

Jayfeather's paws pounded the hill as he raced back to Ivypool and (supposedly) Squirrelflight. He got there, out of breath. "Hi...." he panted. "Willowshine..... use.... computer... crash.... library..... go."

"woah, slow down there, med cat." Ivypool glanced around. "Squirrelflight should be right back." Jayfeather stared. "Where is she?"

"she went..... to make sure you were all right....." Ivypool trailed off.

Jayfeather's eyes bugged out. "Hey! blind cat! you look like Rock, for StarClan's sake." Ivypool waved a paw in front of his face.

Mistystar glanced at them. "But Squirrelflight is right there!" she protested.

Ivypool poked the inflatable Squirrelflight with a thumbtack. it deflated with a *floooooooooooooooooo* sound.

Mistystar blinked. "uh..."

Ivypool looked at her and shrugged. "Too late now."

meanwhile.....

Squirrelflight hung onto the tree and did acrobatics. before long, the RiverClanners forgot all about the "invasion" from ThunderClan and watched.

Squirrelflight hung from her tail and balanced a jar on her head. RiverClan cats placed tips in it. "Thank you, thank you!" She called out loudly, doing a triple flip in the air before landing on one paw on the highest branch and one-paw-hopping along.

Minnowpaw, Willowshine, Troutstream, and a few other cats placed bets on how long she would stay up there before she fell.

"I bet a hundred bucks she'll fall within the next two days." Troutstream said confidently.

"I bet fifty bucks she'll stay up for a day and then land on her face." Willowshine added with a smirk.

"I bet a thousand bucks she'll stay up there forever." Minnowpaw said cheerfully.

They all stared at her.

"uh...." Troutstream said.

"You don't have a thousand bucks. you're an apprentice." Willowshine added.

Minnowpaw shrugged. "Then I bet a thousand of Troutstream's secret credit cards that she'll stay up there forever."

"BURN!" Another two apprentices high-pawed each other.

Mistystar raced into camp with a yowl. "ALL CATS, THERE IS A TRESPASSER FROM THUNDERCLAN HERE!!"

They all looked at her. "seriously?" Troutstream said flatly. A few apprentices picked their leader up and carried her to their lawn sale, sticking a "1 cent" sign on her head. "For sale, 1 cent Mistystar, almost free, come and get it!" one of them yelled cheerfully.

"ah, 'tis a thankless task to be leader." Mistystar sighed.