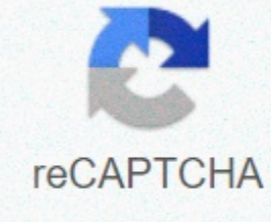




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No nude ads - > here! No nude ads - > here! \$urlZ Warriors legends of the... p.1 Erin Hunter SPOTTEDLEAF CONTENT's Heart Dedication Alliances Maps Maps Chapter Two Chapter Two Chapter Two Chapter Four Chapter Five Chapter Five Chapter Seven Chapter Seven Chapter Seven Chapter Nine Chapters Nine Chapters Nine Chapter Four Chapter Four Chapter Five Chapter Five Chapter Five Chapter Five Chapter Nine Chapter Ten Announcements Back On Author Books by Erin Hunter Credits Copyright On THE HEART OF THE SPOTTED EDITOR'S SPECIAL SPOTTED THANKS TO THE SPOT LEAF THANKS TO Victoria Holmes ALLEGIANCES THUNDERCLAN LEADER SUNSTAR - bright ginger tone with yellow eyes VICE TAWNYSPOTS - light gray tone with amber eyes MEDICINE CATS GOOSEFEATHER — stained gray tone with pale blue eyes FEATHERWHISKER - pale silvery tone with bright amber eyes WARRIORS (tones and she-cats without kits) STORMTAIL - blue-gray tone with blue eyes ADDERFANG - brown tone stained tone with yellow eyes HALFTAIL - large dark brown tone with yellow eyes and part of its tail missing SMALLEAR - gray tone with very small ears and amber eyes FUZZYPELT - black tone with yellow eyes WINDFLIGHT - tabby gray tone with pale green eyes WHITE-EYE - pale gray she-cat, blind in one eye POPPYDAWN - long dark red hair she-cat with an extremely thick tail and amber eyes SPECKLETAIL - pale tabby she-cat with amber eyes PATCHPELT - small shade black and white with amber eyes APPRENTICE , WHITEPAW THRUSHPELT - sandy gray tone with white flash on chest and bright green eyes DTAILAPPLE - turtle she-cat with a beautiful coat dappled BLUEFUR - blue-haired-gray she-cat with blue eyes THISTLECLAW - gray and white tone with amber eyes APPRENTICE, TIGERPAW ROSETAIL - grey tabby she-cat with a thick reddish tail LIONHEART - golden tabby tone, goldenflower green eyes - pale ginger tabby she-cat with amber eyes LEOPARDFOOT - black she-cat with green eyes QUEENS (she-cats expecting or nursing kits) ROBINWING - small brown she-cat with a patch of ginger on her chest and amber eyes (Mother of Brindlekit , a pale grey tabby she-kit, and Frostkit, a white she-kit with blue eyes) SWIFTBREEZE - tabby-and-white she-cat with yellow eyes (mother to Spottedkit, a dark turtle she-kit; Willowkit, a pale gray she-kit with blue eyes; and Redkit, a small turtle tone with a ginger tail) APPRENTICES (more than six moons old, in training to become TIGERPAW - great dark brown tone with yellow eyes MUMBLEFOOT - brown tone with amber eyes LARKSONG - turtleshell she-cat with pale green eyes MAPS CHAPTER In my sign, unleash the strength of thunderclan on these rogue! Spottedkit sank his claws into the stump of the tree and looked at his loyal warriors. They looked at her, huge-eyed, bristly-furred, ready to attack. Beyond them crouched the rogue, their tails blinking hungry. ThunderClan forever! Spottedkit yowled. Below her, a shade of dark turtle spun around and jumped to the nearest rogue. No, Redkit! That wasn't my signal! Spottedkit jumped off the stump and marched up to his brooding companion, who was trying to sink his teeth into the scrotum of a pale tabby kit. Leave Brindlekit alone! The kit shrugged redkit on the floor. He landed with an oof!, then scrambled to his paws and looked at Spottedkit. It sounded like a sign! You didn't tell us what the sign would be, you pointed out a white kit with eyes the color of the sky. Spottedkit tied her ass. You ruined the game, Redkit! You can't be my assistant anymore. Can I be the deputy?, Mewed a pale gray kit that was sitting in the shade of the tree stump. No, Willowkit, you're my cat medicine, Spottedkit told her. But I want to fight in battle! Willowkit protested. A thick-skinned white tone rose from where he was sitting on the other side of Brindlekit. I'll be the medicine cat if you want. It's not up to you, Whitepaw, spottedkit said. I'm the leader, I decide who does what. Whitepaw frowned. Well, I don't want to be a rogue. I'm a thunderclan cat! You're so bossy, Spottedkit! He padded frostkit. I'm going to be a warrior. But now we only have one rogue! Spottedkit cried. This is not a proper battle! I also don't want to be a rogue, mewed Brindlekit. Redkit marked the dust with a tiny claw. We don't want to play with you, Spottedkit. You're always telling us what to do! Spottedkit watched miserably as his dens trotted through the clearing to a piece of sun-heated sand, where they began to tap around an old mossy chard. Is everything all right? Spottedkit turned to see his mother's tabby-and-white face. Redkit says I'm too bossy. Swiftbreeze bowed her head and licked the skin on Spottedkit's neck. Spottedkit snug a little closer, purring. Maybe you should let one of the others be in charge, Swiftbreeze suggested. But they said I could be clan leader! mewed. That means I have to take care of every cat, doesn't it? Well, the remedy cat has some responsibility, too, swiftbreeze purred. And no leader could