

Apollo - CCCAT 1436

The sun began to crest over the horizon, beams of warm light slowly flooding into the crowned clown cats bedroom. The bed, empty, its inhabitant having already been awake for two hours prior to the rising of the sun. The duvet lay crumpled into a pile in one corner of the bed, showing signs of use prior to the daylight seeping in. Apollo roused himself from his bed with the help of a small alarm set for 6:30AM every morning, the hair atop his head messy and unkempt from a night of tossing and turning. The tri-colored cccat would then make himself a big cup of coffee, one that would get him through the day's activities along with a single piece of toast, a thin layer of prosciutto ham adorned on top. While the beast need not eat to survive he found that adding it to his daily activities brought joy to his life, the variety of flavors that food had to offer sparked various emotions within. In an effort to continue to expand his palette and the joys of consuming food, Apollo had gotten the idea of starting his own garden, farming his own food from the land straight to the table sounded delightful. He would be able to control how the fruits and vegetables were taken care of, exploring the numerous variations in ways the food could grow or shrink depending on the methods used, what products were used to keep local pests away and so on. Within a single year the two planter boxes quickly grew to ten, eventually outgrowing those as well as his desire to farm continued to blossom. With such a variety of foods at his disposal at such volumes, Apollo was even able to begin sharing his bountiful harvest with those around him, furthering his drive to expand his farm not only for himself but for others as well.

Twig - Nautipod 073

The sound of crows squawking amongst each other, taking flight into the dreary sky in search of refuge from the impending storm could be heard across the forest. Various other species of birds and animals feeling the sensation deep within themselves to take shelter, instinctual. This storm was going to be *bad*. Had Twig not been so attuned to the forest around her, perhaps she may have gotten caught up in the storm herself as sheets of frigid water came pouring from the clouds above. Lost and delirious as she attempted to maneuver her way through the thick foliage around her. This was not the case however, the red and grey Nautipod having called this dreary looking forest home for the past decade at least. Turning her head towards the sky, she gave a short pause, feeling the shift in pressure against the sky before turning back in the direction of her home. A series of burrows long abandoned by some unknown creature that had likely moved on or died of starvation had left remnants of fur across the dirt trodden floor. Twig's slender figure crouched down as she maneuvered through the series of overgrown roots that acted as a front door, carefully pushing aside the ones that hindered her movement to allow her access to her home. Over the years, Twig had come across various items that had seemed appealing to her, choosing to drag them back to her hole in an attempt to liven up the place. A tattered blanket with various cartoon characters depicted across the front lay strewn across wooden planks that kept her up off the floor, this allowed the Nautipod to remain warm and dry on the rare occasion water found its way into her home.

Codie - cccat 1482

Bearing his teeth, Codie could feel the warm blood beginning to seep into his hoodie, the wound along his side aching against the cold; It felt like coming was stabbing him with a brand. He needed to finish off this job and get the hell out of here and *fast*. Gripping the blade he held in his right hand tighter, the bloodied crowned clown cat surged forward, pupil less eye wide and intimidating. The man that had managed to inflict the wound into his side stood several feet away, looking worse for wear as his own wounds appeared much deeper than Codie's single one. The human had managed to knock the cccat's blade from his hand, shaking fingers quickly scrambling to pick up the weapon before swiftly lodging it just beneath Codie's ribcage. The human had hoped that this would be enough for him to escape, praying that he had struck something important; unknowing that cccats weren't built like regular animals. Their organs, compared to a regular house cat for example, were shifted around, elongated even. They were more developed externally than they were on the inside, intricate details often depicted across their bodies while their innards remained simple: Their worming, eye and whatever magic they had gathered up over the years contained everything they needed to function. Of course they still bled, some losing limbs over the years to accidents, acts of cannibalism etc. those who were lucky managed to replace their missing limbs with prosthetics. A slice up one's ribcage did minimal despite the amount of blood pouring from Codie's wound— he was still capable of finishing the job. Jagged teeth turned into a bloodthirsty smile flashed across the eyes of the petrified human, his end sure to be both swift and brutal as Codie plunged the weapon into the man repeatedly, laughing all the while.

Cardinal - gravent 141

No, please! Please don't do this! I beg of you! Agh...!

