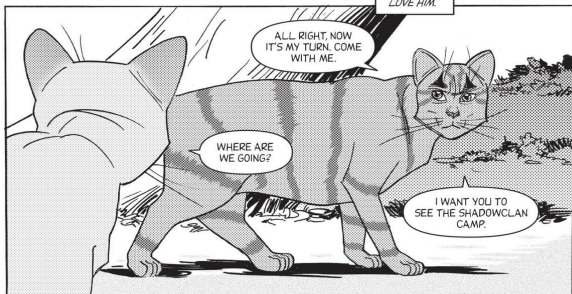
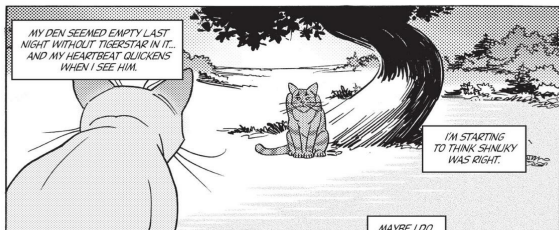



WELL, SO MUCH FOR THAT
IDEA. WE HEAD BACK TO THE
WOODS, AND I'M FEELING
PRETTY GLUM...

...UNTIL I SPOT
AN OLD FRIEND.










I GET A TINGLE
WHEN WE CROSS THE
SHADOWCLAN BORDER.



SOON TIGERSTAR BEGINS POINTING
OUT LANDMARKS. THE ROCKS
WHERE A BRAVE WARRIOR FOUGHT
HIS LAST BATTLE...

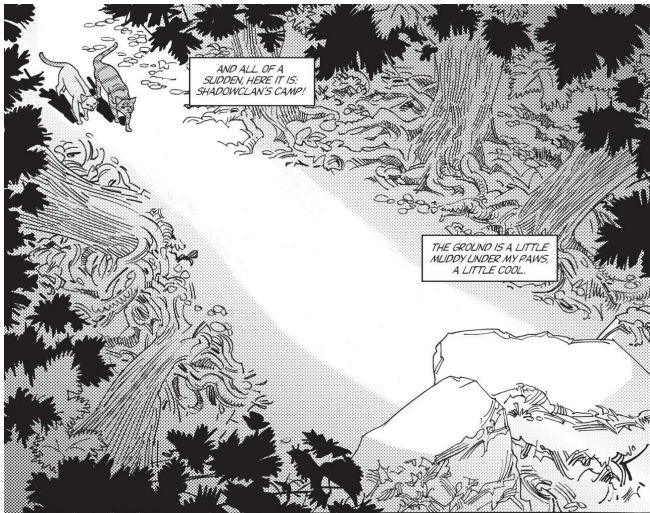


...THE TRAINING GROUND WHERE
SHADOWCLAN WARRIORS LEARN
TO HUNT AND TO FIGHT...



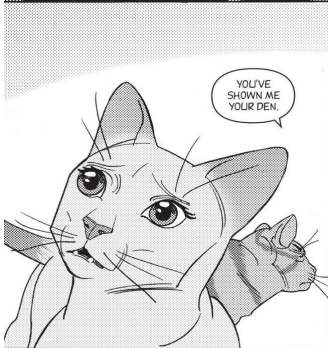
...AND FINALLY THE
HIDDEN PATH THAT
LEADS INTO THE CENTER
OF THE CAMP.

I NEVER WOULD
HAVE FOUND THIS
ON MY OWN!



AND ALL OF A
SUDDEN, HERE IT IS;
SHADOWCLAN'S CAMP!

THE GROUND IS A LITTLE
MUDDY UNDER MY PAWS,
A LITTLE COOL...



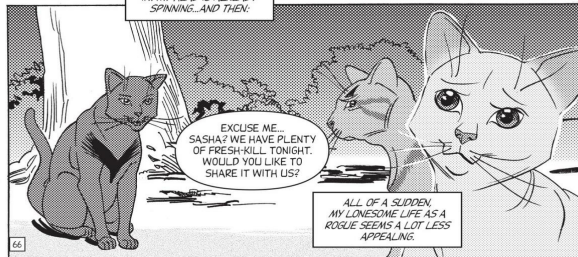
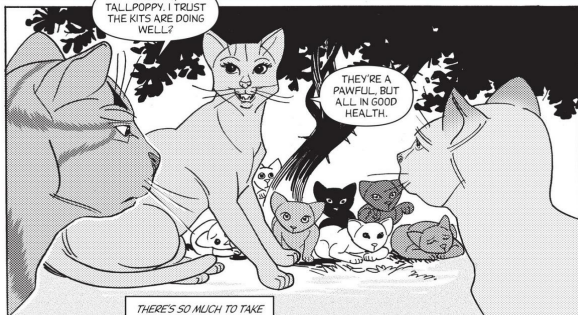
YOU'VE
SHOWN ME
YOUR DEN.