do without his deputy. Think about how Sunstar relies on Tawnyspots to organize patrols. When I'm the leader of thunderclan, I'll be in charge of all patrols, Spottedkit announced. She curled up against her mother's belly and rested her chin on Swiftbreeze's hind paw. I'm going to make Whitepaw my deputy. He is kind and intelligent, and he tells Tigerpaw to stop showing off whenever Thistleclaw teaches him a new way to fight. Spottedkit felt his mother tense. Thistleclaw shouldn't be teaching Tigerpaw so many battle moves, not when he's only been apprenticeto two moons. I'll have Leopardfoot talk to him. She's Tigerpaw's mother. she won't want him to get hurt before he gets a chance to make his final assessment. Leopardfoot doesn't care, she said that. She says Tigerpaw is Pinestar's son, so he has to be the best warrior in the entire Clan. Spottedkit sometimes wondered how Tigerpaw felt, knowing that his father had left ThunderClan to become a kitten. Sunstar was the leader now, and he never let any cat tease Tigerpaw over his father. But the cats still spoke when sunstar was out of reach, and Spottedkit saw the dark brown tabby apprentice staring at his clanfriends at times as if he blamed them for Pinestar abandoning him. Spottedkit began to follow the smell of milk through the skin of his mother's belly. I'm going to be the best warrior of all time, so there! Swiftbreeze changed her position so she was lying more comfortably on earth. I don't doubt that for a moment, little one, she purred. But before that happens, you must learn to play well with your teammates! There was a noise of branches as cats pushed through the gorse tunnel. Spottedkit looked up on his mother's back, a drop of milk clinging to his whiskers. The hunting patrol is back! She moved up to her paws and ran to the pile of fresh deaths where the warriors had lined up to lay her death. Tawnyspots was at the front, shoulders taut under the weight of an adult squirrel. The deputy looked thin and his flanks loosened, as if he had run twice as far as the other warriors. Good catch! Spottedkit mewed. The warrior waved at her as he retreated to let Tigerpaw's mentor, Thistleclaw, lay his prey. It was a thrd, its soft tawny feathers vibrating in the breeze. Thistleclaw noticed Spottedkit looking at the feathers. He took out some with his front paw and offered them to her. Would you like these for your nest?, He meows. Spottedkit felt his skin tingling. She wasn't sure if she had permission have the first choice of of the pile of recent deaths. Thistleclaw blinked encouragingly. Go ahead, there's plenty for the elders. Spottedkit stretched out and took the feathers in his mouth. They tickled her nose and she ruined her eyes in an effort not to sneeze. Can I have some feathers, too? Whitepaw ran over. Patchpelt is out on border patrol, and I've finished collecting moss for Sunstar's nest. He looked at his father with his head tilted to one side. Whitepaw's mother, Snowfur, had died while he was still in the nursery. Spottedkit thought Thistleclaw looked too young to have an apprenticeed son, but he spent time with Whitepaw every day, teaching him extra battle moves and telling him about the patrols. Spottedkit's father, Adderfang, said she was too small to learn anything yet, which wasn't fair. She was getting bigger the whole time! Of course you can have a little, purred Thistleclaw, scraping

another full paw from the chest of candidiasis. He pushed them towards Whitepaw, who buried his muzzle in them. When he raised his head, tiny feathers clung to his nose. Your warrior name must be Wingnose! Spottedkit mewed. She stuck some feathers in Whitepaw's ears. How many do you think you need before you fly? Whitepaw rose in his haunches and waved his forepaws in the air. More than that, declared. Thistleclaw extended another pile of feathers. Spottedkit shoved them into Whitepaw's cheeks. Try now!, she demanded. A shadow hung over her. What's happening? Spottedkit spun around guilt. Bluefur was looking at her, blue eyes on fire. Why are you messing with those feathers? We were just playing, Spottedkit explained. We wanted to see if Whitepaw could fly! Bluefur looked at Whitepaw, who was trying to blow the last tiny feathers out of his muzzle. You're old enough to know better, she scolded you. These feathers should be used for the nests of the elders, not wasted in a silly game. Whitepaw hung his head. Sorry, Bluefur. Spottedkit felt a stab of indignation. Just because Bluefur was Snowfur's sister doesn't mean she could send whitepaw around. She began scraping the feathers scattered in a pile. They can still be used for nests, he pointed out. Shall we take them to the vile of the elders? No, Spottedkit, this is an apprentice duty, Bluefur said. She was just trying to help, Thistleclaw said. You should know better, too, Bluefur muttered. She passed Thistleclaw and put the thare back in the pile of deaths. Thistleclaw caught spottedkit's eye. Oops, he whispered. Spottedkit tried to drown out his