

April 28, 2019 9:01 PM
Dancingflame, Olivepaw

Dancingflame

Dancingflame heaved herself out of her nest, excitement coursing through her body at the same time that she felt a sharp pain in her chest. It seemed like a long time ago when it was her first day of training with Mothdapple. Absently slipping out the warriors' den, she studied the sky above her and wondered what Mothdapple would think of her now—if she would be proud and practically preening or just giving quiet encouragement whenever Dancingflame faltered.

She remained standing in the same spot for a few more moments before purposefully pushing those thoughts out of her mind and focusing on what she was going to do now. Trotting over to the apprentices' den, she stuck her head inside and searched out Olivepaw's pelt. "Olivepaw," she called, keeping her voice even and slightly soft in the hopes that other apprentices would remain sleeping until their own mentors came searching for them.

Olivepaw

Most cats would have been excited at the prospect of their first training session. And Olivepaw was, for the most part, but she was more intrigued to meet the cat who she would be spending every day with for the next half a season cycle. She'd known Dancingflame from when Cherrypaw was still a kit but they hadn't interacted a great deal, as Quillflower had kept to herself and Olivepaw had never challenged that. She'd already seen the territory with Haypaw, not that she was going to tell her mentor about that in a hurry. Today was about assessing her mentor and working out how the land would lie between them.

At the sound of her name being called, Olivepaw raised her head and gave an acknowledging grunt. She lay back down for a brief moment before pushing herself into a sitting position, stretching out her shoulders before she opened her eyes and padded out into the daylight. "Hello, Dancingflame," she greeted a little begrudgingly, figuring she ought to start out on the right foot. She would give the she-cat a chance before making any judgements.

Dancingflame

"Good morning," Dancingflame greeted as she backed up enough to be out of the way of Olivepaw. She had a small thought of what to do before speaking. "We'll be heading to the river today to start on some hunting techniques, and if the water is warm enough we can start on swimming," she explained as she beckoned the other she-cat to follow her out of camp. Dancingflame intended to head to the same area where she had her first lesson with Mothdapple, hoping the flood hadn't altered the area too much.

Olivepaw

Olivepaw just nodded, giving her mentor a thin smile as she followed her out of the camp. She looked around a little as they walked down towards the river, still glad to be out in the territory even though she'd been there before. It made a nice change after six moons cooped up in camp. And even though it hadn't exactly stopped her before, it would be much easier now she was allowed beyond the camp walls. She made no effort to break the silence as they walked, figuring that if Dancingflame was desperate enough for small talk then she would start it herself.

Dancingflame

Dancingflame was fine keeping the silence, making sure that her steps were quick but also not to the point that Olivepaw would have trouble keeping up, remembering how she had fallen over trying to keep up in her first outing as an apprentice with her mentor. The sound of the river made some tension that had been running through her disappear. As they emerged onto the bank, Dancingflame started in on the lesson. "Do you know the basics about fishing?" she asked, wishing to see how much Olivepaw knew and how much she had to learn.