

The moonhighers (the silver stream)

By sparktail

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This is a story of a young cat named storm. storm was raised by wolves but has never been fully accepted. she has always wanted to be a wolf but she knew it wasn't possible... or was it?

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Prologue

The moon shone high, there was no sound apart from the mild wind whispering through the trees. The silence was broken by a sudden thud of paws, and desperate yowls for help. A sleek brown she-cat sprinted through the forest in a blind panic, only just dodging the trees that stood in her way. Suddenly she stopped, her paws forbid her to run any farther and she fell to the ground. She wheezed and tried to catch her fast escaping breath. Her pelt reflected the moonlight making it shine a bright silver, her eyes glinted a frosty blue like the frozen lake. Suddenly she pricked her black tipped ears and lifted her head to look into the swaying bushes, it was coming, she leaped to her paws and began running again.

Her paws thudded against the dry forest floor, crunching leaves and snapping twigs. She turned her ears to listen behind her and asked herself questions over and over in her head, was she safe? Will she live to see another day? Only star clan can decide that for her life is in there paws. She used all her strength to heave herself across a patch of sharp rocks but it was not enough, her paw rear paw scraped across a pointed rock and she fell to the ground with a thump! Her paw was sliced open and the wound gushed blood from it like a tiny stream after rainfall. She pushed herself back up and tried to run again but her paw was causing too much pain, she limped as fast as she could but it seemed all her luck has ran out. She stopped as she came to a steep gorge with an enraged river below, its rapids twisted and turned, nothing could survive that.

The she-cat's fur was matted and dusty now off the many times she had fallen. She turned to face the threat that was coming, resting her paw gently on the ground she stood firm keeping her head low and lashing her tail from side to side in anger. She readied herself but nothing could prepare her for what emerged from the bushes. Her eyes widened with fear as she stared at the huge dog like creature standing a few fox lengths away, it had a black pelt with glowing yellow eyes, its snout was long and slightly pointed and its lips were drawn back into a blood thirsty snarl. It had long curved, pointed teeth that could rip any cat apart. The she-cat could have sworn that its paws were bigger than her. The creature growled and began walking closer to the trapped she-cat, she looked from the creature to the gorge. No matter which way she chose it ended in death, no matter she had to decide. Would she rather be ripped limb from limb and die a painful death, or would she leap into the gorge and be drowned by the unforgiving river. It was time, the she-cat spat at the creature before turning to the gorge and leaping from the edge, falling to her agonising death. The creature snorted and stalked back into the forest, in search of more cats.