

# Devilclan: The Prophecy

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*"You will need Spirit and Courage to save the clan"*

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# 1 - A Secret

Eyes narrowed, Stitchedheart padded out of the Warrior's den.

"G'morning, Stitchedheart." Mewed Thornclaw, her ears perked and she purred in delight. The Devilclan leader just nodded weakly... That battle with Earthclan was tough, though he couldn't tell anyone. Not even his best friend, Thornclaw. How could he tell her he's been breaking the warrior code? How could he tell her- or the whole clan- that Bloodkit didn't get killed by a fox. That Stitchedheart had dropped his kit in Earthclan, and vanished back to his own? How could he? He just couldn't do that.

"What's wrong?" The she-cat asked, head cocked and a worried expression was shown in her face.

"Wh-what? Oh, sorry, Thornclaw... Just tired. I.. I didn't get much sleep last night." He replied, trying to smile but it turned out weak. But he had to change the subject quickly before questions were asked.

"Want to go on a hunting patrol with me and... uh... Moonpaw?" It was the last cat he wanted to see, since she had witnessed when he had come back from the battle with blood everywhere. He knew she would tell... He'll just suggest another cat, yeah, that's what he-

"I'll come!" The mew broke Stitchedheart's thoughts as he looked over to see a small, silver she-cat with peircing blue eyes.

"Eh... Hey, Moonpaw." He greeted grimly, giving her a "don't dare tell or you'll be crowfood" look but Moonpaw just pretended to not have seen it and leaped playfully.

"Good!" Thornclaw meowed, beggining to pad toward the large dead log that was the exit from Devilclan camp. She looked over her shoulders and called,

"Come on, you two slow pokes!" and raced out, tail lashing behind her... Stitchedheart gave one last glare to the apprentice, Moonpaw, and padded toward his friend.

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"That was a great hunt!" Purred Thornclaw as they entered the camp. And Stitchedheart did have to agree. They got two voles, a shrew, and about three mice. Moonpaw, for being a beginning apprentice, did great and Thornclaw of course did good too. But Stitchedheart... He didn't do as good. For the lack of sleep and the pain that stabbed his shoulder slowed him and he couldn't think. All he caught was a shrew, but that was fine with him. Atleast he got something... The three cats looked up, hearing a peircing yowl echo through Devilclan camp. Stitchedheart noticed his father and leader of the clan, Midnightstar. He was a large, musclar tom with many battle wounds and scars. Stitchedheart was proud of Midnightstar being his father but he didn't really believe that his father was proud of him...

"All old enough to catch their own prey come for a clan meeting!" He yowled again as three cats; Moonpaw, Stitchedheart, and Thornclaw padded toward the highrock and sat down, ears perked to hear what Midnightstar would tell.

"We all know Devilclan has a problem with foxes. A bad one, that is. And... Badgerheart was on the evening patrol with Whitefoot and Sugarleaf.... And..." Stitchedheart could see his father gulp uneasily.

"Badgerheart is dead." The words came out hard and the Devilclan deputy gasped, including every other cat. Midnightstar leaped off of the highrock and sadly flickered his tail toward the entrance where Sugarleaf and Whitefoot was carrying a red-soaked body that was almost ripped to shreds. Stitchedheart's eyes widened to see it was the carcuss of Badgerheart.

"He was a great warrior." Thornclaw mumured to her friend but Stitchedheart just stared as in disbelieve. Badgerheart was one of his best friends... Maby even more then Thornclaw.

*This isn't happening... No. It's a dream.* He thought as a tear ran down his scarred muzzel.

"Wake up! Wake up!" He yelled to himself, scratching right down his eye. In return everyone starred. Stitchedheart yowled in pain and raced to the warrior den as he dropped on the bed of moss... Feeling the moss get soaked more and more as tears sunk into it...