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Bramblestar s storm

Map Prologue Firestar wiped the long grass under the tree and drank in the warm aroma of food. The sunlight sliced between the branches dares the flame-colored felt. For a moment, he paused and was unsure what scent to follow. Then he picked the scent of a squirrel. It filled nearby oak trunks and hid somewhere in the branches above his head. Shortly after testing his tree climbing skills, he remembered teaching his clanmates ground hunting. I didn't like it at first. The pure firestar of play recalls the golden fur warrior standing at the foot of the tree, reluctant to set foot in the trunk. Unlike Sinderhart, she seemed ready to sleep in the bird's nest, and she learned how to climb. Firestar soared above the tree, dug into the clawed bark, and found a squirrel on one of the branches outside. He jumped toward it, fell in love with the power of his fortune, and rejoiced that he still maintained a sense of balance. The squirrel jumped from the branch to the branches and fled higher and higher. As the firestar leaned down and prepared to follow, he could hear a voice calling him from below. Fire star! Fire star! He stopped. The squirrel swelled into dense foliage, and the surrounding leaves crumbled. Firestar gave him one regret, then turned and fell to the ground. The blue star, a former Thunderklan leader, was waiting for him at the foot of a tree. Her blue gray hair shimmered in the sun. Sorry to disturb you, Firestar, she's a mound. Her eyes shone brightly. I see you have not lost some of your hunting skills. You seemed pretty comfortable there . . . But I'm happy to leave the tree hunting to others. I walked with me and nodded deeper into the woods. Firestar padding on his side and enjoying the warmth of the felt sun. The Star Clan has everything to create cat content, he thought. But I still miss my old house and my clanmate. Sometimes it seems like I left them when they needed me the most. Thundercle sat hard, right? The Blue Star picked up the firestar's remorse. When Greenkov arrived, the injured cat barely healed after the Great Battle. The Firestar hesitated before answering, swallowing the cries of grief in his heart. We were already weakened by the battle; We didn't have a chance to fight Greencough. He breathed and exhaled a long sigh. There was too much loss, too much pain. However, thanks to Leafpool and J.P. Feather, the disease disappeared. He was forced to take note of optimism in his voice. Brightheart and Cloutail's kit became an apprentice. And Bramblestar is a fair and confident leader. Thundercles will survive. Of course. Blue Star nodded. Bramblestar had a great mentor. Can you walk in his dreams? I do not have to, Reply. I trust him. He felt familiar anger at the ship. I wouldn't have had to leave my clan, he looked up. I could have been serving them for more seasons. Could you have saved them from GreenCough? Heal injuries faster? The Blue Star carried its tail on its shoulders. You gave the Thunder Klan nine good lives. They couldn't ask for more. Ducking under the curling front of the fern, they were surrounded by silver birch across the glades of bright green grass. All the clans had trouble with this leafy Blue Star Maywood. The Shadow Clan has more elders than warriors, and the Windklan has lost most of the best hunters in the Great Battle. It's hard to see all the cats here suffering from clanmates. She paused for a moment and scratched the firestar's path. But there is always hope. Especially at the Star Klan. I know, Firestar is a mound. But I never realized how far I was from the clan. And I always thought the spotted leaves would be here to guide me. He pictured giving up her presence in the Star Klan fighting for the beautiful turtle cat, the former medical cat of the Thunder Clan, and her living clan mate. Her amber eyes seemed to shine with sorrow in her memory. Spot Leaf will miss a lot, the Blue Star agrees, with a slight edge on her tone. But one day sandstorm will come here to be with you. One day, the pain in Firestar's heart clawed once again, thinking of his mate. How many seasons do I have to wait? Firestar made a warm nest for himself on the bottom of an empty tree. It seemed strange to sleep in the camp with another cat, but when he listened carefully, he could hear the gentle murmurs of the Starclan warriors hidden