

For My Sister Who Lives in the Stars

By Kylee McMahon

Based on Erin Hunter's "Warrior Cats" series

Life was still simply unwell.

The night was frigid, possibly even darker than usual, Bluestar noted to herself. Her eyelids were drooped, trying to put some moisture back into her eyes as she squeezed. She knew what life followed after this one. Her old age was starting to catch up with her, faster than she could run from it. Day in and day out, she could hear her clan mumbling to each other, wheezing with bare stomachs and shivering bodies. Even younger cats who were once full of vigor seemed to be hanging on by a thread. But she couldn't do anything about it, Bluestar told herself, even if she is their leader.

Her moss bed, frosted and dried out, served nothing as a comforter as she tried drifting to sleep. Pressing up against a corner of the den served futile, her back was met with cold rock and breeze. Tonight was raring with monsters... cars... Bluestar's heard plenty names around. She couldn't care less. Suddenly, her body tensed. Those monsters on the path... her sister. Bluestar's teeth clenched. All her thoughts these days were those who died, who killed, and who abandoned her. Everyone here betrayed her. She hissed to herself. What would her sister think of this lot-nothing but impure? She could only imagine her now.

And then everything rushed to Bluestar's head, and she knocked out cold.

After feeling the roaring silence in her ears for a long moment, she woke up to clutters of trees, fallen leaves, and dirt. Bluestar scrambled to her paws, the dust flinging like sparkles in the moonlight and wiping off of her gray pelt. Her blue eyes, sharp and pale, studied her surroundings. In all of her years of leadership, watching... she knew this place all too well.

"Hello?" the cat croaked, her voice raspy and stark. "Who brought me here? Show yourself. At once."

Bluestar kept her ears perked and muscles stiff as she scanned. Every cricket and bird chirped in symphony. Every herb and pawprint was in place. She squinted closer and started to realize there was another cat here. She snarled, her tone becoming more aggressive as she crunched her legs down to the Earth.

"Show yourself! Now!"

The bushes rustled, and Bluestar gasped quietly as she recognized a blur of fluffy white, smelling of homeliness. Before she knew it, her paws sprung her off the ground and she ran towards all of her hopes. She threw herself through the shrubbery, and to her shock- but happiness...

“Snowfur!” she shrieked.

“Bluefur!” the white cat responded. She beamed. Her brilliant eyes let Bluefur see her own dropped jaw like a mirror. “Oh, it’s been so long Bluefur! What have you been doing?”

“I... well, I-” the gray cat didn’t know where to begin. She thought her sister had died. She couldn’t bother to tell her that her name wasn’t Bluefur anymore. “Snowfur-”

“Whatever!” Snowfur playfully giggled, brushing Bluestar’s muzzle with her tail. “Doesn’t matter! How about you catch me up while we play! Like old times!”

Bluestar could tell by the way Snowfur’s face shifted that her own didn’t look sure.

“Please?” she asked, softer. “We never get to do that anymore. We don’t have to grow up. Not like this.”

Bluestar couldn’t say no to that. She felt a smile across her face- although tiny, it was the first one in a while.

“Of course.”

Bluestar leaped first. Claws sheathed, she pounced on Snowfur, and they tussled along the nighttime’s beauty. Above, the fireflies that sauntered around. They laughed like they were still kits in the nursery, rolling over each other and ignoring everything else. Bluestar had forgotten this sense of irreplaceability- Snowfur was there in her life for absolutely everything. She was her sister, she stood by her side no matter what. She had forgotten how much she missed this. She missed sharing every moment with her, grieving with her, training with her. She discovered life with her- found bits of herself because she was there.

“Bluefur?”

That’s when Snowfur’s head hit the path outside of their home, promptly flinging Bluestar off her. Bluestar screamed as she heard the blare of tires. Another gush of wind hitting

her, and no one was there. No mess like last time to see. She felt herself run cold in the dead night, a weight back on her.

Life was simply deceitful.