THIS IS MINE.

BUT YOU CAN
POKE AROUND INSIDE
IT LATER. THERE
ARE OTHER SIGHTS
TO SEE.







AND THE BIGGEST
SURPRISE IS YET
TO COME.

SASHA, WE'RE
PUTTING TOGETHER A
HUNTING PARTY.

CARE TO
JOIN US?



HOW CAN
I SAY NO?

THE PARTY'S MADE UP OF
BLACKFOOT (THE CLAN DEPUTY),
RUSSETFLUR, JAGGEDTOOTH,
ROWANPAW...AND ME.



...BUT THEN RUSSETFLUR
TELLS ME SOMETHING
THAT REALLY HELPS.


DON'T WORRY,
SASHA, BLACKFOOT,
JAGGEDTOOTH, AND I ALL
USED TO BE ROGUES.
JUST LIKE YOU.

I'M NERVOUS BEYOND
BELIEF AT FIRST...


I LIKE RUSSETFLUR
A LOT ALREADY.



SHE AND I KEEP TALKING
AS THE PARTY SETS OUT.

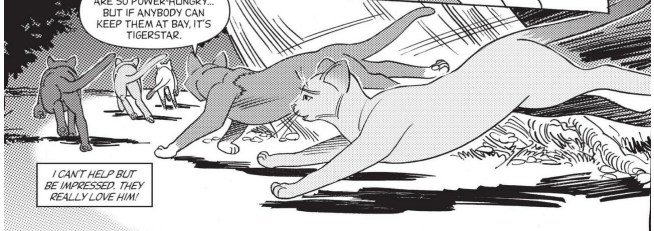


WE'RE VERY LUCKY
TO HAVE TIGERSTAR AS OUR
LEADER. HE'S SO STRONG...HE
TRULY KNOWS HOW TO KEEP
US ALL TOGETHER.



PLUS HE'S UNDER SO
MUCH PRESSURE RIGHT NOW.
NOT LONG AGO, SHADOWCLAN
WAS ALMOST DESTROYED...

...BUT TIGERSTAR
IS PUTTING IT BACK
TOGETHER. LIFTING IT
UP TO THE WAY IT
USED TO BE.



THE OTHER CLANS
ARE SO POWER-HUNGRY...
BUT IF ANYBODY CAN
KEEP THEM AT BAY, IT'S
TIGERSTAR.

I CAN'T HELP BUT
BE IMPRESSED. THEY
REALLY LOVE HIM!



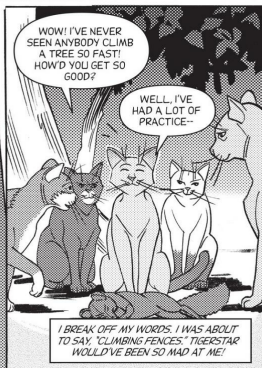
WE STOP CHATTING
ONCE THINGS GET DOWN
TO BUSINESS.



OH, NO YOU
DON'T!



GOTCHA!



WOW! I'VE NEVER
SEEN ANYBODY CLIMB
A TREE SO FAST!
HOW'D YOU GET SO
GOOD?

WELL, I'VE
HAD A LOT OF
PRACTICE--

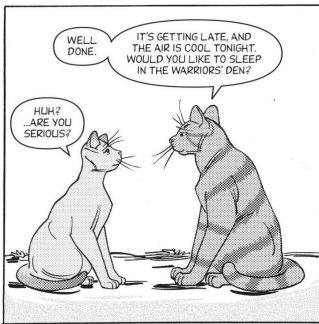
I BREAK OFF MY WORDS. I WAS ABOUT
TO SAY, "CLIMBING FENCES." TIGERSTAR
WOULD'VE BEEN SO MAD AT ME!



IT'S A FANTASTIC FEELING
WHEN WE COME BACK TO
CAMP, BRINGING FOOD FOR THE
REST OF THE CLAN.



