

Planter lore (image below is post insanity)



(roughly 2023) it all started with a simple protogen cosplayer named Zach, who was in a convention that was nearby as their fursona, planter, there was the usual expected form being a furry, people talking to them, people being rude to them, and they stopped and took their helmet off for a bit to use the bathroom, and while planter was in the bathroom, someone who thought it would be a funny prank, tampered with the helmet.

After Zach came out and put the helmet back on, they heard a quiet, yet also deafening *click*, yet they didn't think anything of it. After a while, they went to take off their helmet to go eat.

but the helmet wouldn't come off.

They struggled to get it off, no matter how hard they pulled, it stayed on them. They decided to try to ask their best friend to help, yet they couldn't hear their voice through the mask. Zach had their friend drive them home to try and see what would work, pulling it, trying to make it slippery

so it would get off easier. But it remained on. Zach was starting to really panic, and it was really taking a toll on their mental health. Zach decided to give up with the mask, he couldn't communicate. He couldn't take the mask off.

After a week of isolating themselves inside their home, accepting the fact it won't come off, they went delirious.

Seeing things that weren't there, hearing the constant click that sealed their fate, and they took on the thought that they were planter, a manifestation of their inner voice, So their best friend checked in and saw them like this and decided to call for help. After help had arrived, they ultimately decided to put planter in an insane asylum. But planter wasn't taking that well believing they did nothing wrong to deserve this yet, after being put in their cell, in the span of 30 minutes, they escaped their straightjacket and shifted their attention onto the door.

They tried everything, kicking the door, punching it, and the one attempt where they bashed their head into the door finally broke down the door, guards were alerted to planter escaping, but planter, strangely much stronger than before, took them down with no issue. they decided to take a fire axe from a wall and killed all the guards that kept coming, they broke down the exit door and escaped, their best friend, who saw planter's escape on the news, tried to talk to planter, despite everything, planter still at least knows who they are talking to and doesn't strike, instead, they looked at them through the mask, gave a reassuring hand (paw? Since like the mask and fursuit) on the shoulder and gave a gentle nod, as if to say, "i'll be ok."

planter then left and their best friend almost never tried to talk to them again afraid of what would happen, yet planter's other friends tried talking to him, they tried and tried to explain to leave them be, why they should go, they felt extremely hesitant to strike, yet they still did, they felt regret, yet they couldn't understand why. He slaughtered them all, and only after taking down a wave of police officers trying to get planter, had they realized who they killed, feeling extreme regret and only fueling their insanity more. The feeling of killing some of their other friends spiraled within their mind, why didn't he stop himself? Why did he strike? The thoughts of them pushed planter to wit's end, a bloodlust he couldn't control, simply trying to forget all the mayhem they've caused, and yet, they still felt guilty.

Cutting to present day planter, they still thirst for blood, they've yet to see the friend they spared, and they still hear things occasionally, they've had a bounty on their head for a solid year or two now, they simply want the suffering to end, yet, they fear death and yearn for it at the same time, they traverse different places, looking for some sort of retreat from everyone trying to retrieve the bounty put on their head, yet they only keep getting hunted, all they want is *solitude*, but they can't have that, they wish to retreat back to their home, they wish to go back before it all happened, to prevent the incident and make everything right. And when they heard about the

interview between the one friend he spared, he felt... at ease, for once in their life, they felt peace, but they didn't stop killing, as after that moment, they felt *Fear*, genuine fear, they hadn't felt the same fear as when they realized they killed their friends. They want to stay away from that friend, not because they don't like them anymore.

but because they fear they might kill them from blind rage, the only one who was spared. The insanity remains in full effect, and they only want to be alone, for it to all end, but they feel a greater urge to kill, and yet, no matter how hard they try, the urge can't be satisfied, only thirsting for more and more blood, and yet, throughout the years, they've sought to find the one who caused them to suffer this way, the one to lock them in the helmet.

(fun little useless thing, image below is pre insanity)

