Hello!
I always say that no character in Warriors is based on me, but if pushed, I’d have to admit that Ravenpaw has the most in common with my personality. We’re both a little awkward in social situations, and happier with just one or two people around. Put it this way, if I lost my home tomorrow, I’d head for a cozy barn just like Barley’s! Revisiting Ravenpaw and Barley in their manga trilogy has been a great treat for me, because in my imagination their story always carried on, even when they had left the pages of the main series.

One of the best things about the manga is that we can recall characters who appeared fleetingly in earlier books and bring them to the front and center of the action. In this story, Barley’s history with BloodClan returns to haunt him. After Scourge was killed in *The Darkest Hour*, the remaining BloodClan cats scattered. But they only ran away as far as the Twopleftplace, which meant there were plenty of opportunities for new leaders to rise. . . .

Poor Barley, he tried so hard to put his old life behind him. I think he would have ignored it even longer if it wasn’t for his sister, Violet, who couldn’t forget what had happened—and more to the point, still wanted revenge. It would be too easy to write about cats who leaped into battle at the first sign of trouble; what is more interesting to me is to watch how cats who don’t want to fight are persuaded to change their minds. Barley becomes a hero in this book; think of it as my way of celebrating the cats (or people) who choose to walk alone, yet still have the courage to take on the shadows from their past.

Best wishes always,
Erin Hunter
THIS WHOLE EXPERIENCE SEEMS LIKE A DREAM TO ME.

GETTING DRIVEN OUT OF THE FARM...COMING HERE TO THE MOONSTONE...SEEING STARCLAN IN A DREAM...
My name's Ravenpaw.

I was born into Thunderclan, but was forced to leave...

...and I found a new home on the farm, with my best friend, Barley.

Barley's had a hard time in the past, too. He used to be part of Bloodclan, before he escaped.

He's dreaming. I hope it's not the bad one.
HANG ON, VIOLET...
HANG ON, LITTLE SISTER.

I'M ALMOST THERE.

OH, THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE BACK!
DID ANYBODY FOLLOW YOU?

I DON'T THINK SO.

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

...YES, YES THEY ARE.
SCOURGE, PLEASE!

THIS IS WHAT WE DO WITH CATS WHO BREAK THE RULES.

NO!

LEAVE HER ALONE! FIGHT ME, IF YOU MUST! SHE'S DONE NO HARM!

IT'S TRUE. YOU ARE THE ONE WHO TRIED TO LEAVE BLOODCLAN. YOU ARE THE ONE WHO MUST BE PUNISHED...

...AND WHAT BETTER PUNISHMENT COULD THERE BE THAN FOR YOU TO WATCH YOUR SISTER DIE RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU.

NO!
I don't know everything about that time in his life, but I know his sister almost died. Sometimes he relives that.

You all right?

Just... just a dream.

I don't know everything about that time in his life, but I know his sister almost died. Sometimes he relives that.

Yeah.

The same one? About Violet?

Well, you're awake now... and we know Violet's safe... and it's time to go.

Thunderclan's going to help us. Starclan told me so.

We can find another home, in another barn, you know.
I know we could. It's just... how far will you run?

We were chased out of our homes before. I left ThunderClan and you fled from BloodClan. We can't let it happen again.

ThunderClan will help us.

Firestar himself said we should go to him if we ever get in trouble.

Didn't he?

Look, I know you don't like being around a lot of other cats.

Hrmph.

But we'll go in peace—and be welcomed—and we won't stay long.

Fine, fine... fine, we'll go.

And I won't complain.

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

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

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

IT'S A HARD SIGHT TO TAKE.

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

YOU'LL SEE.
WE HAVE TO CROSS WINDCLAN TERRITORY, TOO. CROSSING FAMILIAR GROUND LIKE THIS...

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

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

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

WHAT'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW. BE READY.

WHEN YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO BE WELcomed, THIS ISN'T WHAT I HAD IN MIND!
JUST STAY CALM. DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES.

WE'LL BE FINE.

ROGUES! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? DID YOU STEAL OUR KIT?

HUH?

WE DIDN'T STEAL ANYTHING.

HEY! I KNOW YOU, RAVENPAW! RIGHT?

AND IT'S BARLEY, ISN'T IT? WE MET LAST GREENLEAF. I'M MUDCLAW.
These cats are not our enemies. Ravenpaw here used to be in ThunderClan.

Hmph. Sounds like an enemy to me.

What's going on? There's a kit missing?

