Dawnbridge’s legacy
(warriors fan fiction #4)

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Introduction

This is the fourth book and if this can get 45 likes I will make another one!
Chapter 1

Dawnbridge wrapped herself around Sheentail, purring.
"I missed you," Sheentail breathed. "So much."
"Me too," Dawnbridge agreed.
Rosepaw and Starkpaw were purring at the edge of the clearing. "I'm so glad they're back together." Starkpaw sighed in relief. "Dawnbridge was getting a little restless!"
More than half of the senior warriors were huddled to meet Sheentail again.
Toadtail stepped up to her. "I didn't think you could survive that long," he mewed awkwardly. "Especially in the snow."
"You've forgotten," Sheentail pointed out. "That my pelt is pure white, and I look like the
Toadtail nodded, tail bushed in excitement.
Soiltail padded up to her happily. "I'm so grateful that StarClan did not come to claim you," he mewed weakly, rubbing his chin against hers. He looked up at Riverstar and narrowed his eyes. "I've discussed with Riverstar and Buckface," he rumbled. "And I think you have earned yourself a reward for coming back to your clan after so long."
Sheentail turned a circle. "Yes, please!" She cried. "May I decide now?"
Soiltail tilted his head. "Well, we'll give you some time to think it through-"
"I know!" Sheentail cut him off. "I already know!"
Riverstar looked at her and twitched his nose. "What?"
Sheentail took a deep breath. "I wish for Sky, my loner mate, to come and be allowed to become a warrior."
"And if he doesn't wish to become a warrior?"
Sheentail inhaled sharply. "All I need is to see him."
Rosepaw and Starkpaw exchanged excited glances. "Yes, please!"
Sheentail turned around. "So, send a patrol out to see if he's where he was last?" She offered.
Riverstar cocked his head. "Sure." He stammered.
Sheentail gathered Rosepaw and Starkpaw's mentors and Dawnbridge.
Cedarfur, Rosepaw's mentor, padded around asking cats to join.
Nobody wanted to go on an expedition that was maybe pointless.
Willowclaw offered to go on the patrol with her sister, Shadowheart, who was Starkpaw's mentor.
"We only have five warriors and two apprentices," Sheentail observed sadly. She had thought more people cared about her.
"I'll go."
Sheentail turned around and saw that Shimmerpaw was saying she would join.
"She's so young!" Murmurs spread from the throng of cats in the clearing. "How?"
Shimmerpaw shifted her paws and looked at the ground. "I-I forgot to tell you," she worded her sentence carefully. "I'm the medicine cat apprentice now."
Shimmerpaw looked up at her. "Really?" She squealed. She lowered her voice an octave. "I thought you wanted to be apprentice."
"I... I umm, I don't know what I was- was saying... erm." Sheentail lowered her head.
Shimmerpaw sighed and trotted over to the patrol.
Sheentail looked out at her patrol, swelling with cats.
"We go." She announced, and bounded out of camp.
The forest was still cold and white with snow. Dawnbridge slowed to walk beside Sheentail. "It's so good to have you back," Dawnbridge mewed. "I hope that Sky is here."

Sheentail nodded. "There's only one other place he would ever be," she explained. "Sometimes, he went to the abandoned badger den, like when he was upset."

Dawnbridge looked forlornly at the clan she was leaving behind. "Are you okay?" Shimmerpaw whispered to Dawnbridge. "Do you want some daisy for strength?"

Dawnbridge shook her head. "Sorry."

Shimmerpaw frowned.

Willowclaw pushed forward. "How long will the trip be?" She asked Dawnbridge. Dawnbridge's face lit up. "A few more days," she mewed. "But it depends..."

Another cat had joined the patrol at the last moment, and the jet-black tom was hurrying up to Sheentail.

"Is- is Sky your mate?" Fleckmane stole a glance at Sheentail.

Sheentail nodded. "I hope he's there, but if he's not, then I might have to find a new mate!"

The young tom was looking at the ground but Sheentail could see his face. An excited scent wafted off of him.

Sheentail rested her tail atop his shoulder. "Tag along, now, Fleckmane."

Dawnbridge looked much happier than earlier.

Sheentail tilted her head slightly. "Why are you so much happier than you were?"

Dawnbridge lifted a paw to shake the snow from it. "I don't know," she admitted. "I mean, you're here, and that's all I ever wanted, and I feel... helpful now that cats actually think I have experience!"

A mouse squeaked beside her and Sheentail lunged to catch it.

She missed but scared it towards Dawnbridge.

Sheentail shook herself and pushed out of the bush. Dawnbridge was walking towards her, the mouse limp and swinging in her jaws.

"ThunderClan!" Sheentail called. "Hunt and rest for the night!"

