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WARRIORS



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INCLUDES
WARRIORS FIELD GUIDE:
SECRETS OF THE CLANS
AND
WARRIORS: CODE OF THE CLANS

ERIN HUNTER

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DEDICATION

*Special thanks to
Tui Sutherland*

*For Cyd, because she loves cats, and for Rebekah,
because I'm sure she will, too*

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THE CLANS

The story of the beginning of the warrior Clans has been passed down by cats of all Clans, from elder to warrior, from warrior to apprentice, from queen to kit. The story is never the same twice, and parts grow uncertain or they become suddenly clear in the telling. There are some cats who walk dimly, their names and deeds lost in the sweet fog of the elders' den for the warrior Clans have roamed the forest for moons beyond counting....







HISTORY OF THE CLANS

Many moons ago, the forest was a wilderness, untamed by territories. In the north lay sweeping moorland; in the south was dense woodland. On the edge of the trees, a tumbling river flowed out of a dark ravine.

Cats came into the forest. They were drawn by the soft rustlings of small creatures, shadows under the water, and the sudden commotion of birds' wings in the trees. These were not warrior cats. They lived in small groups, not yet Clans. There were no borders set down. And they fought constantly, fearful that prey might run out and that their overlapping territories were being threatened. It was a lawless, bloody time for the forest, and many cats died.

One night, when the moon was full, the cats agreed to meet at a clearing in the forest surrounded by four great oak trees. They argued over stolen prey. Claws flashed; challenging yowls rang across the forest. A terrible battle followed, and soon the ground was wet with spilled blood.

Many cats died that night. Exhausted by their wounds, the survivors slept where they had fought. When they woke they were bathed in moonlight. All around them they saw the spirits of their slain kin, no longer torn and bloodied but shining like fallen stars. They huddled on the ground, and, as the spirits spoke, they saw terrible visions of the future. They saw the forest drowned in blood, their kits stalked by death at every pawstep. And they knew that the fighting had to end.

"Unite or die," said the spirits.

From among the living cats, a black female was the first to speak. She rose from the ground on stiff, battle-wearied legs. "My name is Shadow," she mewed. "How should we unite, unless we have a leader? I can hunt in the depths of the darkest night. Let Shadow rule the forest!"

"And you would lead us into darkness too!" meowed a silvery gray tom with green eyes. "I am River! I move through the forest along secret paths and hidden places. It is River, not Shadow, who should unite the forest!"

"The forest is more than River and Shadow," growled a wiry brown female. "Wind alone reaches its distant corners. I am as fast as the wind that blows from the high moors. *I* should be the ruler."

The largest surviving cat was called Thunder. He was a fiery orange tom with amber eyes and large white paws. "What good is any of that compared to my strength and skill at hunting? If any cat was born to rule, it is I."

A furious yowling broke out under the four great oaks, watched in silence by the spirit-cats. Dark clouds suddenly blew across the moon, and the living cats trembled in fear. On the top of a high rock they saw a tabby cat, one of the fallen, her fur shining though there was no light in the sky. Her eyes flashed angrily at the cats on the ground.

"You are all as foolish as ducks!" she meowed. "Can't you think beyond yourselves for one moment? Think of your kits!"

The four cats—Shadow, River, Wind, and Thunder—looked up at the tabby, but none of them spoke.

"The forest is big enough to feed all your families and many more," she meowed. "You must first

other cats like you, choose a home in the forest, and set down borders.”

At that moment, the moon broke free of the clouds, revealing a circle of starlit spirit-cats around the edge of the clearing. A white tom stepped forward. “If you do this,” he meowed, “we will reward you with eight more lives, so that you may lead your Clans for many moons to come.”

Next to speak was a slender tortoiseshell. She stepped forward and stood beside the white tom. “We will watch over you from Silverpelt,” she promised, and lifted her eyes to the crowded path of stars that swept across the night sky. “We will visit you in your dreams and guide you on your journeys.”