'Fraid so. Little dark gray scrap named Crowkit.

Can't stay out of trouble, that one, and he sneaked out this morning before dawn.

We're all a bit jumpy and worried. Rogues have been causing trouble in ShadowClan and ThunderClan territories.

Ever since the battle with BloodClan.

Well, we're on our way to ThunderClan right now, but we'll definitely keep our eyes open for you.

Thanks!

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

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

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

UH... YEAH, OKAY.

SEE? ISN'T THIS PLACE GREAT?

I GUESS SO.

AND THERE'S THE GREAT ROCK!

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

HEH--DO YOU HEAR THAT?

LET ME GUESS.

CROWKIT, RIGHT?

YOU MIND TELLING US WHAT IT IS YOU'RE DOING, EXACTLY?

I WANT TO SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE A LEADER! BUT, UH... 

OH-HI!

...I CAN'T CLIMB THE ROCK.
YOUR CLAN IS LOOKING FOR YOU, YOU KNOW. THEY'RE ALL WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU.

I DON'T KNOW WHY. THEY DON'T TAKE ANY NOTICE OF ME.

WELL, THEY WILL NOW.

COME ON, LET'S GO FIND YOUR CLANMATES.

I COULD'VE FIGURED OUT HOW TO CLIMB IT, Y'KNOW.

YOU JUST DIDN'T GIVE ME ENOUGH TIME.

YES, YES, IT'S ALL OUR FAULT.

STEP LIVELY, KIT. THE FASTER YOU'RE BACK WITH YOUR CLAN...

"...THE FASTER EVERYTHING SETTLES DOWN."

UH-OH...I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT...

MIGHT BE A LITTLE LATE FOR THINGS TO SETTLE DOWN.

MRAAOWRR

HEY, I THINK I HEAR MUDCLAW!
DON'T TRY TO DENY IT! YOU CROSSED THE THUNDERCLAN BORDER!

I DON'T DENY IT, DUSTPELT! NOW WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH CROWKIT?

OH, ACCUSE US OF THAT ONE MORE TIME, YOU RAT! SEE HOW FAST I TAKE YOUR HEAD OFF!

THESE CATS DO NOTHING BUT FIGHT!
IT'S OKAY! EVERYONE! IT'S OKAY! WE FOUND HIM!

NO NEED TO FIGHT!

RAVENPAW?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN WINDCLAN? HAVE YOU JOINED THEM NOW?

THERE YOU ARE! THANK STARCLAN YOU'RE SAFE!

AW, HEY, THAT'S ENOUGH! GET OFF O' ME!

I CAN SEE THE SUSPICION IN DUSTPELT'S EYES...
...but they're gone before we get a chance to talk.

We have no choice but to follow them back toward their camp.

Has WindClan sent you to spy, Ravenpaw?

Traitor!

This is a bad idea! Let's go!

No! We've done nothing wrong.

We come in peace, Dustpelt. We were only passing through WindClan territory and happened to find the kit.

We need to speak with Firestar.
DUSTPELT SOON REALIZES THAT IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE FOR A SPY TO ASK TO SEE THE CLAN LEADER.

HE AGREES TO TAKE US TO THE CAMP.

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

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

AND THE GORSE TUNNEL... THE ENTRANCE TO THE THUNDERCLAN CAMP. SUDDENLY MY HEART SPEEDS UP...!
AND HERE IT IS! JUST LIKE I REMEMBER!

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

RAVENPAW! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!

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

THANK STARCLAN.

PHEW!

GO TELL FIRESTAR WE HAVE VISITORS!
WHO ARE THEY?

I'VE NEVER SEEN THEM BEFORE!

THAT'S RAVENPAW AND BARLEY. THEY'RE ROGUES, BUT THEY'RE THE BEST KIND OF ROGUES.

THEY HELPED THUNDERCLAN WHEN WE NEEDED IT THE MOST.

WOW...

YOU'VE HAD LITTLE ONES! THEY'RE BEAUTIFUL!

YOU AND FIRESTAR MUST BE SO PROUD!

I RECOGNIZE FIRESTAR'S MATE, SANDSTORM, AT ONCE. BUT THOSE KITS WITH HER...

THAT WE ARE, OLD FRIEND.
SEEMS LIKE ONLY YESTERDAY THAT YOU AND I WERE THAT YOUNG, DOESN'T IT?
RAVENPAW, WELCOME BACK!
LIFE ON THE FARM MUST BE AGREEING WITH YOU.
WELL...