Murmurs of agreement came from the patrol and Sheentail smiled. She was going to see Sky.
Turtletaw lunged at Volefoot. He quickly ducked as she lashed out her paw and dived under her belly. He wriggled and Volefoot turned around the opposite way that he now shot out. Turtletaw growled and jumped on her back. He resisted the urge to dig his claws into her pelt to keep on. "Ha!" He shouted. "Do you give up-"
He tumbled off of her back as she shook.
Volefoot laughed. "You have to stay on," she mewed.
Turtletaw got up and shook out his fur. "Well, what do you expect? I'm not gonna claw you to death!"
Volefoot purred. "You smell different," she observed.
Turtlepaw tried not to shrink beneath his pelt. "I'm older," he mewed convincingly. "I probably smell different as an elder."
Volefoot purred. "Well, that was the best move I've ever seen, Turtlepaw!" She exclaimed a little too late.
Turtlepaw puffed out his chest. That shows Shimmerpaw! He could be loyal and hang out with Reedpaw.
Voleclaw snorted and whisked her tail. "How about you take your warrior assessment?"
Turtlepaw widened his eyes. "I know it's been five and a half moons, but, Voleclaw, so soon?"
Voleclaw nodded. "Out of every apprentice I've ever trained, you've put up with all of it and you even taught me some new moves!"
Turtlepaw tilted his head side to side, thinking about the move where he went underneath the cat and shot out the same way. He had made that move up. "I'm honored, and I would love to be a warrior."
Voleclaw looked as if she was going to crumple under all of the compliments. "Thank you for teaching me," Turtlepaw continued. "I could not have been a better warrior."
Voleclaw's eyes brimmed with emotion. "Oh, you're so grown up." She laid her chin gently on his shoulder.
Turtlepaw nodded and shrugged her off. "It's okay," he mewed modestly, licking his belly fur.
Voleclaw led him to the camp. "Let's at least check with Riverstar first." She paused. "Maybe your littermates can start theirs too."
Turtlepaw shivered with excitement at the idea. What if Reedpaw was made a warrior, too? That was all he cared about.
In the past few moons, he and Reedpaw had grown close. It was more than a friendship now.
Turtlepaw sighed. If only she was in ThunderClan.
Or he was in RiverClan.
He hissed suddenly and Riverstar cast a glance at him. No! He mustn't think that way! He was loyal to clan above all!
Turtlepaw looked at the ground. Or was he? He met with Reedpaw every night now. He...
Riverstar leaped down from Highledge. "You will have your warrior ceremony tonight."
Turtlepaw cocked his head. "But- I have to take the assessment, right?"
Riverstar shook his head vigorously. "No, Turtlepaw, you're special, your mentor tells me."
He drew a paw over his ear. "She says you're perfect in every skill, and you even taught her some stuff!"
He laughed and continued. "Volefoot told me they were good enough to be taught to the
clan," he mewed proudly. "I trust you to be a great warrior."
Turtlepaw fizzed up and strode out of the camp to talk to Dawnbridge. She should be back by now, he thought.
Dawnbridge, who was kitting soon, was only escorting them to the border.
He dove through the brambles and followed the patrol's scent.
Dawnbridge was retracing her steps halfway through.
She was kitting, or at least close to it.
"Dawnbridge!" Turtlepaw gasped. He ran to her side so that she could rest on his shoulder.
They walked slowly on, and Turtlepaw sighed. "I'm getting my warrior name tonight," he meowed casually.
Dawnbridge stopped. "Congratulations!" She purred.
Turtlepaw and her walked in silence the rest of the way.
Lavenderfur purred when she heard the news.
"Go ahead and lie down," she suggested.
Dawnbridge inhaled sharply. "I've done this before," she trilled. She sighed when Turtlepaw drooped his tail. "I'm sorry I'll be missing your ceremony," she added. "But I can hear, don't you worry."
Turtlepaw nodded as Riverstar yowled the summons.
He dashed out into the clearing and sat in the middle. Kinkpaw had done her warriors assessment and was becoming a warrior, too, along with Lynxpaw and Pinepaw.
More warriors started to gather around him and his three littermates.
Turtlepaw shivered against the cold. Shimmerpaw had warned of another blizzard, and it had started snowing the next day.
"Turtlepaw, Kinkpaw, Lynxpaw, and Pinepaw!" Riverstar yowled. "Today, we are here to honor your training and make you four warriors!"
Cheers rang out.
"As you may have noticed," he continued. "Turtlepaw hasn't actually completed his warriors assessment."
Shocked murmurs.
"But his mentor, Volefoot, has been taught herself by Turtlepaw moves of his own that may help ThunderClan in the near future." Riverstar dipped his head respectfully to Turtlepaw.
"Step forward."
Turtlepaw nodded and did so.
"I, Riverstar, call upon our warrior ancestors to look closely at this young cat," Riverstar smiled. "Do you, Turtlepaw, promise to uphold the warrior code and defend it and your clan even at the cost of your life?"
"I do." Turtlepaw responded unwaveringly.
"Then it is," Riverstar announced. "The day I announce your warrior name. You are now Turtlefin. We honor your courage and loyalty and hope you make all right choices."

Turtlefin flinched. Did he know?

