

DISCLAIMER: This bio features themes of death, violence, vomit and blood. Please read with caution if you are sensitive to these topics!

🍁 BUCKTHORN 🍁

“LITTLE ANGEL GO AWAY, COME AGAIN SOME OTHER DAY
THE DEVIL HAS MY EAR TODAY, I’LL NEVER HEAR A WORD YOU SAY.”

[[VOICE CLAIM](#) - [PLAYLIST](#) - [APPLICATION](#) - [TRACKER](#) - [TOYHOUSE](#)]

GENERAL INFORMATION:

Alias: Bucky (by Scarab), Buckster (by Scarab), Softie (by Myna)

Starting Age: 29 ☾ (12/06/21)

Current Age: 35 ☾

Gender: Buck (he/him) DMAB

Warren: Lan-Hraeth, Sector 2

Rank: Marshal

Sexuality: Heterosexual

Description: A red and cream striped buck with a charcoal and cream spiked mane.



PHYSICAL APPEARANCE:

Eyes: Buckthorn has green eyes which are usually slightly squinted or sharp unless stated otherwise.

Fur: White-cream with red-brown striped markings. His face is mostly red but has some random cream markings, most notably the dots around his eyes. His charcoal coloured mane is spiked up into somewhat of a messy mohawk with a few white streaks running throughout it. He has a round pom-pom shaped tail.

Height: His height is “enormous”, standing at 5.5 whiskers. This is down to genetics for the most part but also plentiful training and outstanding health during his growing moons.

Physique: Tall, solid and bulky, this buck was raised to fight and train. Having continued doing so on his own accord, he built a fair amount of muscle.

Gait and Posture: He holds himself high most of the time, but can sometimes be caught slunk over. He has a healthy walk cycle.

Scars: Claw scratches along his left shoulder from the farmer’s dog, a long linear scar across his face from a fight with Buttercup Muddypaw, Sol.

Accessories: A headband crafted with vines with a feather woven into them - a gift from his mate.

BANS AND DISABILITIES:

N/A

STRENGTHS:

- + Strength
- + Perception
- + Stamina
- + Emotional Control

WEAKNESSES:

- Speed
- Impulsiveness
- Flexibility
- Trust

PERSONALITY:

+Observant

He is always very alert and aware of his surroundings.

+Caring

He cares a lot about those he loves, making him very protective of these individuals.

+Honest

He's not afraid to be honest, rarely tells lies and speaks his mind.

=Dry

Never having had too much of a sense of humour, his attitude is fairly dry. He fails to understand quite a few jokes and finds most amusement simply in others being lighthearted.

=Reserved

He's not too expressive with his opinions unless asked for them. On top of this, he's rather quiet, especially around those he isn't all too familiar with. Oftentimes, however, he will make an attempt at conversing if approached in a friendly manner.

=Protective

Due to how protective he can be of others, sometimes he doesn't think about taking care of himself first. Once he has developed a close bond with another, he will do whatever he can to keep them safe from harm.

-Impulsive

He usually acts upon instinct, which can be a downfall, with his first plan not always being the best or safest one.

-Blunt

His honesty can sometimes come off a bit straightforward, perhaps sometimes offending others.

-Stubborn

His mind can be difficult to change, once he's settled with something he will stick with it unless a convincing argument is made. Buckthorn refuses to change himself for anybody. If they dislike the way he is they can simply leave him be.

RELATIONSHIPS:

UNDERLINED NAMES HAVE LINKS!

Parentage:

Peregrine (Mother, NPC), Hawkweed (Father, NPC)

Siblings:

Hollyhock (Sister, owned by Foxx), Lobelia (Deceased, NPC)

Mentor: Wheatear (former in Buttercup Hills, NPC)

Lendri'zel (former in Lan-Hraeth, NPC)

Private: Nildel-Hain (Owned by Cermit)

Friends: Scarab (owned by Foxx), Fig (owned by Raina),

Enemies: Sol (owned by Foxx), Hollyhock? (owned by Foxx)

Mate: Myna (owned by Cermit)

Kits: Atha-al Yera (Daughter, owned by Ben), Syriénnon (Daughter, owned by Brew),

Nildel-Hain (Son, owned by Cermit), Hithra-al Brekennion (Son, owned by Sae)

Cloudberry (Daughter, owned by __), Chokeberry (Son, owned by __), Bearberry (Son, owned by __), Firethorn (Daughter, owned by __), Dewberry (Daughter, owned by __), Blackthorn (Son, owned by __).

