

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

» Resin «

"If you have information on new prey tracks, I expect to be informed, as soon as you can."
@lucense

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME

Resin

GENDER

they/he

COLONY

Tempest

RANK

Lead Hunter

About

Name	Resin
Name meaning	◇ named after the family's evergreen name theme
Nicknames	◇ -
Gender	Solarian
Pronouns	◇ they/he
Sex	◇ tom
Sexuality	Gay
Age	40 months
Colony	Tempest
Rank	◇ Lead Hunter

Appearance

Phenotype	Long-haired black non-agouti amber mackerel tabby cat
Scars	◇ one on their face, one on their front leg, couple on their side

Impairments	◇ -
Accessories	◇ -
Genotype	ll Bb aa Mcmc spsp tata ee

Personality

Resin has never wanted to make himself seem friendly. He doesn't like small talk - if you approach him with only the intention of asking about his day, don't be surprised when he turns you down. But if you approach him and immediately mention the discovery of a new hunting spot, he will be all ears. He has a very, very good memory, able to recall to near perfect detail the locations and routes to all known hunting spots and then also describe them in a way that cats around him would easily understand. He is most serious about his position in the Colony now and works very hard to not let down anyone.

Tempest Colony is very much their top priority, to the point that their Colonymates' wellbeing Resin puts before their own. Though they're not very trusting of individuals, they know that their strength grows only when everyone is doing well. As their primary job is to organise hunts and keep track of prey movement, they are able to put their memory to good use and service to the community, which they take great pride in.

But despite Resin's current strength being hunting organisation, he is not afraid to get his claws dirty again. Whilst he's given up the more violent ways now, he grew up where he only could show his love through teeth and claws, and to this day he is more than happy to return to that. Even with his distrust of everyone, some cats he comes to respect and so he will fight again just to keep them safe. Resin strongly believes that to be the best - and only - way to show someone that you care.

After the flood, even Resin's demeanour changed. The feeling of failure still weighs heavily on their mind, and they're now afraid to let down anyone again. They grieve, to this day, and they feel they may never truly recover. This can make them appear very cold and distant, snapping at even the slightest disturbances. They still do their job well, but when no one's looking, sometimes they will slink away to find a quiet spot in which to curl up and cry in reminiscence of the family they lost. They never, ever, want anyone to see them like this, bottling up any "bad" emotions and turning down anyone's offers to listen. They're fine, it's okay, they're just tired, Resin will say, even if they know very well that it's not true.

Family

Conifer • Father • NPC • *Deceased*

Long-haired black non-agouti amber mackerel tabby tom

Pine • Mother • NPC • *Deceased*

Long-haired chocolate amber classic tabby molly

Juniper • Brother • NPC • *Deceased*

Long-haired chocolate non-agouti amber classic tabby tom

Amber • Sibling • NPC • *Deceased*

Long-haired black amber classic tabby cat

History

Forest of Family

Resin, along with his brother Juniper and his sister Amber, was born to Conifer and Pine in a fittingly coniferous forest on a hill near an abandoned amusement park. The park was full of other cats, but this little evergreen family very rarely made any contact with them, content with their little home. As such, Resin grew used to having only his siblings and parents around, which he wasn't complaining about. The three of them *loved* to play together and used every opportunity to do so.

When they started training, Conifer focused more on hunting whilst Pine focused more on history. They were taught that this den had been housing their maternal line for many generations and so they had to protect it closely. They were shown the ways that the trees around them sheltered them and gave them a home, and so they were regarded so highly by all in the family. Resin was amazed, and vowed to himself that he would keep this little bit of history alive for as long as he could. They weren't important cats, not at all, but to still have their own bit of legacy? He liked that,

a lot. It gave him extra vigour for when they started training battle skills.

Their first hit of reality was when the trio were about 9 months old or so when their place was attacked by some of the nearby strays. There were no losses, but that's not to say they all came out unscathed, a couple of those wounds still visible to this day as scars. The three kittens had only just started learning how to fight, they weren't ready for an actual scrap so soon! So, Conifer and Pine took to more rigorous training, focusing only on battle skills to make sure that if such a situation happens again, they will all be prepared this time.

So, life continued on like this for a while. Resin continued to train also his hunting skills, whilst his siblings only honed fighting at the behest of their parents. Resin couldn't quite understand them - shouldn't they be working on everything they know, not just the most recent thing? Whatever, he didn't want to try convince them, and besides, part of him did quite enjoy his frequent solo hunting trips to provide food for everyone without the involvement of family. It gave him much needed time to think over whatever weighed on his mind whilst also ensuring they're all well fed, a win-win situation for him.

When the trio were nearing two years of age, one evening Amber came forth and announced that from this day on, she is no longer a molly and would like to only go by they/them. Resin was a little confused at the notion, but promised to do his best to remember. He was curious as to how it is to feel such a different way, so he spoke to them about it. They told him a little as to how the journey of realisation went, which got Resin himself thinking that, in a way, he was feeling similarly about himself, he just never paid much attention to it. Now it was a more active thing on his mind, but he decided not to say anything about it for a while, until he was certain.