He heard cheers behind him and snapped back into the real world.

Kinkpaw was now Kinktail, Pinepaw was Pineleg, and Lynxpaw was Lynxfur.

Turtlefin smiled at his sisters. They looked so grown up.

He caught his shadow and looked at the moon.

He purred. Reedpaw.

Turtlefin ran out of camp and dashed to the island without stopping.

He was panting halfway through.

Turtlefin crossed the tree bridge easily; he had done it many times.

Reedpaw was crouched, drenched, at the edge of the clearing and Turtlefin bounded over to her.

"Poor thing," Turtlefin purred and started licking her fur. "You fell off the tree bridge!"

Reedpaw shivered but laughed. "Yes, I know, I owe you a fish!"

Turtlefin sat down and licked a paw approvingly.

"I'm Reedtuft now," Reedtuft mewed.

"Do you realize what this means?" Turtlefin asked, dumbfounded.

Reedtuft purred. "Yes, Turtle..."

Turtlefin puffed out his chest. "Turtlefin." He stated with glee.

Reedtuft nodded. "We can move to RiverClan now."

Turtlefin ducked from her loving gaze. "I'm not moving to RiverClan," he assured. "I'm on the brink of deputyship."

Reedtuft widened her eyes. "Deputyship, huh." She wove herself around him.

"I love you, Turtlefin, and all I can say is if you go, I go. I can't fight you in a battle and I can't bear waiting for one where we might have to fight."

"What are you saying?"

"I'm saying that if you stay in ThunderClan, then I'll join as well. If you run off to be a loner, I'm right behind you." Reedtuft shook out her reed-colored, tufty pelt. "I will."

Turtlefin glanced at her flanks. "Are you sure you don't want to have our kits near friends and family?"

Reedtuft shook her head as if to clear it, stared at Turtlefin, then at her swollen flanks.

"Oh, Turtlefin!" She cried joyfully. "We're having kits! We're having kits!"

Turtlefin and Reedtuft curled up in a nest and joked about which clan their kits would be most like.

"Hopefully they swim," Reedtuft remarked as she held a steady paw against her stomach.
They closed their eyes, ready to show up in ThunderClan with a new warrior.
Dawnbridge yawned and Turtlefin poked his head into the nursery. "Dawnbridge!" He gasped. "They're so cute!"

Crevicefoot lifted his head blearily. Dawnbridge purred. "This one is Sinewkit," she motioned with her tail to a dark brown she-kit. She had yellow eyes.

Crevicefoot beckoned to the other she-kit. That one was light gray with striking icy-blue eyes. "Morningkit."

There were two toms, one light gray and one brown. "The gray tom is Starlingkit, and the brown is Darkkit."
Turtlefin was purring, but his mind seemed to be somewhere else. "There are finally more toms!"

Dawnbridge nodded. "What's on your mind, Turtlefin?"

Turtlefin shifted his paws. "I would like you to meet someone," he mewed cautiously, backing up. He flicked his tail to signal to whoever was outside.

Dawnbridge glared at the she-cat who walked into her nursery.

RiverClan.

Crevicefoot hissed at her.

Turtlefin hissed right back at him, then forced his fur to lie flat. "This is Reedtuft," he mewed.

"My mate."

Reedtuft pressed against him. "Hello, Dawnbridge." She dipped her head to Crevicefoot. "You can welcome me, I am completely loyal to ThunderClan."

Dawnbridge started to purr unexpectedly. Her son had a mate! But it was a RiverClan cat. "I don't care if she's RiverClan," Dawnbridge meowed fiercely. "She's my son's mate, and I will love her as he does."

Crevicefoot touched his nose to Reedtuft's. "Welcome to the nursery." He glanced at her belly. "You'll be staying here soon."

Dawnbridge yelped. "You're pregnant!" She exclaimed. "My son is having kits!"

Crevicefoot nodded bleakly and comforted the young, mewling kits. "These are my new siblings," Turtlefin explained. "I finally have a brother or two!"

Reedtuft laughed awkwardly.

"Clan!" Riverstar called.

Dawnbridge shuffled her moment-old kits out of the nursery. She had to welcome her son's mate.

Riverstar looked at the tufty she-cat before him. "Today we welcome a seasoned warrior into our clan," he announced. "Her name is Reedtuft, and she was RiverClan for her life before."

Disapproving eyes glared at the she-cat beside Dawnbridge. Dawnbridge pressed closer to her, and she seemed to loosen.

"Thanks," Reedtuft murmured into Dawnbridge's ear.

Riverstar glared at his clan. "We will welcome Reedtuft as if she has been here her whole life." He nodded as the talking died down. "Reedtuft."

Reedtuft muttered a farewell and slipped forward.

"Do you promise to uphold the warrior code and loyalty to ThunderClan and to defend your new clan with your life?"