I CAN TELL **TIGERSTAR'S**
PLEASED. THAT LOOK HE
GIVES ME...IT JUST MAKES
ME GET ALL MELTY.



WELL
DONE.

IT'S GETTING LATE, AND
THE AIR IS COOL TONIGHT.
WOULD YOU LIKE TO SLEEP
IN THE **WARRIORS'** DEN?

HUH?
...ARE YOU
SERIOUS?

TIGERSTAR'S RIGHT. THE NIGHTS
ARE GETTING COLDER. LEAF-BARE
ISN'T TOO FAR AWAY.

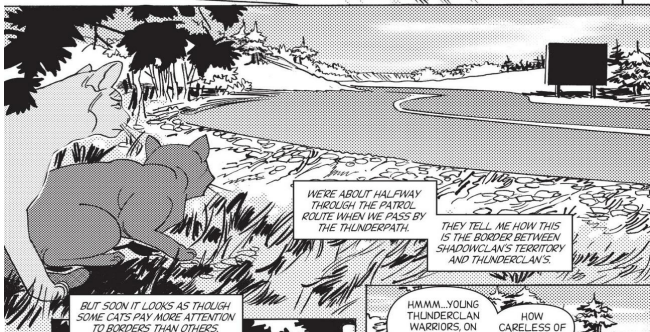


BUT TONIGHT...I'M AS
WARM AS IF I'D BEEN
SLEEPING IN A SUNBEAM.



TIGERSTAR INVITES ME
TO GO ON PATROL WITH HIM
THE NEXT MORNING...HIM AND
OAKFLUR AND BOLDER.

I'M REALLY ENJOYING
MYSELF IN SHADOWCLAN,
SO I ACCEPT IMMEDIATELY.



WE'RE ABOUT HALFWAY
THROUGH THE PATROL
ROUTE WHEN WE PASS BY
THE THUNDERPATH.

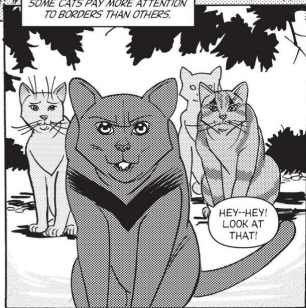
THEY TELL ME HOW THIS
IS THE BORDER BETWEEN
SHADOWCLAN'S TERRITORY
AND THUNDERCLAN'S.

BUT SOON IT LOOKS AS THOUGH
SOME CATS PAY MORE ATTENTION
TO BORDERS THAN OTHERS.

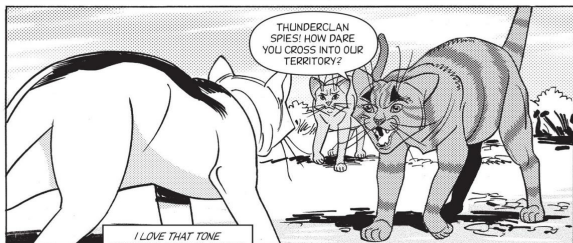
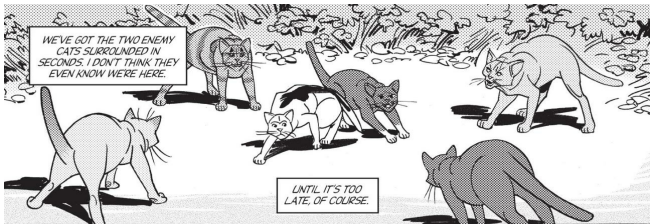


HMMM...YOUNG
THUNDERCLAN
WARRIORS, ON
SHADOWCLAN
LAND.

HOW
CARELESS OF
THEM.

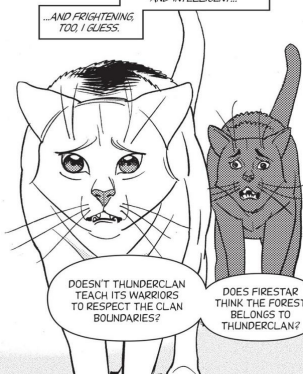


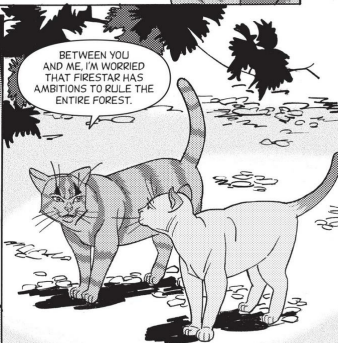
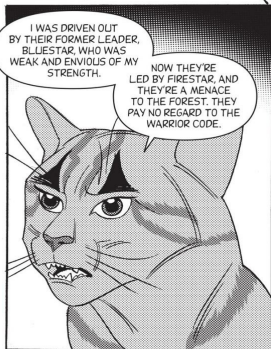
HEY-HEY!
LOOK AT
THAT!