Through to Communion

Soon after, things started ramping up a little. During a sudden, very windy storm their little den was destroyed, forcing them to search for somewhere else to live. The parents wanted to go deeper into the coniferous forest; the kittens, however, wanted to finally see what was in the park, as from word of passing strangers they'd heard of entire generations of cats living there and wanted to see for themselves. The parents conceded, so the family made their way over and down the hill and on to the park.

Resin was... amazed, to say the least, at the sight. Even as they started descending he caught a glimpse of a round structure further ahead, and now, he stood in front of it. It was *colossal!* There were so many things at this park that he could not even figure out what they could have been in the past. The cats around the place were a little cautious, but they weren't unfriendly like Pine had feared, so they found a quieter spot on the outskirts of the park and settled there, the siblings more than excited to explore this new place and perhaps even try and make friends.

Well, his siblings were. Resin himself was still distrustful; these cats themselves appeared to have lived here for many generations, just like they had at their den, except theirs was still standing. There was also a lot more of them. Nevertheless, this was their home now, too. He exercised caution, but took his time to talk to anyone who passed by to learn more about the group and the vast territory beyond the park's borders. He often exchanged intel too, of the spots he had found that were always abundant with food, and was always happy to see that the cats who checked them out themselves were happy with them, too.

Over time, he began to warm up to everyone. Resin had even found a few cats he'd start considering his friends,

though his siblings and parents were a lot more social than he was. Whilst he still wasn't fond of chit chat with just whomever he passed by, he found that every time someone came up to him to talk about something hunting or safety related, he was all ears and listened intently. He learnt a lot more areas abundant in prey, and he was happy that other cats were willingly putting their trust in him. He was helping them all! It felt great.

Crash and Rebirth

But no one could have predicted it, the day their lives turned upside on their heads. It was all calm for days. Then, the storm struck. Resin had been out, but as soon as it hit, he dashed back home to check on his family, only to find no sight of them. The rain did not let up, not even a little, for so long. Resin wanted to curl up in a dry spot and wait it out, but he was very worried. Where was his family?! Why were they not in the safety of their den? He ran through the park in hopes of finding any tracks before they're all washed away from the rainfall, but could not find even a hint of where they could be. He grew very, very anxious.

He kept searching, rested for a bit to regain some strength, then kept looking. That's when the flood hit, and when he saw Amber's tail vanish through the undergrowth, where the water was. Resin ran there, faster than he had ever ran before, praying to whatever might be out there that he'd make it in time. Amber was calling for help, but the water swiftly cut their screams off every time. Resin searched for anything, anything at all that could help him get them out, but there was nothing. He leapt in, but the current was far too strong, and he scrambled to get back out. He'd lost sight of his sibling, too, and now could not even hear their cries. He stood where he was, drenched and shivering, but above all he felt his heart swell with grief. He... he had failed, to save someone so close to him.

Resin sat with this thought until he realised the rain had started letting up. He wasn't sure how much time had passed, but seeing the floodwaters begin to drop gave him just a sliver of hope that he could find a familiar face now. He ran down along the river, and found them many lengths further. There were no signs that they were still alive. As the current had let up now, he waded across to Amber and pressed his nose in their fur, then found a spot higher up where he could bury them. He sat there for a bit in mourning. His head was heavy, but he knew he had to look for other survivors. Maybe, just maybe, he'd find his family again, too.

The first cats he found, to a slight dismay, weren't family, but instead two cats he recognised from the park, Kalina and Tansy. Nevertheless, Resin was glad to find any other cats that hadn't been washed away in the flood. He followed them, unsure what to do now. He knew going back to his den would be hopeless - it, too, was now destroyed. Resin joined the mollies and all others when two cats, Damsel and Calliope, were rounding up everyone who remained. His heart broke further when he saw how few of the cats actually remained. The rest of his family never showed. He had to assume they, too, were taken by the water.

The first day of sun that followed the wreckage, Resin found he felt oddly peaceful. He laid in its light, and lost himself somewhere in his mind. He thought back to his conversations with Amber so long ago, when they came out to their family. Having this much time on his own gave him plenty of time for reflection. He found solace in the sun's warming glow, and decided to take on the same pronouns Amber had, along with his own. It brought him comfort, but also he found it to be a way he could honour at least someone from his family. He was the last of them, now.

In the days following, Damsel and Calliope suggested to all survivors that they should form themselves a Colony, now that their numbers were so small compared to before. Resin didn't particularly mind, they wanted the company

and if this Colony business is the way, they'll stay. They definitely didn't expect to be approached with a specialist rank offer, however. They were stunned, but they accepted to continue what they'd gained a reputation for, to track prey and to rebuild food reserves and make sure everyone was fed at all times. Knowing that they could use their skills again to help other cats gave them hope. Resin just hoped that some day, somehow, they could see their family again. There was so, so much they wanted to talk to them about...

Trivia

Likes | Dislikes

- ♥ the sun
- ♥ caring for others
- ♥
- ✕ natural disasters
- ✕ failure
- ✕

Beliefs | Skills

- "One must set their solitude aside for the greater good, if the need arises."
-
-
- memory
- hunting
-

Other

- if Resin could listen to human music, their favourite genres would be metalcore and post-rock / post-metal
- Resin's scent is like pine in petrichor
-

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