Reedtuft bent her head. "I do."
Riverstar smiled. "Then I, Riverstar, call upon our warrior ancestors to make this cat ThunderClan."
So that's why he's doing it, Dawnbridge thought. Extra warriors always helped in Leaf-bare.
"You are now ThunderClan!" Riverstar boomed. "Clear highledge!"
Reedtuft couldn't stop purring as Turtlefin ran up to her and wove himself around her.
Turtlefin's eyes suddenly glazed over and he looked at the warriors' den.
Dawnbridge followed his gaze. What was he looking at?
"What is it?" Reedtuft asked fretfully.
Turtlefin shook his head as if to clear it. "Nothing," he mewed uneasily, but went back to heartily congratulating her.
Lavenderfur was sitting at the edge of the clearing. She had seen it.
Dawnbridge trotted over. "What was he looking at?" She queried. "You saw it too!"
Lavenderfur shuddered. "It was Bluetail," she murmured. "He was looking at kin."
"Why could he see her?" Dawnbridge's fur was rising. She fought back panic to keep her voice steady.
"Why?"
"I also suspect he saw Appletail's ghost, because her body was too cold to have been alive long enough for her to talk to him."
Dawnbridge kept calm. "We should confront him," she decided. She started padding to him.
"Wait!" Lavenderfur growled. "He's not ready. Let him enjoy his mate and unborn kits for awhile."
Dawnbridge growled back but obeyed.
In the meantime, Turtlefin was guiding Reedtuft to the warriors' den.
Dawnbridge watched as they curled together in a big nest.
She sighed and followed Crevicefoot into the nursery.
Chapter 4

CHAPTER 4

Shimmerpaw panted. "Can we stop and rest?" She puffed at Sheentail.
Sheentail shook her head, trotting on. "We're almost there," she persisted. She wanted to get there before dark.
Sheentail scented the air and turned a circle with joy. Sky!
She kept padding, but growled regretfully. She should have brought Starktail and Roseheart.
Willowclaw looked back as the snow started to fall more heavily. "Toadspeck's stomach keeps growling," she sniffed. "It's always growling."
"It is not!" Toadspeck howled from the back of the patrol. His belly rumbled and he yelped. "Now, that's just bad timing!"

Willowclaw purred and fell back to nuzzle him.

Sheentail almost sighed at the sight of young love. But then she remembered she was on a quest to find her love.

Giddy with excitement, she started to run as fast as she could...

And collided face-first with a light cloudy-gray tom.

"Sky!" She cried happily. "How are you?"

Sky shifted his paws. "H-hello?"

"Sky." Sheentail mewed like it was a statement, satisfactory. She brushed her whiskers against his.

He pulled away. "Who-"

Sheentail growled. "I'm your mate and I bore your kits!" She hissed. "Don't you remember me?"

"Oh," Sky's face softened. "We thought you had died."

Sheentail's tail drooped. "Well, we didn't, and you have two healthy kits, kits who are warriors."

Sky snorted. "That clan you came from?"

Sheentail puffed her chest out proudly. "Yes, and you should come visit your daughter and son."

Sky started to purr. "Yes." His gaze turned serious. "I would join if I could."

Sheentail rested the tip of her tail atop his shoulder. "You can."

Sky widened his eyes. "I'll become a- I'll be a warrior!" He mewed excitedly. "With my kits!"

"Yes," Sheentail purred. She rose her voice. "Patrol!" She called back. "We have found what we came for!"

She smirked at her beloved mate.

"All welcome Sky to ThunderClan!"
Turtlefin snuggled closer to Reedtuft's warm, tufty fur.
The sight of the ghostly blue she-cat haunted him.
It reminded him of the stories Dawnbridge had used to tell him about her mother.
But that didn't matter now. Reedtuft was all that mattered.

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Sky stepped up. "I promise."
Riverstar ducked his head. "Then it is done. You are now Skypelt."
Sheentail cheered louder than anyone.

* * *

Shimmerpaw sighed in relief as Turtlefin landed on his paws, not his shoulder. She already used too many herbs this Leaf-bare.
She looked at the sky and reckoned that it would be two moons until Newleaf.
"Come on," she meowed to Turtlefin.

A lot had happened since Sheentail had arrived with Skypelt and Turtlefin was a mate to an expectant mother.
Turtlefin had been keeping watch for Reedtuft's kitting in the nursery. Anyways, he liked spending time with his younger brothers, sisters, and Startail's kits.
Dewkit was special. She was from Startail's litter, and loved Turtlefin like a father, since hers had died. She was always asking clever questions, keen to learn.
"When are your kits coming?" Dewkit squeaked that morning.
Turtlefin purred. "Due in a moon,"
Dewkit cocked her head. "Which due? My dew, or the other due?"
Turtlefin purred harder. "The other due," he confirmed.
"Well," Dewkit trilled. "She kinda does look in pain."
Turtlefin didn't bother looking back at Reedtuft. "Lavenderfur said she would probably kit sooner rather than later," he meowed nonchalantly.
A moan sounded from behind him.
"Reedtuft!" Turtlefin yelped.
Dewkit turned back to Turtlefin with a smug look on her face.
Reedtuft smiled up at Turtlefin. "The kits. They're here." She breathed. "Get Lavenderfur."
Lavenderfur rushed in before he could open his mouth. She had raspberry and burnet clamped in her jaws.
"I think there's one or two in there," she mewed, dropping the herbs.
"Alright, Dewkit," Turtlefin started. "Go find Dawnbridge,"
Dewkit looked up at him. "But I wanna see!" She complained. She looked up earnestly. "I'll just watch!"
Turtlefin sighed as he caught Reedtuft's eyes. "Sure," he mewed. "But stay next to me."
"Actually," Lavenderfur got up. "She can fetch some soaked moss for Reedtuft."
Dewkit brushed out her tail. "Yes!"
She dashed away.
Turtlefin sought out a stick and brought it back to Reedtuft.
Lavenderfur accepted it warmly. "Bite on it when the pain comes," she instructed to Reeduft.