in the sari. With his eyes closed, he hoped to dream of thunderkile. Instead he seemed just a heartbeat since he slipped into sleep when he was excited by the feet prodding him on the shoulder. Firestar blinked and raised his head. Wake up, firestar, voice mowing. The cat was standing in front of him: a muscular grey Tom with a white patch on his fur. Firestar cried. The former Skyklan leader bowed his head. Greetings, Firestar. Firestar scrambled to his feet and shook the moss pieces from the felt. He was last seen by Cloudstar a few seasons ago after a gray and white Tom was dragged upstream from the woods to restore the Lost Clan. Firestar and Cloudstar said goodbye after the new Sky Clan leader, Leafstar, took nine lives. Firestar never expected to see him again. What are you doing here? He asked. The sky you walk in is far away. I was able to visit you, Cloud Star replied. We need to talk together. He followed a grassy slope to the edge of the forest in front of the Firestar. A pool of water in front of it, a silver surface that reflects the light of the full moon. Thanks again. Why it's so important to rebuild the Skyklan, Cloud Star stopped at the water's edge and boomed the firestar with a calm blue gaze. Sometimes one clan cannot survive without the help of others. Firestar nodded. We certainly learned recently, if we don't know it before, he complained. For the darkness of the Great Battle swirling around him once again, the stench of blood and the screams of the dying cat. I saw your terrible battle, Cloud Star maued. And for the first time I was pleased that we had to lead my clan to find a new home, because we were saving revenge in the Dark Forest. It was not revenge. It was a massacre. Firestar felt hair rising along his spine. I had to watch my clanmate die. I gave my last life to save them . . . And it wasn't enough. The battle was won, cloudstar pointed out quietly. You did nothing to lose your life. He padding by the pool and delicately steps out among the water-light plants. Firestar brushed the felt in keeping with him. I didn't come here to thank him for helping him or for telling me about the Great Battle. What is it, Cloud Star? Is there something wrong with the Sky Klan? Cloudstar stopped and looked across the pool. Suddenly I lifted my hind feet and sliced the bangs across the pads. A line of blood flowed into the water, and a scarlet cloud of silver spread. Firestar triumphed over cloudstar's response to the violence. He stood with his mouth open and looked at the swirl of blood. I have a message you need to take on Bramblestar. Cloudstar still stare at the water, fill it. Prophecy? Firestar echoed. My first prophecy! I am a true Star Klan cat! I do. Listen, Firestar. Blood will rise when the water meets blood. Firestar blinked. Is that it? What do you mean? We don't need to know what that means. Cloudstar told him, his eyes turned like two small moons until the fire of the Firestar burned. Bramblestar finds it for himself. And when do you send this message to Bramblestar? Firestar asked. He resisted the urge to ask for more answers from older cats. Does every Starklan cat deliver a meaningless prophecy? You'll know when the time will come. Can you be more ambiguous? Firestar was annoyed. But he kept his voice steady. Does this mean more problems are coming to my clan? The warrior clan's life is always stormy, and Cloudstar is boomed. It is the duty of all star klans, to monitor them no matter what happens. His gaze softened. I'm sorry, Firestar. I know this is not what you want to hear. But I promise that this message will eventually help Bramble Star. You have to trust me in that. Firestar sighed. I trust you. But is it too much to ask that Thunderkile have a few seasons of peace after suffering so much? 1 Bramblestar stood near the entrance to the vacant seat and took a deep breath. The sky was dawn and galaxies, and the fog still flowed through the trees, but the air was filled with the scent of fresh and growing things, and it announced a new life. Each branch was tilted green, and the fern's hard fronds began to unravel in the midst of the dead fern. It was the idea of Bramblestar, whose long, harsh leaves were peeled off. Heavy snow has made it more difficult, and we have few warriors to hunt for food. Since green cough is still less . . . He then gave Felt a handshake. His clan made it through