

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Robin

@eclecticsky

Last Updated: date

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME
Robin

GENDER
♀

COLONY
Orchard

RANK
Caretaker

About

Name	Robin
Name meaning	After the bird, for her original home's cultural significance and for her coloring
Nicknames	Doc
Gender	Molly
Pronouns	She/her
Sex	Female
Sexuality	Straight
Age	72 months [date]
Colony	Orchard
Rank	Caretaker

Appearance

Phenotype	Long-haired cinnamon tortoiseshell molly with low white
Scars	-
Impairments	<u>Deaf / Congenital (Sensorineural, genetic) severe hearing loss</u>

Accessories	-
Genotype	ll blbl XOXo aa McMc spsp tata wsw <i>long-haired / cinnamon / female tortoiseshell / solid / mackerel / non-broken / non-ticked / low (0-50%) white</i>

Personality

Robin is, for the most part, a rather stolid molly. She keeps an emotionless, smile-less face most of the time. However, when it comes time for her to share one of her stories, all sorts of dramatic emotions break loose, simply to make the tale exciting and pleasurable as she takes the form of her characters.

Robin is dedicated to her work, almost to the point of being a workaholic. She is always curious about what new things she could try out on her patients (though she keeps the risk minimal), and partakes in every superstition that ever comes her way. She steadily believes whatever she does and says and thinks is perfectly true and right, yet she always feels a need to prove herself. She tends to be very independent and stubborn.

Family

Doe • Mother • NPC

Long-haired chocolate molly

Quiver • Father • NPC

Long-haired red mackerel tom with low white

Antler • Maternal grandmother • NPC • Deceased

Long-haired chocolate molly with low white

Duncan • Mate • NPC • Deceased

Short-haired red ticked bicolor tom

Peony • Daughter • NPC

Long-haired cinnamon mackerel tortoiseshell molly with white

Poppy • Daughter • @eclecticsky

Long-haired red ticked bicolor molly

History

Mistakes

Robin was born deaf, a trait not common among her clowder. It was difficult growing up in a society that had little understanding of how to accommodate her, but they did their best. In particular, Robin's grandmother Antler was a great help; she seemed to have the same condition as Robin, although at a much less severe level. She taught her granddaughter some sign language, and as time went on Robin formed her own dialect of it, one that she taught to every cat she knew. It was similar to other versions such as that which her grandmother taught her, but unique in its own ways. One particularity was its exaggerated movements and expressions. Robin was usually stoic except when she signed, and her signing was more often than not to tell a story. She was a great lover of stories, a trait she inherited from her family and clowder, and it was her way of dealing with her disability—stories were universal, and could be told in *any* language. Thus, her little language was designed to tell her tales in the easiest and most entertaining way possible. Robin not only told the stories she had been told herself, but created new ones, too. New superstitions spread and fresh tales were told as though they had existed for generations. Even as a young cat, Robin was highly influential in her clowder. Being Deaf couldn't stop her from doing anything she wanted to do, or even slow her down.

Inspired by the stories of her heroes, Robin took an interest in healing, particularly after her grandmother passed away in her adolescence and left her alone in her disability. After all, every hero takes a hit some time or another, and someone (another hero!) has to be there to help them. Robin, though curious, was not a risk-taker, and so took the healing route of it. She formed relationships with other cats who knew such things, and achieved a thorough understanding of healing with nature by mid-adulthood. Her superstitions highly influenced her doctoring, however;

there were a number of plants and rituals she used in her practices that in reality had little to no medical purpose, but to her had meaning, and she truly believed it could help. It led to a number of cats refusing her services, but regardless, she never did anything that hurt a patient, and as odd as she was, Robin was a good doctor.

When not entranced by a story, Robin found it hard to communicate with others. She was rather alone in her own world, while cats who could hear spoke freely and had few of her worries. But one cat seemed to understand. Duncan was a handsome young tom she met when he came to her needing help caring for his leg. He had twisted it in early in his kithood, and had left him with a permanent limp. On his worst days, he would come to the doctor's den for help keeping his pain manageable—that is, Robin's den. Duncan understood Robin's loneliness stemming from a physical limitation, and this understanding was the foundation of their relationship, upon which they built it up and up. In time, they became mates, though still continuing their duties: Robin as a doctor and Duncan as an organizer that oversaw different areas of work within the clowder.