“Once a month,” meowed the white tom, “at the full moon, you will gather together here, between the four great oak trees, for a night of truce. You will see us above you in Silverpelt and know we are watching. And if blood is spilled on those nights, you will know we are angry.”

“You will be warriors!” yowled the tabby from the high rock.

Thunder, River, Wind, and Shadow bowed their heads.

“From now on, you will live by a warrior code. Your hearts will be filled with courage and nobility, and if you must fight, it will be not for greed, but for honor and justice.”

There was a long silence. Finally Thunder nodded his broad orange head. “This is wise advice. I believe we can choose our territories and lay down borders fairly, in peace.”

One by one, the other cats murmured their agreement. Then they returned to their homes and sought out cats like themselves, with similar strengths and abilities. River found cats willing to fight for their prey. Shadow gathered nighttime hunters with clever minds and sharp claws. Thunder found hunters who could track prey through the thickest undergrowth. To Wind came the fastest runners and cats who loved the open moors. Then they divided the forest so each Clan had enough prey to survive and all the cats could live in safety. And when the leaders returned to the four great oaks for the first night of the full-moon truce, their starry ancestors gave them eight more lives, as they had promised.

There was not always peace between the Clans, but that was to be expected—cats are born with claws and teeth for a reason. Still, as long as they lived by the warrior code, their fallen ancestors would watch over them and guide them through their lives.

And so the age of the warrior Clans began.

THUNDERCLAN



FIRESTAR ON THUNDERCLAN

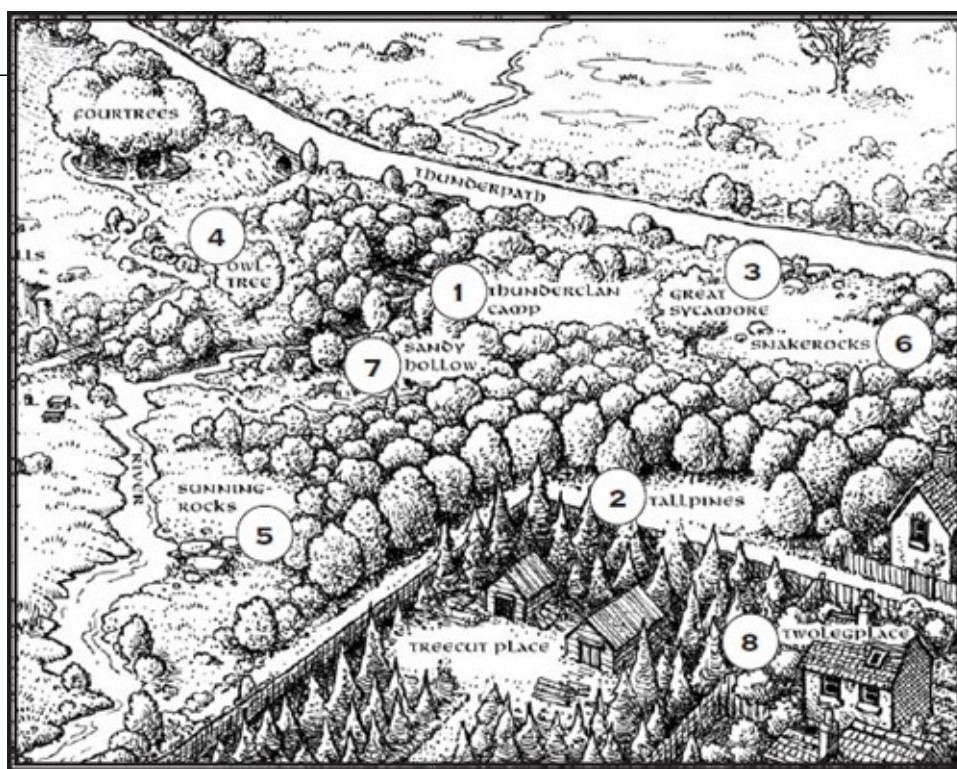
I am Firestar. Welcome to ThunderClan—the Clan of courage and loyalty. I was not a forest-born cat, but ThunderClan welcomed me, and once I proved myself as a warrior, they grew to respect me. I have risen to become their leader and I would lay down all nine of my lives for my Clan, just as my Clanmates would lay down their lives for me and for each other. There is no other Clan in the forest so true or so brave. I respect and admire the other Clans, but my heart is here, with ThunderClan—the Clan of heroes, the Clan of compassion, the Clan of destiny.