purring of fun. Hey, Thistleclaw! I've been what a strike back you showed me! Tigerpaw came bounding through the clearing, his paws beating the ground. He launched himself into the air, landed on his front paws, and threw his hind legs out behind him. Take this, ShadowClan rat dung!, It's steamed triumphant. Why does Tigerpaw have to show off all the time? Spottedkit muttered to Whitepaw, who shrugged his shoulders. Bluefur looked shocked. That's a very advanced move! You shouldn't be teaching him things like that, Thistleclaw. Tigerpaw jumped over his finger. Why not? Thistleclaw says I'm as strong as a warrior! The gray and white tone cuffed Tigerpaw lightly over his ear. But you still have a lot to learn! Did you finish checking the elders for ticks? Tigerpaw rolled his lip. This is the worst job in the world! That's not fair. Whitepaw has to go into the woods to get moss for Sunstar! Thistleclaw narrowed his eyes. Does that mean you didn't do it? Go now, and then I'll take you out for a little more training. Tigerpaw frowned, but turned and stepped towards the iva of the elders with its tail dragging on the ground. Bluefur snoozes. You're too soft on him, Thistleclaw. He's lazy when it comes to doing anything he's not learning to fight. The gray and white tone found his look. Are you trying to tell me how to train my apprentice, Bluefur? There was a warning sign in his voice. Bluefur writhed his ears. I'm just saying what I noticed, she meoed. She twisted her tail back. There's nothing wrong with wanting to fight, but Tigerpaw needs to learn that there's more to being a good warrior than defeating our enemies. I'm making sure he knows everything he needs, murmured Thistleclaw. Spottedkit felt an emotion of emotion when he saw the warrior slide out of his front claws until they stung the earth. If Bluefur hadn't been careful, she'd be fighting her own clan mate! The blue-grey she-cat held thistleclaw's look for a heartbeat for longer, then turned and padded away. Spottedkit realized that she was holding her breath and letting him out with a sigh. Thistleclaw is back! There was a little-legged thrum like the other kits loaded on to the pile of fresh deaths. Brindlekit and Redkit threw themselves over Thistleclaw's shoulders, beating him aside. Willowkit and Frostkit attacked his flank to arrest him. The gray and white warrior landed with a tassy, sending a breath of dust into the air. Thistleclaw's dark amber eyes were wide and frightened, and his norins would cin like he was trying to breathe. Get out of it! Spottedkit ordered his colleagues. You rolled him up! The same thing had happened to her when she fell from the stump of the tree, and she knew it was a sensation waiting for the air to come back. Back. The kits scrambled off Thistleclaw, looking anxious. Spottedkit crouched next to the warrior's head and placed a paw gently on his shoulder. Be quiet, she mewed. Try to breathe a little. She looked over her shoulder. Whitepaw, get Featherwhisker! The apprentice ran to the ferns that hid the vile from the cat. Thistleclaw blinked and breathed a shaving sigh. I'm fine, he screamed. He sat down and rubbed his chest with a paw. Good attack, kits! We're sorry, Willowkit mewed, huge eyes. We didn't mean to hurt you! No harm done, answered Thistleclaw. still singing as if he had swallowed thorns. He looked at the Spottedkit. Thank you for taking such good care of me, he muttered. I don't think I would have recovered without you! Spottedkit shone from his nose to the tip of his tail. Anytime! Whitepaw's back with Feathenwhisker. The medicine's thick silver cat skin followed a cloud of herbs. What's going on? We hurt Thistleclaw very badly! Redkit announced. I thought he was dead! cried Brindlekit. I'm fine, Thistleclaw purred. Just a little hard play, that's all. Featherwhisker mewed in fun. What kind of warrior is brought down by kits?, he joked before trotting back to his nta. The one who teaches us the best battle moves! Spottedkit mewed, and felt a burst of heat as Thistleclaw flashed at her. You will make a good cat remedy one day!, He mewed. No way, Spottedkit told him. I want to be a warrior like you! Thistleclaw lowered his head. In that case, it will be an honor to fight alongside you, Spottedkit. I can't wait! Spottedkit whispered. CHAPTER TWO Spottedkit, you have reached the age of six moons, and it's time for you to be apprenticed. Spottedkit was shaking so much, he could barely lift his head to look at sunstar. The leader's yellow eyes were warm when he looked at her. From this day, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Spottedpaw. Your mentor will be Thrushpelt. The rest of Sunstar's words were lost in a blur as Spottedpaw looked at the sandy gray tone that approached her. Thrushpelt tilted his head to brush the spotted contrapaw muzzle. It smelled like leaves, fangs and the wild forest. Can we get out of camp now? Spottedpaw whispered. Torushpelt purred. In a moment, little.

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