Other: Pli Veh't Bralant (Adoptive Daughter, owned by Woof), Nayeer Hyaontil (Adoptive Daughter, Tryout),

Vulture (Father-in-law, owned by Rowdy, DECEASED) Condor (Brother-in-Law, owned by Candle), Loon (Sister-in-Law, owned by Sock)

[FOR RELATIONSHIP INFO, CHECK OUT HIS TOYHOUSE!]

HISTORY:

Kit:

Buckthorn was born in a litter of 3 kits. He and his sisters, Hollyhock and Lobelia, always had a close bond and quickly grew inseparable. He balanced out his energetic sisters, being the more controlled one of the group and ensuring that they avoid trouble. Due to his sister, Lobelia, being a sickly kit, Buckthorn was always extremely protective of her even at such a young age, especially with their parents being distant from their three kits. Despite this, Buckthorn grew up strong and healthy as well as learning to be independent from his early moons.

Muddypaw:

At 6 moons, Buckthorn became a Muddypaw training under Wheatear, a kind yet fierce and fiery grey Owsla doe. When returning from training accompanied by Hollyhock, the two noticed their sister's absence. This was a strange situation. Lobelia was always with their parents - their mother was her mentor after all. She couldn't have wandered off that far... The siblings searched around the warren calling out for their sister, worried as she couldn't fend for herself all too well at this time. Hollyhock picked up Lobelia's scent which led them to the farm. As they approached, a pain hit Buckthorn's heavy beating heart as he ran forwards as fast as he could, too late to protect his dear sister from the jaws of the farmer's dog. Looking down at her small, frail body, he felt numb yet tears still built up in his eyes as Hollyhock ran back to the warren. After what felt like an eternity, Hollyhock

returned accompanied by their parents. The two muddypaws were enraged with their parents. How dare they let this happen? How could they be so careless? Buckthorn held Hollyhock back as her rage grew, keeping his own anger bottled up within him; someone would have to look after Holly after all of this and it may as well be him.

Owsla:

A couple of moons passed by after the death of Lobelia. Buckthorn's parents often questioned his silence in their presence, calling him petty and selfish. This is when Buckthorn reached his limit. He refused to deal with them anymore; he snapped, causing a massive argument among the family. This conflict was all until a strange new warren claiming to be called "Lan-Hraeth" approached. They offered for rabbits to join them. To Buckthorn, this was a life-changing event! Maybe he would be able to start afresh; a new life away from his parents, he and Holly could even go together! When bringing up the idea to his sister, she was far from pleased - she was disgusted. Why would they want to go to a warren like that? The next day, Buckthorn had disappeared - he had decided to join Lan-Hraeth.

Pupil:

Buckthorn focussed on his training, learning quickly from his mentor, Lendri'zel to become a marshal. The move from Buttercup Hills to Lan-Hraeth was a difficult one. Buckthorn missed Hollyhock immensely, but there was no way she would forgive him for running off now. He had abandoned her, left her by herself. He felt awful.

During his time as a pupil, Buckthorn returned to the farm on a stroll, unexpectedly encountering the farmer's dog. This was his chance. This was something he believed he should have done moons ago. He'd get his revenge. Unfortunately for him, the dog was far stronger than he had estimated in this sudden, impulsive decision, and it struck him across

his shoulder, leaving four claw scars. He ran back to the warren feeling foolish for making such a stupid decision.

Marshal:

Buckthorn was dedicated to his rank and proud to be a Marshal. He carried out his duties to standard and did what he was asked to. He remained to be a bit of a loner, spending a large majority of his free time wandering the territory by himself. His sisters came into his mind often still - they were the most important things in his life. He had considered attempting a return to Hollyhock but deep down he believed she would not be best pleased to see him again. Despite this, he hoped she was safe and doing well back in Buttercup Hills.