BARLEY, WELCOME TO THUNDERCLAN.

THANK YOU, FIRESTAR.

EVERYTHING SEEMS RIGHT HERE. ESPECIALLY WITH FIRESTAR. THE CATS ALL LOVE HIM.

FIRESTAR OBVIOUSLY WANTS TO PUT US AT EASE.

ARE YOU HUNGRY? THERE'S ENOUGH TO SHARE.

I DECIDE NOT TO BRING UP OUR TROUBLES UNTIL HE'S READY.
I'm grateful that he doesn't wait very long, though.

...well, you see, it's...

What brings you to ThunderClan, Ravenpaw?

To my surprise, the words won't come. I've been away from the clan too long. I've forgotten how to ask for help.

I can see you're in trouble. There is nothing you can't ask.

ThunderClan remembers that you and Barley came to our aid to defeat BloodClan.

We need your help, Firestar.
I TELL HIM EVERYTHING.

THE ROGUES, THE FIRE, ALL OF IT.

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

SO...

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

AND GET OUR HOME BACK.
NO.
WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN.

NOW YOU MUST REST IN OUR CAMP.

WAS I WRONG TO ASK, FIRESTAR?
NEITHER BARLEY NOR I UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED THIS AFTERNOON.

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

I JUST WISH WE KNEW WHAT IT WAS.

GET CINDERPELT!

HURRY!
Here, you first. We've got to stop that bleeding.

Do you think your leg is broken?

No, I don't think so... I can put a little weight on it...

There's been another ambush!

Ambush? What is this?

This moss will stop the bleeding.
I wait a few minutes for the panic to die down before I try to figure anything out.

Firestar?

What's going on? What happened to your patrol?

Cats have been coming from Twingleplace, launching raids on ThunderClan territory.

Attacking ThunderClan patrols and stealing prey.

I had hoped the trouble with Twingleplace rogues would have stopped, now that Scourge is dead...

...but it hasn't. And these raids are getting more frequent.
You can't spare a patrol to help us, can you?

No, not right now.

I do want to help, but my clan is suffering. I must first find a way to protect my clan. Then I will help you.

You and Barley are welcome in our camp, though.

Please stay as long as you want.

If we stay, we'll take part in hunting patrols. We don't want to be a burden.

Thanks. We need all the healthy warriors we can get.

I'm... I'm not a warrior, Firestar. I never will be. But I'll still help.
Our first patrol is the next morning at dawn.

Two strong warriors, Graystripe and Cloudtail, are ready to go and waiting for us.

Of course, some of us are more ready to go than others. I don’t think Barley’s ever had to wake up this early.

Come on, Barley, let’s go! They’re waiting!

Jus’ lemme sleep a little more. Jus’ a little snooze.

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

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

WE'RE MISTAKEN ABOUT THAT.
THANKS FOR CATCHING ALL THIS, BLUNDERCLAN! WE’LL TAKE IT OFF YOUR PAWS NOW!

FILTHY ROGUES... THEY’VE GOT NO RIGHT TO DO THIS. WE CAN’T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH IT!
BUT THEN—RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF EVERYTHING--

SOMETHING STRANGE HAPPENS.

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

HEY!
HEY! YOU!
...and then there's no more time to think about it, as another Thunderclan patrol arrives.

Back! Back now!

We got what we came for!

We watch them go. They've stolen or ruined all of our fresh-kill.

And I still don't know what to think about that cat who seemed to recognize Barley. Did they know each other before?
AND IT TURNS OUT I WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO NOTICED, EITHER.

DID YOU KNOW THOSE CATS?

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

REALLY? BECAUSE THEY SEEMED TO KNOW YOU.

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

Mew!

BUT I CAN TELL HE'S NOT FINISHED WITH THIS.
"THOSE CATS BACK THERE..."

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

THAT PART OF MY LIFE IS OVER.

I DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT.
I know how much Barley has suffered because of BloodClan. If he doesn't want to talk, I'm not going to pressure him.

It's not just me involved, though.

Barley.

May we speak with you?
Barley, I don't mean to be insensitive. I know you have an unpleasant history with these cats.

But if you know where they live, ThunderClan can take the fight to them...

...and show them that they can't keep raiding our territory.

So? Can you help us?

Look, I don't know those cats! I don't know where they live!

I can't help you!
THAT SHOULDER GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT?

I HOPE SO. IT'S PRETTY STIFF.

WHERE'S THE FOOD, SANDSTORM? WE'RE HUNGRY!