Clan character: In peace, respectful of other Clans. In battle, fierce, courageous, and loyal. ThunderClan cats speak out for what is right and are not afraid to challenge the warrior code.

Prey: Mice, voles, squirrels, the occasional rabbit, and birds such as starlings, magpies, wood pigeons, and thrushes.

Hunting skills: Excellent stalking techniques. They keep upwind of their prey, creeping across the forest floor unseen and unheard.

THUNDERCLAN FOREST TERRITORY



- (1) **ThunderClan camp:** Sheltered at the foot of a sandy ravine and well protected by thornbushes, this camp is hard to attack and easy to defend.
- (2) **Tallpines:** Watch out for the Twoleg tree-eater! It makes the ground rumble and leaves deep gullies that fill with muddy water.
- (3) **Great Sycamore:** Its branches are thick and strong all the way to the ends. Young apprentices learn to climb here and dare one another to climb higher.
- (4) **Owl-Tree:** Halfway up the trunk is a hole that is home to a tawny owl that flies out at night. Legend has it that an early ThunderClan apprentice learned the secrets of night hunting from one such owl. Every night, as the moon rose, he would wait at the foot of the Owl-Tree. When the owl swooped out, he followed, like the owl's shadow cast by the moon on the ground. Eventually this bold young apprentice became a great leader known as Owlstar. In the hunt, he was as silent and deadly as the tawny owl.
- (5) **Sunningrocks:** A warm spot in the sunshine. Keep a sharp eye out for prey darting between the cracks! Many moons ago, when the river was much wider than it is now, Sunningrocks was an island. Only RiverClan cats could swim out to it. Then the water dropped, and Sunningrocks became part of the forest shore, so ThunderClan claimed it. They did not allow RiverClan cats to cross their territory to reach it. Since then, many battles have been fought between the two Clans over these smooth, sun-warmed stones.
- (6) **Snakerocks:** Beware poisonous adders! Chervil grows abundantly here. The caves beneath the rocks provide shelter for dangerous animals, like foxes, badgers—and even dogs.
- (7) **Sandy hollow:** A training hollow surrounded by trees. Warrior apprentices are unlikely to hurt themselves on the soft ground.
- (8) **Twolegplace:** A maze of small Thunderpaths and Twoleg dens (see *Other Animals, Twolegs*). There are two different kinds of cats in Twolegplace: loners and kittypets (see *Cats Outside the Clans, Rogues and Loners, and Kittypets*).



BRIGHTHEART SPEAKS:

The Death of Swiftpaw

It wasn't fair that only Cloudpaw got to be a warrior. We were just as good and we tried so hard, but Bluestar ignored us and treated us like dopey kits.

Swiftpaw said we should do something so brave that Bluestar would have to make us warriors to prove it. None of us knew what had been eating the prey around Snakerocks, but Swiftpaw figured if we went out there, we'd find a trail to follow. It made sense, you know? We'd follow the trail, find out who was stealing our prey, and then come back to tell Bluestar. And then we'd be warriors!

Swiftpaw knew a way out through the ferns behind the elders' den, so we sneaked out just before dawn and headed for Snakerocks. My paws trembled as we raced through the leaves. I knew my mentor, Whitestorm, would be angry with me—apprentices are not supposed to leave the camp without permission. But he'd be impressed when I helped save the Clan!