...AND FRIGHTENING, TOO, I GUESS.

I LOVE THAT TONE TIGERSTAR GETS! SO STRONG, AND INTELLIGENT...





PART OF ME DOESN'T
WANT TO GO...BUT I KNOW I
SHOULD GET BACK TO MY
OWN DEN FOR A WHILE.

THANK YOU FOR
A LOVELY TIME,
TIGERSTAR.

SASHA...WILL
YOU JOIN US? JOIN
THE CLAN?

YOU'D FIT IN
WELL. YOU CAN
HUNT. YOU'RE A
GOOD FIGHTER.

JOIN SHADOWCLAN...! THAT
WOULD BE SO GREAT! BUT-BUT
WHAT IF KEN CAME BACK?

CAN I THINK
ABOUT IT?

I'LL COME TO
YOUR DEN TOMORROW
NIGHT. YOU CAN TELL
ME THEN.

TOMORROW NIGHT...?
WHY SO FAST?

OKAY...

THE NEXT DAY COMES AND GOES,
AND I CAN'T GET THOUGHTS OF
SHADOWCLAN OUT OF MY HEAD. IT
COULD BE SO GOOD.

SEE TIGERSTAR AS MUCH AS I
WANTED, STAY SAFE, PROTECTED,
MAYBE EVEN HAVE KITS THERE...!

*HAKK
K-HAKK
KAKK*

PINE?
IS THAT
YOU?

HAKK
WHAT'S IT
TO YOU?

WELL...YOU DON'T
SOUND SO GOOD, AND
YOU'RE SO THIN, ARE
YOU OKAY?

NIGHTS'RE COLD
NOW. NIGHTS GET COLD,
Y'GET SICK. S'WHAT
HAPPENS.

YOU TAKE CARE,
NOW. I GOTTA GO TRY
TO FIND SOMEPLACE
WARMER FOR TONIGHT.



OKAY. THAT DOES IT. IF THAT'S WHAT I'VE GOT TO LOOK FORWARD TO AS A ROGUE...THEN I'LL DO IT.

I'LL JOIN SHADOWCLAN!



TIGERSTAR'S GOING TO BE SO HAPPY!



OH-I CAN HEAR VOICES UP AHEAD. DON'T WANT TO DISTURB ANYBODY. AFTER ALL, I'M NOT A CLAN MEMBER YET.




WAIT...IS THAT TIGERSTAR'S VOICE?

I CAN'T QUITE MAKE OUT
WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...BUT
THEY SOUND SO SERIOUS. I
HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG.

I'M TRYING TO DECIDE
WHETHER OR NOT TO MAKE
MY PRESENCE KNOWN—BUT
SOMETHING STOPS ME.


THEN I HEAR
IT AGAIN...

...THE WORD
"BLOOD!"



THERE'S NO MORE
TIME TO DELAY. WAR IS UPON THE
CLANS, AND EVERY WARRIOR AND
QUEEN MUST BE PREPARED
TO FIGHT!

SCOURGE OF
BLOODCLAN HAS AGREED
TO UNITE WITH US. THE
NEXT STEP IS TO TAKE
OVER RIVERCLAN.



LEOPARDSTAR IS
TOO WEAK TO STOP ME.
SHE KNOWS I AM THE
STRONGEST CAT IN THE
WHOLE FOREST--

--AND SOON I
WILL RULE ALL
THE CLANS.



WHAT ABOUT
FIRESTAR?

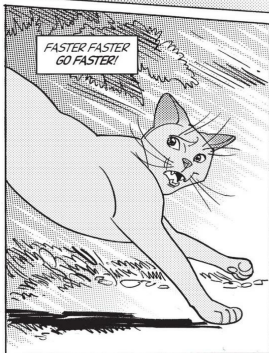



HA HA HA...
THUNDERCLAN
WON'T BE A
PROBLEM.

I HAVE A
PLAN TO LURE A
PACK OF DOGS INTO
THEIR CAMP.

