

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

✧ Sitka ✧

" how far can i rise? "



Played by @scooter

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ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME
SITKA

GENDER
FEMALE

COLONY
SKY

RANK
COMMONER

• [Full Reference](#) •

About

Name	- Sitka
Name meaning	- Named after a subspecies of deer for the partial deer naming theme
Nicknames	- Ka
Gender	- Female
Pronouns	- She/her
Sex	- Female
Sexuality	- Questioning
Age	- 14+ Months
Colony	- Sky
Rank	- Commoner

Appearance

Appearance	- Longhaired cinnamon tortoiseshell molly
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Scars	- None
Impairments	- None
Accessories	- Sycamore-coloured leaves in fur along with small, white flowers
Genotype	- ll Rr XOxO blbl Dd Dmdm aa Bmbm Mcmc spsp tata Ee Ccb ww Rtrt ✧ longhaired / carrying cornish rex coat / tortoiseshell / cinnamon / carrying dilute / dilute modifier carrying non-modifier (<i>not expressed</i>) / solid / carrying amber / carrying sepia colourpoint / carrying gloving / carrying ringtail

Personality

A proud little molly who's very confident in her words. She loves to lead the crowd, being among the first to notice new rumours or trends. Though she doesn't pay much heed to those she isn't close with—she also likes talking *at* others, whether or not they want to hear her rambles. Sitka's quite intelligent, with many thoughts brewing in her mind, to the point she can't help but say them aloud! She does things the way she wants and isn't above getting whiny when things don't go her way. Even though she's usually quite the talker, she's also standoffish. Once she's had her fill of conversation, that's that. It's a rare thing for her to remember anything about someone past her colony and family. In that way, she's self-centred, but learning to find her place among her peers. No matter what, she's not afraid to be blunt about how she's feeling.

Sitka wants the best for herself. And for those she likes, the best for them too. She's very vocal about this, and any perceived injustice or slight against her or her friends. When something gets her down, it takes a little for her to get over it, clinging onto grievances. Mostly, she just likes to complain about them. Sometimes she does so without making any effort to actually *solve* the problem... Otherwise, she likes to portray herself as mannerly and elegant; however, she also loves indulging in her mom, Caribou's, silliness and games. Sitka *also* likes the *idea* of Marceline's crafts but never has the patience for it. Instead, she rather low effort matters, and doesn't often accept more work than she can handle. She does her part, and not much more, before she's off doing something she enjoys better.

Family

Powder • Mother • NPC



Longhaired cornish rex red braided sepia lynx point tom with gloving and a ringtail

Curly • Father • NPC



Shorthaired taupe mackerel tabby molly

Marceline • Adoptive Mother • @scooterkickflip



Longhaired red mackerel mink point molly with chocolate patches and white

Dandelion • Brother • @Pumpkin Spice



Shorthaired fawn caramel braided tabby mink point tom with a ringtail

Chickweed • Brother • @Sn0wspark



Longhaired lilac caramel marbled mink lynx point tom

Calla • Sister • @doublemnt



Shorthaired chocolate mackerel torbie point molly with a ringtail

Moose • Brother • @riftlore



Longhaired chocolate mackerel lynx point tom

Wapiti • Sister • @hawkthespork



Longhaired taupe mackerel torbie mink point molly with a ringtail

Prairie • Adoptive Grandmother • @Sn0wspark



Tall black rosetted tabby molly

Tulip • Adoptive Step-Grandmother • @Sn0wspark



Chocolate calico molly with short legs

Eira • Adoptive Step-Grandmother • @Sn0wspark



Black colourpoint van molly

Cinnamon • Adoptive Grandmother • NPC



Taupe rosetted torbie cat with gloving

Adeline • Adoptive Grandmother • NPC



Solid chocolate tortoiseshell colourpoint molly with white

Raymond • Adoptive Grandfather • NPC



Caramel broken tabby tom

Fallow • Adoptive Aunt • Owned by @hawkthespork



Taupe rosetted tabby molly

Antelope • Adoptive Auncle • Owned by @Crows_Caw



Chocolate rosetted tabby tom

Elk • Adoptive Aunt • Owned by @peeperonipip



Chocolate rosetted torbie molly

Chanterelle • Adoptive Half-Aunt • Owned by @scooterkickflip



Black calico molly with short legs

Antler • Adoptive Half-Uncle • Owned by @Sn0wspark



Chocolate charcoal broken braided tabby tom with white

Heath • Adoptive Half-Uncle • Owned by @hawkthespork



Bicolour red mackerel tabby tom with short legs

Flurry • Adoptive Half-Aunt • Owned by @Sn0wspark



Black van molly

Cottontail • Adoptive Half-Uncle • Owned by @peeperonipip



Bicolour red broken tabby tom with short legs

Sprig • Adoptive Half-Aunt • Owned by @Doublemnt



Black charcoal broken braided tabby molly with white, short legs and heterochromia

Tallulah • Adoptive Aunt • Owned by @Jaykobell



Fawn spotted tabby molly with white

Felicity • Adoptive Aunt • Owned by @hawkthespork



Lilac caramel and apricot spotted tortoiseshell molly

History

◇ Chapter Zero ◇ 0-1m.