CAN'T WE HAVE AT LEAST A MOUSE?

I'M SORRY, KITS. WE HAVE TO MAKE DO WITHOUT TODAY.

I CAN HEAR THE PAIN AND HUNGER FROM THE CAMP. I KNOW BARLEY CAN, TOO.

I KNOW WHAT BLOODCLAN DID TO YOU. BUT THESE ARE MY FRIENDS.

CAN WE REALLY LET THEM SUFFER?
THE NEXT DAY COMES, ALONG WITH THE CRYING OF KITS AND THE RUMBLING OF EMPTY BELLIES.

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

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

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

GOOD LUCK, YOU TWO!
I keep trying to think of things to say to Barley, to get him to come around. But they all sound stupid in my head.

...so I keep my mouth shut. Hours pass...

...and then...

Help! Help! I need help, please!

Rainpaw! What's wrong? Where's your sister?

Sorrelpaw—it was rogues! They hurt her bad! Please, Firestar—
--DON'T LET MY SISTER DIE!

WARRIORS! FORM A RESCUE PARTY, NOW!

WE'VE GOT A CLANMATE TO SAVE!

BARLEY... WE SHOULD HELP THEM.

LET'S GO.
OH PLEASE OH PLEASE DON'T LET HER BE DEAD PLEASE PLEASE...

SORRELPAW!

RAINPAW... YOU CAME BACK FOR ME...

OF COURSE I DID...!

WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU FIXED UP! I PROMISE!

THE ROGUES...

I DIDN'T SEE THEM COMING... THERE WERE SO MANY OF THEM...

HUSH NOW, SORRELPAW... DON'T TALK. SAVE YOUR STRENGTH.
I HOPE SO, RAINPAW. I HOPE SHE IS.

MY LITTLE SISTER’S GOING TO BE OKAY, ISN’T SHE?

I TRIED TO PROTECT HER. THEY JUST, THEY CAME OUT OF NOWHERE...

THEY TRIED TO KILL MY SISTER, TOO.

I’LL... I’LL HELP.

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

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

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

THEY WERE SOME OF SCOURGE'S CLOSEST ADVISORS.
THE BIG ONE WITH THE SHORT TAIL WAS SNIPE—ONE OF SCOURGE’S GUARDS.

BUT, LISTEN, ALL OF YOU... I’VE BEEN AWAY FROM TWOLEGPLACE A LONG TIME. THINGS WILL HAVE CHANGED. WHAT I KNOW MIGHT NOT HELP YOU NOW.

BARLEY... DO YOU THINK VIOLET MIGHT HELP US?

MY SISTER...?

RAVENPAW, YOU KNOW— YOU KNOW—SCOURGE HURT HER BADLY BEFORE WE ESCAPED. SHE ALMOST DIED.

BUT SHE LIVES IN TWOLEGPLACE. SHE MAY BE ABLE TO HELP.

WELL...

HE KNOWS IT’S THE RIGHT THING TO DO. WE HAVE TO HELP THUNDERCLAN. AND WE HAVE TO GET OUR HOME BACK!

...ALL RIGHT, I’LL ASK HER. VIOLET WOULDN’T WANT ANYONE TO SUFFER IF SHE COULD DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT.
I HATE GOING INTO TWOLEGPLACE.

SSST!
SOMETHING'S COMING!
But I'm pretty sure Barley hates it even more than I do.
IT SEEMS TO TAKE FOREVER TO GET TO THE TWOLEG NEST WHERE VIOLET LIVES.

I JUST HOPE SHE'S HOME.

IS SHE THERE? DO YOU SEE HER?

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

IS THAT YOUR SISTER?

VIOLET...

VIOLET.

HMM...? WHO'S THERE?

...BARLEY?

BARLEY! IT IS YOU! YOU LOOK GREAT!

HOW ARE YOU? WHO'S THIS? TELL ME EVERYTHING!
I WANT TO GET CAUGHT UP, VIOLET, I REALLY DO. BUT WE HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT WE HAVE TO ASK YOU.

BARLEY FILLS HER IN ON EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED AS QUICKLY AS HE CAN. I HATE TO SEE HER HAPPINESS FADE SO FAST.

I'VE BEEN HEARING RUMORS ABOUT EX-BLOODCLAN CATS GETTING TOGETHER. THEY SAY THEY'RE GETTING ORGANIZED AGAIN.

