Hello!

Who would have guessed that Ravenpaw’s decision to leave ThunderClan and live with the loner Barley in the Twoleg barn would have prompted such a storm of protest? Not from his Clanmates—although Firestar and Graystripe were sad to see him go, they knew he would never be happy in the Clan—but from all the readers for whom Ravenpaw was the cat they most wanted to see become a warrior and take revenge upon his bullying mentor, Tigerclaw.

I have lost count of the number of times I’ve been asked what Ravenpaw’s warrior name would have been. My reply is always: He was never going to have one! Ravenpaw’s strength lies in his quiet sense of self, which is the kind of strength that needs space to develop, away from the pressures of Clan life with all its rules, tasks, and expectations. Safe on the farm with Barley, Ravenpaw has become confident, relaxed, and a friendly host to Clan cats passing by on their way to the Moonstone.

But I knew that life would never be quite so simple for Ravenpaw as moving to the farm and instantly forgetting his upbringing. He is forest-born, and has the instincts of every Clan cat—the strength and hope that comes with loyalty to the warrior code, the certainty that there will always be cats you can call upon when times get hard. Ravenpaw and Barley have a good life together, but when everything is turned upside down by the arrival of coldhearted rogues, Ravenpaw’s instincts kick in—and suddenly he is forced to ask himself: Am I still a member of ThunderClan?

Best wishes always,
Erin Hunter
I'VE NEVER KNOWN ANY OTHER NAME FOR THIS PLACE.

AWK-A-ROOK A-ROO!

IT'S JUST...THE FARM.

I ALWAYS THOUGHT THE FARM NEVER CHANGED.

AWK-A-ROOK A-ROO!

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

SOON ENOUGH, I'D FIND OUT THAT I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE WRONG.
THINGS ARE VERY SIMPLE HERE.

SLEEP, HUNT, EAT...

NOT THAT I REALLY HAVE TO HUNT, NOT WITH ALL THE MICE IN THE BARN.
The twolegs that live here aren't too bad, they leave us alone; we leave them alone.

Even the dogs are all right. They're just noisy more than anything else.

Everything happens the same here, every day, right now. I know the twoleg is about to come out on his big monster.

And there he goes.

The female twoleg is a little friendlier than the male.
She knows we live here, and every once in a while she throws out some twoleg food for us.

My name's Ravenpaw.

I live here with my best friend, Barley.
MY LIFE IS PRETTY RELAXING RIGHT NOW,...
BUT IT HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN THAT WAY.

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

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

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

...THE MOST DANGEROUS THING I DO NOW IS CLIMB ON TOP OF THE BARN TO GET A DRINK.
I guess I could have tried to go back to ThunderClan after what happened with BloodClan.

A bunch of vicious cats from TwoLegPlace...they tried to take over the forest last GreenLeaf, but they failed.
TIGERCLAW—NOW CALLED TIGERSTAR—HAD BEEN KILLED BY THEIR LEADER.

BARLEY AND I FOUGHT WITH THE CLANS THEN.

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

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

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

NO TRAINING, NO BORDER PATROLS... NO GOING HUNGRY. IT MIGHT NOT BE HOME, EXACTLY...
...but I can wake up when I want, nobody tells me what to do...and Barley's here. We owe each other our lives.

I figure I'll stay.

We have no idea what those noises mean.

Congrats on the mouse, there, Barley.

I can always count on you and your friend to keep the rodents in check.

Twolegs are strange. But like I said, they don't bother us. We don't bother them—and we stay clear of their nest.

Part of the reason I like it here so much is that Barley and I can go out for walks.

Not hunting, not looking for rival cats...just walks.

It's nice.
BET YOU CAN'T CATCH ME!

HA! I DON'T WANT TO CATCH YOU.

YOU ONLY SAY THAT 'CAUSE YOU'RE TOO SLOW!

WANT TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF I DID CATCH YOU?

OOH, IS THAT THE WARRIOR'S CROUCH YOU WERE TELLING ME ABOUT?

YES, IT IS. WANT TO LEARN HOW TO DO IT RIGHT?

YEAH!

KEEP YOURSELF REALLLY LOW...MAKE YOUR WEIGHT EVEN, OVER ALL FOUR FEET.

LIKE THIS?

NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL.

AND NOW I EAT SOME OF THESE.

