

Spirit Warrior

By: Mina L.

Brown fur flashed in the distance. A sharp claw extended. Mistpelt fought and thrashed in Slashclaw's unwavering grip. He leaned in, his breath almost choking her. "I will never forget what you have done." Slashclaw snarled, fury blazing in his eyes. "And I will come after you sooner than you think."

Mistpelt woke up, trembling with fear. She opened her eyes, relieved to see the familiar sight of her camp, or home, called WaterClan. The clearing sparkled with sunlight, and fish splashed around in the flowing river. She lived with a group of cats who she called her Clanmates. In each Clan, there was a leader and a deputy and a medicine cat. There were six Clans. LightningClan, WaterClan, AirClan, NightClan, LeapClan, and SpiritClan. SpiritClan was the home of their dead warrior ancestors. Mistpelt stretched in her moss-covered nest, licking her silver fur to smooth it out. Her heart could not stop beating. Had SpiritClan sent her this dream on purpose...for something she did in the past?

Mistpelt twitched her blue ears, recalling back in the past, when she had just become an adult cat. Slashclaw, the leader of NightClan back then, had wanted WaterClan and NightClan to become one Clan altogether. At first, Mistpelt had supported him, admiring his strength and courage. However, she realized that the dark tabby was truly cruel and evil, doing anything he could for power. Because of that, Mistpelt turned against him and drove him away from the forest. Thinking about him now, Mistpelt shuddered. What was Slashclaw planning now?

Mistpelt went outside with Whiteclaw, padding towards the river to hunt for fish. She was still shaken by her dream, but she decided it was nothing. When she peered over the river, she was shocked to see no fish swimming around. Instead, a dark mist hovered above. Glancing around, she noticed that the mist was heading deeper and deeper into WaterClan territory. A thought of foreboding flooded over her. "Oh no!" She whispered. "Has Slashclaw come back?"

Whiteclaw glanced at her in confusion. "Mistpelt, what are you talking about? Slashclaw is gone, remember?"

Mistpelt stared at him for a moment, then reluctantly sighed and told him all about the history between her and Slashclaw. Whiteclaw listened without a single flicker from his snow-white ears, or a single twitch of his silver-gray whiskers. When she was done, Whiteclaw stared at her sympathetically, his muzzle brushing her whiskers. "I know it must've been hard for you." He murmured. "But we will get over it, I promise."

Mistpelt gazed at him shyly, then looked away. Whiteclaw had faith in her, and that's all she needed.

Mistpelt suddenly remembered that her mother, Shiningheart, had given her a special power to cast spells beside the Spelling Stone, where all magic was formed. The magic only lasted for two sunrises, and she only got to cast a spell once a month.

"Whiteclaw," She meowed. "Come with me. I need to cast a spell that will defeat Slashclaw."

"How---"

“Just come.” Mistpelt stared at Whiteclaw with pleading eyes. “You have to trust me this once.”

Whiteclaw glanced at her, then whispered softly, “I *do* trust you, Mistpelt.”

Mistpelt touched her nose to his, then dashed off, Whiteclaw right behind her. She took a deep breath, then spoke to the glistening pool of the mystical-colored stone. “SpiritClan, WaterClan is in trouble. Please cast a bright mist that will clear the darkness of our home.” On command, the dark mist vanished, replaced by a bright light that shone from the heavens of the sky.

Mistpelt, however, had a feeling that the trouble was not over yet. The dark mist had vanished, but Slashclaw had not. Mistpelt knew that she had to fight him herself.

Whiteclaw was staring at her, his eyes as round as an owl's. As he saw Mistpelt's expression, his face darkened. "It's not over yet, isn't it?" He whispered.

Mistpelt shook her head, her throat tightening. "Whiteclaw, I'm afraid I have to fight Slashclaw out...like I did last time."

Whiteclaw pressed his flank against hers. Mistpelt felt reassured and took in a shuddering breath.

"You can do this, Mistpelt." Whiteclaw encouraged. "You've always been a bright and strong warrior from the start. If any cat can drive out Slashclaw, it's you."

Mistpelt gazed at Whiteclaw, and for a long time, no cat said anything, just relishing all they could for the moment they had together. Then Mistpelt turned away, and without looking back, ran away.

She encountered a raging Slashclaw in the middle of the forest. Slashclaw swung a hard look at her. "What are you doing here?" He snarled.

"Making sure you go away." She spat back.

Slashclaw circled her. Mistpelt barely flinched, dropping down into a battle stance.

She leaped.

She slashed at his muzzle. Slashclaw howled in pain but refused to give up. He went limp. Mistpelt suddenly loosened her grip on him, and with that advantage, Slashclaw managed to slice her belly.

Anger made Mistpelt fight harder. She cuffed Slashclaw over the ears and pinned him down.

It was just like her dream, but this time Mistpelt won.

Slashclaw backed away from her, spitting and growling. Mistpelt raised a claw.

Without being told twice, Slashclaw ran away.

Back at her home, Mistpelt was greeted by cheers of welcome, but she only wanted to see one face.

Her heart lurched as Whiteclaw dashed towards her, his gaze filled with joy and love.

"Mistpelt," He began. "I can't hide my feelings for you anymore. I love you, and I hope you feel the same way."

Mistpelt couldn't stop purring. Whiteclaw's eyes lit up.

"I love you too, Whiteclaw. " She purred. "Thank you for being so supportive of me. Without you, I couldn't have done this."

Whiteclaw twined his tail with hers. Together, as one, they walked forward, gazing at the wonderful stars of the night sky.

"Don't worry, Mistpelt." Whiteclaw breathed. "I will always be there for you, forever."