bitter, sorrowful leaves, and the warm weather was coming back. We survived six moons after the Great Battle, and he cried out loud. And now we will begin to build strength again. There is nothing that can destroy Thunderclec. That is right. Bramblestar jumped into Berianos's voice. He didn't notice the cream-colored warrior coming out of the wall behind him. Berias, you almost afraid me from my fur! He cried. Nothing afraid of you, Bramble Star, and Berry North responded. I am leading the border patrol. Would you like to join us? As he spoke, Millie and Rosepetal pushed through a visible wall, followed by AmberPou, one of the new apprentices. Her mentor, Spiderleg, raised her back. Amberpou popped up to Berias. Where are we going today? She tweeted. Windklan or Shadow Clan? What should we do if we catch them? Do you have to fight? I learned a big move! Berianos looked a little overwhelmed and replied, spider-leg. Like AmberPou and Blackbird, you can stop and start listening to Twitter and learn something. His words were strict but not harsh, and Bramblestar was delighted to see That Amberpou was not a threat to her mentor at all. Ok, spider leg, she mewed. But, we're going along the Windkham border, Berry North stopped. And we don't expect problems. He walked downhill toward the lake. Bramblestar waited for the rest of the ranger to pass, and then fell backwards. He found out how thin the cat was, and the ribs were visible under a rare felt. But their alarm was shown in all the spasms of the ear, and the muscles were tied to their creaking haunches as they moved. The Thunderclan has not yet been defeated. Amberpou staggered through the trees with a wide zigzag, and Spider-Legg stretched her black feet to stop her. If you continue that way, he warns, you will be exhausted before the patrol is more than half. And if you have a cat that's breaking into our territory, you can hear it before you spot it. Sorry, Spider-Leg, Amberpou flattened her ears. I wanted to see how quiet you could walk, Spider-Legg told her. Pretend to stalk the mouse. Bramblestar watched as little ginger moved forward, and she gently lowered each foot to make her almost undisturbed. Leaves, not bad, spider leg comments. Keep it up. In Spider-Legg, it was a considerable compliment, and Amberpou inflated his heart with pride. Bramblestar thought it was a good decision to put the two together. In fact, all three apprentices are doing well. They were the first apprentices he made as clan leaders, and he hesitated for a long time to choose a mentor. Dupo is now paired with his sister Whitewing from Cloutail and Brightheart's previous trash, and Snowpo has become ivypool's mentor. As they grew up, they suffered so much, and they suffered so much sorrow, Bramblestar recalled. I want their Apprenticeship Moon to be peaceful, so they can rest assured that life in the clan is not always on the brink of death. As the patrol reached the edge of the tree above the lake, Bramblestar found a leafpool under an elderly beach tree. She had a small sun-shining yellow bud, cut the stem of the early flower colt foot. Noticing the patrol, she greeted her and waved her tail. You look busy, the Bramble star commented as he padded to her. That's because I do. Leafpool collected coltsfoot stems in a neat bundle. J. Peder wants to collect them before the sun burns. Hello, Leafpool! Millie crossed boundaries to join

them. I wanted to say that Briarlight's workouts really work out my breasts. I was afraid she wouldn't get over that fight of the green cough. Bramblestar felt relieved through the felt. Millie was naturally anxious about her daughter, Briarlight, who had lost her hind legs when she was trapped under a falling tree. It was hard to believe that the injured cat had recovered from the match of Greenkov, who killed Knockpe, Ice Cloud and Hazeltail. The leafpool cramped the ears. It is Jay Federer that you should be grateful for, Millie. He doesn't stop looking for different ways to help briarlite. I have collected this colt foot with a new mixture of herbs to help her breathe with thyme and carmint. Do we still have catmint? Millie asked. Oh yes, patch Jay Feather has a new growth in patches planted next to the old two-legged oyster. I would tend to do it as soon as I take this herb back to camp. He picked up a bundle and crossed the tree to the border. Bramblestar was more than happy to