EWW! WHY WOULD YOU CHEW ON PLANTS?

HAVE YOU TASTED THESE THINGS? THEY'RE ALL JUICY.

IF YOU SAY SO.
It's a good life. I only think about the Clans every once in a while...

...like here, today. This reminds me a lot of RiverClan.

But the Clans can stay in the forest. My belly's full. I have no responsibilities to anybody but Barley and me.

I don't even mind the dogs. They're either chained up or following the Twolegs around.

Not like we wouldn't hear them coming from miles away in any case.

You ready to head back to the barn?

Yeah, all this activity has me ready for a nap.

Ha ha ha. You're a real go-getter, Ravenpaw.

Oh, you're one to talk.
I NEVER THOUGHT ANYTHING ON THE FARM WOULD CHANGE...

UNTIL THE LEAF-BARE, WHEN EVERYTHING DID.

RAVENPAW! RAVENPAW, WAKE UP!

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

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

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

JUST LOOK!

I'VE NEVER SEEN SNOW SO BEAUTIFUL...

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

THE TWO LEGS GO ABOUT THEIR DAYS AS USUAL...

WOOF! WOOF!

...PRETENDING NOTHING HAS HAPPENED.

I CAN'T PRETEND, THOUGH.

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

YOU ALL RIGHT UP THERE, RAVENPAW?
"I'm fine, I'm fine! I'm just going for my morning drink of--"

"-NNGK!"

"No way am I letting Barley find out about this. I'd never hear the end of it!"

"You were gone for a while. Everything okay?"

"Yeth. Everything'th fine."

"Are you talking funny?"

"No."

"Are you sure? 'Cause it sounds like you're talking a little--"

"No, eat your molisth."
Barley is nice enough to drop the subject.

We spend the day cleaning up a little.

You know, if I were still a clan warrior, I'd have an apprentice to do stuff like this for me.

Oh yeah?

Is there anything else you miss? About the clan?

Nope.

This place suits me much better than the forest.

Plus, you know, you are my best friend.

All right.

Relax, Barley. I'm not going anywhere.

Me? Hey, I'm totally relaxed. You're the one getting all sentimental. Maybe you should relax.
THEN...THAT NIGHT... SOMETHING BESIDES THE SNOW ARRIVES AT THE FARM.

SKRITCH

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

YEAH.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT WAS?

NO. LET'S GO CHECK IT OUT.
WE LOOK OUT INTO THE SNOW-COVERED YARD...

AND IN THAT MOMENT, THE FARM CHANGES FOREVER.

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

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

COULD WE COME INSIDE?

OF COURSE, OF COURSE! COME IN!
I'm Ravenpaw, and this is Barley.

What are your names?

My mate's name is Minty. Snapper, Pounce, and Tess are traveling with us.

We, uh—we know who you are. You've offered shelter to other cats in the past. Word has spread.

It's an honor to be allowed to stay here. I promise we won't make trouble for you, and we won't stay long.

How could we turn away cats in such need?

Okay, these hay nests should be pretty comfortable. You just get settled in here...

"...And we'll go and get you some fresh-kill."

This is so good of you. We can't even tell you what this means to us.

Yeah, this is great.

Well, it's the least we can do, especially given your condition, Minty.
IT'S REALLY LUCKY WILLIE AND HIS FRIENDS FIND US WHEN THEY DO.

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

...WHEN MINTY GIVES BIRTH.

EVERYONE...

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

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

FORGOTTEN HOW BEAUTIFUL KITS CAN BE—LIKE THE KITS BACK IN THUNDERCLAN.
AREN'T THEY AMAZING?

HMM...

YEAH...
Our visitors settle in for a few days, spending all their time taking care of the kits. Barley and I are more than happy to do their hunting for them.

Ravenpaw, you're back!

Look, kittens! Ravenpaw's bringing food for us! He's letting me make plenty of milk for you!

Meep!

The visitors always hide from the twôlegs. I try to tell them it's okay, but they're firm about it.

It really is all right. They won't bother us.

I'm sorry, Ravenpaw, it's just...we've had some bad experiences with twôlegs. Old habits die hard, you know.
THE WEATHER GETS BETTER PRETTY FAST.

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

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

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

THEY LOVE ME! I CAN TELL.

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

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

ON MY WAY, SNAPPER!