The smell near Snakerocks was strange—fierce and dark. I slowed down, but Swiftpaw kept running.

“Swiftpaw!” I hissed as he scrambled over a fallen tree. “Be careful!”

“Don't worry!” he called back. “There's nothing here!”

Just as he said that, a huge shape flew out of the cave and fastened slavering jaws around Swiftpaw's throat. It was a dog—the largest I'd ever seen. I wanted to run away more than I've ever wanted anything, but I couldn't leave Swiftpaw behind.

Swiftpaw wrenched himself around, snarling and twisting, but the dog shook him like he was a squirrel, and then threw him to the other side of the clearing. I ran over and saw that he was bleeding, but he managed to stand, turn, and fight. The dog came toward us, its head low, its teeth bared and gleaming. I crouched, waiting until it was a mouse-length away, and then I lashed out and raked my claws across its face. It jumped back with a yelp, and for a moment I thought, *We'll be okay. It's just one dog, and there're two of us.*

And then I saw the others.

There were at least six dogs ranged across the clearing, all of them four times our size or bigger. They growled so loud it felt like the earth was shaking. “*Pack, pack,*” they snarled. “*Kill, kill.*”

And then they sprang. I darted forward, jumped up, and sank my claws into soft underbelly. As they clung on, scratching and biting, I could hear Swiftpaw—spitting, hissing, and yowling in rage and defiance. The world turned upside down, and the air was knocked out of me. I remember dust, a fore of legs, flying fur, blood. At one point I saw Swiftpaw break free from the pack and climb a tree. I prayed to StarClan that he would make it, but huge paws brought him crashing to the ground. The blood filled my eyes, and I saw no more. I could still hear, though—and in among the growling and snarling, there were yelps too. I don't know when the end came for Swiftpaw. I only remember him fighting like all of LionClan. That's how I will always remember him.



Then I was shaken loose. I felt light as air. I slammed against rock, and everything went dark.

I woke up in Cinderpelt's cave three sunrises later. Fireheart and Cloudtail had found me and brought me home. Cinderpelt said I had nightmares, calling out "*pack*" and "*kill*" in my sleep, but I can't remember any of them now.

The first thing I remember was the feeling of Cloudtail's warm white fur pressed against mine. When I moved, he woke up instantly, as if he'd been waiting the whole time for me to awaken.

I knew something was wrong right away. It wasn't just the pain—my face felt frozen, and I couldn't see anything on one side. I had lost an eye! When I saw what the dogs had done to me, I wished I had died fighting beside Swiftpaw. And when Bluestar gave me my warrior name, Lostface, I no longer knew who I was.

I would not have survived that dark time if it weren't for Cloudtail. He gave me another destiny, and I knew that no matter what I looked like, I would be all right. As long as Cloudtail loved me, I was no longer Lostface, but Brightheart.

THUNDERCLAN FOREST CAMP

Welcome to ThunderClan's forest camp! I'm Sandstorm, a ThunderClan warrior. Firestar has asked me to show you around. Watch out, though. Some of the elders might be cranky if we disturb them while they're having a nap.

Can you see the camp entrance? Well hidden, isn't it? Those brambles protect us from predators, but they don't stop the sunshine from warming up the camp.

Follow me down the ravine. Bluestar says it used to be a river a long time ago, but I can't imagine that. It's so dry and sandy now. Keep your head down—we're going through this tunnel in the gorge. See the path under your paws? Hundreds of ThunderClan cats have been this way over many generations. Watch out for the prickles!



And here we are! No, Squirrelpaw, this is my guest. They didn't sneak up behind me. Yes, I know you're standing guard. I'm sure the whole camp knows we're here now.

Over this way is the nursery. See the thick bramble walls? The nursery is the strongest part of the Clan camp. Can you hear the kits mewling and playing inside? Queens and warriors will fight like TigerClan to protect them.