describe her as thunderklan's weak cat. Berianos led the patrol to the Windklan border. They stopped briefly on the creek bank that flowed into the lake, then headed uphill and approached the water. Before more than a few fox escapades disappeared, the sun intercepted the wasteland and bathed the golden grass. Bramblestar stopped to stretch her forelegs, feeling the warmth after too many cold months. As soon as the cats treked upwards, the breeze blew across the stream. The windklan scent strongly directs the markers towards them. With a fresh smell, Berinos muttered and bent his nose. Millie, Rosepetal, it's a good idea to update the markers as we follow. We don't want the Windklan to think they're being careless about the boundary. I want to set a scent marker! AmberPou raised the pipe. Can I do that, please? Can she? Spider-Legg asked Berrinos. She will soon have to learn how to learn. I know how! Amberpou ran to the edge of the stream. I saw — she screamed and broke as the grass under her feet opened the way and slid out of sight. Later in the heartbeat, they heard a big start. Amber Pooh! The spider cried. All the cats ran to the edge of the stream where the disciple had disappeared. Bramblestar couldn't remember if the water was deep enough to drown her. The cobwebs plunged to the side of the bank and into the fast-flowing water. Leaning on the edge, Bramblestar saw a black warrior put an amberon on a shelf just above the creek surface. She was coughing up water, and the current dragged her tail. It's cold! She gasped. Bramblestar is serving you as a fool while the spider scrambles behind you, noticing that she has touched a comforting nose in her cat's ears. Come on, brambal star on my shoulder will help you. Before Amberfou's move, Bramblestar witnessed the move in the bushes on the other side of the creek, and the Windklan ranger led Uzachir to the open. What is going on? The Windklan warrior demanded. Why are you in our stream? It's not your stream, Spider Leghi, and Amber Poe crouched down on the shelf to help him reach his shoulders. We have not crossed borders. Yu-Si-surgrow. We all know what Thundercle thinks about boundaries. Bramblestar reached out and sank her teeth into Amberpoe's scrub, violently screeching on Spider-Legg's shoulder, and pushing her to safety in the bank. Rose petal sped up his nose with the Winskland warrior as he passed him before he had a chance to respond to Wijachir. How dare you! She cried. Once the Thunder Klan invades your territory and names it. Wissartur is unclawed. His clanmate Leafail and Nightcloud protruded forward, roaring in anger, and Rospetal was trapped between them. Knightfeld threw his claws out of Rosepetal's ear. Two soft-haired Windclan apprentices looked wide and bounced their feet as if waiting for a signal. Invading our territory? What about now? Night Cloud pointed out. She threw her tail away. Get back to his side of the stream. She's right, Bramblestar moves to the very edge of the bank, memblestar mep. This was not the battle they needed to fight. Rose Petal, come back here now. Rose petal jumped again. She stops in front of Bramblestar and bites her head. Blood was coming from scratches in his ears. Sorry, she muttered. I lost my temper. But they started it. Without worrying about who started and who was fleeing, Bramblestar raised mauer. Sorry, he called on Wijachir and the rest of the Windklan cats. Our apprentices fell into the stream. Spider-Legg helped her. Wisie jir smelled. Then she should watch where she is putting her feet. Bramblestar understood why the Windklan cat was so touched. We may have united to fight against the dark forest. . . . But we are not four clans, and we must once again respect our borders. In his relief, Wezzach stepped back, unwinding and wagging his tail for the rest of the patrol. To prevent that from happening again, he growled. And i don't think you can move across here whenever you feel it. She said she was sorry! Berias spit on him. How are you feeding in the Windklan? Bramblestar asked Berinos for a glare, and Spider-Legg swung in the creek, waving and dropping ice drops at clanmates. All right, Wiselferepli replied coldly. More rabbits than we can count. What about the Thunderklan? Oh, and the prey is now coming back after the cold weather, Bramblestar said he's more optimistic than he felt. We are looking forward to the warm