

# Chapter 3

“F-f-f-fox!” Mystickit shrieked. She didn’t care if she didn’t get caught. At least she wouldn’t get killed by a fox.

“Mystickit?” Clodtuft shouted back. *He must have gone on patrol.* Mystickit thought. “Is that you?” “Yes!” She yowled. “There’s a fox in front of me!” The small kit kept backing up as the fox slowly walked forward, snarling and dripping drool from its jaws. “I’m coming!” Clodtuft yowled. He burst through the bushes behind the fox and leaped onto its back, completely catching the fox off guard. It yelped as Clodtuft scarred it’s back. The fox shook, trying to throw off the tom, but failed. “Mystickit! Get back to camp! I can handle this!” Mystickit hesitated. *What if the fox gets him? I’ll be alone...* but she still ran, following her fathers orders.

Once she reached the camp, Honeyfeather was there. She was right at the entrance and was looking down at Mystickit with disappointment in her gaze. “Mystickit, your father will be so pissed at me because of where you went! I was trusted to protect you and now you went and could’ve gotten attacked by a fox!”

“Well, the thing is,” Mystickit said fearfully looking, “I was attacked by a fox...”

“YOU WHAT?!” Honeyfeather screeched.

“What’s going on, Honeyfeather?” Pinefall asked as he walked up to them. He didn’t notice Mystickit. “MYSTICKIT, snuck out of camp and got attacked by a fox!” Pinefall finally noticed her and squeaked before running away. *Why’s he avoiding me all of a sudden?* “Honeyfeather, I need to speak with Pinefall, so I need your help keeping him in the medicine den so I can speak to him.”

“Um sure I guess?” Honeyfeather replied, all anger leaving her body in a second.

They walked to the medicine den, and Pinefall was there, organizing herbs. After Mystickit walked in and Honeyfeather was at the entrance, she finally said quickly, “Pinefall, please don’t run away, I want to talk to you.” He looked up and looked at the entrance where Honeyfeather was. He then looked at Mystickit with fear in his eyes. “You don’t understand, you don’t know what Coldstar said to me...” he whispered, sounding like a maniac. “What did he say?” Mystickit replied. “Look, I can’t speak with you anymore. He said I musn’t ever say anything to you ever again, I just can’t or he...” he breathed in shakily. “He said he would kill me...” *Coldstar is such an unjust leader... something is wrong I can tell.* “Look Pinefall its ok... me and Honeyfeather won’t let him kill you.”

“But he...” Pinefall gulped. “He threatened my family... you’re just a kit how can you help?” Mystickit sighed. “I don’t know but I’ll try.” Honeyfeather came in and said, “Coldstar’s coming, hide!”

“What about you?”

“I’ll be fine. I’ll pretend that I’m here for a scar.”

“Ok I’ll hide.” Mystickit found a moss bed, and knew she was small enough to fit under, and her shadow colored pelt would make her look like a shadow.

“Honeyfeather! You’re supposed to be taking care of Mystickit!” Coldstar growled. “Well, she wanted to go into the forest for a little bit, so you might find her there.”

“Whatever. You need to leave I would like to speak with Pinefall,” He paused. “*Alone.*” Mystickit gulped. *What did he want to say to him...?* Mystickit heard Honeyfeather leaving the den. *Oh what is happening to this clan?* Mystickit thought worriedly. “So Pinefall.” Coldstar said. “I saw you speaking to Mystickit again.”

“Well Coldstar I couldn’t... she insisted...”

“Don’t pull your excuses on me Pine!” Mystickit heard a squeak from Pinefall and peaked to see Coldstar standing over him. “Remember why you’re here *rogue.*” Mystickit froze. *Rogue?* But she had to keep listening. “You are at my mercy, and I can let you go any time I like.”

“Y-Y-Yes Coldstar.” Pinefall said shakily. “Good.” Coldstar left the den. Once Coldstar was back in his own leaders den, Pinefall moved towards Mystickit who was backing away from him. “Look Mystickit I’m sorry...” he said sadly. “How could you keep this secret from me?! Why are you here?! Why did Coldstar call you a rogue?!”

“Look, I can tell you just stop shouting or he’ll come back.” Mystickit stopped moving. “Just listen to what I’m going to tell you...”