

*The Last Prophecy*

*By Florence W. Pye*



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**The Last Prophecy**

Written by

**Florence W Pye**

**aged 11**

Illustrated by

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### **Dedication**

Thank you to the authors of the amazing book series 'Warrior Cats', which opened my eyes to stories about friendship, hardship and people always being there.

### **Acknowledgement**

I would like to thank my friends for helping come up with this amazing story, especially Pandora and Verin for their beautiful artwork.

### **About the Author:**



Florence Wren Pye was born on 28th May 2014, in Kemmey, Scotland, the youngest sibling in the Pye family, after her two brothers, Ted and Henry. Wren loves being outside in nature, around horses and other animals. When not outside, you will find Wren playing games on her Switch and daydreaming.

Wren, at the age of 8, discovered she had dyspraxic traits, which explained why she found writing so difficult. This book is a testament to her courage, determination and resilience as a young writer, and she hopes it will inspire other young writers to persevere with their stories, despite setbacks.

*Prologue*

As the cats hissed and screeched in protest around her, she fixed herself onto the tom in front of her, his snarling making her burn with a fury that she could not tame. She was about to pounce when, abruptly, she heard her brother FalconPaw scream out in pain. Forgetting what she was doing, she rushed over to him, where she saw five cats surrounding him and a storm cloud forming above.

Then she awoke.

Have you ever wondered what happens when your cat wonders? Well, you are about to find out...

As DapplePaw pounced on her brother, unsheathing her claws ready to train, her Aunt, FoxPelt, joked that she had her great-great-grandfather FireStar's courage and bravery. But sometimes she did not feel brave, as she always heard about the great battles FireStar had undertaken, like the quest set by the SkyClan's first leader to save his clan, or the time that in the BloodClan battle, he took on Scourge, the leader and lost his first life and then killed Scourge straight after. She came back to reality when her brother pounced on her - she was not losing this battle, that was for sure! Was all the story about SquirrelStar's father true?



*Clan 2 - RiverClan*

"All cats old enough to catch their own prey, meet beneath the wet rock!" As IceStar called all the cats, she felt a pang of nostalgia for when LeopardStar did this when she first arrived here. "Today we do one of my favourite things in this Clan, naming new apprentices. PebbleKit, RockKit, please step forward. You are now PebblePaw and RockPaw!"

IceStar remembered that there would be a half-moon gathering for the medicine cats. "One more thing, tonight will mark half a moon since HavenPelt had her three kits, FloatKit, RapidKit and TroutKit."



### *Clan 3 - WindClan*

WindClan is believed to be the closest to StarClan because they are nearest to the Island and the moonpool. At night, they have a clear view of SilverPelt. Tonight, the medicine cats will travel to the moonpool.



*Clan 4 - ShadowClan*

TigerStar looks out to the lake, debating whether or not he should tell his mother that DoveWing is his mate. He felt a soft pelt brush against his, and looked over his shoulder, seeing DoveWing. Her beauty had no match; he knew his mother would eventually find out, and perhaps it would be better coming from him than any other cat.



*Clan 5 - SkyClan*

As LeafStar looked out over the shimmering lake, she saw the stars glide on it, representing the souls of her ancestors. The sweet smell of the new-leaf bluebells filled her nose, as excited squeals of her and BillyStorm's kits carried on the air, as they tumbled over each other, mixing with the yowls of protest as FreckleWish tried to give Fallowfern dock leaves for her pads. LeafStar sighed - this is the life she lived - moaning elders, needy warriors, oh, why can't someone else be the leader and not her?

## Chapter 1

As they walked up to the tree bridge, DapplePaw felt a surge of curiosity from SweetPaw as she dared FalconPaw to shout out 'THUNDERCLAN IS THE BEST!!'

Then there was a hot breath down her neck as she looked up and saw SquirrelStar muttering about apprentices not being like they were back in the day when FireStar was leader. "Wait for me, you three!" shouted DapplePaw as she bounded up to her littermates, EarthPaw, SweetPaw and FalconPaw, their emotions intertwining. DapplePaw wondered why StarClan had given her the power to sense the emotions of all the cats around her. *Why did she have to feel their emotions along with hers? It was all so overwhelming.*

Although it had been only a few days since AlderHeart had told her about her power, she felt dissatisfied. Telling AlderHeart that she wanted to train as a medicine cat had put distance between her and her littermates. However, it was fun healing her clanmates. Her old mentor, CinderHeart, was quite sad, but she understood when AlderHeart had told her about the power.

Maybe SquirrelStar was right, and she was just like JayFeather? No matter, this was her first gathering, and she was not going to let it be ruined!!

They all settled around the Great Oak, as the leader settled herself on a branch. She caught EarthPaw's gasp - they must be thinking the same thing. What was wrong with LeafStar?

As EarthPaw looked away from DapplePaw, she knew that EarthPaw felt betrayed. DapplePaw knew that she would tell her littermates about her power, but sadly, she also knew that they might not have any special power. *This power to feel others' emotions deeply, was it true that there were others like her? Was this prophecy true about her being able to intrude on other cats' dreams and feelings?* Her thoughts were interrupted when IceStar spoke:

"RiverClan is well, prey is running well for this early in new-leaf, and we have two new apprentices, PebblePaw and RockPaw!"

All five clans chanted, "PEBBLEPAW! ROCKPAW!" over and over again, then SquirrelStar stepped forward, and every cat fell silent.

"ThunderClan is well too, this new-leaf has been good to us too," she said as DapplePaw wondered if SquirrelStar was going to mention her swapping to the medicine cat training.

"We mourn the death of one of our elders, Daisy." SquirrelStar continued. There was a ripple of happiness and sadness from the other clans, but especially in ShadowClan. Weird!

