

The Great Storm

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“Finchpaw look out!” Finchpaw only just heard Flameheart’s warning cry. As she was about to dash over to her mentor, she heard a loud crack from above. She looked up. At first, she only saw the stars glistening against the canopy of the forest in the pale night sky, but then she saw it.

Finchpaw looked up, feeling dizzy. She was in the medicine cat den. Her head was throbbing with pain. She raised a paw to feel it, but when Finchpaw did she let out a gasp of agony and pain. When she lowered her paw, she only saw dry blood. Jayfeather was making some sort of poultice at the back of the den. “Where’s Alderheart?” Finchpaw asked.

“He’s with Flamepaw,” replied Jayfeather. He was so shocked when he saw Cherryfall and Flameheart carry you back into camp, he nearly fainted. You on the other hand, got hit on the back of your head from a falling branch,” He growled. Rain was pounding the earth outside. Finchpaw tried to stand up, but her legs buckled from underneath her. Jayfeather hissed. “You’re not going anywhere for a few days, at least not until your head heals.” Finchpaw sighed. It was going to be a long night.

Finchpaw winced as Jayfeather carefully put a poultice on the back of her head. Finchpaw had been in the medicine cat den for two sunrises now, but the rain was still pelting down nonstop. A deep puddle had formed in the middle of the camp, and every time a cat wanted to go across the clearing they would have to sludge through it, leaving their legs and underbellies wet and muddy. Finchpaw’s head was feeling much better, and she was itching to know when she could return to apprentice duties. Alderheart trudged into the medicine cat den as Jayfeather finished putting the poultice on Finchpaw’s head, with a wet bundle of herbs in his jaws. He placed them down and trotted over to Finchpaw as Jayfeather left, and carefully examined her wound.

“ I think your head has healed, and you are ready to leave the medicine cat den, but take it easy for a few days,” he mewed. Finchpaw dipped her head and trotted out of the den. As she did, Lionblaze, Whitewing, and Thornclaw pelted into the clearing, yowling in horror.

Finchpaw looked at the cats who had just bolted into camp, dread hollowing her belly. What happened that had caused the three cats so much terror? Just then, Bramblestar walked out of his den and onto the highledge, his muscles rippling under his dark tabby fur. Whitewing

looked up at Bramblestar. "Bramblestar, we have to get up to the caves, and quickly." She mewed. Bramblestar opened his mouth to speak, but Whitewing kept talking. "The lake has overflowed, and there is a giant tidal wave coming toward camp." Bramblestar's eyes were suddenly filled with worry. "Get the elders, queens, and kits up to the caves, and then apprentices and warriors. If you see any cat left behind, go get them. "Go, now!" Bramblestar's order rang across the hollow, and the elders and queens hurried over to the steep path leading to the caves. As Finchpaw watched, she realised this could be the end of Thunderclan.

Finchpaw could now hear the giant wave crashing through the forest and towards camp. She was halfway up the steep slope, and she could just see the foamy white wave above the trees, leaving nothing but water and destruction behind. As she reached the cave, she could see most of her clan already huddled together, shivering with the scent of fear coming from them. The last few cats were ascending up to the cave's entrance including her brother, Flamepaw, who was last of all. But, as he was about to leap up onto the ledge at the entrance of the cave, Finchpaw spotted something from behind him. It was the wave. "Flamepaw, lookout!!!!!" But it was too late. Flamepaw had been swept off the edge.

As the water started to die down, everybody started to warily pad out of the cave, their eyes filled with worry and grief for Flamepaw. There was the tiniest chance he was still alive, but Finchpaw knew not even the strongest warrior could survive something so horrible. As they slowly walked back down to camp, Finchpaw could not believe her eyes. The camp had been drowned by the horrific wave, and the leftover water lapped greedily at her paws. As Finchpaw narrowed her eyes, she spotted a lifeless black body on the other side of camp. "Flamepaw, no..." Finchpaw's mother, Sparkpelt, was already sprinting across camp, Larksong hard on her heels. Finchpaw slowly walked over to join her parents to sit vigil, but there were so many thoughts racing through her head, but there was one very clear one: She would always grieve for Flamepaw, but that would not stop her from being the best apprentice she could be. She would complete her training so she could become a warrior, and make sure nothing like this ever happened to her clan again.