

374 WARRIORS SUPER EDITION: YELLOWFANG'S SECRET  
"Cedarstar is very sick," Yellowfang mewed. "I'm not sure  
I can help him."

Raggedstar nodded. "I know you'll do your best," he told  
~~her.~~ ~~It was~~ not sounding hostile.

Cedarstar arched his back in a fresh spasm of agony. His  
eyes blinked, then focused on Raggedpelt. "My last life!" he  
gasped. "StarClan is calling me. Raggedpelt, lead my Clan  
well." His body contorted again and he struggled for breath.

Yellowfang watched his heaving chest, knowing that there  
was nothing she or any other medicine cat could do now.  
Cedarstar fought on for a few heartbeats that felt like many  
seasons; then he went limp, falling back into the moss. Life  
faded from his eyes.

Yellowfang crouched beside him, reeling with sadness.  
She had loved the calm, wise leader, and trusted him to care  
for her Clan. She'd had no idea he was so close to losing his  
ninth life; there had been no lingering sickness, no injury that  
became infected, not even a frailty that she would associate  
with elders. Whatever had killed him had taken him swiftly  
with little suffering. Perhaps that was what they should  
most grateful for.

Raggedpelt bent his head to pay homage to his dead  
leader. "I will summon the Clan," he

