

warning: death, mention of seizures, starvation, abandonment

His parents were rich kittypets who never wanted kits, but oh boy- they ended up with so many kits in one litter alone, it was intense. They didn't want to deal with such a heavy and weak litter on their paws and so immediately gave the litter to a stray who recently had a litter of her own.

She couldn't really deny the kits, as no one else would care for these weak and helpless kits, so she accepted the small kittens. Caring for 8 kittens alone was easier said than done, she had to look after them alone, and didn't really receive help from others. She had to care for them in the freezing weather of the tundra while also looking after herself, as she often suffered from sensory overloads and seizures. The snowy area isn't forgiving, you freeze and you starve and no one would help you.

She was very surprised that she managed to keep some of the kits alive. especially when few of the kits grew to be troublemakers. From 8 kits, she got down to 3 kits, two biologically her own and one that she had adopted, Puddle.

Puddle and his two sisters, Marsh and Swamp. Those 3 kits put up a fight despite starving as well. Soon Puddle learned about his heritage, born to two snobby kittypets who only had one spot in their heart kept for each other only.

Puddle nor his sisters didn't seemed to care, Puddle loved his mama and his sisters, and like that, the kits always brought a smile to the mother's face.

As the kits grew (to apprentice age) They began teaching each other how to wrestle and even planned raids in order to get food. They raided other cats who managed to catch something and took it back home while usually Swamp makes sure no one chases them. Despite this, food was still short, and Mama wouldn't let herself touch food till her babies ate first, so normally she would have the minor pieces left. Mama would play it off, she would make sure her babies think she's fine despite her heavy and chronic malnutrition.

Towards the start of adult-hood. Marsh had learned about the clans, and wasn't a cat for working with others besides her brother and sister but decided that, maybe if Mama was in a clan, she would be safe and taken care of. She left the family without a word in search for the perfect clan. However she had no idea how much emotional stress that had caused both her siblings and her Mama, she was already in a horrible state- and the thought that something happened to her beloved daughter overwhelmed her into the point of a harsh seizure. Swamp and Puddle had no idea how to handle something this level and so, unfortunately the mother passed away.

When Marsh returned and learned the hard news, she was crushed, she couldn't shake off the thought that it was her fault that Mama died. her siblings were definitely angry with her, leaving without saying anything. She told them about Taigaclan, she said they all might have a better time there, she wanted to bring Mama there so she

will be okay. And with that, the 3 joined Tundraclan, they wanted to move past their grief and not be taken down by it.

Few moons later they survived the glacier with Tundraclan