"Help, Robinwing, help!" A mournful cry echoed through the poor Medicine Cat's den. In a second, a brown tabby emerged from the herb-supplies, carrying in his little mouth a large stick. He put it down in front of the desperate she-cat, and called for his apprentice: "Cherrypaw! Bring wet moss, now!" His voice was not too low, he was very worried as he already knew what was going to happen. "Push, Dashpelt, push!" He told the she-cat lying on the ground. Apparently, Dashpelt's sister, Featherheart, and her mate, Lightningclaw were encouraging her from the outside: "You can do it, Dashpelt! The Clan needs your strong kits to be like their brave mother!" They sounded as worried as ever. At last, after painful, long minutes which seemed like forever, a high-pitched mew was heard from the den. And so, in the middle of newleaf, a new kitten came out and met the world for her very first time. She was very small, and had pretty gray tabby fur, an exact replica of her mother. Speaking of old Dashpelt, the she-cat was not just as lucky as her poor child. As soon as the little kitten came out, her body stopped moving, and her breathe shallowed until death came and grabbed Dashpelt in her unescapable claws. Lightningtail and Featherheart soon rushed inside, and they both stood frozen, watching. The tom did not dare to speak, but Featherheart sprang up at the little kitten and started licking her fur, desperate to keep her warm. "It's fine, I'm here, little one." She whispered in a motherly way in the kit's ear, while covering her body with sweet licks. Lightningtail suddenly fell on the ground, as of he were shot in the heart with some special spell. And that was the thing which had actually happened. He crawled over to his mate and curled around hee limp body, kissing her head. He clearly did not want to accept that his dear Dashpelt was dead, but he soon had to when her body went freezing cold. Teardrops fell on his white fur, spotting it with wet patches which looked like darker shades of gray. He then stood, and emerged out of the den, leaving his daughter and her aunt in the den, with Dashpelt's corpse, but also with Robinwing and poor Cherrypaw. He knew it was better if he kept his mate's death a secret from his kit, so he decided to pretend that Featherheart was her mother. "We have to do this, Featherheart! I want my kit to grow with a loving mother, mostly now when I was appointed the new deputy!" He begged her, until the she-cat finally agreed. She definitely loved the kitten, she could not deny it, and she also developed small feelings for Lightningtail. She named the kitten Dashkit, after her dear lost sister, and took her in as if she were her own kit. Every single moon, Dashkit started getting new shapes and shades, and her fur started getting clear, black tabby stripes, while her eyes were turning to crystal blue. She was an absolutely beautiful she-kit, and nobody could say otherwise. "Dashkit, you are now the dog!" The other kits in

the Nursery were usually giggling, as together they loved playing "The Dog and the Cats". She even made good new friends, such as Splashkit, Flarekit, Crystalkit and Petalkit, probably the last kits in the Nursery from that time. Each day, Featherheart would be calling her and let her suckle fresh milk, and Dashkit definitely loved that. She never knew that her real mother had died at birth, since her aunt and Dashkit herself were looking so very alike; she only that her "parents", Lightningtail and Featherheart did not love each other as much as they promised her they would, but she was too young to fill her mind which things. Until one day... Young Dashkit, aged 4 moons and a half, was wandering out of the nursery for the first time, without her "mother" to be around. She heard cats crying and mourning yowls from the camp, and like all of the other kits, curious and clumsy, she straightly went there. "Dada? What is happening?" "DASHKIT! Stay with your mother!" He yowled as an unknown cat leaped at him and sank their claws in his fur. It was clearly a rogue attack, although she was too young to know that. "But daddy-" "I SAID STAY WITH HER!" He yowled again and gave his opponent a brutal swipe on their neck. When he turned to face Dashkit, the little kitty gasped. Something with his face.. it was torn. Half og it was shredded to his skin, and the skin was clearly ripped, while one of his eyes had been gouged out. Dashkit screamed and stumbled over to the other side of the camp, and it would have been all goods and well if a large