When Robin was about forty-five months old, her daughter Peony was born. Duncan was close with her, and eventually he slimmed his duties just to spend time with her every day. But Robin was always tied up with caring for other cats, and as time went on her relationship with Peony began to crumble, as did her relationship with Duncan. He saw how Robin worked herself so hard that she never had time for her daughter, except to sometimes tell a bedtime story, and he confronted her about it one day. But Robin didn't want to change. She was too stubborn for it, and in the end, Duncan was too stubbornly in love with her to make her.

But still, once in a while a fight arose. It was after one such fight that Duncan was exasperated enough that he stormed out of camp to cool off. He was gone for hours before anyone wondered if he was alright—and he wasn't. His body was found cold and bloodied, killed by a predator. Robin's heart was torn to pieces, and Peony even more so. The molly, now a young adult, blamed her mother for Duncan's death; if the two hadn't been fighting all the time, her father would still be alive. *If Robin had spent more time with her daughter, maybe Peony would have considered her a mother.* After that, Peony cut contact with Robin completely. Once more, the molly was alone.

Fresh Beginnings

To her surprise, that quickly changed. Without knowing until some time after, Robin had fallen pregnant just before Duncan's death. She gave birth to another single daughter whom she named Poppy, a name that proved to be contrary (in terms of its cultural significance) to her personality. This time, Robin was determined to be better. She learned how to manage her work in a way that allowed her to spend more time with her family, something that was necessary regardless of her wishes if she was going to be a single mother. Poppy was well-educated in sign-language, and often acted as Robin's translator when it was needed—though Poppy had quite a habit of getting ahead of Robin's stories and blurting out the ending before her mother could finish. Peony still stayed distant from Robin, although she saw her eye on Poppy sometimes. Robin wondered if the two had connected, but Poppy never brought it up, and she didn't question her.

When Poppy reached six months old, Robin felt that it was time for a change of scenery. This place had for far too long reminded her of her lost love, and of her mistakes as a mother and as a mate. Poppy had always wanted to see the world beyond the clowder, too. And so, one day, they chose to leave. For the first time in half a year, Robin approached Peony, asking her to come with them, but the molly refused. She had no more wish to be near her

mother as she did just after Duncan’s death. So, the mother and her youngest daughter set out on their own for a new home.

It didn’t take long before the two had a run-in with a stranger. The tom introduced himself as Merlin, and readily invited them to join him and others in forming a new colony. Robin and Poppy were wary, but the cats proved themselves to be good, and before long they were proud members of the Orchard Colony. Robin of course took the rank of Caretaker, acting as the Colony’s doctor, while Poppy became an Apprentice with an interest in one day becoming a Creator and attempting to host festivals in the Orchard like the ones they had had in their old clowder.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ Making and telling stories
- ♥ Following all her little rituals and ceremonies
- ♥ Her daughter
- ✕ Water
- ✕ Heights
- ✕ Darkness

Beliefs

- Too many to count.
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Other

- Height is 24 cm at the shoulder (slightly taller than average)
- Began at 72 months on date
- In her old clowder’s culture, and now in that of Orchard’s as well, robins are venerated. They are said to bring the spring with them.
- Named Peony and Poppy to be opposites of the flowers’ cultural meanings. Peony means shame, bashfulness, anger (which she grew to fit); Poppy is peace, sleep, death (the exact opposite of what she became).
- Naturally, Robin shares a den with her daughter, Poppy, but also the Knight Sparky. Sparky and Robin get along all right; Sparky doesn’t know any sign, and though she tries to learn,

it's a bit of a struggle to teach her. But when Poppy can aid in their communication, Robin doesn't mind her much; Sparky's a good and loyal, albeit childish, cat. Sparky is great friends with Poppy, however, and Robin's fine with this, especially since she can't hear their chatter through the night, as long as they sit still.

[Toyhouse Link](#)
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