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

DON'T YOU WORRY. I'LL HAVE A MOUSE FOR YOU IN NO TIME FLAT!
It's a great time, I feel so happy! That is... until one afternoon, when Barley says something that takes me totally off guard.

Ravenpaw... I need to talk to you.

What is it? Something wrong?

Maybe, I just... I don't like the looks of our guests.

What? Oh, come on, what could you not like about them? Have you seen those kits?

Well, you know what I think isn't right? It isn't right that you're not trying harder.

I can't put a paw on it, but something isn't right.

Those cats are our friends! They came to us for help, and I intend to help them.

Oh, hey—look at that feather!

The kits will love it!
I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BOTHERING BARLEY ABOUT WILLIE AND THE OTHER VISITORS.

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

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

WILLIE! HEY, WILLIE!

YES, RAVENPAW?

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

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

WELL, WE DON'T HUNT THE CHICKENS. IT ISN'T LIKE OUT IN THE WILD.

HERE, THEY BELONG TO THE TWOLEGS, SO WE LEAVE THEM ALONE.

OH... SO YOU DON'T HUNT THEM AT ALL? EVER?

NOPE, NOT EVER. WE DON'T EVEN THINK OF THEM AS PREY.

THAT'S SIMPLY THE WAY IT IS.

ALL RIGHT, THEN. IF YOU DON'T HUNT THEM, NEITHER WILL WE.

I'M REALLY GLAD YOU'RE HERE TO EXPLAIN THINGS LIKE THIS TO US.

SEEMS LIKE THE FARM IS A VERY UNDERSTANDING, VERY-WELL, A VERY LOGICAL PLACE TO LIVE.

YEAH, I GUESS SO.

BARLEY AND I LIKE IT, ANYWAY.
I start noticing that I'm seeing barley less and less. Don't know what he's off doing...

But I hardly have time to worry about it. Too much fresh kill to catch for our visitors!

Here, like this. Make sure your claws are all the way out...

...and aim for the throat. That'll put the other cat down for good.

Here, practice on these dead mice. I'll tell you if you're doing it right.

Yes, Snapper!
The next time I get a chance to chat with my best friend, he's still on the same ridiculous subject.

I'm telling you, he was teaching them death blows! Who teaches death blows to kits?

Plus, he told them to play with their food! That's forbidden by the warrior code, isn't it?

This is nonsense, Barley. You must have seen one thing and thought you saw another.

Snapper was probably just trying to tire them out, so they'd sleep better.

Those kits are precious, Barley. We have to protect them and help the other cats as best we can.

But... but...

If you're not willing to do that, fine. But I'm going to.
BARLEY DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT OUR VISITORS FOR A WHILE.

I'M HOPING HE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT IT.

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

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

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

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

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

YOU DO WHAT I SAY, AND WE'LL COME OUT OF THIS JUST FINE.
THEN, A QUARTER MOON AFTER THEY ARRIVED, WILLIE SPRINGS A SURPRISE OF HIS OWN ON ME.

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

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

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

BUT...BUT THE KITS...

THAT'S THE THING. THE KITS ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO WALK NOW.
AND WE CAN'T JUST STAY HERE AND SOAK UP YOUR GENEROSITY FOREVER.

WE HAVE TO MAKE OUR OWN WAY IN THE WORLD.

I... I GUESS I UNDERSTAND THAT.

BUT YOU COULD STAY HERE, YOU KNOW.

SERIOUSLY, AS LONG AS YOU WANTED TO.

RAVENPAW!

OH, LITTLE ONES! I'LL MISS YOU.

RAVENPAW!

RAVENPAW!
IT'S BEEN AN honor, watching such fine kits grow.

GOOD LUCK, WILLIE. YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ALWAYS WILL BE WELCOME HERE.

YES, GOOD LUCK.
I HOPE YOU FIND A PLACE TO CALL YOUR OWN SOON.

I APPRECiate THAT, BARLEY. AND SOMETHING TELLS ME WE WILL.

DO WE HAVE TO GO? CAN'T WE STAY?

PLEASE? PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE?

KITS! YOUR FATHER SAID TO COME ON!

YES, SNAPPER.
IT'S HARD WATCHING THEM WALK AWAY.

I'LL MISS THEM TERRIBLY.