Marshal (In RP):

AN UNLIKELY FRIENDSHIP

During his time as a Marshal, his least favourite duty had to be patrolling the hills. The territory had been successfully claimed and he dreaded running into his parents or his sister. To top it all off, to get to the territory, he had to pass the Farm - a place that was swiftly becoming a symbol of misfortune in his mind. On one of his visits for duties, he ran into a Muddypaw named Scarab. She was sweet yet rather irritating; having been offered to accompany her on a trip to what was supposed to be a field of flowers, he accepted in hopes she would leave him be afterwards. After a while of searching the withered lands, the doe had found a single living daisy which she gave to her new Marshal friend. Upon his arrival home, he ventured to his den and placed the flower among his next. He kept it until the day it withered and rot.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS

The day of his return, he was run into by a smaller red doe by the name of Myna. In an effort to apologise to the buck, she offered him on an outing for a stroll. Despite being a

little put off by her affectionate ways, he agreed to meet with the Cultivator once more another day.

Lan-Hraeth had taken over Buttercup Hills moons ago, but on one summer's day, Buckthorn found himself on a patrol with none other than his own sister, Owsla Hollyhock, and her companion, Owsla Buckeye. During a rather heated debate, Buckthorn announced he would see her as no more than a stranger from then on. The Owsla suddenly decided to attempt to attack the Marshal, held back by her friend, Buckeye. The trio made a rather silent and awkward return to the hills before Buckthorn thanked Owsla Buckeye for remaining level-headed then taking his leave back to the mountains.

YOU'VE BEEN CHOSEN

Marli Bralvao-ow-Nildro approached him one evening, explaining that he had been chosen by her - specifically selected to sire a litter of kits for her. At this point in time, he felt honoured. He went through with the proposal (not that he had much choice either way) and the two had a litter of four kits. The Marshal watched over them with a keen eye whilst their mother was out, but had little to do with them in any other case. He did not want to interfere with a family who wasn't entirely his own. His role was simply to allow for the Sector 2 Marli to continue her lineage and continue a legacy.

Overtime, the Marshal's friendship with the Cultivator he had met grew until the point he felt some unfamiliar feeling around her - as if his heart raced and his mind went mushy around her. Only a couple moons after the two had met, he admitted he felt some way towards the doe, and she reciprocated his feelings to his fortune.

Buckthorn's distaste for the warren, Buttercup Hills, only grew more and more with each visit, but one stood out especially. A young Muddypaw by the name of Sol had approached

the red and cream buck in the tunnels, requesting a spar. This felt similar to the time he met Scarab, but with a different activity being asked of him. He begrudgingly agreed, once more hoping this would make yet another Muddypaw leave him alone to get on with his duties and return home. Alas, the spar turned into more of a battle of avenging a loved one and her shredded ears and upholding pride. The spar eventually ended with rainfall, blood shedding from both of them. Each received bruises from one another, but scars showed another story. As the Marshal walked away with a gash across the face, the Muddypaw turned into the Novice's Den with merely a bite mark. Since that day, Buckthorn has felt a little regret, wishing he had done more despite the argument and protesting from his partner, who had told him it was a foolish act to partake in such a fight. His wounds healed without infection and the couple made up and moved on, each shedding a couple tears in the time it took to do so.

Buttercup Hills seemed to be in a peaceful state aside from the Lan-Hraeth Marshals littered around who patrolled the land. That was all up until a sacrifice was held within the clearing; all those who were healthy and off duty were called to attend. Buckthorn stood with his partner, a little nervous and confused but tried to hide it for the sake of his lover - who seemed surprisingly calm. As the Marli spoke and announced what was happening, eventually Buckthorn was called towards the Buttercup Hill's Seer by a Sector 5 Marshal who he knew to go by the name of Asp. Regretfully, he carried out each instruction she gave, holding the Seer down on the ground, although with a little less force than his fellow Marshal had pinned her down with. As the blood spilt from the poor innocent digger, he couldn't help but remember the sight of his dear sister's lifeless body sprawled out across the floor. The images that flashed in his mind accompanied by the wails and sounds of the now vomiting Seer, tears fell from the Marshal's eyes.

“How could you do this?”

The screams of Seer Maple filled his ears as he simply responded; “because the world is cruel.”

Even moons following the sacrificial event in the sister warren, the buck felt thankful that Myna had understood his reasoning for going along with the orders he was given. The two often spoke of family and how each of them wanted one of their own some day, until the day Myna adopted two kits - sisters named Pli Veh't Bralant and Nayeer Hyaontil. The two kits had no memories of their lives before being welcomed into the warren, and Buckthorn admired Myna's efforts to give them the best and most comfortable youth she could.