Powder was a molly who'd had a fling with another wanderer tom—Curly, resulting in a litter of six. Though, if they were given names, she couldn't remember. He'd left as soon as he arrived, so the kittens never knew their father. And with the approaching winter, Powder realised she didn't have the means to be caring for all six. She tried, of course, but her earliest memories were of the cries of her siblings—and her—as well as the ever-present cold. She turned to biting on her siblings ears and tails when she wasn't given attention from her mother; wanting the reminder she wasn't alone. After all, their mother was often busy just trying to provide for them.

It was when they turned a month old that Powder led them to a nearby house. Just barely able to travel, and she was certainly not very eager to do so. The house had a small garden, which sometimes made her sneeze—but some sneezes weren't the biggest of her concerns, then. Powder nestled the litter in some bushes, telling them to call for the humans while she looked for food. Humans which, she hoped, would take them in. She could do that, so she yowled her little heart out, even though all she wanted was her mother... not whoever the humans she'd described

were. And as it turns out, the home was a vacation house for the owners in the summer...

Therefore, any residents weren't there to find the kittens in the current winter. Were it not for the arrival of two Sky Colony molly's, they certainly wouldn't have survived. It was a lucky thing that they'd managed to find a way inside the fencing. Even when some of her siblings quieted, she never stopped calling out. Little time was wasted transporting them, even as Sitka eventually tired of her incessant mewls. Then, she registered more voices, and warmth. She latched onto this, and the food she and her siblings were provided. The voices cooed and murmured to the kittens, but Sitka scrunched her nose and turned away to her siblings.

...Though she did feel pretty good, being fawned over. She learned the names of the pair who'd found them, and received her own. Sitka. Her siblings also received names; Dandelion, Chickweed, Calla, Moose, and Wapiti. And the pair that found them, Caribou and Marceline. Even if at first she turned away, Sitka found herself loath to part with them the first few days in camp. Patrols were sent out for their mother, but she was never found. Content with the thought they'd found someone safe to stay—and they had. Even if it wasn't with the humans she thought they'd be found by.

Of course, it was hard at first, getting used to life without Powder. But she found herself considering Marceline and Caribou as her mothers quickly. Most of what she remembered of what little life she's lived so far were of her siblings, too. And they were there right beside her. She liked the Sky Colony, and felt *safe* with her siblings and her adoptive moms. Plus, the huge family they now apparently had, too. She was eager to introduce herself properly, prancing around with her tail held high. She particularly loves her grandma, Prairie, as well as her aunts Fallow and Elk. Plus, Felicity, even though she's over in another colony. There were also some older kittens in the colony who she sometimes hung out with!

◇ Chapter One ◇ 2-11m.

Sitka grew up playing around with her family to her heart's content—she had little reason to indulge in the rumours relating to a *Flytrap Colony*, because... well, it didn't affect her! Sitka was happy to let Dandelion or Moose style her fur, usually relating to a new trend she saw going around while she rambled on. Calla and Wapiti enjoyed partaking in Marceline's love for crafts, which Sitka sometimes indulged in as well. Mostly to be smug about Marceline praising whatever she did! Chickweed was more quiet than most of the litter, and more of a sensitive tom. Sitka tried to learn what little things he liked and wondered about whatever he observed in the colony. It wasn't until around her adolescence when two cats approached the colony asking to join. Magnolia and Burgeon, originally from the now-disbanded Frost Colony. She also found out another colony, the Hill Colony, had fallen as well.

She mostly just thought they were super cool... rather than lingering about *why* they were here now, unlike Wapiti's worry or Chickweed's curiosity. Magnolia was *super* pretty and clever, and at times she'd be found trailing after the molly. She wanted to grow up to be like her! Dandelion seemed to share her initial thoughts, having a newfound preference for femininity. It wasn't too long after that another cat had come to the colony—a crowd in camp had blocked her view at first, before she scrambled under their legs to see. Alongside her siblings and their mommas, there was a molly who bared a striking resemblance to their Grandma Prairie. She'd never seen this stranger before, but she soon picked up the fact this was their auntie Fallow. She'd gone missing before they were adopted—but there

was another cat with her who accompanied her return. Gator, from the Canyon Colony.

