

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Peahen

"If I helped a cat breathe one more breath, then I'd be happy to rest."
@Pumpkin Spice

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NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Peahen	Genderfae	Moss	Tree

About

Name	-Peahen
Name meaning	-Named after a colorful bird
Nicknames	-/
Gender	-Genderfae
Pronouns	-She/They
Sex	-Female
Sexuality	-Unlabeled
Age	-25 Months
Colony	-Moss Colony
Rank	-Tree

Appearance

Phenotype	-Blue spotted torbie with white
Scars	-Neck Bitemark

Impairments	-/
Accessories	-Tail Leaves Head Leaves Plant Wrist-Wrap
Genotype	-LL BB XOXo dd Aa Mcmc SpSp tata wsw

Personality

Peahen is a molly who is brave above all else, she doesn't fear a thing and is willing to stand up against creatures even deadlier than she can imagine. She thinks quickly, and moves even quicker, with a swift reaction time. Of course, she's also a fast learner, grasping concepts really quickly and being quite adaptable to change or difference.

Peahen is altruistic, despite her initial hostilities. She cares deeply about the state of others and the world around her, and will selflessly help them accomplish things even if she's in no state to do so. She's also very stubborn, with a sense of lawfulness that makes her unwilling to go against her moral code even if she knows the other cat is likely right.

Peahen has quite the notable temper, it doesn't take much to anger them and they can be quick to fall to insults. They can be a bit gullible as well, growing up with a father who was always honest with them makes them struggle to catch on to when a cat is lying. They're comfortable with the things they know, to the point where they don't even try to learn new skills if it's something they're bad at, such as stealth.

Family

Chickadee • Father • NPC

Cream classic non-agouti tom with white

Damsel • Surrogate Mother • NPC

Black silver spotted tabby bicolor molly

Ptarmigan • Grandfather • NPC

Blue tortoiseshell van tom

History

Illuminating Feathers

Peahen was born to Chickadee, a single kitten to a single father. He'd always wanted to be a father, and he adored little Peahen from the moment she opened her eyes. They lived next to a little zoo, and would often visit particular exhibits for food.

Of course, her father loved the Peafowl exhibit the most, sometimes serving cat food, rice and eggs to the birds. She got her name from here, him having heard it over and over again to the point where he memorized it, though there were a couple other exhibits they'd visit as well which he wasn't as informed on.

He never caught his own food, this was because he chose a life of religion and pacifism. That is where he and Peahen disagreed, but he never held it against her so she couldn't imagine a world where he would. He loved her, she loved him, that's what mattered was it not?

While there were other cats around the zoo, they mostly spent time together. However, the group often held competitions for the kittens. Peahen was relatively disinterested in them, but the combat competitions always piqued her interest.

Hearing this, and despite his hatred of anything fighting and violence, he was eager to help her learn how to fight competitively. He started to learn the different techniques she'd need to learn, then started to teach her how to do it. He always felt so impressed when she figured something out before he did, and she could tell.

There was never a moment where she didn't feel supported by him, and the love and care despite their differences started to shine with her beginning to win fight after fight. She began to wear wraps made of leaves around her paws, which she felt made her look even tougher.

One day, Chickadee pulled Peahen aside to tell her about a cat she'd never met, but she'd grow to look up to. His name was Ptarmigan, and he led a massive group of cats called the Night Guardians. He was brave and fearless, with

a heart of gold and eyes as sharp as silver.

They fought for others to protect them, and to keep the forest safe. It had her eyes as round as the moon, and she kept asking questions. Turns out, for a time, Chickadee was a healer for the group. He'd never quite liked fighting, and much preferred to help rather than hurt.

In Ptarmigan's final hours, he said a line that Peahen would hold dear to her heart. *'If I helped a cat breathe one more breath, then I'm happy to rest.'*

Of course, she wasn't dying, but she took the meaning out of it. If she can help even one cat, then she'd be content with her life. It was saddening, to hear the group disbanded shortly after Ptarmigan's death, but she didn't want their legacy to dissolve.

As she competed in competition after competition, she fought for them. She spread their message everytime she won, and tried to help other cats learn to fight too. She did it not because she had to, but because she wanted to. It made her feel whole.

When she was a year old, she ended up winning her first adult's competition. She wore a pair of leaves on her hindquarters to celebrate the day, and she looks back on it fondly with her father throwing the biggest party he could. He got as much food as he safely could from the enclosures and decorated the place with lost drawings and stickers.