Notice the clump of ferns beside the tree stump? That's where the apprentices sleep. It's supposed to be lined with moss, but it looks like a certain apprentice has kicked up a bit of a mess. After guard duty, I promise you she will be cleaning it up. Poor Squirrelpaw! She has always been such a restless sleeper.



Warriors sleep under that bush—you can see the entrance tunnel there. As a senior warrior, I sleep in the center of the group, where it's warmest. I remember being a young warrior, though. It can get cold on the edge during leaf-bare!

This fallen tree is the elders' den. Go ahead, poke your nose inside. Oh, sorry, Dappletail! I'm giving a tour. No, they are not spying for ShadowClan! Don't you have an apprentice to torment Dappletail?

Quickly, while she's gone, put your paws on the den floor. Don't the grass and moss feel soft? The apprentices keep it fresh. Nobody wants grumpy elders ... well, no grumpier than usual.

Let's cross the clearing to that tall, smooth boulder over there. This is Highrock, and it's where our leader stands to make announcements to the whole Clan and to lead ceremonies. Can you picture it? You'd listen, wouldn't you?

Around here is Firestar's den. Hello? Firestar? He must be out on patrol. Peek through the lichen hanging over the entrance. This is where he sleeps. Before him it was Bluestar, and after him, who knows? Firepaw was a pudgy little kittypet when I first met him. Who could ever have dreamed he'd be our leader?

Before you go, let me show you the medicine cat's den. Come inside. I love the smell of the herbs! Leafpaw! That's my other daughter—she's in training to be a medicine cat, and she's very clever. She sleeps at this end of the fern tunnel. Her mentor, Cinderpelt, sleeps in that hole in the rock over there. Leafpaw! There you are. Always sorting herbs! She's so dedicated and hardworking. It makes me very proud.

What's that? You think your sister would rather be hunting than on guard duty? All right, I'll have a word with Firestar and see if she can come to the Gathering tonight—that should cheer her up.

And that's our camp! I should really be off hunting now. Watch your fur on the way out. And don't tell anyone you were here!

THUNDERCLAN LAKE TERRITORY



- (1) **ThunderClan camp:** This symmetrical stone hollow, enclosed by towering cliffs of sheer stone left behind by Twolegs, was the obvious choice for ThunderClan's new camp.
- (2) **Twoleg paths:** Twolegs mark their paths with shiny blue markers!
- (3) **Abandoned Twoleg nest:** A good place for prey and an excellent source of herbs (see *Medicine*, *Catmint*, and *Borage Leaves*). It has an ominous, empty feeling and seems ready to fall down at any moment.
- (4) **Ancient Oak:** In an old rabbit burrow below the twisting roots, Brambleclaw, Mistyfoot, Crowfeather, Tawnypelt, and Squirrelpaw sheltered on their first trip around the lake, scouting for new Clan territories and camps. Also known as Sky Oak.



THUNDERCLAN LAKE CAMP

Hi! I'm Squirrelflight. I'm going to show you our new camp by the lake! It's perfect, and you know what? *I found it!*

I'll show you how I did it. Let's creep through these thornbushes here ... okay, stop! Careful! You nearly did what I did, didn't you? Only I was running really fast after a vole. And suddenly—WHOMP! I took off through the air! And then I landed in a pile of brambles! Here, lie on your belly and peek over the edge of the cliff. See that bush down there? That's where I landed. Ouch!

But actually, I was lucky. If I'd tripped over that side instead, I would have had much farther to fall. These walls around the camp are tall and stone and hard to climb. Here, slide along this wall. Completely smooth, right? Isn't that weird? We think Twolegs were here a long time ago, slicing stone off the walls with their monsters. Don't ask me why! Twolegs are so mouse-brained.