TigerStar stepped forward; there was an angry howl from WindClan, "YOU'RE A MURDERER!"

The whole of the island was eerily quiet.

*What was this all about? DapplePaw wondered; was it the time TigerStar was a spy in the Dark Forest? Or that he had killed cats in the battle? She really hoped this had nothing to do with her.*

"Look up at the sky. StarClan is not happy with this; the gathering must come to an end," stated LionBlaze. As DapplePaw looked around, she recognised that it was none other than LionBlaze, the ThunderClan Deputy! DapplePaw rose along with AlderHeart.

"I agree," AlderHeart meowed calmly, "I believe that we must end this gathering, but also look into what the mysterious cat said to cause all this commotion."

There were murmurs of agreement all around her, but before she could stop her brother, FalconPaw, he shouted, "But who said that?"

She felt floods of emotions coming from all directions; ShadowClan was giving her a flood of pride, SkyClan was giving her worry, WindClan was feeling pain, RiverClan was feeling doubt, ThunderClan was feeling embarrassment...

What was that other feeling, emanating from StarClan?

"AlderHeart?" she whispered.

"Yes," he whispered back.

"I can feel StarClan's anger!" She was so worried that this was not good.

"Ok. Don't worry," he meowed, trying to keep his feelings in check, "let's get back to camp." As they trotted away from the gathering, they were stopped by none other than the snoopy, arrogant BreezePelt.

"Where do you think you are going?" he snorted. Of course, she had to bump into him, not any other cat! Anger bubbled up inside her, along with AlderHeart's emotion.

"We are just going back to ThunderClan camp." His meow was dry and calm. "You go when I say." She knew he was talking to her, but she pretended not to understand.

"3,2,1... GO!" AlderHeart shouted.

"WHAT?" BreezePelt cried as DapplePaw darted forward. She looked back and saw AlderHeart tackling BreezePelt, then she saw a dark shadow looming over AlderHeart...

She did not know who or what it was, but she knew she had to get help.

## Chapter 2

As SweetPaw ran up to LionBlaze and her sister DapplePaw, she knew that something had to be happening because ever since DapplePaw had become a medicine cat apprentice, she was acting differently, not in the grumpy way of her old mentor JayFeather, but as if she were holding something back... well, it's not important right now.

"SweetPaw, come with us," LionBlaze ordered, "and get your Sister, EarthPaw." SweetPaw nodded and rushed off to find EarthPaw. *Why did she need her sister, she wondered? She could fight and protect DapplePaw all by herself!* Finally, she found her.

"EarthPaw, come with me," she told her. When she didn't respond, she shouted, "NOW!" She twisted around and realised that she was halfway in front! As she raced to keep up, they finally arrived at the meeting point where she could breathe.

"Ok, now that everyone is here, we can go." DapplePaw was pacing as she spoke, "I left AlderHeart at the Tree Bridge, COME ON!" She raced to the bridge, LionBlaze on one side, EarthPaw on the other. This was her time. As she arrived beside her sisters, she could release her true might. "Now, now, BreezePelt, I don't want trouble." AlderHeart looked so put together, not worried at all, then she noticed his tail gesturing

for them to go forward. He knew they were here, but before she could say anything, BreezePelt leapt at AlderHeart. Anger bubbled up in SweetPaw; she was done being the timid one out of her litter or always the put-together one. This was the time she would show her true powers. SweetPaw leapt so high that BreezePelt did not even see her; she landed on him, tearing him off AlderHeart. They wrestled with each other.

Finally, she was helped when LionBlaze tore BreezePelt off him and cried, "The ego you must have - attacking a medicine cat and thinking you would get away with it!"

BreezePelt snorted as he retreated back to the gathering "Thank you for helping, all of you." AlderHeart meowed dryly, "I could not have done this without you, but DapplePaw and I must get back to camp."

"Of course," LionBlaze replied. "We will come with you because if we don't, that arrogant excuse for a cat is going to come back." As they trotted over the bridge, SweetPaw was behind her sister DapplePaw and she meowed to SweetPaw, "We need to talk."

"Ok, when?" SweetPaw replied.

"Tonight at the old abandoned Twoleg place", DapplePaw told SweetPaw. *Does she know? No, she couldn't know about her jumping ability... or could she?*

## Chapter 3

As EarthPaw stirred awake, she saw her sister, SweetPaw, walking away with DapplePaw.

*Should she follow? Of course, she should! She was going to help them no matter what!*

As EarthPaw ran up to her sisters in under a second, they were surprised, "What do you think you are doing?" EarthPaw asked in her most innocent voice to her older sisters.

"We will only tell you if you promise not to tell anyone," DapplePaw replied, "and yes, that does include our mousebrained idiot of a brother."

When EarthPaw nodded, the three apprentices walked to wherever DapplePaw was taking them. When they got there, EarthPaw saw her mentor, SquirrelStar, AlderHeart and LionBlaze.

"I see you have brought your sister, EarthPaw. Do you think that she has a power?" asked SquirrelStar in her calm, cool tone.

"Well, if DapplePaw and SweetPaw have a power, why should their littermates not? Because the prophecy did say that **there will be**

**four with pelts as red as foxes. Leaping, speeding, dreaming and storming because the fire is forming."**

Dreaming being DapplePaw, Leaping being SweetPaw and the one being you, LionBlaze, so the other two make sense to be EarthPaw and FalconPaw," AlderHeart meowed. "Come sit."

## Chapter 4

As FalconPaw woke up, he saw his two older sisters sitting next to him. *This was not the life I wanted*, he thought to himself. *Why do I have to pretend that I'm okay with not having DapplePaw in here, or with my littermates hiding secrets from each other?*

FalconPaw heard his mentor, WafflePelt, shout for him. As he trotted out of the apprentice den, he saw the kits playing in the last of the fallen leaves. He missed Daisy's cheerfulness and the way SquirrelStar had respected her, but at the same time, it had been the old she-cat's time to go to StarClan.