She found it kind of weird though, she liked being a molly and yet sometimes she felt... kind of tired of just hearing her be referred to as she. She figured she was just feeling socially exhausted though, and took a bit of a break from talking with other cats for a while.

Twisted Eyes

Peahen was more than an adult now, and the competitions for her age were wearing thin. She had one last one she could compete in, but that was it. She was nervous, but Chickadee tucked some leaves behind her ear. He promised she'd do wonderful, even if she didn't win, as always.

He promised he'd be there, and she believed him. He'd always been there before, and he'd always been fully honest with her even with the little things. If he said he'd be there, he was gonna be there.

[CW: Competition resulting in injury, off screen character death, descriptions of grief]

The competition had started, and she launched into a fight with her opponent. She remembered their jet black fur and bright blue eyes, they twisted around her like it was nothing. It was almost as if they were made of pure fabric, graceful and swift.

They were quite the even match for eachother, with Peahen being an absolute powerhouse. However, things came to a halt when the cat had bit Peahen in the shoulder way too hard, drawing blood and forcing the fight to come to an early end with a draw being announced as the results.

The cat went to apologize, but she was too busy looking for her father... who was nowhere. No matter where she

looked, she couldn't find him. At first, she was upset and betrayed... but as the day passed, she grew incredibly worried. High and low, in and out of enclosures, not a sign of him was found.

It was another local cat who brought her the news, he had been found dead far from the camp. It seemed like there had been a wild animal attack, and he did not defend himself. It was too dangerous to retrieve his body. This left her in a state of shock and grief, her best friend and mentor was gone... just like that.

Just yesterday, he'd been alive and comforting her. Now, she'd never hear him speak again. She'd never be able to press into his warm fur, speak of things on her mind, no one else would ever be as honest to her again.

She was crushed, and left the area nearly immediately after. She couldn't stand to live there anymore, everything reminded her of him.

At the young age of 20 months old, she was left entirely alone... by no fault of anyone.

[CW: Competition resulting in injury, off screen character death, descriptions of grief END]

[Peahen is injured in her final competition resulting in a draw, Chickadee went missing and was pronounced dead via predator attack, Peahen grieves and leaves the group]

Peahen had no idea where to go, spending months just wandering around and exploring aimlessly. She didn't really have anything to her name but her fighting skills, and those were usually good at driving others away.

Making it to the Colonies, she decided to stay nearby to watch them all go about their days. They were intimidating, some looked like they would genuinely kill her if she made the wrong move, but one Colony in particular caught her eye.

She needed a place to stay, she hated feeling so alone even if before she'd never really minded it just being her and her dad before. Approaching a Moss Colony patrol, asking if it would be okay that she'd joined.

She was brought to the camp, where she met some of the cats around here. Particularly Starling, Tamarack, Honeymilk, Peanut, Kamchatka, Lichen and Firefly caught her attention for a particular reason. It was through talking with others and finding out about them that she'd realized... you didn't have to be what you were born as.

It made sense, now that she thought about it. Ptarmigan was described as a tortoiseshell though was her grandfather, though of course that wasn't impossible considering a few things, she'd never really thought about it at all.

Giving it more thought, she decided to come out as Genderfae just before joining the Moss Colony, starting to go by She/They.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ -Combat and Sparring
- ♥ -Helping Others
- ♥ -History

- ✕ -Stealth
- ✕ -Feeling Alone
- ✕ -Large Groups

Beliefs

- -"Help others, and you'll be satisfied."
- -"You never know what you have until it's gone, and you can never get that back."
- -"Being able to mentor another cat would be my dream."
- -"Try to be honest with as much as you can, but don't use honesty as an excuse to be malicious."

Other

- -Their voiceclaim is Vixy from The Stolen Hope's Reboot
- -Peaheh's favorite color is gold, the same color as their father's eyes
- -They have quite the unique scent, think similar to the snacks at a zoo
- - Cannot do anything stealth-related to save her life, due to her having quite heavy and loud pawsteps
- -Their favorite food is rice, though they're unlikely to find that now
- -She loves to talk about the Night Guardians to anyone who'll listen
- -Very PDA heavy, but knows to respect others boundaries and will do so
- -Prefers being seen as feminine and having feminine terms be used
- -Loves to celebrate achievements, and show other cats that what they did was important and mattered so much
- -Can mimic some zoo animal sounds, though this isn't particularly useful in an environment where they absolutely are not in

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