I'M SURE BARLEY FEELS THE SAME WAY.

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

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

I CAN FINALLY START CLEANING UP THIS PLACE, TOO.

OUR VISITORS MADE QUITE A MESS WHILE THEY WERE HERE.

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

THAT NIGHT, BARLEY BRINGS UP HIS FAVORITE SUBJECT.

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

AND WHAT OF IT, ANYWAY? I HELPED YOU DO THE HUNTING FOR THEM, DIDN'T I?
Yeah, but you still treated them like intruders!

Would it have killed you to be nice to them?

Munch munch munch

Oh, please.

You are way too trusting. You didn't know anything about those cats!

You knew nothing about me, either!

No, but you were a clan cat. That made a difference.

Oh, yeah? Well I’m not a clan cat now, am I?

Look, Ravenpaw, I saw you with those kits. You wish you still lived in the clan, don’t you?

How can you say that? You know I didn’t fit in there.

But...

Do you really fit in here?
WHAT IF BARLEY IS RIGHT? WHAT IF I AM A CLAN CAT, DEEP DOWN?

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

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

SPARK SPARK

PIECE OF HAY MUST’VE GOTTEN STUCK ON THAT TWOLEG LIGHT OUTSIDE.
HUH? WHAT’S—? THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING.

RAVENPAW!

OH, NOW HE FINALLY Wants TO TALK.

RAVENPAW! RAVENPAW!

WELL, I WON’T GIVE HIM THE SATISFACTION. I W–
HM?

MRRAOWRR!

RAVENPAW!
GET DOWN FROM THERE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? ARE YOU HURT?

I'M FINE! I'M FINE!

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

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

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

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

YES! IT'S OUR BARN! HURRY, PLEASE, HURRY!
IT TAKES A FEW HEARTBEATS, BUT I FINALLY REALIZE IT.

BARLEY SAVED MY LIFE.

CRASH

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

YIPE! YIPE! YIPE! YIPE!

ARROOOOO!
WE HAVE TO SAVE THE DOGS!

WELL, WE CAN'T JUST LET THEM DIE!

WHAT?!
YOU'RE CRAZY!

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

I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING NOW.

I MUST BE CRAZY, TOO.

THANK STARCLAN, HE DECIDES TO COME WITH ME.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS!

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

YIPE! YIPE! YIPE! YIPE!

THE DOGS' BARKING GETS LOUDER AND LOUDER...

...MORE AND MORE DESPERATE.

I JUST HAVE TO HOPE...

...THAT WE MAKE IT IN TIME.
OKAY, LET'S GO.

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

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

WELL, ARE YOU GOOD AT DIGGING?

LET'S FIND OUT.
The air is horrible as we dig, filled with the stench of dogs and burning wood...

Roaring flames...

Heat...

The metal is so hot that it starts to burn my paws, but we don’t give up. And finally...

...it starts to come loose.
NATURALLY, THE DOGS PICK THAT INSTANT TO NOTICE WE'RE THERE.

BAHR-AHR-AHR-AHR-AHR!

SNAP
SNAP

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

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

...IS TO ENTER THE TWOLEG NEST.
IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF NIGHTMARE IN THERE.

I KNOW THE TWO LEGS MUST BE HAPPY LIVING IN A NEST LIKE THIS...

...BUT I DON'T EVER WANT TO COME BACK IN HERE AGAIN!

NOT EVER.
HAH...UH-HAH...
UH-HAH...

UGH! EVERYTHING SMELLS LIKE SMOKE.

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

WE BETTER GO SEE WHAT’S HAPPENING.

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

I HOPE THEY’RE NOT HERE TO STAY.

YEAH. I THINK SO.

HEY, LOOK—THE DOGS ARE SAFE.

AND ARE THEY EVER GOING TO THANK US? NO.

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

YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW. UNGRATEFUL MUTTS...
I don't really bear the dogs any ill will. I'm proud that we managed to save them.

And I do like the twolegs. I'm glad they're so happy that the dogs are safe.

Hey.

Huh? What?

Before you get too happy...

...take a look at our home.
THE REST OF THE NIGHT IS PRETTY MISERABLE.

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

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

BUT WE ARE BOTH TOO TIRED TO CARE.
THE NEXT FEW DAYS ARE TOUGH.