MY FRIENDS AND I DON'T LEAVE OUR YARDS MUCH, BUT... WORD GETS AROUND. AND--

IT WAS MUCH BETTER AFTER SCOURGE WENT, BUT IT STARTED TO GET BAD AGAIN ABOUT A MOON AGO.

IS THERE ONE CAT IN CHARGE? WHERE DOES HE LIVE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I CAN FIND OUT. NO MORE CATS SHOULD SUFFER!

--SOMETIMES, DOWN THE ALLEYS, I THINK I CAN HEAR FIGHTING.

VIOLET IS IMPRESSIVE. SHE'S SO BRAVE, AND POSITIVE!

IT TOOK BARLEY SO LONG TO WORK UP THIS KIND OF COURAGE, BUT SHE'S READY TO GO, ON THE SPOT.
WELL...I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO DO IT.

COME ON, THIS WAY.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

TO TALK TO A FRIEND OF MINE.

MITZI?

RRHAOWRR!

VIOLET, YOU ALMOST STARTLED ME TO DEATH!

IT'S NOT POLITE TO SNEAK UP ON A GIRL IN THE MIDDLE OF A GOOD ROLL IN THE GRASS, YOU KNOW!

MITZI, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY BROTHER BARLEY, AND HIS FRIEND RAVENPAW. WE NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE ROGUES AROUND HERE.
IT TURNS OUT MITZI'S
HAD MORE TO DO WITH THE
ROGUES THAN WE'D KNOWN.

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

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

TAKE US THERE,
MITZI, PLEASE.

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

MAYBE WE CAN
FIND YOUR SON.

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

A LOT
MORE.

WITH MITZI CONVINCED, WE SET OUT...
AND THE CLOSER WE GOT TO THIS
PLACE, EVEN THOUGH I HADN'T SEEN
IT YET, THE TENSION I GOT.
THAT'S WHERE THEY TOOK HIM.

CATS ON GUARD OUTSIDE...

IT'S HIM. SNIPE.
THANK YOU, MITZI. THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT WE NEEDED TO KNOW. NOW WE HAVE TO GO.

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

YES. AND THANK YOU AGAIN.

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

I DON'T THINK SO.

I'M COMING WITH YOU.

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

I'LL BE FINE.

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

THEY LET ME GO OUT ON MY OWN AT NIGHT. THEY'LL NEVER EVEN KNOW I WAS GONE. I'M COMING WITH YOU, BARLEY!
SERIOUSLY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS.

I'M COMING WITH YOU.

IT'S REALLY NOT NECESSARY.

DON'T MAKE ME POP YOU ON THE NOSE.

SST! WATCH OUT!
OUR NEWS BRINGS WITH IT MIXED WORRY AND EXCITEMENT.

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

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

WARRIORS OF THUNDERCLAN!

WE ATTACK TONIGHT!

THEY'RE ALL READY TO GO. A FEW OF THEM TREMBLE, BUT NO ONE COMPLAINS AS FIRESTAR SPEAKS TO THEM.
The plan is simple. We go in quiet, stay hidden until everyone is in place...

...then we hit them hard and fast, and get out while they're still reeling.

ThunderClan, I say these words rarely, but--

Show no mercy.

These rogues are a growing force, and they must be stopped!

The best way to do that is to target their leader. Without leadership, they'll be left in disarray. But--

—I don't want any heroics, either. Stick to your warrior training. Keep it simple, and we'll be fine.

I'll come, too. You can count on me.

And you, Barley? Where do you stand?

I'm not letting Violet go without me.
WE LEAVE SILENTLY...

...AND THE WHOLE WAY THERE...

...NO ONE SAYS A WORD.

I WISH I FELT AS CONFIDENT AS FIRESTAR LOOKS.
I FOUND IT FIRST. GET YOUR PAWS OFF IT.

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

LEAVE IT, OR I SWEAR I'LL--

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

I'll...!

LET'S GET INSIDE.
YOU ARE THE NEXT GENERATION.

YOU ARE THE ONES CHOSEN FOR THIS.

AND WE ARE THE ONES WHO WILL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING YOU DESERVE...
...in exchange for your absolute loyalty.

Ready...on my signal...

Violet?

What are you doing?

Hoot!

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

WHAT IN STARCLAN’S NAME IS SHE DOING?

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

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

WHO'S THERE?

IT’S ME.

VIOLET.

YOUR SISTER.
"Hoot?" "Jumper?"

We are Snake and Ice. We have no sister.

Bow, Kittpet, when you address the leaders of Bloodclan.

Firestar...