Luckily they've gone away, and now there are lots of bushes and trees growing up over this hollow to protect us. The stone walls keep out the wind, although we have to watch our step near the edge. Brambleclaw keeps lecturing me about that. You'd think I was a newborn kit the way he talks to me!

All right, duck your head and squeeze through this thorn barrier. Intimidating, isn't it? If you were a ShadowClan cat, you'd probably turn tail rather than attack, wouldn't you?

Behold our beautiful camp! Isn't it amazing? Isn't it perfect? Did I mention that I found it? You've come at a good time—it's sunhigh, so lots of cats are sleeping. Look at grumpy old Mousefur over there, snoring away. The cat next to her with his nose in the air is Longtail. He's blind, but he can probably smell you; that's why he looks anxious. Don't be offended. Not every cat smells as great as a ThunderClan.

Jump up on these rocks here—watch your claws; the rocks can be slippery. Now we're standing on the Highledge. You can see the whole camp! Firestar makes his announcements from up here. He puffs out his chest like this, and he struts forward like this, and then he opens his mouth and yowls. "Let all those cats old enough to catch their own prey join—"

Uh-oh. I think I did that a bit louder than I meant to. Here come Cloudtail, Dustpelt, and Brambleclaw. Quick, into Firestar's den! Oh, come on, move your fur, it's just a cave. In, in, in!

Isn't it cool in here? It's so dim and shady. Firestar sleeps back here on this bed of ferns and moss. It looks soft and springy. I don't know how he keeps it so neat all the time. Doesn't it make you want to jump on it and roll around? Oops! I thought it would hold up better than that. Do you think he'll notice? Maybe we should get out of here.



See the caves where the apprentices and the elders sleep? The warriors—like me!—sleep under that big thornbush over there. Under the biggest bramble thicket is the nursery. Want to visit my friend Sorreltail? She has the cutest kits in the world. Come on, let's go over and stick our noses in.

Hello, Sorreltail. Hi, kittens! Oh, Sorreltail does look sleepy. Sorry, we'll let you get back to napping.

Across the camp is the medicine cat's den. Hurry, Brambleclaw is coming with his extra-grumpy face on. What cute kits! I don't want any of my own yet, though. I want to do a lot more warrior stuff first. Although it does look comfortable in the nursery.

You can't see the den here because it's hidden by this curtain of hanging bramble tendrils. But slip through it and—see? Look at this great cave! Hey, Leafpool, how's it going? My sister is our medicine cat. The smell in here always makes me sneeze. *Achoo!* Oops, sorry, Leafpool ... were those supposed to be stacked like that? Look, this is my friend. I wanted to show how nice it is in here. It almost makes you want to get sick. The sand is really soft, and there's a little pool in the back for water. Leafpool stores her herbs in these cracks in the wall, or, I guess, out here in a pile where any cat can step on them. What? I didn't do it on purpose!

Uh-oh—hear that yowling? That's our bossy tabby friend looking for me. Perhaps you'd better go. Tell you what, I'll jump on him, and you make a dash for the tunnel. Then you *might* want to keep running as far and as fast as you can. Brambleclaw can be very serious about scaring off trespassers. Okay, ready? All right, go! Run! Quick as you can!



SIGNIFICANT LEADERS

Only some leaders and medicine cats are remembered by the Clans. Their names cast long shadows over the history of the forest; their deeds—good or evil—are told and retold by each generation until they pass from history into legend. Of the others, the ones whose names and deeds have been forgotten or, in some cases, banished from living memory, only StarClan knows.

THUNDERSTAR

Large orange tom the color of autumn leaves, with amber eyes and big white paws.

Strong, courageous, and determined.

Founder of ThunderClan—worked with Wind, Shadow, and River to develop the warrior code. According to legend it was Thunderstar who insisted on its more compassionate elements.

Deputies: Lightningtail, Owleyes (later Owlstar)

Apprentices: Unknown



OWLSTAR

Dark gray cat with large, unblinking amber eyes.