Fallow had explained to the colony about her disappearance. She'd been thrown into the Canyon Colony's canyon by those mean Flytrap cats she'd heard about...! And Gator's colony had been the one to nurse her back to health. She wanted to make up for the lost time the Flytrap Colony had made with her aunt! She was kind, and told the little ones all kinds of stories. She still seemed shocked that her sister, Caribou, had kittens of her own after all the time apart. She was *almost* an *adult*, too! Sitka enjoyed the independence she got as she approached adulthood, though she never left camp for long. This was where her family was, she really wouldn't rather be anywhere else. In the following months, certain... events made her more even inclined to stick around. Her colonymates Welkin and Flurry had disappeared, with suspicions placed on Flytrap once more.

She didn't know Welkin well, he wasn't a part of her large family and—in fact, she didn't like his attitude at all. But he was still a Sky Colony cat, and one of the cats she'd grown up with. Not to mention Flurry was her aunt! She grew increasingly nervous about Flytrap, not like how she felt in her youth. She didn't think she'd ever have to mourn the loss of one of her family. Now it was affecting those in her colony, and she dreaded who may be taken from her next. Ptarmigan had later left as well, but at least they knew where she was headed. She went to join the Moth Colony, which Sitka didn't quite get... *she* couldn't ever think of leaving the colony she grew up in. Where her family was. But she could understand a little more when she learned she had family in Moth, too. It felt like something was only building up, culminating to...

❖ Chapter Two ❖

12m.

Their aunt Felicity from the Beach Colony who occasionally visited came around one day. But instead of just visiting Marceline, Caribou, and them, she asked to speak with Orchid. Sitka barely had time to say hello before she was off again—and Orchid had announced the Sky Colony would participate in a raid against the Flytrap Colony. This would also be with the Ivy, Cavern, and Hidden Colonies. Anyone willing to come was welcome. Sitka didn't even have to think too long about it, she wouldn't want to go one bit. Only Dandelion seemed inclined to, and... *no way!* Absolutely not, plus, they were too young for that anyways. Before she knew it, however, Caribou and Fallow had gone and joined the raid; alongside grandma Prairie and Eira, and her half-uncle Antler. She could see the upset lining Marceline's features... she doesn't think she's ever seen that kind of look on her face.

They'd fortunately returned safely in the end, but not with news of victory. Felicity was with them at their return, with a haunted look—they'd failed.

Marceline was swift in sharing just how she felt about her mate and sister joining the raid—but she'd sighed in the end and let up, seeing how distraught Felicity seemed. And they still needed time to recoup after the battle. A cat had died in the fight on their side, from the Hidden Colony. They managed to liberate a few prisoners from Flytrap, but two others had been captured in their place. She couldn't understand how the bad guys won. Marceline offered for Felicity to stay the night, but she'd refused. She had to return to her colony. After the failed rescue mission, two colonymates of hers left, Lorelai and Hellebore. It wasn't all bad, though—someone named Nyctus joined, who'd apparently been seeing Nymph, becoming mates shortly after. It helped her spirit somewhat, still seeing the love in her colony despite being in wartimes. Love *had* to prevail.

With that thought, she took to checking in on those around her more, especially her siblings. She had always wanted to set an example, if she was feeling nervous and awful... it'd only pass onto those around her. Even when *she* didn't need to, she'd ask her mommas to do an activity to take their minds off current events.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ - Talking
- ♥ - Affirmation
- ♥ - Antlers

- ✕ - Feeling alone
- ✕ - Being scolded
- ✕ - Turtles

Beliefs

- - Do your part, though you don't have any obligation to do more than that
- - Set an example!

Other

- - Is of below average height
 - - Has a plump build
 - - Voice claim would probably be Isabela Madrigal from Encanto
 - - Smells like spiced cardamom and sawdust
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- - Family neck pillow
 - - Small ears
 - - Heart on her chest
 - - Flipped tortoiseshell marking on face that matches Caribou and Elk's, as well as the 'mole'

- - A deep sleeper, also hugs things in her sleep. A cuddle bug—she doesn't like feeling alone, even in her sleep. Physical affection helps in this aspect
- - Curious on how different berries taste
- - Very prideful about her crafts even if she isn't super passionate about them. Mostly because of Marceline's affirming reactions. She's not too good at being careful with her paws
- - Loves being right, but seems to conveniently forget she said something when she's actually wrong
- - Took a bit to get used to the Sky Colony's swampy water, but when she finally dipped her paws in, she was a fish to water
- - Doesn't like to climb or be up high
- - Absolutely miserable in cold weather, especially in snow

[Toyhouse Link](#)
[Character Tracker](#)

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