Don't move. Not yet.

I am your sister!

Your names are Hoot and Jumper!

We have no kin other than Bloodclan.
PERHAPS SHE’S HERE TO GROVEL FOR OUR PROTECTION?

IS THAT IT?

YESSS...LET US HAVE HER.

GIVE HER TO US MASTERS.

ENOUGH!

WE HAVE NOT COME TO GROVEL!
I remember these cats now.

Once I taught them a lesson... but it seems they have forgotten. It looks as though they'll have to be taught all over again.

The lesson for today is, weak and feeble cats must die!

Hssssss

Rhraaaahrr!

Slatch

B-barley?
THUNDERCLAN!

ATTACK!
SINGLE VOICES GET LOST IN THE SUDDEN STORM OF NOISE.

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

WHATEVER HESITATION BARLEY MIGHT ONCE HAVE FELT... IT'S GONE NOW.
THESE ROGUES ARE VICIOUS...

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

--BARLEY AND VIOLET AND I ARE.

TONIGHT, THUNDERCLAN SHOWS THEM WHAT REAL WARRIORS ARE MADE OF!
DON'T YOU TRY TO RUN, YOU LITTLE TOAD!

MRROWWR!

SANDSTORM! YOU GOT THAT ONE?

I'M DONE WITH THIS ONE. GIVE ME ANOTHER!

WAIT! WAIT!

MMMRRHHH!

SCHUNTCH
AND JUST LIKE THAT...

...THE BATTLE’S OVER.

BUT THINGS STILL AIN'T FINISHED.

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO, VIOLET AND BARLEY.

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

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

LET'S SAY YOU'VE GOT OUR ATTENTION NOW. LET'S TALK.
...IN THE ONLY LANGUAGE THEY UNDERSTAND!

RRHOOGWWWRR! QUIT IT!

THUNK THUNK THUNK WAK WAK WAK

OWWWRROOOWWR! STOP IT! STOP IT!
THE SILENCE IN THIS PLACE IS SO SUDDEN, AND SO PROFOUND...

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

WAIT! WAIT!

IT'S JUMPER AND Hoot! REMEMBER US?

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

I REMEMBER YOU.

AND THIS IS LONG OVERDUE.

SLATTCHE
W-we can make a deal!

What do you want? Name it!

N-now hold on.

It's too late, Jumper.

You've been attacking clan cats and stealing from them. Now you must pay.

No-no, you've got it all wrong!

We haven't stolen any prey.
IT'S THIS LOT!
THEY STOLE THE PREY. MAKE THEM PAY. NOT US.

RIGHT! RIGHT!
THEY'RE VERMIN.
WE'LL HELP YOU MAKE THIS VERMIN SUFFER!

WE THOUGHT YOU WERE OUR LEADERS.

SO LONG, JUMPER. SO LONG, HOOT.
WE'D BETTER NOT SEE YOU AGAIN--FOR YOUR OWN SAKES.
WHY SHOULD WE? YOU DIDN'T PROTECT US.

BUT WHERE ARE WE SUPPOSED TO GO?

GO AWAY, BROTHERS. JUST GO AWAY.

YAAOWWR! GET 'EM!

THEY CAN'T RUN FAST ENOUGH!
AND WITH THAT, HOOK AND JUMPER WERE GONE....

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

EXCUSE ME... VI- VIOLET?

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

WHAT? YOU ROGUES HAVEN'T HAD ENOUGH?

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

I KNOW THE FEELING...

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

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

OH, FRITZ... WE'LL GET YOU HOME. MITZI WILL BE SO HAPPY!
WARRIORS—
WE'RE DONE HERE.

IT'S TIME
TO LEAVE.

WELL... I SUPPOSE IT'S
TIME FOR US TO GO BACK
TO OUR LIVES NOW.

I'M GLAD YOU
HAVE A HOME WHERE
YOU CAN BE SAFE
AND HAPPY.

ALL RIGHT... WELL, I'LL
TAKE VIOLET BACK TO
HER PLACE, THEN COME
BACK TO THUNDERCLAN.

OH—I'LL
GO WITH YOU.

NO... NO, THAT'S
NOT NECESSARY.

I'LL TAKE HER
HOME ON MY OWN.
I CAN ONLY IMAGINE WHAT BARLEY MUST BE THINKING AND FEELING RIGHT NOW.

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

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

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

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

REALLY, IT WAS... IT WAS NOTHING.

WE'LL GET YOU YOUR HOME BACK.
GOOD NIGHT, OLD FRIEND.