*I wish I could control this power!*

*Stupid power. Stupid weather.*

Almost instantly, rain began chucking itself down all around him — but not on him.

Panicking, FalconPaw rushed back into the apprentice den to "hide" from the rain, when really he was hiding from DapplePaw and all her talk about it being a gift from StarClan and all that wiffy-waffy medicine cat business, when really it was probably just pure luck.

As if on cue, the rain suddenly stopped, and FalconPaw cautiously stepped out of the den, trying not to draw attention to himself.

No one could find out he was responsible for blocking out the moon — not StarClan, right?

*Right?*

"FalconPaw, we need to help DapplePaw gather more catmint. NOW!" WafflePelt shouted.

The cats rushed toward the abandoned Two-leg place, where JayFeather once grew catmint before retiring. where DapplePaw and AlderHeart continued that legacy. "FalconPaw, you go with DapplePaw to get some wet moss so we can water the catmint," ordered AlderHeart, "and make sure not to cross the borders!"

As the two apprentices trotted off to get the wet moss, FalconPaw's thoughts raced. *I need to tell her about the power!* But what if she says I am mouse-brained?

"DapplePaw, can I ask you something?" FalconPaw asked warily.

"Sure! Go ahead!" DapplePaw answered.

*This is the time. I need to tell her!*

“Um, you know when the moon got covered by the cloud—”

Before FalconPaw could finish, DapplePaw cut in.

“I know it was you.”

*WHAT?!* This was not going as FalconPaw had expected.

“W-w-w-what do you m-mean? I didn’t do that,” he stuttered, trying to keep up his laid-back act.

“Oh, just shut up! I know it was you!” DapplePaw had clearly had enough of all the going back and forth. “I know it was you because there is a prophecy!”

*A prophecy?! About what?*

FalconPaw’s thoughts whirled, but before he could ask, he heard an angry yowl from behind him.

“GET OFF SHADOWCLAN TERRITORY!”

## Chapter 5

As DapplePaw looked around, she saw a bewildered FalconPaw staring in the direction of the noise.

“DapplePaw, we aren’t on ShadowClan territory, are we?” FalconPaw asked in a whisper.

*What was going on? A second ago, they were at the lake, and now they were in the ThunderClan forest!*

“We aren’t on ShadowClan territory — you’re on ThunderClan territory!” DapplePaw hissed at the warrior.

*We need to get LionBlaze and AlderHeart.*

“I am?” asked the ShadowClan warrior, looking completely confused.

*What was going on?*

“Yes, you are,” FalconPaw stated calmly. “Now why don’t you tell us your name?”

DapplePaw slipped into her power, and immediately she felt the warrior's worry. At the same time, she could feel FalconPaw's bravery radiating beside her — his fierce need to protect her from danger.

*He wants to protect me above anything... Is that what the dream is all about?*

"Oh yes, my name is DoveWing. I need to speak to JayFeather and LionBlaze."

DOVEWING!

As DapplePaw looked more closely at the she-cat, she realised that DoveWing was pregnant.

"Why?" DapplePaw asked curiously. "We can't let you into our Clan if we don't know why."

Is she trying to find out more about how we get trained?

"Fair enough. I will wait here while you go and get JayFeather and LionBlaze."

She is definitely trying to trick us!

"No," FalconPaw said, stepping forward, "because how can we trust you if we don't even know you?"

He is good at debating this... but what if it gets out of control?

DapplePaw had had enough of the back and forth. She turned to her brother.

"You stay here and I will go and get LionBlaze," she said calmly but firmly.

Please don't argue!

"No, I asked for JayFeather and LionBlaze," DoveWing meowed, "but I also don't know your names."

Fair enough. She knows we don't trust her, so she won't trust us either.

"My name is FalconPaw, and this is my sister, DapplePaw," FalconPaw replied, not flinching. "Now you know our names, DapplePaw will go and get LionBlaze — and only LionBlaze — because JayFeather has retired from being a medicine cat, and it is now DapplePaw and AlderHeart."

DapplePaw tried to reach more deeply into DoveWing's feelings, but it seemed she had a strong mental wall, stopping other cats from prodding into her mind.

"Fine! But be quick. I don't want to be here all day!" DoveWing called after DapplePaw.

As DapplePaw neared the Two-leg den, she was filled with worry for herself and FalconPaw.

What if this was DoveWing's plan — to get herself alone with FalconPaw and attack him?

"DapplePaw, where is FalconPaw?" LionBlaze asked.

FOX-DUNG!

"DoveWing wants to meet you at the ShadowClan border. FalconPaw is with her now," DapplePaw replied.

LionBlaze froze, his golden fur bristling.

"She's what?" His voice was low, but the fury underneath it made DapplePaw's paws prickle. "DapplePaw, you should never have left FalconPaw alone with her!"

"I know," she whispered, her tail drooping. "But she insisted... and she's pregnant, LionBlaze. I didn't think she'd attack."

LionBlaze's eyes widened for a heartbeat — shock, worry, something else she couldn't name — then he shook it off. "Pregnant or not, DoveWing is still a ShadowClan warrior. And she's not supposed to be anywhere near ThunderClan territory."

DapplePaw swallowed hard. "LionBlaze... something's wrong with her. She's scared, but she's hiding it. And she wants JayFeather too. Why would she need both of you?"

LionBlaze didn't answer. He was already pushing past her, muscles bunching as he broke into a run. "Come on. We're getting your brother back."

DapplePaw raced after him, her heart pounding like a trapped bird. Every step closer to the border made her mind swirl with darker and darker possibilities. What if FalconPaw was hurt? What if DoveWing had tricked them all along? What if—

A yowl split the air.