Turtlefin stared as a kitten slid into the nest. Instinctively, he bent down and nipped the membrane sac.

Lavenderfur pressed a paw to Reeduft's flank. "Congratulations, you two," she purred. "You have a son."

Turtlefin nosed it. "Thank you, StarClan, for this kit."

A playful look passed across Reeduft's face. "I put in some work too," she mewed jokingly. "Just so you know."

"Salvekit."

"What?"


Reeduft nodded at Salvekit. "You're beautiful," she cooed at her kit, who was already suckling.

Turtlefin rested his tail on his only son's back. He could feel that he was special.
Shimmerpaw put the golden rod in its pile and moved onto the dock. Lavenderfur came up behind her. "Herbs test."
Shimmerpaw sighed and sat down, whisking her tail over her paws. Lavenderfur held up a yellow flower attached to a few leaves. "Yarrow," Shimmerpaw mewed. "Good for getting poison out."
Lavenderfur nodded. She pointed a claw at a watermint stalk ("Watermint!"), a nettle stem with a leaf ("Stinging nettle,"), and marigold and daisy. Shimmerpaw could have identified them all while sleeping. "Burnet," Shimmerpaw droned. "Strength. Poppy. Helps-"
"Stop," Lavenderfur ordered. "I think that you are ready."
Shimmerpaw froze. "Really?" She managed to choke.
"Yes."
She took a deep breath. "Thank you," Shimmerpaw breathed.
"You achieved it," Lavenderfur pointed out.
"Let's go, then."
It was half-moon, but Lavenderfur wanted to stay for Dawnbridge's litter's warriors ceremony.
It was pretty boring, as long as the last one. Stonepaw and Rosepaw were made into Stonepelt and Rosetail.
"Can we go now?" Shimmerpaw whined.
Lavenderfur laughed. "Yes," she mewed. "We're on our way."
They ran through the forest and the half-moon was high in the sky by the time they caught up with the other medicine cats.
"Hey, Lakepaw," Shimmerpaw panted to a fellow apprentice.
Lakepaw was much younger than her and stuck beside her RiverClan mentor, Doubletoe.
"I'm going to become a full medicine cat tonight," Shimmerpaw mentioned casually.
"Really?" Lakepaw mewed. "I'll be the only one besides Thrushpaw now."
Shimmerpaw purred. "You're friends though, right?"
"Not really," Lakepaw replied nervously. "He hasn't a care in the world about me."
"Too bad."
"Too bad!" Lakepaw burst. "That's all?"
"There isn't much to say," Shimmerpaw defended herself. "And anyways, we can still be friends."
"What do you think your name is going to be?" Lakepaw mewed, clearly not wanting to talk about Thrushpaw, dropping the subject.
"Shimmerfur most definitely," Shimmerpaw informed. "Lavenderfur would want me to be named after her."
"Why?"
Shimmerpaw laughed. "She wants her 'legacy to live on'," she laughed again.
Lakepaw didn't find it funny. "Why?" She repeated.
Shimmerpaw tilted her head. "Don't you know?" She asked. "Lavenderfur is old. She thinks she's going to move to the elders' den."
"She can't leave you with only two kitting experiences!" Lakepaw exclaimed.
That reminded her that Startail had kitted just a quarter moon ago.
Shimmerpaw pointed it out.
Lakepaw started to nod slowly. "Well, that seems fine then."
"Before we begin," Lavenderfur started. "Shimmerpaw is being made into a full medicine cat tonight."

Approving murmurs came from the throng of medicine cats.
Lakepaw nudged her and she saw that Lavenderfur was beckoning her forward.
"I call upon StarClan to make you a medicine cat," Lavenderfur looked into her eyes and recited. "Do you promise to devote your loyalty to the medicine cat ways and to never take a mate or have kits?"
"I do," Shimmerpaw faltered, her voice wavering.
"Then by the light of our ancestors," she paused for drama.
"I name you Shimmerlight."

Lakepaw cheered. "I couldn't even imagine you getting that name!" She smiled mischievously.

Shimmerlight shoved her playfully. "Let's share with StarClan my success."

