

Chapter 1

“Mystickit... you must wake up,” Vulturewing meowed calmly.

“Why? I’ve never spoken to StarClan before! It’s so cool!”

“Your family is in danger.”

Mystickit woke in her nest to wails, yowls and screeches. Her mother, Hollowfoot, was wrestling with a brown and white tabby near the entrance to the den. The nest was behind a rock pile, and her 3 siblings, Lilykit, Calicokit and Moonkit were huddled around her.

“W-whats going on?” Mystickit whispered.

“I dunno,” Lilykit meowed unfazed. Mystickit peeked over the rock pile to see Hollowfoot being pinned down by the brown and white tabby as the she-cat bit her throat. The she-cat looked at the rock pile and spotted Mystickit as she ducked down. She mouthed ‘they’re coming this way’ at her siblings. They huddled into the shadows as Mystickit-being a black cat-closed her eyes and covered her siblings.

However, she felt a strong nudge and a sharp pain as she opened her eyes. The she-cat was heading towards her siblings!

“No!” Mystickit shouted. The she-cat turned to look at her, showing her sharp fangs. She reached for Lilykit and sliced her throat open. Lilykit let out one last spasm before she fell still. Calicokit squeaked fearfully before backing up farther into the stone. Moonkit huddled up next to her as the she-cat advanced. Mystickit could do nothing but watch. She had no power over this she-cat that was about the size of Coldstar. Next the she-cat reached for Calicokit and sliced her throat open too. Calicokit squealed at Mystickit.

“Help! Mystickit get help!”

“I-I can’t!”

Calicokit fell silent as her breathing stopped. The she-cat reached for Moonkit last, and sliced his throat quick and his breath stopped abruptly. At last, the she-cat turned on Mystickit, her fangs and claws dripping with blood. She slowly walked up to the defenseless kit. But, right when she was about to pounce, a yowl sounded loudly at the entrance to the nursery and her father, Clodtuft, ran in and attacked the she-cat. She seemed shocked as her eyes opened wide at the sight of Mystickit’s father. Clodtuft went straight for her throat, and like Mystickit’s siblings, died quickly. Silence fell in the nursery and Mystickit could hear silent drops of water hitting the floor. She realized it was her father. Crying.

“D-dad?” Mystickit whispered.

“H-hollowfoot...” he murmured softly.

“Lilykit, Calicokit and M-Moonkit too...” Clodtuft looked at his only remaining daughter, and licked her head fur.

As the last remaining family members were mourning, Coldstar walked into the nursery. Clodtuft stepped away from his daughter, and faced the ThunderClan leader. When Coldstar entered the rock pile den, he spotted Mystickit, and glared at her. *Why does he hate me so much?* Mystickit thought. *I’m only a kit.*

Coldstar looked at Clodtuft and dipped his head. “I’m sorry for your loss, Clodtuft. Hollowfoot was an honorable warrior, and Lilykit, Calicokit and Moonkit would have been too.” Clodtuft dipped his head in return. Then her father looked at her.

“Mystickit, let’s take you to the medicine den for the shock.” Mystickit nodded.

As they walked through camp, Mystickit spotted pools of blood and tufts of fur littering the floor. Silkpaw, an apprentice, lay on her side as blood spilled out of her neck. She was clearly dead. Nearby the apprentice, Ashflame, a warrior, was dead too. Mystickit looked away and shoved her face into Clodtuft’s bushy fur. He rested his head on hers.

When they arrived at the medicine den, Pinefall, the only medicine cat, was rushing around his den,

grabbing herbs, healing wounds, and clearly stressed out. When Mystickit walked in with her father, the medicine cat looked up, confused.

“Where’s Hollowfoot?” He asked. “Or Lilykit, Calicokit and Moonkit?”

Mystickit looked down as her father responded, “Dead.”

Pinefall whispered, “thyme, they need thyme...” as he ran back to the herb stores and grabbed a thyme leaf and brought it to the father and daughter. “There you go,” he meowed. “Just eat it. It helps with shock.” Cloudtuft nodded and ate the thyme. He brushed his tail along Mystickit’s back to tell her to eat it. She reluctantly agreed, and choked on the leaf as it attempted to go down her throat. Pinefall turned around and looked at her, concerned. “You alright?” He asked. Mystickit nodded. She swallowed the leaf, and remembered her dream.

“Father?” She asked.

“Yes, Mystickit?”

“Could you leave? I need to speak to Pinefall. Privately.” Cloudtuft didn’t oblige and left the den.”

“So? What did you want to tell me?”

“Before I woke up... I spoke to a StarClan cat.” Pinefall’s ears perked up.

“Who was it?” He asked eagerly.

“Some cat named Vulturewing...” Pinefall’s eyes lit up. “You know him?”

“Of course I know him!” Pinefall scoffed. “He was my mentor! A quite fiery one if you ask me.” He joked. *Wow! I spoke to a StarClan cat, who was a medicine cat!* Mystickit thought excitedly.

“What did he tell you?”

“He told me... that I would do great things. I-I would save ThunderClan.”

“Well...” Pinefall murmured, just loud enough for Mystickit to hear. “There is a prophecy...” Mystickit leaned closer to hear the medicine cat’s words. “*‘A cat of magic will save all from someone of power,’*” he barely whispered it.

“But- but how could *I*, Mystickit, a regular *kit*, save all the Clans?”

“Not just the Clans, little kit,” Pinefall muttered. “Rogues, loners, kittypets, everyone.”

“But why does Coldstar hate me so much?” Pinefall paused his reorganization of the herb stores.

“There’s... a theory I have,” Pinefall turned around and slowly walked towards the kit. “You know Moonstar?”

“Yes! He was leader before Coldstar! He was great... until he was murdered...” Mystickit slowly became silent after the last words.

“I believe, that Coldstar murdered him to be leader,” Pinefall finished, “and, its crazy how those rogues attacked... rogues don’t usually attack at a regular basis. They attacked before you even opened your eyes. That time, Cloudtuft was in the nursery, so he helped Hollowfoot defend you guys. Maybe its a coincidence, or is that just me?”

“Pinefall,” a low voice sounded at the entrance to the den. Mystickit knew it was Coldstar. *How- How much of that did he hear?* Mystickit thought nervously. “Would you kindly come to my den with me?”

“Y-yes of course C-Coldstar.” Pinefall looked at Mystickit with a nervous look before following the leader out the medicine den.