THEN WE'LL BE RID
OF THAT FILTHY KITTYPET
FIRESTAR AND HIS CLAN OF
KITTYPETS AND HALFBREEDS
ONCE AND FOR ALL.







ONLY WHEN I'M SURE NO
ONE'S FOLLOWING ME DO I
LET MYSELF SLOW DOWN
ENOUGH TO THINK.

TIGERSTAR LIED TO ME!
HE'S THE ENEMY OF THE
FOREST, NOT FIRESTAR!



AND IT'S NOT A CLAN HE
WANTS ME TO JOIN, EITHER.
IT'S AN ARMY. AN ARMY
THAT'LL FIGHT AGAINST
KITTYPETS.

CAN TIGERSTAR EVER LOVE
ME? I USED TO BE A KITTYPET.
WHAT IF HE LOVES ALL THIS
POWER AND BLOODSHED MORE
THAN ME?



...IS IT MY DESTINY
TO BE ALONE?



SASHA.

DO YOU HAVE
AN ANSWER FOR
ME?



WILL YOU JOIN
SHADOWCLAN?

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, shaped by her interest in astrology and standing stones. She is also the author of the Seekers series.

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WARRIORS

TIGERSTAR & SASHA



ESCAPE FROM
THE FOREST



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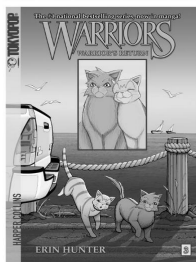
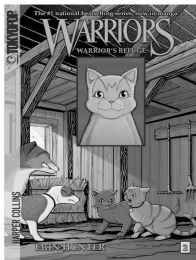
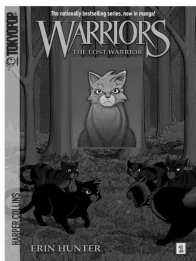
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KEEP WATCH FOR

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TIGERSTAR & SASHA
#2: ESCAPE FROM
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WARRIORS

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POWER OF THREE

# WARRIORS

## ECLIPSE



ERIN HUNTER

POWER OF THREE  
**WARRIORS**  
BOOK 4:  
**ECLIPSE**

TURN THE PAGE FOR A PEEK  
AT THE NEXT WARRIORS NOVEL,  
*WARRIORS: POWER OF THREE*  
*#4: ECLIPSE.*

Firestar's grandchildren have learned of the powerful prophecy that foretells their destinies, and the responsibility of deciding the Clans' future weighs heavily on the three apprentices. Each secretly yearns for power, and their strengths are tested when ThunderClan is suddenly attacked—and all the Clans are thrown into a battle unlike any the cats have seen.

*Jaypaw touched his nose to Tawnypelt's* pad. It felt hot and fat. "Swollen," he pronounced. "The skin's grazed but not bleeding. But you already know that." He could hear Hollypaw and Lionpaw's faint mews as they headed away to find prey. Were they talking about the prophecy?

Tawnypelt pulled her paw from under his muzzle. "I knew I couldn't taste blood but I wasn't sure if a stone had worked its way in." She licked it. "My pads have grown so hard from the mountains, I can't tell calluses from cuts anymore."

"No stones," Jaypaw reassured her. He nodded toward the sound of water babbling over rocks nearby. "That stream doesn't sound too deep. Go stand in it. The cold water should ease the swelling."

He padded after her and heard the splash as she leaped into the water.

"It's cold!" she gasped.

"Good," he mewed. "It'll take down the swelling quicker." He pricked his ears. Hollypaw and Lionpaw's voices had faded into the distance. He had shared with them the secret

he had carried with him for so long. Telling it had felt like walking through unknown territory, each word falling like a paw step on uncertain ground. Lionpaw had accepted it as though something that had been confusing him had finally been explained. Hollypaw's reaction had been more frustrating: She seemed only concerned about how they could use their powers to help ThunderClan, and kept fretting about the warrior code. Didn't she understand that the prophecy meant more than that? They had been given a power that stretched far beyond the boundaries set by ordinary cats.

Tawnypelt's mew interrupted his thoughts. "This water's *very* cold."

"It's mountain water."

"I can tell," Tawnypelt meowed urgently. "My paws have gone numb!"

"Well, get out then."

With a sigh of relief, she landed beside him and began shaking the water from her paws, scattering icy drops on his fur.

Jaypaw shivered and moved away; mountain winds and cold water were a bad mix. "Does it still hurt?"