She dipped her nose into the water and felt ice run through her blood. She fluffed out her fur against the cold stone as she drifted away...

A she-cat, very familiar, was suddenly standing in front of her.
"Hello, Shallowstar," Shimmerlight greeted.

Shallowstar shook her head with a sigh. "Okay," she muttered to herself. "Maybe I am a little transparent."

Shimmerlight purred and Shallowstar glared at her.
"You have fulfilled the prophecy," Shallowstar cleared her throat. "You caught Turtlefin and Reedtuft, you knew a blizzard was coming and warned your clan." She looked deep into Shimmerlight's eyes fondly. "You are destined for greatness."

Shimmerlight puffed out her chest.

"But," Shallowstar continued grimly. "There's another prophecy."
Shimmerlight groaned. "I just dealt with this!"

Shallowstar waved her words away and began to recite.
"There are reeds that might never grow, and kit that may never see snow, and the red itself will wilt."

Shimmerlight instantly knew exactly what the words meant.
Her heart sank like a stone in a puddle. She didn't want Turtlefin to be hurt.

Shallowstar glared at her. "There's more," she gave a little ahem.
"While a heart is cracked, another will fill, dew at it's brim. The first with heal and all will be well."

Shimmerlight blinked. "I can understand." She looked at the ground and gulped.

"Does it have to be true?" She asked in a voice so small she wasn't sure where it came from.

Shallowstar closed her eyes and sighed. When she opened them they were filled with pity.
"You are young," her voice wavered. "Too young to witness death."

"But you are different," Shallowstar raised her voice confidently. "Shimmerlight, you have lived through finding your own brother falling in love with a RiverClan she-cat, you saved a full-grown warrior-one with amazing reputation- and warned the Clan when snow started to fall. If Dawnbridge hadn't had you..." she winced.

"There would only be four Clans right now."

Shimmerlight stared as Shallowstar faded and she was awake.

Lakepaw stirred beside her and nudged Shimmerlight. "What'd they say?" She teased. "Are you the greatest?"

"No, Lakepaw," Shimmerlight growled and got up, twitching her tail.

Lakepaw's face fell. "Well sorr-ry." She turned around and helped up a waking Thrushpaw, betrayal flashing in her eyes.

Shimmerlight's jaw dropped. Her best friend had just rejected her.

Lakepaw cast a glance her way and Shimmerkiht put on her most forlorn face.

Lakepaw shook her head, dissatisfied, and waited for Doubletoe to dismiss her.

Shimmerlight shivered as Lavenderfur pushed her along, barely walking herself, to camp.
Chapter 7

Dawnbridge curled her tail around her kits.
Morningkit yawned and cuddled closer to her. Sinewkit twitched her ear and whimpered.
Dawnbridge comforted her, stroking her head with her tail until she stopped.
Reedtuft quieted Salvekit and got up to shift her nest closer to Dawnbridge's.
"Oh, believe me," Dawnbridge chuckled. "You don't want these things anywhere closer!"
"Your eyes remind me of Turtlefin."
Dawnbridge nodded. "Has it been hard, not having him here to support you?"
"Well, I have you, and you're probably the best," Reedtuft smiled. "And he's only on border patrol."
Dawnbridge purred. "That's right," she winced inwardly at how old she felt. "He's only on border patrol."
Salvekit pushed up to Dawnbridge. "I heard Reedtuft muttering in her sleep," he stated.
"What'd she say?" Dawnbridge mewed, nonchalantly.
Reedtuft picked at her claws.
"She said something about her throat being sore," he chirped. "And that she felt drowsy."
"It was probably just a dream," Dawnbridge assured, but glanced at Reedtuft anyhow.
Reedtuft shifted her paws. "It's true," she admitted quickly. "My stomach is a bit queasy too."
Dawnbridge gazed at her sternly. "Why didn't you tell me?" She asked, beckoning her out of the nursery. She flicked her tail in a farewell to Startail. "Or Shimmerlight, in that matter," she flared her nostrils. "For StarClan's sake, Turtlefin!"
"Great StarClan, no, no," Reedtuft shook her head violently. "He would tell me I've got red cough and force me into the medicine den as long as I live!" She laughed awkwardly.
Dawnbridge nodded. "Let's get Lavenderfur to look at you."
Shimmerlight greeted them at the entrance. "Lavenderfur's a bit... under the weather today, so I'll have to treat you."
Dawnbridge rubbed her chin against hers. This was her kit!
"So is Reedtuft," Dawnbridge informed, and Shimmerlight's grimace told her that was bad.
Shimmerlight bit her lip, obviously guessing that Reedtuft had the same sickness.
As they went further into the den, Dawnbridge caught sight of the ill she-cat, sprawled on a nest of moss that was shredded to pieces. She was drenched in sweat and was panting while kneading the ground with her paws.
Shimmerlight winced and Reedtuft cringed.
"Is that what I have?" Reedtuft asked disgustedly.
Dawnbridge rolled her eyes.
"Yes, I'm afraid so," Shimmerlight scamped off and soon reappeared with a poultice of what smelled like catmint, tansy, and burnet.
"Chew it, swallow it."
Reedtuft tentatively reached her muzzle out.
"Thank you," Dawnbridge said. "Hopefully it works." She paused. "With Lavenderfur too."
Reedtuft grumbled a thanks and trotted out of the medicine den.
"What took you so long?" Startail yawned and laid her head on her paws. "And why didn't you bring back some borage?"
She motioned to her two kits. "Dewkit and Raykit are hungry."
Turtlefin burst in. "We just uncovered a mice nest," he offered breathlessly.
Startail sighed. "Two of them will do."
Dawnbridge flicked her tail at a sleeping Reedtuft. "She's sick."
"Please!" Reedtuft cried suddenly. "Don't force me into the medicine den as long as I live!"
Turtlefin glared at her. "No, I won't. But you were supposed to be sleeping."
Reedtuft let out a soft snore.
Dawnbridge and Turtlefin exchanged dubious glances, then burst out laughing.
"My mice?" Startail prompted.
Turtlefin trailed off, and padded out of the nursery.
Dawnbridge started to purr. "Reedtuft, you are so funny!"
Startail murmured her agreement and Reedtuft grunted in response, still pretending to be asleep.
As Dawnbridge settled down beside Reedtuft and both litters of kits, she felt a pang of concern.
Would Lavenderfur and Reedtuft be okay?
Chapter 8

