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The dark gray furred tom stood frozen in time, he is quite a site to see. A light gray moon like tuxedo pattern marked his fur, his back paws bare the same color. His eyes stood out the most against his dark gray pelt of the night, they were the color of the sun. He was known as The Protector. At his wind blown perch atop the tallest tree, he could make out the smallest details on the land and air. On the wind carried the scent of the Six Glorious Healers.

The Protector jumped gracefully from his nest of leaves down to the lower branches of the Tree Of Wisdom with no more than a whisper of wind. The six cats sat around the roots of the Tree Of Wisdom. The artwork of ivy tendrils hung down in display.

The healer of Ice Clan stepped forward gingerly, the sand colored tabby she-cat looked the night gray tom in the eyes. Her soft brown eyes appeared to show nothing of what she was thinking. A little flicker of emotion in her eyes betrayed her, she was fearful. She made a coughing sound in her throat.

“Why do you bring us here, O Great Protector?” Slightly bowed her head, indicating towards the sun eyed tom. She innocently blinked at him without a trace of thought.

The low rumble of the tom’s voice startled the she-cat, very few have ever heard him speak. “I, your Great Protector, have been foretold of the near future. There will be another tom who will carry my knowledge and my thoughts. He will be your next Great Protector when the need arises but, he will not be born of clan blood.”

The Ice Clan healer