LionBlaze skidded to a halt, ears pricked. "That was FalconPaw!"

DapplePaw didn't wait. She shot past him, crashing through the undergrowth until the trees opened into the ShadowClan border clearing.

FalconPaw stood rigid, tail fluffed, eyes blazing. DoveWing was in front of him — not attacking, but shielding him. Her belly was round, her breath uneven, and her gaze locked on something in the shadows.

"LionBlaze," she gasped, relief flooding her voice. "Finally. You have to listen to me — all of you."

LionBlaze stepped forward, but his claws were unsheathed. "Then start talking."

DoveWing's ears flattened. "ShadowClan isn't safe anymore. TigerStar—" She broke off, glancing behind her as if expecting claws to burst from the bracken. "He's planning something. Something that will destroy the peace between the Clans. I came here because you're the only ones who will believe me. I tried talking him out of it but it didn't work. Please help me!"

DapplePaw felt FalconPaw's fear spike like a thorn in her chest. She reached out with her power again — and this time, DoveWing's mental wall cracked just enough for a single emotion to slip through.

Desperation.

Real, raw, terrified desperation.

DoveWing wasn't lying.

LionBlaze's expression shifted, just slightly. "What is he planning?"

DoveWing took a shaky breath. "A battle. A secret one. And he wants our kits to be part of it."

DapplePaw's blood ran cold.

FalconPaw whispered, "StarClan help us..."

## Chapter 6

SweetPaw was doing a border patrol with TwigBranch, BumbleStripe and SparkPelt. As the older warriors talked about the boring stuff, her and TwigBranch ran headlong along the ShadowClan border. STOP! As SweetPaw rushed to a halt, she saw her littermates DapplePaw and FalconPaw sitting with LionBlaze calmly listening to DoveWing.

*DOVEWING! As in the she-cat that BumbleStripe fell for when she was only a ThunderClan apprentice!*

"SparkPelt, why don't you and BubbleStripe go and find AlderHeart at the abandoned Two-leg den?" meowed LionBlaze as he walked over to them, "And TwigBranch, SweetPaw stay here, OK."

SweetPaw's heart hammered as LionBlaze padded past her, his muscles tight beneath his golden pelt. TwigBranch stayed close, her tail tip brushing SweetPaw's flank in a silent warning to stay alert.

DapplePaw and FalconPaw didn't even seem to notice SweetPaw's arrival — they were too focused on DoveWing, who looked like she might collapse at any moment.

TwigBranch narrowed her eyes. "DoveWing... What are you doing here? And in that condition?"

DoveWing swallowed hard. "I didn't have a choice. TigerStar—he's planning something terrible. I couldn't let my kits be part of it."

"Kits?" SweetPaw blurted before she could stop herself.

FalconPaw shot her a look, wide-eyed and trembling. "ShadowClan wants to use them in a battle. A secret one."

SweetPaw's stomach twisted. Kits? In battle? Even TigerStar wouldn't—

But the look in DoveWing's eyes said he absolutely would.

LionBlaze stepped closer to DoveWing, his voice low but steady. "Tell us everything. No more hiding."

DoveWing's breath hitched. "He's gathering cats. Training them at night. He says it's to 'secure ShadowClan's future,' but it's not. It's an attack. A huge one. And he wants our kits to be symbols — proof that ShadowClan's bloodline is strongest."

DapplePaw flinched, her fur bristling. SweetPaw felt a strange ripple in the air — the way it always felt when DapplePaw used her power.

TwigBranch's ears flattened. "StarClan... this is worse than anything we thought."

Suddenly, a twig snapped in the shadows.

Every cat froze.

LionBlaze whipped around, claws unsheathed. "Show yourself!"

For a heartbeat, nothing moved.

Then a scent drifted toward them — cold, sharp, unmistakably ShadowClan.

SweetPaw's fur stood on end.

FalconPaw whispered, "He followed her.."

DoveWing's eyes widened with terror. "No. No, no, no — he can't be here."

A dark shape shifted behind the bracken.

TwigBranch stepped in front of the apprentices, her voice a low growl. "LionBlaze..."

"I know." His tail lashed once. "Get DoveWing back to camp. Now."

"But..." DapplePaw started.

"Now," LionBlaze snapped, though fear flickered in his eyes.

Another twig cracked.

Closer this time.

SweetPaw's breath caught in her throat.

TigerStar was here.

And he wasn't alone.

## Chapter 7

JayFeather burst into the den, nearly brushing past DapplePaw. "Move," he snapped, though his voice trembled with something deeper than irritation. "Let me see her."

DapplePaw stepped back immediately, heart pounding. She had trained for moons, but nothing had prepared her for this. DoveWing lay on her side, panting, her belly rippling with contractions. EarthPaw pressed moss toward her, paws shaking. FalconPaw hovered near the entrance, tail lashing. SweetPaw skidded in last, breathless and wide-eyed.

"I came as fast as I could," SweetPaw gasped, her paws still vibrating with leftover speed. "Is she—?"

"She's kitting early," DapplePaw said, trying to keep her voice steady. "Too early."

JayFeather crouched beside DoveWing, pressing his ear to her belly. His whiskers quivered. His breath hitched.

SweetPaw stepped closer. "JayFeather? Is she going to be okay?"

JayFeather didn't answer at first. When he finally lifted his head, his blind blue eyes were blazing with something fierce and unsettling.

"It's begun," he murmured. "StarClan's warning. The prophecy."

The apprentices exchanged terrified glances.

FalconPaw's fur bristled. "The prophecy... the one about us?"

JayFeather flicked his tail sharply. "Yes. And it's unfolding faster than any of us expected."