season. And what about Onestar? He added: And sejibeard? I have never seen her in a few meetings in a month. Onestar is fine, Leafail replied. And Sedgeshooter is looking forward to Amberfoot's kit. She'll still be in the nursery for a while. Congratulations, Bramblestar mewed, meaning it. Well, we will get better. He turned to the rest of the patrol. Millie helped AmberPou to trim her wet hair, and Berinos stood near Rosepetal and licked her scratched ears. At Bramblestar's signal, he stopped and headed upstream again. Hil Bramblestar called the Windklan Patrol. You have to go for a lot of swimming! Amberpou added a look to his shoulder. You need cooling! Spider-Legg was immediately tied to his side, and her claws were obscured by her cuffs on her ears. Mouse - Brain! He murmured. It was a lucky escape. When the ranger left the Windklan cat behind, Berinos fell back to the pad next to Bramblestar. Rose petal looks fine, he mewed. I was worried that the WindKlan cat might hurt her. Bramblestar gave Berinos a puzzled look. I missed something? He was puzzled. Berianos is still a friend of Poppy Frost, right? We've lost so many cats, Berry North continued. Holyleaf, Sorrelltail, FunCloud, Greencorp's Ice Cloud and Hazeltail in The Great Battle. Now the new leaves, and none of the survivors expect the kit. Bramblestar realized that this was true. He felt guilty that he didn't think about himself, and he was shocked at how serious Berrinos was. Maybe he finally grows, he He was a real pain in the tail. . . . We need to think about replacing fallen warriors, Berinos pointed out. If not, we will be weaker than other clans. We just heard that the kit was scheduled at the Wind Klan. We need to heal and make it stronger again from the wounds of the great battle, but how can we do that if we have fewer cats than other clans? Bramblestar, 2, broke through the thornbarrier and entered the camp. The sun shone in an empty place, casting a long shadow across the earth. On the cliffs, the trees gently crumbled, and the warm wind swept the ground. Bramblestar could still see signs of terrible conflict as the dark forest warriors poured into the camp: fresh, rowdy tendons tangled with the old ones on the walls of the nursery, and branches shattered in the hazel bushes that obscured the elders' dens. It was too easy to close his eyes and jump back into the fighting and blood storms, and the cat was all dead and the live cat was attacked from all sides. The Dark Forest cats fought for strength and revenge, and fought to defeat them, taking away both the power of the living cats and the power of the Starklan. Bramblestar shook hands with Felt and tried to reflect on his previous optimism. At least the oysters were repaired, and the surviving cat recovered from its wounds. But scars that we cannot see will be more difficult to heal. At the end of the battle, J.Peder fell down a barking tree on a cliff beneath the high-edged. He scored claw marks for each life taken by the Dark Forest. It will remind us of the debt we owe to our former clanmates, he explained. Now, the White Wing stood in front of the branch with his apprentice, Dupo. Sidpo and Lilipo were watching with their mentors, Bumblestripe and Poppy Frost. Can you remember all the names? Whitewing asked his disciples. Dewpo narrowed his eyes with concentration. I think so. This is mouse greener. . . . He began to touch the first claw marks. She was an elder, but she fought so bravely! And this is Holly Leaf. She was away for a while, but when the Dark Forest attacked, she returned on time to help us. And this is for Fox Leap, who later died of his wounds. . . . Bramblestar nodded as lspou recited his name. He decided that as long as Thunderkle survived, all apprentices should learn the list as part of their training so that the lost clanmates could be remembered for the season after the season. This is for FunCloud, Dupo continued. She was murdered by Broken Star when she defended her kit at the nursery. And this is a sorrelltail. She hid her wounds because she wanted to take care of the kit, but she died when we thought we won. She is Brave of all. And the big mark right at the top? Whitewing prompts. Who does that mean? That's our leader, Firestar, Dupo. He was the best cat in the whole forest and gave up his last life to save us! Bramblestar felt a familiar stab in grief. I wonder if he's looking at us