

"Удивительный мир иностранной
литературы"

Трушлякова Магдалина,

8 класс А,

МОУ СШ №120

Warriors Cats

into the wild



Erin Hunter

Warriors Cats into the Wild

By

Erin Hunter

Drawings by

Magdalena Trushlyakova



Chapter 1

The mouse dived for cover, heading toward a hole in the ground. But Rusty was already on top of it. He scooped it into the air, hooking the helpless creature with his thorn-sharp claws, flinging it up in a high arc onto the leaf-covered ground. The mouse landed dazed, but alive. It tried to run, but Rusty snatched it up again. He tossed the mouse once more, this time a little farther away. The mouse managed to scramble a few paces before Rusty caught up with it. Angry, Rusty gave up the hunt. He spun around, his green eyes glaring, intent on searching out the noise that had cost him his kill. The sound rattled on, becoming more familiar. Rusty blinked open his eyes.

The forest had disappeared. He was inside a hot and airless kitchen, curled in his bed. Moonlight filtered through the window, casting shadows on the smooth, hard floor. The noise had been the rattle of hard, dried pellets of food as they were tipped into his dish. Rusty had been dreaming.



Chapter 2

Suddenly the fur on his spine prickled. Was something moving out there? Was something watching him? Rusty stared ahead, but it was impossible to see or smell anything in the dark, tree-scented air. He lifted his chin boldly, stood up, and stretched, one paw gripping each corner of the fencepost as he straightened his legs and arched his back. He closed his eyes and breathed in the smell of the woods once more. It seemed to promise him something, tempting him onward into the whispering shadows. Tensing his muscles, he crouched for a moment. Then he leaped lightly down into the rough grass on the other side of the garden fence. As he landed, the bell on his collar rang out through the still night air. “Where are you off to, Rusty?” meowed a familiar voice behind him. Rusty looked up. A young black-and-white cat was balancing ungracefully on the fence.

“Hello, Smudge,” Rusty replied.
“You’re not going to go into the woods, are you?” Smudge’s amber eyes were huge.
“Just for a look,” Rusty promised, shifting uncomfortably.