THE BARN IS STILL STANDING, YES-

FLAP FLAP FLAPETTA

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

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

-IT'S SCARED ALMOST ALL THE MICE AWAY.
...FOOD IS SCARCE...

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I GOT HERE...

BAHR-AHR-AHR-AHR-AHR!

YOU WERE RIGHT.
THEY ARE UNGRATEFUL MUTTS.
NO MORE LEISURELY WALKS FOR US. NOW WE HAVE TO WORK HARD TO FIND ENOUGH FOOD.

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

RAVENPAW?

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

WASN'T ME.

COULD IT HAVE BEEN A FOX?

Yeah?

COME TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, WOULD YOU?

MAYBE, BUT THERE'S NO SCENT OF ONE.

'Course, it's been raining so much, it's hard to tell.
WE DON'T THINK TOO MUCH ABOUT THE DEAD RABBIT TO BEGIN WITH, BUT THEN...

WHAT IS IT?

A... A SCENT. I THOUGHT I...

NAH, I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED IT, BUT I MUST'VE BEEN IMAGINING THINGS.

WELL, MAYBE IT'S JUST ME, BUT SINCE THE FIRE, I'VE HAD A HARD TIME SMELLING ANYTHING BUT SMOKE.

SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH

IT ISN'T JUST YOU.
MAYBE WE SHOULD BOTH BE MORE ALERT, AFTER THE STRANGENESS OUT IN THE FIELD... BUT WE'RE SO TIRED.

THE TIREDNESS GOES AWAY FAST WHEN WE BOTH HEAR SOMETHING.

SKRITCH

RATTLE SKRITCH

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

NOT SURE.
AND THEN...

I SEE THE LAST THING I EXPECTED TO SEE.

HEY! YOU CAME BACK!

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

GO!

SQUAAAWK! SQUAAWWK SQUAAAWK!

WAIT! WAIT! WHAT ARE THEY DOING?

RAVENPAW, ARE YOU BLIND?!
They're attacking the chickens!

Stop!

You can't do that!

Those are your rules. Things are different for us.
NO!
NO, YOU CAN'T!

WHAM

HISSS

SQUAAWK!

GRAB ALL YOU CAN! WE'RE EATIN' GOOD TONIGHT!

STOP! STOP!

PLEASE, YOU HAVE TO STOP!
THE REALIZATION IS SO PAINFUL THAT IT FEELS LIKE MY HEAD'S GOING TO SPLIT IN HALF.

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

AND I'VE BEEN SUCH A FOOL.
WE HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM! THEY'VE GOT—THEY—

RAVENPAW.
THOSE CHICKS ARE DEAD.

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

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

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

I GUESS WE'D BETTER DO WHAT WE CAN TO CLEAN UP IN HERE.
EAT MY CHICKENS, WILL YOU? FILTHY BEASTS!

GET AWAY FROM HERE BEFORE I FETCH MY SHOTGUN!
I'll have no hen-killers in my barn!

Get out of here!

I've never seen the twoleg like this! He's terrifying!

I'm more afraid of him now than I ever was of the dogs!

So we run. We run until I hear him stop chasing us...
Suddenly, thoughts of the twoleg go right out of my head.

Are you in trouble?

We're going to live here now. You're not welcome anymore.

What do you want?

Willie promised us a new home.

Heh. Never should've doubted him.
EVER SINCE SCOURGE DIED, LIVING IN TWINLEGSPLACE HAS BEEN TOO HARD...TOO MANY CATS TRYING TO BE LEADER OF BLOODCLAN.

WE'RE GOING TO START OUR OWN CLAN!

BUT...I DON'T UNDERSTAND! YOU COULD'VE STAYED AS LONG AS YOU WANTED!

YOU'RE FROM BLOODCLAN...?! I KNEW I RECOGNIZED YOU!

THIS IS OUR TERRITORY.

WHAT ARE YOU--? OH, YOU WANT TO FIGHT US?

HA!

YOU'VE GONE SOFT, BOTH OF YOU. DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU CAN DRIVE US OUT?

WE'LL TRY.
AND WE DO TRY.

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

AND THEY OUTNUMBER US TWO TO ONE.
WILLIE'S KITS FIGHT BETTERN YOU DO.

AAOWR!