ThunderClan's second leader was a legendary hunter, who learned the ways of the tawny owl to stalk prey by night in silence.

Deputies: Unknown

Apprentices: Unknown

SUNSTAR

Tom with yellow tabby stripes, green eyes, and long fur.

Fair minded, even tempered, wise.

Held his Clan together through dangerous leaf-bare.

Fought to keep Sunningrocks away from RiverClan.

Deputies: Tawnyspots, Bluefur (later Bluestar)

Apprentice: Lionpaw (Lionheart)

BLUESTAR

Blue-gray she-cat with piercing blue eyes and silver hairs tipping muzzle and tail.

Wise, kind, beloved, and strong.

Brought a kittypet named Rusty to join ThunderClan. Rusty (renamed Firepaw, and later Fireheart) grew to become one of the most essential, valued, and respected cats in all the forest.

Deputies: Redtail, Lionheart, Tigerclaw, Fireheart (later Firestar)

Apprentices: Frostpaw (Frostfur), Runningpaw (Runningwind), Firepaw (Fireheart)

FIRESTAR

Tom with bright green eyes and flame-colored pelt.

Brave, intelligent, loyal—a natural leader.

Has an unusually strong connection with StarClan, and is the subject of StarClan's prophecy, "Fire alone can save our Clan" (*Prophecies and Omens*).

Brought WindClan back from exile after they were driven out by ShadowClan.

Uncovered Tigerclaw's treachery in time to stop him killing Bluestar.

Saved Clan from terrible fire in camp.

Discovered Tigerstar's scheme to unleash a pack of dogs to the camp, and organized plan to save Clan.

Led the Clans of the forest against BloodClan.

Kept Clan together through the Twoleg destruction and brought them safely to new lake home.

Deputies: Whitestorm, Graystripe, Brambleclaw

Apprentices: Cinderpaw (Cinderpelt), Cloudpaw (Cloudtail), Bramblepaw (Brambleclaw)



SIGNIFICANT MEDICINE CATS

CLOUDSPOTS

Long-furred black tom with white ears, white chest, and two white paws.

Inquiring, curious, and thoughtful, though sometimes appeared shy and reserved.

Very interested in the theory of medicine—not quite so keen on dealing with sickly kits.

Discovered the difference between greencough and whitecough, and identified catnip as a possible cure. (See *Beyond the Territories: How the Moonstone Was Discovered*.)

FEATHERWHISKER

Pale, silvery gray tom with bright amber eyes, unusually long feathery whiskers, and a sweeping plume of a tail.

Sunstar's medicine cat and also his brother.

Gentle, sweet-natured, and kind mentor—passed on his compassion and deep connection with StarClan to his apprentice.

Spottedleaf.

Worked tirelessly to save Clanmates during greencough epidemic, which ultimately killed him.



SPOTTEDLEAF

Beautiful dark tortoiseshell she-cat with amber eyes, white paws, black-tipped tail, and distinctive dappled coat.

Skilled interpreter of StarClan's mysterious messages.

Received StarClan prophecy that led Bluestar to bring Firepaw into Clan.

Walks dreams of ThunderClan cats, especially Firestar's.



YELLOWFANG

Ornery gray she-cat with bright orange eyes and broad, flattened face.

Gifted healer—could be bad-tempered and difficult.

Helped rescue ThunderClan kits from ShadowClan.

Became ThunderClan's medicine cat after Spottedleaf was killed.

Died as lived—fighting to save Clan.

CINDERPELT

Fluffy gray she-cat with enormous blue eyes.

Bright and energetic with boundless enthusiasm.

Quick learner—could have been agile warrior, were it not for injury.

Rescued two ShadowClan cats and nursed them back to health against orders.

Nursed Bluestar back to health when she contracted greencough.

Saved Brightpaw's life after the apprentice was mauled by the pack of dogs.

Died fighting to save Sorreltail.

LEAFPOOL

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