Cardinal sat up with a jolt, his chest heaving, heart thumping loudly inside his ears, a cold sweat having broken out across the length of his body. "Just another nightmare.." he mumbled to himself, body flopping back against the bedding with defeat, a heavy sigh escaping his lips. "It was just a dream.. it wasn't real, I don't do that stuff anymore."

Cardinal had been an elite member of the ancient king's army, thrust upon the world in an attempt to purge those who dare rally against the lord's word. Amongst the "*rubbish*" as the king had put it, it was their duty to ensnare anything or anyone that seemed as if they could be useful to the king, this coming in the form of power; strength. The gravent had been scooped up from a young age, his town ravaged by the elite knights, the elderly, women and children slaughtered like pigs as they tore apart the lands between. Cardinal had fought so hard to escape that it had caught the eye of the general at the time, waving a hand to the guard as they surrounded the winged creature, weapons raised. "You will fight. Or you will die. Choose." The captain's voice had boomed, deep and commanding, matching his massive exterior. He dripped with intimidation, armor adorned with various sharp horns, a massive blade strapped to his back. What other choice did he have, his wings aching as having fought so hard to flee, his body shaking with exhaustion; there was no way out of this without someone dying. Dropping his head to his chest, the red and white gravent allowed a single tear to escape his eyes, nodding in agreement.

Sam - gravent 139

"Stupid piece of shit rust bucket, don't even know why I wasted my time trying to fix you up!" The gravent screeched in frustration, hand balled into a fist as he sent his knuckles crashing into the beeping control panel; the screen flashing red *ERROR - UNABLE TO FLY. PLEASE INSERT THE CAPTAIN'S KEY TO CONTINUE.*

"I **am** the captain you hunk of junk!" Sam yelled in further frustration, the captain's chair he currently sat in squeaking beneath his weight as he swirled around. It looked to be in as good of shape as the rest of the ship, various pieces of metal welded together in a haphazard fashion. Other parts of the vehicle had been patch worked together, the metal equivalent of duct tape and 'universal' adapters keeping the thing from breaking apart at every launch and landing. Pressing a clawed hand against his snout in frustration, the captain pushed off from his shoddy looking chair, making his way down the small flight of steps into the empty loading bay below. He had managed to escape the local galactic police force just fine but hadn't accounted for a stupid wormhole to suddenly appear directly in his escape path. There was no telling where the wormhole would spit them out, the GPD choosing to abandon the chase then and there given the uncertainty at hand. Most people who had the unfortunate run in with a wormhole wound up dead, having been spit out lightyears away from anything familiar and not enough gas or resources to get them to a safe point. It wouldn't stop him from trying of course but without a ship to fly on, the gravent was dead in the metaphorical water despite his ship being currently surrounded by millions of overgrown cloverleaf and flowers.

Barry - cccat 1522

Humming lightly to himself, Barry gazed across the multitude of hive boxes that lined the hillside, a smile spreading across his face. The sunlight bounced off the side of the flying furry bundles, creating a glowing effect around them as they danced through the air. Barry had his arms elbow deep inside a crate, fingers plucking carefully at the board chalk full of honey and wax, being mindful not to disturb the hive too much. Once he was sure that the box was free from harm, only then did the yellow and black crowned clown cat begin to scrape a chisel like object across the hexagon shaped colony. Both the sweet honey and the thick wax began to slip from the box, falling with a wet slap into a bucket below. Barry's job consisted of caring for the bees and their boxes, ensuring no predators came along to swipe up an easy treat. As the days progressed the honey would continue to build up, eventually needing to be drained as they produced an abundance of it. Barry would then begin the careful process of extracting both the honey and the wax that would allow the bees to continue to work, their livelihood and lineage continuing on for years to come. Seeing as Barry was just one person, he eventually began to process the wax he had extracted from the hives, learning to make intricately designed candles that both smelled good and burned for hours. The honey was reprocessed into jam, candy and various other sweet items that one could eat throughout their day. He considered himself to be as much of a bee as the bees were, no pun intended. The entire process from start to finish was long and tedious but it brought the cccat joy, knowing he was around for the entire process from start to finish.