SAY GOOD-BYE, RAVENPAW.
MINTY SAVES OUR LIVES. MAYBE...MAYBE BECAUSE I WAS SO KIND TO HER KITS.

STOP IT!

THEY'VE LEARNED THEIR LESSON, ALL RIGHT?

THERE'S NO NEED TO KILL ANY MORE CATS!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT. WE'LL LET YOU LEAVE IN PEACE.

BUT REMEMBER: THIS IS OUR TERRITORY NOW, AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO SHARE ANY OF IT—OR ANY OF OUR PREY—WITH YOU. SO DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT COMING BACK.

WE CAN'T LET THEM DO THIS, BARLEY. WE CAN'T JUST ROLL OVER.

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

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

AT LEAST I CAN TRY TO SET ONE THING RIGHT.

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

I DON'T MISS THE CLANS. I PROMISE.

Yeah, well, as far as that goes...

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

I GUESS WE CAN BOTH MISS THE FARM NOW, HUH?
I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE'LL GO OR WHAT WE'LL DO WHEN WE WAKE UP, BUT WITHOUT ANY DESTINATION IN MIND...

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

WE HEADING UP THERE?
I GUESS.

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

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

IS IT ME? IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME?

I TRY. I TRY NOT TO WORRY.

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

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

ARE WE THERE YET?

ALMOST!

RHOWR! I HAVEN'T BEEN THIS COLD AND WET SINCE...

HUH. I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER BEEN THIS COLD AND WET!
WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU LOOKING FOR UP HERE, ANYWAY?

THIS.

THIS IS THE TUNNEL TO THE MOONSTONE.

AND... THAT'S WHAT, AGAIN? REMIND ME.

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

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

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

... AND WHERE THE MEDICINE CATS MEET EACH HALFMONTH TO TALK TO THEIR WARRIOR ANCESTORS IN THEIR DREAMS.

EVERY CLAN APPRENTICE MAKES THE JOURNEY ONCE. IT'S A RITUAL, A PART OF BEING A CLAN CAT.
I never expected to be here like this.

Come on. In here.

Are you sure this is the Moonstone Tunnel? It looks like a badger hole to me.

Yes, I'm sure.

No badgers?

No badgers.

'Cause I'm too tired and too cold and too wet to face anything like that right now.

We're safe. I promise.

Can't promise anything about not being wet, though.

Splash.
There's hardly any light. Even straining to look, I can barely see anything.

But I know where we are. I know what that is, waiting there in the chamber.

Wow, it's really dark in here. I mean, there's dark, and then there's this. I can't tell if my eyes are open or closed.

Well, this is the place. This is where we want to be.

Just—just find a dry spot and get some sleep, all right?

Oh, believe me. Falling asleep tonight... that's not going to be a problem.
I KNOW I'M DREAMING. I HAVE TO BE DREAMING, AS CATS START COMING OUT OF THE WOODS.

WH-WHUUH?

WHERE AM I?
BARLEY?

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

CATS WHO'VE...DIED.
I'm in StarClan!

Greetings, Ravenpaw.

It's good to see you, young one.

You're looking well.

You... you know who I am?

I thought you'd have forgotten about me!
NEVER.
WE HAVE SEEN THAT YOU AND BARLEY ARE IN TROUBLE. LISTEN TO US.

YOU HAVE AS MUCH RIGHT TO LIVE ON THE FARM AS THE CLANS HAVE TO LIVE IN THE FOREST. THAT IS YOUR HOME.

YOU HELPED YOUR FORMER CLANMATES IN THE BATTLE AGAINST SCOURGE. THEY WILL HELP YOU NOW.

GO TO FIRESTAR. TELL HIM WHAT HAS HAPPENED.
BUT...I TURNED MY BACK ON THE CLANS! AND ON YOU!

I DON'T DESERVE THEIR LOYALTY.
I'M NOT A CLAN CAT NOW.

AND THAT IS A LOYALTY THAT NEVER DIES.
GOOD LUCK.

MAYBE NOT. BUT YOU HAVE THEIR FRIENDSHIP.

GOOD LUCK.

GOOD LUCK.

THANK YOU.
THANK YOU ALL!
BARLEY! BARLEY! WAKE UP! WAKE UP! YOU HAVE TO WAKE UP!

WHUZZAH? WH-WHAT'S WRONG?

BARLEY, WE HAVE TO GO TO THE FOREST!

