

Chapter 3

Tides are Changing

Goldfish stood stock still. That sign.. it confused her. She couldn't understand it, but wasn't sure why. Slowly, she replayed it in her mind. Once, twice. Three times. Again and again.

"A Shadow has covered the river, the sun unseen through the Darkness.

Shadowclan? No, that didn't make sense.. did it? No, probably not, that couldn't be it.

Four lights break through. One fading into brightness, one falling like dusk into ferocities.

Fading. Fadingstar. Her leader. The leader of Riverclan. That seemed straightforward enough.. and Dusklion would be Dusk. Falling into ferocities? What did that mean? Hopefully Dusklion was okay..

One gleaming green and lush with fruitful harvest to bear, yet the last falls to black in the river's misty spray.

Fruitful. Harvest. WHAT WAS A HARVEST?! She didn't recognize that term. Fruitful? Green and lush.. Berrypaw perhaps? That seemed straightforward enough. The last falls to black in the rivers misty.. misty spray.. Mistysharp.

The fish of golden light rises from the river, the last glow reignited from the sea below.

Fish of Golden light? Her dandelion hues bulged. Goldfish. *Her*. The Ace Of Soades would reignite the last light... but how? She was no medicine cat!
Right? **Right?!**

four lights, four lives, casting away the shadows forever. One light falls, the shadows rise.

One light falls.. the shadows rise. One light falls.. the clan shatters. Dear stars, no. Maybe she was destined for greatness..? A greatness she didn't properly understand. But she was no healer! Goldfish hadn't ever had an interest in it, so why now? Why this? It was confusing and conflicting and the lionheart didn't get it. Why was she supposed to be a healer, if that's what it meant? There were better options! She was just a lionheart, just a card of luck in the midst of roaring seas. Could she be destined for this?

Could she.. save her clan? Was she supposed to be a healer? Spottedstream had wanted to be a healer, not her! But.. the sign.. it felt so clear..

Beware who you trust, as the keeper of treachery resides within the unnoticed, and the treachery could shatter the peace of your clan."

Keeper of treachery? Why that didn't sound good. Who was it? Was there even peace to shatter? Perhaps.. perhaps if Goldfish did what the sing said.. then the treachery would go away and her clan would be at peace. As stupid as it sounded she clung to that belief tightly, that naive little belief. Goldfish stared down at the marigold by her paws. It didn't feel voluntary as her paws slowly moved toward it. Subconsciously.. she plucked it. The jolt of a vision hit her in the back of the skull sharply.

She was in the medicine den, sitting with marigold beneath her forepaws.

Her deft grip separated the leaves and flowers into piles, a sense of purpose washing over her thoughts. Silently, she did her work, before looking up sharply at the sound of dainty paw steps. Oh, it was just an apprentice. The apprentice.. through her vision.. felt familiar. "Oh, hello.

What can I do for you?" Goldfish mewed. The apprentice tentatively approached her, looking sheepish. "I accidentally scraped my paw.." she said quietly, and behind her sky blue eyes revealed the soul of a Story Teller. "Ouch! Well, let's take a look then, shall we?" The Ace of Spades

nodded toward the paw gently lifted above the ground. Slowly, awkwardly, the Story Teller approached the medicine cat(? So she WAS a medicine cat?) and lifted her paw pad. The area on the bottom was faintly white yet irritated and clearly scraped. "Well, then, where did this happen, Baneberrypaw!" The scarred tortie exclaimed, peering at the scraped bottom of the foot. She then let go and Baneberrypaw pulled it back. "At lionsbeach." Came the simplistic response. Goldfish nodded, looking around. Dock was for this.. right? Right! She remembered gathering dock on a herb patrol before. "Berrypaw isn't here so I suppose that leaves me to treat you. Sit on down, make yourself comfortable, kiddo. Give me just a moment and I'll fetch some dock for that." The Storyteller sat down at TAOS's words. Goldfish turned to face the herb stores. One leaf left. She had to remember to help Berrypaw send out some herb patrols. Or.. shouldn't Berrypaw be helping her?? Either way She had to get that leaf and fix up the apprentices pad. Quickly she grasped the leaf before turning back to the tortoiseshell. "Here you are, then! Dock is for rubbing on pads, I think. So you rub it like this-" Goldfish demonstrated with her own paw- "- and if the pain doesn't improve I must've made a mistake. Perhaps it's meant to be a pulp. When Berrypaw gets back I'll double check with her and if I was wrong I'll run on over to you." She mewed. Baneberrypaw nodded vigorously. "Thank you." She said. Goldfish nodded in response, already absorbed back into her previous task as the apprentice left.

It all had become clear. Her ancestors had laid her path out before her. It was follow the path, or lose her clan. Goldfish swallowed the lump in her throat. She had to be brave, and do what she must. So, turning toward the direction she came, the lionheart began walking to her home- her clan- her *destiny.*

The Ace of Spades was ready. Her eyes gleamed in the dim lighting of the makeshift leaders den. Slowly, she took a step into the den. Then another, and another. A step in the right direction. A step into her new life. Eyes filled with all the stars in the sky, Goldfish locked her dandelion hues on her leader. As she opened her maw to speak, the words were there. Her future was there.

“Fadingstar. Today I got a message from our ancestors. A message of how to save our clan, our home. They gave me a prophecy so clear and a vision so intense that I see now what I’ve been avoiding for so, so long. Let me fill in the rank that has been torn from our clan.

Let me fulfill my **destiny**.”