DapplePaw felt her stomach twist. She had dreamed of this moment—literally. For nights she had woken trembling, the scent of blood and storm-clouds clinging to her fur. She could feel DoveWing's fear now, pulsing through her like a second heartbeat. Her gift was growing stronger.

Outside, a sudden gust of wind rattled the bramble walls. FalconPaw flinched, and the wind *answered* him—swirling harder, as if pulled by invisible claws.

"FalconPaw," SweetPaw whispered, "you're doing that."

"I—I didn't mean to!" he hissed, tail puffing. "It just happens when I'm scared."

EarthPaw stepped closer to him. "Then calm down. We need you steady."

But EarthPaw's paws wouldn't stop shifting, muscles bunching and releasing. She was built to leap, to spring into danger, and the tension outside made her legs twitch with restless energy.

DapplePaw paced in a tight circle, her paws blurring. "ShadowClan's coming, aren't they? I can feel it. I can *hear* them."

JayFeather stiffened. "You're not wrong."

## Chapter 8

A yowl split the air outside. A warrior's cry—sharp, panicked, unmistakable.

FalconPaw spun toward the entrance. "That was from the camp!"

Another yowl followed, closer this time. Then the thundering of paws. The metallic tang of fear-scent drifted into the den.

JayFeather's fur bristled. "No... not now."

SweetPaw backed up until her tail brushed the wall. "ShadowClan. They're here, aren't they?"

A crash sounded outside as two warriors collided. The camp erupted into chaos—screeches, snarls, the pounding of paws.

EarthPaw's heart hammered. "They're attacking the camp!"

JayFeather whipped around, voice sharp. "They're not here for the camp. They're here for DoveWing."

DoveWing whimpered, curling tighter around her belly. "JayFeather... they can't take them. They can't."

"They won't," JayFeather growled. "Not while I still breathe."

He turned to the four apprentices, his voice low and urgent.

"You four. Listen carefully."

FalconPaw straightened. DapplePaw swallowed. SweetPaw's tail trembled. EarthPaw felt her paws go numb.

JayFeather continued, "StarClan chose you for a reason. When these kits are born, your destinies will change. ShadowClan knows this — or at least, they fear it. They will try to stop what is coming."

DapplePaw felt a sudden rush of emotion — fear, determination, and something else. A whisper of a dream she had seen moons ago: four shadows standing against a storm.

A warrior screeched outside, followed by the thud of bodies hitting the ground.

JayFeather flicked his tail sharply. "Go. Stand guard. Do not let any cat into this den unless I call for them. DoveWing and her kits must be protected at all costs."

DapplePaw hesitated. "But JayFeather... I'm supposed to stay with you."

"You're part of this prophecy too," JayFeather snapped. "Your place is with them."

DapplePaw's breath caught. She had never felt so torn — between her duty as a medicine cat apprentice and her place among her littermates. But JayFeather's tone left no room for argument.

Another contraction wracked DoveWing's body, and she let out a yowl that shook the den. JayFeather turned back to her, paws moving swiftly.

FalconPaw stepped into the entrance, blocking it with his body. "We won't let them through."

DapplePaw moved beside him, trembling but determined. "We're part of this prophecy. We have to be."

SweetPaw took a deep breath and joined them, her paws vibrating with restrained speed. "We'll protect her. No matter what."

EarthPaw crouched low, muscles coiled like springs. "Let them try to get past us."

Outside, the shadows of invading warriors stretched across the clearing, long and jagged under the moonlight. The scent of ShadowClan grew stronger — sharp, bitter, hungry.

FalconPaw's fur lifted as a rumble of thunder rolled overhead.

"Careful," DapplePaw warned. "Don't lose control."

"I'm trying," he whispered.

JayFeather's voice rose behind them, urgent and commanding.

"The first kit is coming!"

The apprentices braced themselves as the battle cries of ShadowClan warriors filled the night.

And with that, the prophecy began.

## Chapter 9

The camp felt like it was collapsing in on itself.

ShadowClan warriors shoved through dens, scattering moss and herbs, yowling accusations as if ThunderClan had personally clawed their leader's tail. Queens hissed from the nursery, apprentices scrambled for cover, and the air buzzed with fear.

Then TigerStar's roar ripped through the clearing.

"STOP LOOKING IN THE STUPID AREAS! CHECK THE MEDICINE CAT DEN! AND BRING ME THAT FOX-HEARTED MATE OF MINE!!"

SweetPaw's fur prickled. *Fox-dung... why is he acting like this?*

EarthPaw and FalconPaw pressed close to her sides. EarthPaw's paws vibrated with barely contained speed, and FalconPaw's whiskers sparked with tiny flickers of electricity — the sky above camp darkening with his rising panic.

"FalconPaw," SweetPaw murmured, "steady. You'll start a storm."

He swallowed hard, forcing the clouds to still.

BumbleStripe stood beside her, trying to look brave, though his eyes kept drifting toward the medicine den. SweetPaw nudged him gently.

"Are you okay? Since DoveWing... rejected you."

She expected him to snap, but instead his voice cracked.

"I know I should be angry," he whispered, "but a part of me still wants her to choose me."

Before SweetPaw could answer, DapplePaw stepped forward, her calm presence cutting through the chaos like a breeze through leaves.

"If you truly love DoveWing," she murmured, "go to her. She needs someone she trusts."

SweetPaw blinked. DapplePaw's voice carried something deeper — something she had felt in a dream. Something she wasn't saying aloud.

BumbleStripe hesitated only a heartbeat before racing toward the medicine den.

Then a cry split the air.

Not from a fight.

From pain.

DoveWing.

SweetPaw's heart lurched. "She's kitting!"

JayFeather's furious snarl followed: "Get OUT of my den before I shred your ears!"

SweetPaw, EarthPaw, and FalconPaw sprinted toward the medicine den. SweetPaw leapt over a bramble wall in a single bound — her super-jumping kicking in without thought. EarthPaw blurred past her in a streak of brown fur, reaching the entrance first.