HUH? THE FOREST? WHY?

THUNDERCLAN!
THUNDERCLAN WILL HELP US!
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.

Visit the Clans online and play Warriors games at www.warriorcats.com.

For exclusive information on your favorite authors and artists, visit www.authortracker.com.
Ravenpaw and Barley have been driven away from their farm by a group of vicious cats. Now the two loners turn to ThunderClan—led by Ravenpaw’s friend Firestar—for shelter. Firestar promises to help them take back their home as soon as possible, but ThunderClan is in great danger. BloodClan cats have been launching raids on ThunderClan’s territory and attacking Clan patrols. Can Ravenpaw and Barley help Firestar and his Clan fight off their enemies? And will they ever be able to get home again?
Find out what really happened to Graystripe when he was captured by Twolegs, and follow him and Millie on their torturous journey through the old forest territory and Twolegplace to find ThunderClan.
Sasha has everything she wants: kind housefolk who take care of her during the day and the freedom to explore the woods beyond Twolegplace at night. But when Sasha is forced to leave her home, she must forge a solitary new life in the forest. When Sasha meets Tigerstar, leader of ShadowClan, she begins to think that she may be better off joining the ranks of his forest Clan. But Tigerstar has many secrets, and Sasha must decide whether she can trust him.
No Warriors Manga Collection is complete without:

WARIORS

THE RISE OF SCOURGE

Black-and-white Tiny may be the runt of the litter, but he's also the most curious about what lies beyond the backyard fence. When he crosses paths with some wild cats defending their territory, Tiny is left with scars—and a bitter, deep-seated grudge—that he carries with him back to Twolegplace. As his reputation grows among the strays and loners that live in the dirty brick alleyways, Tiny leaves behind his name, his kittypet past, and everything that was once important to him—except his deadly desire for revenge.
Jayfeather and Lionblaze are prophesied to be two of three cats to hold the power of the stars in their paws. Now, they must wait for a sign from StarClan to tell them which of their Clanmates will complete the prophecy. Soon, a StarClan warrior will visit a new ThunderClan apprentice—and the lives of the three chosen cats will be forever linked.
A full moon floated in a cloudless sky, casting thick black shadows across the island. The leaves of the Great Oak rustled in a hot breeze. Crouched between Sorreltail and Graystripe, Lionblaze felt as though he couldn’t get enough air.

“You’d think it would be cooler at night,” he grumbled.

“I know,” Graystripe sighed, shifting uncomfortably on the dry, powdery soil. “This season just gets hotter and hotter. I can’t even remember when it last rained.”

Lionblaze stretched up to peer over the heads of the other cats at his brother, Jayfeather, who was sitting with the medicine cats. Onestar had just reported the death of Barkface, and Kestrelflight, the remaining WindClan medicine cat, looked rather nervous to be representing his Clan alone for the first time.

“Jayfeather says StarClan hasn’t told him anything about the drought,” Lionblaze mewed to Graystripe. “I wonder if any of the other medicine cats—”

He broke off as Firestar, the leader of ThunderClan, rose to his paws on the branch where he had been sitting while he
waited for his turn to speak. RiverClan’s leader, Leopardstar, glanced up from the branch just below, where she was crouching. Onestar, the leader of WindClan, was perched in the fork of a bough a few tail-lengths higher, while ShadowClan’s leader, Blackstar, was visible just as a gleam of eyes among the clustering leaves above Onestar’s branch.

“Like every other Clan, ThunderClan is troubled by the heat,” Firestar began. “But we are coping well. Two of our apprentices have been made into warriors and received their warrior names: Toadstep and Rosepetal.”

Lionblaze sprang to his paws. “Toadstep! Rosepetal!” he yowled. The rest of ThunderClan joined in, along with several cats from WindClan and ShadowClan, though Lionblaze noticed that the RiverClan warriors were silent, looking on with hostility in their eyes.

Who ruffled their fur? he wondered. It was mean-spirited for a whole Clan to refuse to greet a new warrior at a Gathering. He twitched his ears. He wouldn’t forget this the next time Leopardstar announced a new RiverClan appointment.

The two new ThunderClan warriors ducked their heads in embarrassment, though their eyes shone as they were welcomed by the Clans. Cloudfall, Toadstep’s former mentor, was puffed up with pride, while Squirrelflight, who had mentored Rosepetal, watched the young warriors with gleaming eyes.