"I can't feel it at all," Tawnypelt replied. She paused. "Actually, I can't feel any of my paws."

Squirrelflight was padding toward them. "Any better?"

"I think so," Tawnypelt meowed uncertainly.

Jaypaw felt his mother's tongue lap his ear. "Are you okay, little one?" she asked gently.

He ducked away crossly. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"It's okay to be tired." Squirrelflight sat down. "It's been a hard journey."

"I'm fine," Jaypaw snapped. His mother's tail was twitching, scraping the gritty rock. He waited for her to make some comment about how much harder the journey must have been for him, being blind and all, and then add some mouse-brained comment about how well he had coped with the unfamiliar territory.

"All three of you have been quiet since the battle," she ventured.

*She's worried about all of us!* Jaypaw's anger melted. He wished he could put her mind at rest but there was no way he could tell her the huge secret that was occupying their thoughts. "I guess we just want to get home," he offered.

"We all do." Squirrelflight rested her chin on top of Jaypaw's head and he pressed against her, suddenly feeling like a kit again, grateful for her warmth.

"They're back!"

At Tawnypelt's call, Squirrelflight jerked away.

Jaypaw lifted his nose and smelled Hollypaw and Lionpaw. He heard claws scrabbling over rock as Breezepaw arrived. The hunters had returned.

"Let's see what they've caught!" Tawnypelt hurried to greet the apprentices.

Jaypaw already knew what they'd caught. His belly rumbled as he padded after her, the mouthwatering smells of



squirrel, rabbit, and pigeon filling his nose. If only it weren't going to be given to the Tribe.

Crowfeather and Brambleclaw were already clustered around the makeshift fresh-kill pile. Stormfur and Brook hung back as though embarrassed by the gift.

"This rabbit's so fat it'll feed all the to-bes," Squirrelflight mewed admiringly.

"Well caught, Breezepaw," Tawnypelt purred.

Jaypaw waited for the WindClan apprentice's pelt to flash with pride, but instead he sensed anxiety claw at Breezepaw. *He's waiting for his father to praise him.*

"Nice pigeon," Crowfeather mewed to Lionpaw.

Breezepaw stiffened with anger.

"And look at the squirrel I caught!" Hollypaw chipped in. "Did you ever see such a juicy one?"

"Come see!" Tawnypelt called to Stormfur and Brook.

The two warriors padded over.

"This will be very welcome," Stormfur meowed formally.

"The Tribe thanks you." Brook's mew was taut.

Jaypaw understood their unease. By accepting fresh-kill, they were openly admitting their weakness. Hunting was poor in the mountains now that two groups of cats were sharing the territory. And yet Jaypaw could feel fierce pride pulsing from Stormfur. *The mountain breeze stirs his heart as well as his pelt.* There was a core of strength within him, a resolve that Jaypaw had not sensed before, as though he

were more rooted in the crags and ravines than he ever had been beside the lake. *He truly believes that this is his destiny.* The Tribe were Stormfur's Clan now. He had been born River-Clan, and lived with ThunderClan, but now it seemed that he had found his true home.

Jaypaw shivered. The wind had been sharpened by a late-afternoon chill.

A howl echoed from the slopes far above.

Brook bristled. "Wolves."

"We'll get this prey home safely," Stormfur reassured her. "The wolves are too clumsy to follow our mountain paths."

"But there's a lot of open territory before you reach them," Brambleclaw urged. "You should go."

"We should all head home," Crowfeather advised. "The smell of this fresh-kill will be attracting all the prey-eaters around here."

Alarm flashed from every pelt as Jaypaw detected a strange tang on the breeze. It was the first wolf scent he'd smelled. It reminded him of the dogs around the Twoleg farm, but there was a rawness to it, a scent of blood and flesh that the dogs did not carry. He was thankful it was faint. "They're a long way off," he murmured.

"But they travel fast," Brook warned. The rabbit's fur brushed the ground as she picked it up.

"We're going to miss you," Squirrelflight meowed. Her voice was thick with sadness.

Brook laid the rabbit down again, a purr rising in her

throat. Her pelt brushed Squirrelflight's. "Thank you for taking us in and showing us such kindness."

"ThunderClan is grateful for your loyalty and courage," Brambleclaw meowed.

"We'll see you again, though, won't we?" Hollypaw mewed hopefully.