Dewkit watched intently as Startail got up from the group of she-cats. She hurried back to the nursery and let out a low growl, most likely because she realized one of her kits were missing. Dewkit raced to the fresh-kill pile and picked out a shrew—Startail's favorite. "Great StarClan!" A shrill shriek pierced the air. Dewkit almost laughed. That was Startail, wailing about her. She slunk back to the entrance of the nursery. "Surprise!" Dewkit yelled and laid the shrew at her mother's feet. "Your favorite!" "Poor, poor Dewkit." Startail shook her head piteously. "Not now."
"What?" Anger built up inside her. "Why won't you take it?"
Dewkit puffed out her cheeks, then followed her mother's gaze.
Her anger drained away.
There was a dank, musty smell to Reedtuft's now motionless body. Almost sickly.
"She's dead, little ones."
Raykit stared at Dewkit.
"It can't be true!" She wailed. Raykit's eyes rounded. "She told the best tales about being in RiverClan!"
"She was much more than that, Raykit," Startail's voice was rising with panic. "She had a kit; and Salvekit now has no mother!"
Dawnbridge bent her head. "I'll wean him, and feed him," she looked sullen. "I can tame away what's left of Reedtuft."
Dewkit widened her eyes in surprise. "Wouldn't he want to remember his mother?"
Dawnbridge shook her head. "No kit deserves to live in agony."
Rage filled Dewkit, shaking her body. "If Startail died, I'd want to remember her for as long as I could!" She stormed off.
"Turtlefin!" Dewkit called mournfully.
Turtlefin looked up from his sparrow. "What is it?"
"Erm.." Dewkit looked into his eyes and suddenly realized why this had been a bad idea.
"Just... wanted to say hello." She lied and forced a purr.
Turtlefin smiled. "How are Reedtuft and Salvekit?"
Dewkit rounded her eyes. "Why don't you come see them?" She asked softly.
Turtlefin trotted forward and then stopped mid-step, paw in the air. "I feel like there's something you're not telling me," he commented, but continued.
Dewkit watched him leave.

* * *

Dawnbridge shook Salvekit awake..
"What?" He yawned. "Reedtuft?"
Dawnbridge winced. "I'm sorry, Salvekit, but Reedtuft won't be seeing you anymore."
Salvekit blinked. "Did she die?"
Dawnbridge took a deep breath. "Yes, Salvekit."
Salvekit's muscles relaxed. "Good."
Dewkit was taken aback. "Good!" She spat. "How is losing your mother good?"
"I can just see her," Salvekit mewed confusedly. "Can't you guys see the dead?"
Shimmerlight and Dawnbridge exchanged a glance.
"Well," Dawnbridge sighed. "He's Turtlefin's kits, he ought to be weird."
Dewkit forced her fur to lie flat. "Dawnbridge is your mother now," she mewed.
Salvekit glared at Dewkit as the fur along his spine rose. "No!" He hissed. "Reedtuft is my mother and will always be!"
He pressed closer to Dewkit.
"Please don't ever let me forget her!" Salvekit pleaded to her.
"I won't," Dewkit vowed. On the inside, she was thinking.
*I told you, queens, nobody ever wants to just forget their mother- or anyone who's gone to StarClan.*
How? How had Shimmerlight been so wrong?
As she stared at Dewkit and Salvekit, exchanging whispers and words to each other, she realized that the prophecy had been interpreted incorrectly.
While a heart is cracked, she thought Turtlefin, because Reedtuft was his mate, another will fill, dew at its brim, which was obviously Dewkit, so she had thought that Dewkit would fall in love with Turtlefin. She hadn't thought about Salvekit, because the first part of the prophecy made it seem like he would die as well.
There are reeds that might never see snow, a kit that may never see snow, and the red itself will wilt.
Shimmerlight grimaced as she recalled Shallowstar's words. The 'reeds that might never grow—Reedtuft's kits never growing up—a kit that may never see snow—Salvekit—'part was really clear. The prophecy made it seem like he was to die.