rogue wouldn't have crawled over to her and sank their teeth in one of her back legs. The small kitten yowled loudly, her eyes closed and her world went black. She later found herself in the Medicine Den, surrounded by her adventurous little friends, her father, her aunt, and the leader, all good Shellstar. They were all staring at her, and Robinwing limped over to her father. "I am sorry, Lightningtail. Her leg is broken and her bone cannot be healed." Her father closed his eyes and nodded slightly in acknowledgement. He couldn't argue with old and wise Robinwing, and neither he could rage at StarClan for the poor, miserable life he had been living since his mate's mournful death, and the painful fate his innocent daughter would have to go through every day. Soon moons passed, and Dashkit became Dashpaw. She had no longer problems with limping, and she had started to like it. She was appointed to be the apprentice of Shellstar himself, and every single day they would be coming back from training, you could see a proud smile on his face. "She will be a fine warrior, Lightningtail, I promise you." He would be telling his deputy every evening. As all of us know, time does not ever stop, it continously passes and flies. So did Dashpaw's long apprenticeship. She shaped up into an incredibly beautiful she-cat, and many toms were falling in love with her. But one terrible day... It seemed like RiverClan's "dear rogue friends" had rerurned. The attack restarted, and Dashfrost, formerly Dashpaw, was the first one to jump in battle. The second she spotted the cat who broke her leg, her fierce blue eyes glittered with some terrifying determination, and her neck fur bristled, as she drew her lips back in a snarl. She charged forward and sank her claws in the tom's scraggly fur, gripping through his pelt. The rogue hissed in surprise as Dashfrost had ripped through his greasy fur, and quickly placed his meaty fore-paws on her back, his claws digging into it as he pushed her away. The she-cat fell on her back, and the tom could not help but jump at her and lock his strong jaws around her neck. Dashfrost gasped for air, feeling as her body was sinking into nothingness. Could this be true? No, she was a fighter, she wanted to live! A gray paw lashed out at the rogue's neck, pressing harshly inside of it with thorn-sharp claws. The tom yowled his last response, and fell limply to the ground. The fight continued for hours, and RiverClan's camp and river started to be filled with blood and the scent of death. It all stopped when a loud, desperate cry emerged from a Clan cat's neck, and all the rogues were chased out. All the cats surrounded her, and in the struggle to get to recognize her identity, Dashfrost gasped, as she felt her eyes fill with crystalin teardrops. Featherheart. "No, please!" Dashfrost cried as she pushed her way through the crowd of surprised cats, and fell down on her knees, curling around Featherheart. "Mom, please don't go!" She cried and tears fell on Featherheart's soft gray pelt. "I'm sorry, dear.. I have to. StarClan are waiting for me. But before I go.. I.. am not... your... mother..." She said and choked out, her eyes closing slowly. Dashfrost did not want to believe. "What?!" She gasped and looked at Lightningtail. "What does she mean? She was my mother, wasn't she?" Her cheeks turned pale red, feeling like anger was rising into them, mixed with surprise. "Dear.. I think it's time I told you the truth." The elderly white tom said. "She was not your mother. Featherheart was your aunt. Your real mother was Dashpelt, the former deputy, but she died giving birth to you. And Featherheart and I decided not to tell you..." He said and dipped his head at Robinwing and Cherrypaw, who had been watching and they had also kept the terrible secret. He turned at Dashfrost, seeing that her eyes softened as she started crying. "But.. I am still here, with you. Be happy, because all this lifetime I've spent, I only loved your mother, and she was the only one I accepted to give my love to." "I am not crying because of that..." Dashfrost sobbed. "Then, why?" Her old father asked. "I'm crying.. BECAUSE OF YOU!" She hissed, her teardrops falling still on her cheeks. Her ears were flat against her head, representing her sadness. "You lied to me all this time! You told me she was my mother and I had to grow up thinking that my true mother never existed! You