It wasn't long until Buckthorn encountered his sister once more. At first, the doe assumed he was his father due to a growing resemblance between the two - both had scars in similar places and their pelts weren't far from the same from a glance. After a little conversation between the two, Hollyhock apologised to the buck. Unfortunately, his stubbornness held him back and he rejected her apology. A glimmer of hope for the siblings to reunite in a more positive way still shines, however, with Buckthorn having said he'd think about it. This was an honest statement, as the thought of being close with his littermate once more crosses his mind often.

During an outing on his mate, where the duo had ventured out a little further than they had on their usual strolls, a rustling could be heard in the foliage. Telling his lover to keep an eye out, the two continued on their unplanned path until something - a creature - lept from the bushes and towards the red speckled doe. The Marshal charged towards the creature to defend Myna, and although he was slow, he managed to push the weasel off of her, commanding her to run. Receiving bruise after bruise from the two bashing about, he told his partner (who he knew would never leave, but it was worth a shot trying to tell her to) to look away. Unsure if she had or hadn't, he bit at the weasel's neck until a gut-wrenching crunch was heard. Without a flick of an ear, he ran towards Myna, picking the doe up onto his back and running as fast as he could. He had to get her to a Novice. In the time it took to return, Myna had made a proposal for the two to be betrothed in mateship, to which he agreed to despite the odd timing. He found it all rather amusing in the long run.

The following days, the buck was seen hopping around the warren with a bundle of berries, grass, flowers and the like towards his mate's den. The most notable of those days was the one following the incident. Myna had made it out alive, yet was still burdened with a variety of scars. The couple spent their time weaving the items in the messy gift bouquet (or in Buckthorn's case, trying to weave) whilst discussing family once more. On this occasion, Buckthorn brought up the idea of having kits of their own rather than adopting. Since he had sired the Marli's kits, he had a longing to have some of his own with a lover. The Cultivator expressed that she would think about it and the two exchanged crafted jewellery before the Marshal left to carry out his duties.

Only a few days later, the two found themselves expecting a litter of 6. Despite their nerves, Myna and Buckthorn felt exhilarated to finally become parents.

[RP LOG]

ROLEPLAY EXAMPLE:

Straightening himself up, he huffed out heavy breaths, it had been a while since he had fought someone after all. As much as he wished he could have done more to teach this guy a lesson, he knew actions had consequences. The last thing he wanted was for him to be in the centre of some big deal.

The rain was now pouring down, sending a chill down the larger buck's spine as he winced in the pain shooting from the long scar across his face. Legs shaking, he had had enough for

today. A small fight overall, but nothing more was needed. The Marshal just wanted to get to somewhere warmer - to go home to Myna.

"I feel like it would have boosted your ego." This kid was nearing the personification of a bundle of traits Buckthorn had a disliking to, not all, but some. Although he knew a small scar was perhaps even too much, he felt a little shame grow inside him for how insignificant of an injury he had caused. Never one to wish harm upon others all too easy, Buckthorn was content with hoping this was enough of a telling off - perhaps if the kid's parents were around they would do the rest themselves; at least he hoped so.

The Muddypaw sled over towards Buckthorn, not taking his gaze off of the young buck in case he had tried to make some sick move to catch him off guard once the fight was established over.

Without a nod or any indication of listening, Buckthorn grumbled out some slur of words, **"Come, I'll escort you back."** He led the way, vision obscured by strands of white and black mane, pitifully accompanied by warm drops of blood, still slowly trailing their way down his face. The sharp pain was still shooting past his cheek, up his visage and into his eye. He was lucky it was missed; a swipe like that may have potentially blinded him. Perhaps the foolish move to jerk out of the way saved him somehow...

ROLEPLAY INFO:

Timezone: Australian Eastern Standard Time (AEST)

Response Info: Literate (Paragraphs).

I usually respond with 2-3 paragraphs depending on how much I am given to work with. Sometimes I'm able to exceed those standards though!

Discord Username: ChiliStyx#3784

Are you okay with a plot-related death should you leave the group by your own accord or be removed from the group for whatever reason?: Yes

If not, how would you like your character to die/disappear?: Protecting somebody (Myna, Scarab, Hollyhock, one of his kits) or sacrifice (perhaps his true feelings regarding the Omnis were found out or he was simply selected.)

ART CREDITS:

Design: Chili (me)

Reference: Chili (me)