“I’m still surprised Firestar picked Squirrelflight to be a mentor,” Lionblaze muttered to himself. “After she told all those lies about us being her kits.”
“Firestar knows what he’s doing,” Graystripe responded; Lionblaze winced as he realized the gray warrior had overheard every word of his criticism. “He trusts Squirrelflight, and he wants to show every cat that she’s a good warrior and a valued member of ThunderClan.”

“I suppose you’re right.” Lionblaze blinked miserably. He had loved and respected Squirrelflight so much when he thought she was his mother, but now he felt cold and empty when he looked at her. She had betrayed him, and his littermates, too deeply for forgiveness. Hadn’t she?

“If you’ve quite finished . . .” Leopardstar spoke over the last of the yowls of welcome and rose to her paws, fixing Firestar with a glare. “RiverClan still has a report to make.”

Firestar dipped his head courteously to the RiverClan leader and took a pace back, sitting down again with his tail wrapped around his paws. “Go ahead, Leopardstar.”

The RiverClan leader was the last to speak at the Gathering; Lionblaze had seen her tail twitching impatiently while the other leaders made their reports. Now her piercing gaze traveled across the cats crowded together in the clearing, while her neck fur bristled in fury.

“Prey-stealers!” she hissed.

“What?” Lionblaze sprang to his paws; his startled yowl was lost in the clamor as more cats from ThunderClan, WindClan, and ShadowClan leaped up to protest.

Leopardstar stared down at them, teeth bared, making no attempt to quell the tumult. Instinctively Lionblaze glanced upward, but there were no clouds to cover the moon;
StarClan wasn’t showing any anger at the outrageous accusation. *As if any of the other Clans would want to steal slimy, stinky fish!*

He noticed for the first time how thin the RiverClan leader looked, her bones sharp as flint beneath her dappled fur. The other RiverClan warriors were the same, Lionblaze realized, glancing around; even thinner than his own Clanmates and the ShadowClan warriors—and even thinner than the WindClan cats, who looked skinny when they were full-fed.

“*They’re starving...*” he murmured.

“*We’re all starving,*” Graysstripe retorted.

Lionblaze let out a sigh. What the gray warrior said was true. In ThunderClan they had been forced to hunt and train at dawn and dusk in order to avoid the scorching heat of the day. In the hours surrounding sunhigh, the cats spent their time curled up sleeping in the precious shade at the foot of the walls of the stone hollow. For once the Clans were at peace, though Lionblaze suspected it was only because they were all too weak to fight, and no Clan had any prey worth fighting for.

Firestar rose to his paws again and raised his tail for silence. The caterwauling gradually died away and the cats sat down again, directing angry glares at the RiverClan leader.

“I’m sure you have good reason for accusing us all like that,*” Firestar meowed when he could make himself heard. “Would you like to explain?”
Sinister perils threaten the four warrior Clans. Into the midst of this turmoil comes Rusty, an ordinary housecat, who may just be the bravest of them all.

Warriors: The New Prophecy

Follow the next generation of heroic cats as they set off on a quest to save the Clans from destruction.

Also available unabridged from Harper Children’s Audio

Visit www.warriorcats.com for games, Clan lore, and much more!
ENTER THE WORLD OF
WARRIORS

Warriors: Power of Three
Firestar’s grandchildren begin their training as warrior cats. Prophecy foretells that they will hold more power than any cats before them.

Warriors: Omen of the Stars
Which ThunderClan apprentice will complete the prophecy that foretells that three Clanmates hold the future of the Clans in their paws?

Visit www.warriorcats.com for games, Clan lore, and much more!
ENTER THE WORLD OF WARRIORS

Delve Deeper into the Clans

Don’t miss the stand-alone adventures!

Visit www.warriorcats.com for games, Clan lore, and much more!
ENTER THE WORLD OF
WARRIORS

Warrior Cats Come to Life in Manga!

Visit www.warriorcats.com for games, Clan lore, and much more!
The New York Times bestselling series

SEEKERS

Three young bears... one destiny.
Discover the fate that awaits them in this new adventure from Erin Hunter, author of Warriors.

HARPER
An Imprint of HarperCollinsPublishers
www.seekerbears.com