hid the truth away from me all this time! My mother would not be happy to know that her daughter did not even know that she ever lived! I was so young, and you should have known!" She cried and yowled, stomping a paw on the ground. Her eyes were full of sadness as all the cats in RiverClan, including Shellstar himself, were staring at her, unable to help. "I did it for you.. I wanted you to grow with a mother... it's okay.." Lightningtail said. "No, it's not! Because of you I am ashamed now! Because my life is empty! I heard you cry every night in your sleep, but you didn't know I was there! My life is empty, I have nobody now!" She sobbed and yelled through gritted teeth. "You have me..." Her father said, sadly. "No! You will never be my kin! I will NEVER accept being the daughter of a filthy liar! Get out of my life and leave me alone!" Dashfrost cried again. "Shellstar, I wish to change my name to Dashheart, in honour of my poor and protective aunt!" She yelled and bowed her head in shame. "Sweetheart!" Lightningtail yowled, but the same second, he fell limp on the ground. Robinwing and Cherrypaw rushed over to him, and after seconds of examining, they reported. "Heart attack, he is dead now." Cherrypaw said and dipped her head in sadness. Dashheart gasped, as more tears fell on her cheeks. "Daddy..? I did not mean to.." She lifted a paw in the air slightly, then shook her head. "N-no.." She cried and limped outside of camp, rushing to the Warriors' den. And so, her memories of her family had been torn away forever, and she was cursed by StarClan not to be able to remember anything of her parents and aunt again, except the pain they had, and she watch them die, and hear their mournful cries. Time passed from Dashheart's father's death, and one day Shellstar was close to his loss of his last life. As he called all of his warriors for his last Clan meeting. "Let all cats old enough to catch their own prey and face their own journeys gather beneath the High-Rock for a very important Clan meeting." He said, gis faded blue eyes scanning his warriors. "I am close to visit StarClan again, but this time I am afraid I will not come back." He sighed, as a murmur of sadness swept through his warriors as rustling leaves lost in the wind. "And it is high time I appointed the new deputy, the future leader. And she shall be Dashheart." The gray tabby she-cat gasped and took a step forward, her head dipped. "Yes, Shellstar, I will be honored to lead RiverClan and stand beside them through thick and thin, no matter what." Warriors cheered her, and she smiled. Shellstar nodded and coughed, then his body went lifeless and he fell off the High-rock. Everyone gasped, but Cherrypaw, Cherrynose at that time, and her apprentice, Tigerpaw jumped in front of Shellstar's body and took him to burry him. ~After a while~ "Dashheart, with this life I give you determination. Use it well and protect your Clan with it." A StarClan cat,

Shellstar, the former leader said. "Yes, Shellstar, I promise you-" Dashheart stopped as the her mother placed her muzzle on her head and the life struck Dashheart's body like a bolt of lightning. "With this life, I give you courage. Protect your Clan and be brave in battles." Featherheart, her aunt said and did the same as her sister. Dashheart winced in pain but nodded, and she saw a white cat with half of his face torn come to her and place his muzzle on her head. "With this life I give you mercy. Be kind and forgive the ones who have mistaken to you, and you will be remembered and your name will be chanted through whole RiverClan." The life went through Dashheart's body and she accepted it. And so, she felt slighter and slighter pain as the lives passed, and when she reached her last one, she recongnized a cat, looking exactly like her. There was no difference, but that StarClan cat had a motherly voice. "With this life I give you love. Use it well and protect your family, your friends and your beloved ones. Daughter." Dashpelt, her mother touched her daughter's head and this time, the life was received with love, not with pain. "M-mom?" Dashheart asked, her eyes softening. "Dashstar, you may now go back to RiverClan." Dashpelt said for the last time, and all the StarClan cats faded. "Done? Let's go, Dashstar." Cherrynose said and dipped her head at her new leader, then nudged Tigerpaw and went back to RiverClan. Dashstar stared at the sky one last time. "I promise you, mother, I will never disappoint you. I love you." She sighed and bowed her head, then followed Cherrynose and Tigerpaw. And so, today RiverClan is lead by their brave, legendary leader, caring and loving Dashstar.