now. I hope he approves of what I did. I miss Firestar too. Bramblestar turned to see J.P. Feather appear on his side, and it was hard to believe that he was blind because the weak cat's blue eyes were so intense lying on him. I didn't think you could say what i can say to my heart anymore. Bramble star mewed, surprised. No, that day is past, Jay Federer admits, sounds a little wicked. But it wasn't hard to figure out that we were thinking of Firestar. I heard Dupo running his feet through the firestar's mark and saying his name, you sighed. He presses bramblista for a moment. I am sure fire star is watching us. He still walked in your dreams? Bramblestar asked. J. Feder shook his head. No, but that is a good sign in itself. I had enough warning from the Starklan to last nine lives. He roared at Bramblestar, and he sorted coltfoot flowers and freshly harvested catmint outside the oysters with leafuls. Come on, Snowpo, Ivy pool calls her disciples. Time for combat training! Can we go? lspou pleaded with her sister to rush to join her mentor. Of course we can, white wing weaving. And me! Amberpou sprinted across the camp, stopping next to a bunch of garbage. No, you're not! Spider-Legg made a phone call from a place standing next to a fresh pile of murders with clouttails and cherry poles. I did a morning patrol this morning. You need to relax. AmberPoe's tail sagged. But when I'm not there they'll learn stuff! She cried. I'll get behind, and I'm not going to be a warrior! Spider-Legg padded her and gave her a movie that was familiar to her with her tail. Of course you'll be a warrior, a mouse brain! Once you take a break, i promise you to show them the moves they will learn. Ok. AmberPou regrets her trash friends and mentors as she leaves the vacant seat. What about us? Lilipo exchanged disappointing glances with Sidpou. Why can't we do combat training? Because we will hunt, Poppy Frost answered vigorously. Hurry up! Bumblestripe knows the best place to find rats. Good! Sympou exclaimed with an excited little bounce. Lilipo, I bet you catch more mice than you. I'm going to catch the whole clan! Her sister refuted. It's not fair, Amberpo muttered as she watched her go. Why do i do anything? I said, Spider-Leg replied. You had a dawn patrol. I'm resting now. But before you do, he continues, you can bring some clean moss for Purdy's oysters. Amber Pou brightened up. Sure! And maybe he will tell me a story! He jumped and entered the barrier. Wondering if I had so much energy? Bramblestar fills in aloud as she watches the kitten disappear. Sandstorm shook his head at a nearby nursery school. You still! She told him. She appeared inside open and pushed the moss ball in front of her. It's good to see young children getting too active. It gives me new hope for our clan. She paused to keep her gaze blurred, and Bramblestar wondered if she was thinking about her ex-friend Firestar, who was not here to see these apprentices grow up. Then she raised her head again. Daisy and I are clearing the nursery, she gives Prod a ball of moss, and announced it. There may not be a kit now, but some of our kittens will be available soon. Bramblestar would have answered the question, recalling his previous conversation with Berias. I really hope so. Is there any other cat that can definitely help Daisy? He thought the Sandstorm didn't have to suffer from bedding, and it was covered with dust and moss. The sandstorm's blue eyes sparked entertainment. Are you going to wrap me in the elders' den? She teased. You've been providing clanmates for long enough, Bramble star responded. Why don't they take care of you now? Sandstorm blew his beard and whispered. I still have a lot of life on my feet, and she claimed daisy retreated into a nursery to help wrestle with a huge lump of brittle, fungal moss. Bramblestar watched the cat for a moment before turning around. His agent, Squirrelflight, stood near the elders' den and organized a hunting patrol with graystripe. Like Sandstorm, the former deputy was now one of the clan's oldest cats. We need a hunting patrol to get out early, and the grey stripe explained to the squirrel flight. It's best to avoid the sun chasing around as the day gets hotter. Squirrel Flight nodded. And the prey will be drilled by then. I already spent one patrol, she continued, but i could send another. Brightheart will be the good cat that leads