...GOOD NIGHT.

GLAD YOU MADE IT BACK ALL RIGHT.
YOU LOOK WORRIED. ARE YOU THINKING ABOUT VIOLET?

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

I'M JUST WONDERING WHAT HAPPENS NEXT.

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

I THOUGHT YOU... MIGHT WANT TO STAY HERE.

YOU MADE SUCH A GREAT WARRIOR TONIGHT.

STAY? NO! THAT'S NOT WHAT I AM. BARLEY, YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND. BESIDES, THAT BARN BELONGS TO US, NOT THOSE ROGUES!
"SO LET'S GO TAKE IT BACK!"

TO BE CONCLUDED
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 bestselling Seekers series.

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

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WARRIORS
RAVENPAW'S PATH

THE HEART OF A WARRIOR

ERIN HUNTER
Ravenpaw and Barley helped their friends in Thunder-Clan defeat the vicious BloodClan cats in Twolegplace, and now they’re ready to fight to reclaim their home on the farm. Firestar has promised to send a warrior patrol to assist them, but Ravenpaw worries that it won’t be enough to chase out the invaders. He knows that he must find his courage and fight like a warrior—or lose his home forever.
Don’t miss Graystripe’s harrowing journey

Warriors

The Lost Warrior
Warrior’s Refuge
Warrior’s Return

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'S STORY IS REVEALED IN

WARRIORS

TIGERSTAR AND SASHA

#1: INTO THE WOODS

#2: ESCAPE FROM THE FOREST

#3: RETURN TO THE CLANS

Sasha has everything she wants: kind housefolk who take care of her during the day and the freedom to explore the woods beyond Twicelegplace 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.
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 kittpet past, and everything that was once important to him—except his deadly desire for revenge.
Three ThunderClan cats, Jayfeather, Lionblaze, and Dovepaw, have been prophesied to hold the power of the stars in their paws. Now they must work together to unravel the meaning behind the ancient words of the prophecy.

As Jayfeather tackles his new responsibilities as the Clan’s sole medicine cat, and Lionblaze trains his apprentice in the ways of the warrior cats, Dovepaw hones her own unique ability and tries to use it for the good of ThunderClan. But the dark shadows that have preyed on the Clan for many moons still lurk just beyond the forest. Soon a mysterious visitor will walk in one cat’s dreams whispering promises of greatness, with results that will change the future of ThunderClan in ways that no cat could have foreseen.
Trees whispered, branch to branch, above the lifeless forest floor. Mist wreathed their smooth trunks, pale as bone, and swirled through the night-dark forest. Above their branches, the sky yawned, starless and cold. There was no moon to cast shadows, but an eerie light glowed through the trees.

Paws thudded on the dead earth. Two warriors reared on their hind legs and launched themselves at each other, their bodies heaving and twisting like ghosts in the gloom. One brown. One black. Wind rattled the trees as the brown tom, his broad shoulders heaving, aimed a vicious swipe at his lean opponent. The black tom dodged, not taking his gaze from his rival’s paws for a moment, his eyes narrowed in concentration.

The brown warrior’s strike missed and he landed heavily, too slow in turning to avoid a sharp nip from the black tom. Hissing, he reared again, twisted on one hind paw, and lunged, his forepaws falling like rocks on the black tom’s shoulders.

The tom collapsed under the weight of the blow. Breath
huffed from his mouth as his chest slammed against the ground. The brown warrior raked thorn-sharp claws along his opponent’s pelt, and his nose twitched as blood welled in the wound, scarlet and salty.

Quick as a snake, the black tom slithered out from his rival’s grip and began to swipe rhythmically with his forepaws, swaying one way then the other until the brown warrior flinched away. In that flinch—a single moment of distraction—the black tom sprang forward and sank his teeth deep into the warrior’s foreleg.

The warrior yowled and shook the tom off, his eyes flaming with rage. A heartbeat passed as the cats stared at each other, both gazes glittering with calculation. Then the black tom ducked and twisted, raking his way under the brown warrior’s snow white belly. But the warrior pounced on him before he could scramble clear, hooking his pelt with long, curved claws and pinning him to the ground.

“Too slow,” the brown warrior growled.

The black tom struggled, panic flashing in his eyes as his rival’s jaws began to close around his throat.

“Enough.” A dark tabby stepped from the shadows, his massive paws stirring the mist.