Inside, chaos reigned.

ShadowClan warriors were tearing through herb bundles, scattering precious leaves everywhere. JayFeather stood protectively in front of DoveWing, who lay in a nest, panting, her belly heaving with contractions. BumbleStripe crouched beside her, eyes wide with fear and love tangled together.

DapplePaw shoved her way in, fur bristling. "STOP! You're frightening her!"

One ShadowClan warrior snarled, "TigerStar says the prophecy is hidden in here!"

FalconPaw's emotions surged — and thunder rumbled overhead.

SweetPaw stepped forward, voice shaking with fury. "There's no prophecy in the herbs. Leave her alone!"

But JayFeather's voice cut through everything.

"It's not in the herbs," he growled. "It's standing right in front of you."

The ShadowClan warriors froze.

JayFeather flicked his tail toward DapplePaw, SweetPaw, EarthPaw, and FalconPaw.

"The prophecy is about them."

SweetPaw's blood ran cold.

DapplePaw's eyes widened — not with surprise, but with recognition. She had walked this moment in dreams. Felt their fear, their power, their destiny.

FalconPaw's breath hitched, and a gust of wind swept through the den.

EarthPaw's paws trembled with barely contained speed.

SweetPaw felt her muscles coil, ready to leap higher than any cat could reach.

JayFeather's voice dropped to a low, dangerous rumble.

"And if TigerStar thinks he can take them... he'll answer to StarClan."

Outside, thunder cracked.

Inside, DoveWing let out a cry — and the first kit slid into the world.

ShadowClan warriors backed away, suddenly unsure.

DapplePaw's gaze flicked to SweetPaw, her voice barely a whisper.

"This is only the beginning. The prophecy... it starts tonight."

## Chapter 10

The medicine den felt too small for the storm building inside it.

DoveWing's first kit lay nestled against her belly, slick with birth-scent and trembling with tiny breaths. BumbleStripe pressed his muzzle to DoveWing's cheek, whispering shaky encouragement, his eyes shining with fear and hope tangled together.

But FalconPaw barely had time to register the kit's arrival.

Because outside, the storm was rising — inside him.

His whiskers sparked with electricity, and the bramble walls rattled as the sky growled overhead. The storm wasn't just weather anymore. It was emotion. It was fear. It was him.

"FalconPaw," SweetPaw whispered, stepping toward him, "you have to stay with us."

"I'm trying!" he choked. "But everything is happening at once — DoveWing, TigerStar, the prophecy—"

Lightning flashed so bright it lit the den like daylight.

EarthPaw darted to his brother's side, moving so fast he was a blur. "Hey. Look at me. You're not alone."

FalconPaw's breath hitched — but the storm didn't calm. If anything, it grew sharper, more electric.

DapplePaw stepped between them, her voice steady despite the chaos. "FalconPaw, listen. I've seen this moment. In dreams. You're not losing control — you're awakening."

FalconPaw stared at her, eyes wide. "Awakening?"

DapplePaw nodded. "Your power responds to emotion. And right now, the forest is drowning in fear."

SweetPaw swallowed hard. "Then we need to be the ones who don't fear."

But that was easier said than done. Because outside the den, TigerStar's voice rose again — furious, desperate, and far too close.

"BRING ME THE FOUR!"

FalconPaw flinched, and the storm cracked overhead.

The fire was forming. And it was coming straight for them.

## Chapter 11

DapplePaw's gaze flicked toward the den entrance, her fur bristling as TigerStar's shadow passed across the clearing. She took a slow breath, then turned back to the others.

"You need to understand the prophecy," she said. "All of it."

FalconPaw's storm stuttered, the wind pausing for a heartbeat.

SweetPaw's ears pricked. "You saw more?"

DapplePaw nodded. "StarClan didn't just show me the four of us. They showed me what happens if we fail."

EarthPaw whispered, "What did you see?"

DapplePaw closed her eyes, and her voice dropped to a trembling whisper.

"I saw the forest burning. Not with flames — with fury. TigerStar's fury. His fear twists him, blinds him, turns him into something worse than any leader before him."

SweetPaw's stomach twisted. "He becomes the fire."

"Yes." DapplePaw opened her eyes. "And we are the only ones who can stop him."

FalconPaw shook his head. "But how? We're just apprentices."

"No," DapplePaw said softly. "We're the four."

JayFeather stepped forward, his blind eyes sharp. "StarClan doesn't choose lightly. Your powers aren't accidents. They're warnings."

He lifted his chin.

"Leaping. Speeding. Dreaming. Storming."

FalconPaw's breath trembled.

SweetPaw felt the words settle into her bones.

EarthPaw's tail flicked with nervous energy.

DapplePaw continued, "The prophecy says:

***'There will be four with pelts as red as foxes.  
Leaping, speeding, dreaming, and storming.'***

***Because the fire is forming.***

FalconPaw whispered, "And the fire... is TigerStar."

JayFeather nodded. "He's unravelling. And if he gets his claws on you four, he'll twist the prophecy to fit his fear."

Outside, thunder cracked again — closer this time.

TigerStar was coming. There was nowhere to go.

## *Chapter 12*

The medicine den shook as another bolt of lightning struck somewhere near the camp entrance. FalconPaw flinched, and the storm surged again, wind whipping through the den and scattering herbs like leaves.

"FalconPaw!" SweetPaw shouted over the gale. "You have to breathe!"

"I can't!" he cried. "I'm scared!"

EarthPaw pressed his forehead to FalconPaw's. "Then be scared. But don't be alone."

FalconPaw's breathing hitched — then steadied, just a little.

DapplePaw stepped forward, her voice soft but firm. "You're not meant to control the storm by force. You guide it. Like a river."