it. She looked around. Hey, Bright Heart! The ginger and white cat slid between the branches protecting the warriors' oysters. Example? I wanted to lead a hunting patrol, squirrelly told her. But it is faithful to one area and comes back before it gets too hot. Bright heart dipped her hair. What particular place? She asked. You can try by shadow clan borders, squirrels have suggested. Millie found a squirrel nest yesterday. Good idea, bright heart mewed. What cats should I take with me? Millie, apparently, because she knows where the nest is. Besides her, your favorite cat. I'm on my way. Brighthart drew boundaries to call Millie out of the warriors' dens. Then she rounded the pigeon and mouse beard and headed through the thorns. When the barrier was still shaking from the departure She reappeared with huge moss bundle on her chin. Staggering toward the elders' dens, Bramblestar noticed the moss falling into the water, and found dark spots on the dusty floor of the cleaners. The squirrel flight went outside to intercept the apprentice, and she drew closer to the oyster. You can't take it from there, she sharpened Amber Poe. Those mosses are so wet. It absorbs all the other bedding and Purdy will claw his ears from wet to make his legs pain. When he mentioned his name, Purdy escaped from the refuge of hazel bushes. There's no thin 'wrong' in my legs, or in my ears. he snorts. What about your felt? Amberpo dropped the moss and asked. Brambleta repressed the amusement mrow, and Purdy's Tavi Felt seemed as if she was crawling backwards through thorns, insisting as if the fur had neither groomed her for the moon. Eh? Talk! Purdy complained. Why are you murmuring? These days, the kitten is always murmuring and intersecting. I explained to AmberPou that you can't bring wet moss into your den. What? Purdy frowned at the moss and threw out the moss. Wouldn't you have tried to drink instead? He asked Amberpou. The disciple seemed to fall off the sentence. I was just trying to help. Of course you young 'un. Purdy stroked AmberPoe's side with his tail. Hurry up, You're going to spread the moss here, just outside the oyster, and the inside will soon dry up in the sun. Not doing this, but I'll tell you how I once killed the entire nest o'rat. Example! Amberpou sprang out of joy and began to spread the wet moss. On the other side of the clearing, Sandstorm headed to the camp, where she pushed a huge used bedding tie in front of her. Bramblestar slipped into the nursery and began to help Daisy scrape along the next bundle. Have you heard of the new kit? He asked for hope. Daisy shook her head. No, but I'm sure we'll need childcare soon, now a new leaf here. She stopped for a moment, and then came and saw. She led Bramblestar out of the nursery, pointing to her tail and pointing to where LionBlaze and Sinderhart shared their tongues in the sun. The man will soon be expected, Daisy mewed, cramping her ears in Synderhart. Bramblestar felt a flash of excitement. He remembered playing against the Lion Blaze outside the nursery and teaching the Lion Blaze his first pounding. Even though everything happened, I wouldn't have loved those three kits more if I were their real father. The LionBlaze looked up and noticed Bramblestar looking at him. In a word to Sinderhart, he rose up and limped across the camp to join the leader. Did you want me? He asked. No, but because you are here, you can tell me how things happen. With a new kit soon to come, Bramblestar seems to have gone through it with a sweet move. The Great Star Klan! I licked the chest hair to be ashamed. There is no pressure, then? That's ok? Bramblestar went further anxiously, scratching the lion blaze's shoulder. He's crippling his front gun. The lion's flame sighed. Yes it's okay. Rlfpool and J. Feather checked me out and gave me dock leaves for the sick pad. It's hard to get used to the way I can get hurt right now. What I did was a stupid rowdy trip! Too bad, Bramble star mewed. You need to start looking at where you stepped! It will make our enemies very terrifying. No, lion flame mutters. He knelt back to a friend and settled next to her. The movement at the entrance caught Bramblestar's eye as the first hunting patrol returned. Durstfeld was leading it. He carried a squirrel on his chin. Behind him were Brackenpur, Pollen and Poppy Frost, all

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