Jaypaw wondered if he would ever return to the mountains. Would he meet the Tribe of Endless Hunting again? He had followed Stoneteller into his dreams and been led by the Tribe-healer's ancestor to the hollow where ranks of starry cats encircled a shimmering pool. He shivered as he recalled their words: *You have come*. They had been expecting him, and they had known about the prophecy! Yet again, Jaypaw wondered where the prophecy had come from, and how the Tribe of Endless Hunting were connected to his own ancestors.

"There's no more time for good-byes!" Crowfeather's mew was impatient.

"Take care, little one." Brook's cheek brushed Jaypaw's before she turned to say good-bye to Hollypaw.

Stormfur licked his ear. "Look after your brother and sister," he murmured.

"Bye, Stormfur." Jaypaw's throat tightened. "Good-bye, Brook." He remembered the times when Brook had comforted and encouraged him. She had always seemed to understand what it felt like to be different. And Stormfur had never patronized him, but treated him with the same

warmth and strictness as he had the other apprentices. He would miss them.

Lionpaw pushed in front of him. "Good-bye, Stormfur. Show those invaders that a Clan cat is never beaten."

"Good-bye, Lionpaw," Stormfur meowed. "Remember that even though our experiences change us, we have to carry on."

A rush of warmth seemed to flood between the warrior and apprentice, and Jaypaw realized with surprise that his brother shared a special bond with Stormfur, one he had not detected before. He stood wondering about it as his Clanmates began to head off down the slope, not moving when Stormfur picked up the freshly caught prey and started uphill after his mate.

"Stop dawdling!" Crowfeather nudged Jaypaw with his nose, steering him down a smooth rocky slope onto the grassy hillside.

Jaypaw bristled. "I don't need help!"

"Please yourself," Crowfeather hissed. "But don't blame me if you get left behind." He pounded ahead, his paws thrumming on the ground.

*Imagine having such a sour-tongued warrior for a father. I'm glad I'm not Breezepaw!*

"Hurry up, Jaypaw!" Lionpaw was calling.

Jaypaw sniffed the air. On this exposed slope it was easy to tell where the other cats were. Brambleclaw led the way downhill, Breezepaw at his heels, while Crowfeather had

already caught up and was flanking Tawnypelt, keeping to the outside of the group. Squirrelflight padded alone, while Hollypaw and Lionpaw trotted behind.

Jaypaw raced after them. The grass was smooth and soft beneath his paws. "It feels strange leaving them behind," he panted.

"They chose to stay," Crowfeather pointed out.

"Do you think we'll ever see them or the Tribe again?" Tawnypelt wondered.

"I hope not," Crowfeather answered. "I don't want to see those mountains once more as long as I live."

"They might visit the lake," Hollypaw suggested.

A howl echoed eerily around the crags far behind them.

"They have to get home safely first," Lionpaw murmured.

"They will," Brambleclaw assured him. "They know their territory as well as any other Tribe cat."

Padding beside his littermates, Jaypaw caught the musty scent of forest ahead. Before long the ground beneath his paws turned from grass to crushed leaves. The wind ceased tugging at his fur as trees shielded him on every side. Hollypaw hurried ahead as though she already scented the lake beyond, but for a moment Jaypaw wished he were back on the open slopes of the foothills. At least there, scents and sounds were not muffled by the enclosing trees, and there was no undergrowth to trip him up. He felt blinder here in this unfamiliar forest than he ever had.



"Watch out!" Lionpaw's warning came too late, and Jaypaw found his paws tangled in a bramble.

"Mouse dung!" He fought to free himself, but the bramble seemed to twist around his legs as if it meant to ensnare him.

"Stand still!" Hollypaw was racing back to help. Jaypaw froze, swallowing his frustration, and allowed Lionpaw to drag the tendrils from around his paws while Hollypaw gently guided him away from the prickly bush.

"Dumb brambles!" Jaypaw lifted his chin and padded forward, more unsure than ever of the terrain but trying desperately not to show it.

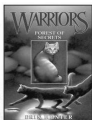
Wordlessly, Hollypaw and Lionpaw fell into step on either side of him. With the lightest touch of her whiskers Hollypaw guided him around a clump of nettles and, when a fallen tree blocked their path, Lionpaw warned him with a flick of his tail to stop and wait while he led the way up and over the trunk.

As Jaypaw scabbled gratefully over the crumbling bark he couldn't help wondering: *Is the prophecy really meant for a cat who can't see?*

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