FalconPaw blinked at her. "A river?"

"Yes." DapplePaw touched her tail to his shoulder. "Let it move through you. Don't fight it."

Slowly — painfully — the wind eased.

The thunder softened. The lightning dimmed.

SweetPaw let out a shaky breath. "Good. That's good."

But the moment of calm shattered as a ShadowClan warrior shoved into the den.

"TigerStar wants them!" he snarled. "Now!"

JayFeather lunged forward with a hiss. "Over my dead body."

The warrior hesitated — long enough for a new voice to roar from outside.

"SHADOWCLAN! LEAVE OUR CAMP!"

SquirrelStar.

The den fell silent.

SweetPaw's heart pounded.

EarthPaw's tail lashed.

FalconPaw's storm flickered.

DapplePaw whispered, "It's time."

## *Chapter 13*

The four apprentices stepped out of the medicine den together.

The storm above them churned in dark spirals, reflecting FalconPaw's trembling heart. Rain pattered against their pelts, cold and sharp. ThunderClan warriors formed a protective wall behind them. ShadowClan warriors bristled across the clearing.

And in the center stood TigerStar.

His eyes burned like embers. His fur stood on end. His claws were unsheathed, digging into the earth.

"There they are," he growled. "The four."

SweetPaw felt EarthPaw tense beside her. FalconPaw's storm crackled overhead. DapplePaw's breath came slow and steady, her eyes glowing faintly with dream-sight.

TigerStar took a step forward.

"ThunderClan," he snarled, "hand them over. They belong to me."

SquirrelStar stepped between them, tail lashing. "They belong to no one."

TigerStar's gaze snapped to the four apprentices.

"You don't understand what you are," he hissed. "You will destroy us all unless I control the prophecy."

SweetPaw's fur bristled. "We're not your weapons."

EarthPaw added, "We're not your prisoners."

FalconPaw whispered, "We're scared... but we're not running."

And DapplePaw stepped forward, her voice ringing clear.

"We are the four. And we choose our own destiny."

TigerStar's eyes widened — then narrowed into slits.

"So be it."

The storm roared.

The fire rose.

And the prophecy truly began.

## *Chapter 14*

The clearing held its breath.

Rain pattered against the ground in uneven bursts, each drop echoing FalconPaw's trembling heartbeat. The storm above churned in dark spirals, lightning flickering like claws across the sky. SweetPaw, EarthPaw, and DapplePaw stood shoulder-to-shoulder with him, their pelts brushing, their breaths syncing.

TigerStar took a step forward.

Not his warriors.

Just him.

His eyes burned with something beyond anger — something wild, desperate, and terrifying. The fire inside him was no longer metaphorical. SweetPaw could feel it radiating from his pelt, a heat that didn't belong in the cold rain.

"You four," TigerStar growled, "are the reason the forest is falling apart."

SweetPaw's claws dug into the mud. "We didn't cause this."

"You exist," TigerStar spat. "That's enough."

SquirrelStar stepped forward, tail lashing. "TigerStar, listen to yourself. They're apprentices."

"They're weapons," TigerStar snarled. "And I will not let them destroy the Clans."

He lowered his head.

And charged.

Straight at FalconPaw.

FalconPaw yelped and stumbled backward, the storm exploding outward in a violent ring. Wind blasted through the clearing, knocking loose leaves and dust into the air. Lightning struck a tree at the edge of camp, splitting it in half with a deafening crack.

"FalconPaw!" DapplePaw shouted. "Guide it — don't fight it!"

"I can't!" he cried. "He's coming right for me!"

EarthPaw darted forward in a blur, slashing TigerStar's shoulder before the leader could reach FalconPaw. TigerStar skidded, snarling, but EarthPaw was already gone — a streak of brown fur circling him.

SweetPaw leapt high — impossibly high — and landed between TigerStar and FalconPaw, her fur bristling.

"You're not touching him."

TigerStar's eyes narrowed. "Move, apprentice."

"No."

The fire in his gaze flared.

"You don't understand what you are," he hissed. "You will destroy us all unless I control the prophecy."

DapplePaw stepped forward, her voice ringing clear despite the storm.

"We are the four. And we choose our own destiny."

TigerStar roared — a sound full of fear, fury, and something breaking inside him.

And he lunged again.

## Chapter 15

TigerStar hit SweetPaw like a falling tree.

She rolled across the mud, breath knocked from her lungs, but she sprang back to her paws with a snarl. FalconPaw cried out, lightning flashing overhead as the storm surged in response to his terror.

EarthPaw streaked past TigerStar again, slashing his flank. The leader roared, spinning wildly, unable to track her speed.

“STOP RUNNING!” TigerStar bellowed.

“I’m not running,” EarthPaw said — suddenly behind him.

TigerStar whipped around, claws flashing.

DapplePaw stepped forward, eyes glowing with dream-sight.

“TigerStar, stop! You’re feeding the fire inside you!”

For a heartbeat, he froze.

Her voice reached something deep inside him — something scared.

But then his expression twisted.

“You,” he hissed. “The dreamer.”

He lunged for her.

FalconPaw screamed.

Lightning struck the ground between TigerStar and DapplePaw, exploding dirt and mud into the air. The shockwave knocked TigerStar backward, sending him skidding across the clearing.

The storm had answered FalconPaw’s fear.

SweetPaw rushed to FalconPaw’s side. “You protected her.”

“I didn’t mean to,” he whispered, shaking. “I don’t want to hurt anyone.”

“You didn’t,” DapplePaw said softly. “You saved me.”

But TigerStar rose again, mud dripping from his pelt, eyes blazing hotter than ever.

“This is exactly what I feared,” he snarled. “You four are a threat to every Clan.”