And the red itself will wilt. She bit her lip at the familiar words. Shimmerlight hadn't spent any time thinking about that line. It was too sad and much too obvious she had basically skipped right over it.

Raykit started to purr. "You look like you swallowed a frog!"

Snapped back to the present, "yeah," was what her mouth formed.

Now Raykit looked as if he had swallowed a rather disgusting frog, and spun around to play with Dawnbridge's litter.

So, she thought. *Dewkit and Salvekit. Who would have thought?*

Everyone, came the answer to the rhetorical question. Dewkit had stuck up for Salvekit, voiced her own opinion so he didn't have to.

They worked.

Shimmerlight's clever brain suddenly shot back to Salvekit's words.

"Can't you guys see the dead?"

She had to talk to him.

She led herself to the darkest, coziest corner of the nursery, where Salvekit now sat alone, washing.

"Hey, Salvekit!" Shimmerlight mewed cheerfully.

His big blue eyes flicked up to her. "Yes, Shimmerlight?" He replied politely, but sounded happy nonetheless.

"I was wondering," she began casually. "Can you really see dead cats?"

Salvekit screwed up his eyes. "Yes, in my dreams," -Shimmerlight let out a sigh of relief-

"but I can't tell if they're actually StarClan."

"Do they ever talk to you?" Shimmerlight pressed, then winced at how she might be stressing the young kit.

But Salvekit seemed unfazed. "Once, a white she-cat said one thing as I was waking up," "What'd she say?" She lowered her voice to the proper octave. She didn't want Salvekit thinking that she was an excited kit, though she felt like one.

"Be careful, young one," Salvekit echoed. "Then she leapt away as I woke up."

"What color eyes?"

"Pale green."

Shallowstar, she thought.

"Thank you, Salvekit," Shimmerlight dipped her head.

Salvekit looked about ready to explode as he dipped his head back. "You're welcome!"

Shimmerlight needed to check on Lavenderfur. Lavenderfur didn't know about the
prophecy, but the prophecy didn't mention her. She maybe wouldn't die. But if she didn't, Shimmerlight would explain it to her. Easy. Simple. But Lavenderfur's reaction....

"WHAT!"
Shimmerlight backed away. "You were sick-"
Lavenderfur interrupted her. "You didn't tell me that you knew the fate of our Clan because I was sick!"
It sounded worse the way she put it.
"You're also only one of the medicine cats," Shimmerlight reminded her. "I'm a medicine cat too now. Not your apprentice."
Lavenderfur sighed, knowing she was right. "Just... keep an eye on Salvekit. It hints at his death."
Shimmerlight shook her head. "At first I got it all wrong. I thought Turtlefin would find love with Dewkit," she mewed. "But then I saw Salvekit and her together and..."
Lavenderfur smiled. "That's why I'm here."
Shimmerlight licked her chest fur sheepishly. Maybe it was a good thing having Lavenderfur around,
She set her jaw. "I'll make sure you don't die," she assured steelily.
Lavenderfur grinned at her. "I don't need you to promise that."
And she was gone.
Shimmerlight dragged her body into the middle of camp, heart heavy with grief.
Riverstar's huge yellow eyes widened. "I'm sorry."
"Me too."
Raccoonfur padded out of the elders' den with Sodfoot.
Sodfoot was not the father of Lavenderfur, but he was the mate of her mother, Raccoonfur. Sodfoot loved them both as if they were kin.
"I'll get you some goatweed," Shimmerlight stammered, turning around.
"No need to waste precious herbs on old elders like us," Sodfoot chuckled. "We knew she'd go soon."
Raccoonfur nodded, although she looked sorrowful as she lie down and pressed her muzzle into her daughter's pelt.
"I'll get some goatweed," Shimmerlight repeated, steadily this time.
She returned with a stalk and had a gut feeling as she gave it to Raccoonfur.
Something horrible was about to happen.
Chapter 10

Thank you for reading!

If we can get 45 likes on this book I will make another!

DAWNBRIDGE, SHEENTAIL AND THEIR KITS ARE BACK! (if we can get 45 likes)

Excerpt:

Shimmerlight's breathing was shallow as she crept from the bushes. The gray tom twitched his nose and whipped around. Shimmerlight bushed out her fur in panic. "Ack! I come in peace!" She yelped as he hared after her. "Is your name Strad?"
The gray tom slowed. "Yes," Strad snarled. "And you never should have come to my camp!"
He slammed a paw over her head and it all went black.

YAY