The cats froze, then untangled themselves. The brown warrior sat back on his haunches, one foreleg raised as though it hurt. The black tom scrambled to his paws, spraying droplets of blood across the forest floor as he shook out his fur.
“Some good moves, Hawkfrost.” The dark tabby nodded to the broad-shouldered warrior; then his gaze flicked to the black tom. “You’re getting better, Breezepelt, but you’ll need to be even quicker if you’re going to outfight stronger warriors. If you can’t match an opponent in weight, look to speed instead and use his weight against him.”

Breezepelt dipped his head. “I’ll work on it, Tigerstar.”

A fourth tom slid from the shadows. His silver stripes gleamed in the half-light as he wound around Tigerstar. “Hawkfrost can match any warrior,” he purred, smooth as honey. “There aren’t many cats with such skill and strength.”

Tigerstar curled his lip. “Quiet, Darkstripe!” he hissed. “Hawkfrost knows his own strengths.”

Darkstripe blinked. “I wasn’t—”

Tigerstar cut him off. “And there’s always room for improvement.”

A fifth cat slid from behind a tree, his night-colored pelt ragged against the smooth gray bark. “Hawkfrost depends too much on his strength,” he muttered. “Breezepelt too much on his speed. Together they would make a great warrior. Separately they are vulnerable.”

“Brokenstar.” Hawkfrost greeted the matted tabby with bared teeth. “Are we supposed to take advice from the warrior who failed to silence Jayfeather?”

Brokenstar twitched the tip of his tail. “I did not expect StarClan to fight so hard to save him.”
“Never underestimate your enemy.” Hawkfrost stretched his forepaw, wincing.

Breezepelt licked the deep scratches along his flank, his tongue reddening with his own blood.

“We must be ready,” Tigerstar growled. “It’s not enough to be able to beat one enemy at a time. We must train until we can take on a whole patrol single-pawed.”

Breezepelt looked up from his wound, his eyes flashing. “I can already beat Harespring and Leaftail in training.”

Tigerstar’s eyes darkened. “Training is one thing. Warriors fight harder when they’re defending their lives.”

Breezepelt clawed the ground. “I can fight harder.”

Tigerstar nodded. “You have more reason than most.”

A growl rose in Breezepelt’s throat.

“You have been wronged,” Tigerstar meowed softly.

Breezepelt’s young face looked kitlike in the gloom. “You’re the only ones who seem to realize that.”

“I have told you that you must seek vengeance,” Tigerstar reminded him. “With our help, you can take revenge on every cat who has betrayed you.”

Breezepelt’s gaze grew hungry as the dark warrior went on. “And on every cat who stood by and did nothing while others claimed what was yours as their own.”

“Starting with Crowfeather.” Breezepelt snarled his father’s name.

Brokenstar swished his crooked tail through the air. “What did your father do to defend you?” His words were laced with
bitterness, as though soured by his own memories.

Darkstripe slunk forward. “He never valued you.”

Tigerstar shoed the striped warrior back with a flick of his tail. “He tried to crush you, make you weak.”

“He didn’t succeed,” Breezepelt spat.

“But he tried. Perhaps he valued his ThunderClan kits more. Those three kits should never have been born.”

Tigerstar padded toward the young warrior, his eyes gleaming, holding Breezepelt’s gaze like a snake mesmerizing its prey. “You have been suckled on lies and the weakness of others. You have suffered while others have thrived. But you are strong. You will put things right. Your father betrayed his Clan and betrayed you. Leafpool betrayed StarClan by taking a mate.”

Breezepelt’s tail was lashing. “I will make them all pay for what they have done.” No heat fired his gaze, only cold hatred. “I will have vengeance on each and every one of them.”

Brokenstar pushed forward. “You are a noble warrior, Breezepelt. You cannot live a life spawned on lies. Loyalty to the warrior code runs too strong in your blood.”

“Not like those weaklings,” Breezepelt agreed.

Hawkfrost was on his paws. “More practice?” he suggested.

Tigerstar shook his head. “There is something else you must do.” He swung his broad head around to face the warrior.
Hawkfrost narrowed his eyes to icy slits. “What?”
“There’s another apprentice,” Tigerstar told him. “She has great power. She must join us to make the battle even.”
“You want me to visit her?” Menace edged Hawkfrost’s mew.
Tigerstar nodded. “Walk in her dreams. Teach her that our battle is her destiny.” He flicked the tip of his long, dark tail. “Go.”
As the broad-shouldered warrior turned away and padded into the mist, Tigerstar growled after him, “You should have no trouble. She is ready.”