SquirrelStar stepped forward, fury in her eyes. "They're ThunderClan apprentices. And you will not touch them."

TigerStar ignored her.

His gaze locked on the four.

"You will destroy the forest unless I stop you."

He lowered his head.

And charged again.

Not at ThunderClan.

Not at ShadowClan.

At the prophecy itself.

The storm roared.

The fire rose.

And the true battle began.

## *Chapter 16*

TigerStar charged.

Not at ThunderClan.

Not at ShadowClan.

But at the four apprentices.

FalconPaw stumbled backward, the storm exploding outward in a violent ring. Wind howled through the clearing, ripping leaves from branches and sending dust spiraling. Lightning cracked overhead, illuminating TigerStar's furious face in stark white flashes.

"FalconPaw!" SweetPaw shouted. "Stay with us!"

"I'm trying!" he cried, voice cracking. "He won't stop!"

EarthPaw darted forward, her paws a blur. She slammed into TigerStar's side, knocking him off balance for a heartbeat — but he recovered instantly, spinning with a snarl.

"You think speed will save you?" he growled.

EarthPaw skidded to a stop, chest heaving. "It'll save my brother."

TigerStar lunged again.

SweetPaw leapt — soaring higher than any cat should — and landed squarely on TigerStar's back. He roared, bucking wildly, but she held on, claws digging into his shoulders.

"Get off me!" he snarled.

"No!" SweetPaw hissed. "You're not hurting them!"

He twisted violently, throwing her off. She hit the ground hard, rolling through the mud — but she sprang back up, panting, ready to leap again.

DapplePaw stepped forward, her eyes glowing with dream-light.

"TigerStar," she said softly, "you're afraid."

He froze.

Just for a heartbeat.

"You don't understand the prophecy," DapplePaw continued. "You think it's about destruction. But it's about choice."

TigerStar's fur bristled. "I've seen what happens when power goes unchecked."

"So have I," DapplePaw whispered.

And then she touched her tail to his forehead.

TigerStar's eyes widened.

The world around him vanished.

He stood in a forest of shadows — DapplePaw beside him, her form shimmering like starlight.

"This is your fear," she said gently. "Not the future."

TigerStar looked around, trembling. Flames licked at the edges of the dream-forest, rising higher with every breath he took.

"They'll destroy us," he whispered. "I know they will."

"No," DapplePaw said. "You will."

The flames surged.

TigerStar stumbled back, eyes wide. "No... no, I'm trying to protect the Clans!"

“By attacking kits?” DapplePaw asked softly. “By letting fear rule you?”

The fire roared.

TigerStar collapsed to his knees.

“I don’t want to be this,” he whispered.

“You don’t have to be,” DapplePaw said. “Let go.”

In the real world, TigerStar staggered, eyes unfocused.

FalconPaw’s storm calmed — just a little.

EarthPaw rushed to SweetPaw’s side.

DapplePaw gasped, pulling back from TigerStar’s mind.

“He’s breaking,” she whispered. “He’s fighting himself.”

TigerStar lifted his head, eyes burning — but not with rage.

With pain.

“I... I can’t stop the fire,” he rasped.

FalconPaw stepped forward, trembling. “Then let us help you.”

TigerStar stared at him.

At all four of them.

And for the first time... he didn’t look like a monster.

He looked like a cat who was drowning.

## *Chapter 17*

The storm quieted.

Not fully — but enough that the rain softened, the wind eased, and the lightning faded into distant flickers. FalconPaw's breathing steadied as he stepped closer to TigerStar.

SweetPaw and EarthPaw flanked him.

DapplePaw stood before TigerStar, her gaze steady.

"You don't have to fight us," she said. "The prophecy isn't about destroying you."

TigerStar's voice cracked. "Then what is it about?"

SweetPaw answered softly. "Balance."

EarthPaw added, "Choice."

FalconPaw whispered, "And trust."

DapplePaw finished, "It's about stopping the fire before it burns the forest."

TigerStar trembled. "I... I don't know how."

FalconPaw stepped closer — close enough that their whiskers almost touched.

"Let go," he said. "Let the storm take it."

TigerStar closed his eyes.

FalconPaw closed his.

The storm swelled — not wild, not violent, but steady. Controlled. Guided.

Wind wrapped around TigerStar like a soft current. Rain washed over him, cooling the fire in his pelt. Lightning flickered once — then faded.

The fire inside him dimmed.

And went out.

TigerStar collapsed to the ground, breathing hard but alive.

DapplePaw touched her tail to his shoulder. "It's over."

SquirrelStar stepped forward, eyes wide with awe. "You four... you saved him."

SweetPaw exhaled shakily. "We saved the forest."

EarthPaw nudged FalconPaw. "And you saved all of us."

FalconPaw looked at his paws, stunned. "I... did?"

DapplePaw smiled softly. "You guided the storm."

ThunderClan and ShadowClan warriors emerged from the shadows, watching in stunned silence. No one spoke. No one attacked. The storm had washed the fear away.

A tiny mewl sounded from the medicine den.

DoveWing's second kit had been born.

Life, not fire, filled the air.

SquirrelStar lifted her head.

"The prophecy has been fulfilled," she said. "And the forest stands because of you."

SweetPaw felt warmth bloom in her chest.

EarthPaw pressed against her side.

FalconPaw looked up at the clearing sky.

DapplePaw whispered, "This is only the beginning."

But for now...

The fire was gone.

The storm was calm.

And the four stood together — united, powerful, and finally understood.

Is this how it would always be?

We hope that you and your family and friends enjoy the book that you have created.

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The five clans have been at peace until this moment, the moment when the Last Prophecy begins in the lakeside territory, where you will meet DapplePaw, SweetPaw, EarthPaw and FalconPaw. Have they trained well enough to defend their clan from the fire that blazes through the forest? Read on to find out.