

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Firebug Application

"When I was a child I'd sit for hours, staring into open flame"

@hawkthespork

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME
FIREBUG

GENDER
AGENDER

COLONY
MOOR

RANK
GRAZER

About

Name	Firebug
Name meaning	✧ <i>Moniker they reclaimed; "trouble-seeker"</i>
Nicknames	✧ <i>Bug</i>
Gender	Agender
Pronouns	✧ <i>Any but he/they preferred</i>
Sex	✧ <i>Female</i>
Sexuality	Unsure
Age	24 months
Colony	Moor Colony
Rank	Grazer

Appearance

Appearance	Glittered chocolate amber mackerel torbie with white and a manx tail
Scars	✧ <i>Notch in his ear</i>
Impairments	✧

Accessories	✧ <i>Red collar</i>
Genotype	ll glgl bbl XOXo Dd Aa Mcmc spsp tata ee wsw Mm

Personality

Firebug is an easy cat to talk to. Quite unthreatening to approach with a simple aura, they tend to be laid back and relaxed in normal interactions. When alone and in his duties, they're quiet and toned down - and then can transform into a completely different cat when they have the energy. Suddenly, he'll be roguish and mischievous, donning a grin and a fast joke to disarm someone. They'll light up in the right circumstances, becoming energetic, optimistic, and versatile. They're a pleasure seeker and avoid uncomfortable situations - but is prepared to make a joke to ward away rejection and discomfort. Although they may not talk about themselves right away, paired with their energy they'll reveal soft arrogance and egotism at his own skills.

He gets into easy trouble, testing and pushing boundaries, a jack-of-all trades, master of none. Firebug's been known to talk himself out of sticky situations - definitely a mouthy sort of cat when he gets going - but their improvisation and wit gets him out of trouble. Firebug can be considered obnoxious and full of himself, but is also kind and caring with a knack for putting others at ease. He can be overly critical of himself and rather scattered.

Family

Caraway • Father • NPC

Glittered cream silver mackerel tabby with a short tail

Zodiac • Mother • NPC

Non-agouti chocolate amber tortoiseshell molly with white

Daphne • Sister • NPC

Glittered lilac amber smoke tortoiseshell with white

History

Early Life

Caraway and Zodiac were two city cats who got their meals in with the various houses and humans that left food out for them or were happy to spare a cup of kibble when they came meowing at the door. When Zodiac was expecting and then subsequently had two daughters, they knew they had to adjust their lifestyle to fit in their newborn kits. When the time came, they had to be ready to teach their daughters life skills too. But neither of them were very good at hunting, and the growing cold season meant food was getting harder to find.

Still, they did their best to provide for their daughters, who they named Phoebe and Daphne. They tried bringing them to a human household, where one of the humans gave each molly a collar, but didn't take them in besides that. So Phoebe grew up with an understanding of how cold and hard life could be, especially on the streets. She was close with Caraway, a formidable tom and caring father, although emotionally distant. Daphne took after Zodiac. Caraway taught Phoebe how to hunt, but more importantly, tips and tricks on what to do if she couldn't hunt or rely on humans. Tricks that included stealing and roguish behavior - really anything that meant she could go to sleep with a full belly.

Phoebe was good at it. By eight months, she had learned how to be fast, versatile, and tricky to get in and out of all sorts of situations. And she was helping her father bring home prey to Zodiac and Daphne, too!

Maybe Caraway messed with the wrong cats, though, or maybe he wasn't careful enough. One day he went out and he didn't come back. Zodiac told Phoebe and Daphne to stay home while she went and looked for him. And she found him - at the bottom of a quarry outside of the city. It was hard to say whether he fell in chasing something and slipped, or if he got into a fight with someone he stole from and they pushed him in. Did it matter? If someone pushed him, they were long gone by now. She brought her daughters to say goodbye to him. Phoebe was devastated. She had loved her father and felt like she was finally reaching some ground with him, and now he was gone.

She refused fall too deep into grief that she couldn't help provide for her mother and sister. Phoebe became a bit of a class clown, cracking jokes and keeping spirits up on long days and nights they couldn't find much to eat. She remembered making a small joke once off-handedly, not really thinking about it. Daphne's face lit up despite the weakness in her eyes and she giggled. Phoebe loved the sound of her sister's laugh, and she continued chasing that high.

Adulthood

Before he died, Caraway hadn't taught Daphne as much as he did Phoebe. Daphne was mostly content to try and beg for scraps from humans, while Phoebe was more assertive about finding food to any end, even if that meant stealing. Daphne wasn't as thrilled with her kleptomaniac behaviors and pointed out that if it was just food, she could understand it, but no, Phoebe would steal trinkets and doohickeys too, anything that caught her eye. Phoebe would protest that they're just lying around, it's not like she swipes them off a poor unsuspecting cat's pelt.

Then Zodiac and Daphne got sick, and Phoebe tried to figure out what she could do to heal her. She didn't know much about medicine herself. But there were communities of cats nearby that she knew about - perhaps she might have stolen from once or twice - that she could ask for help from. She brought the idea up to Daphne, but her sister didn't seem as sure about it.

So Phoebe went herself, cogily explaining her situation and requesting the medicine to help or at least a cat that knew how to use the right leaves. But they didn't really bite. Although their pelt colors were different, Phoebe apparently looked a great deal like her father, who they hadn't gotten along well with. They didn't confirm anything, but she considered for a horrible moment that one of these cats could have been the one to kill her father or send him to his death. She gritted her teeth, trying to ignore the possibility, and asked again for help. This time, the leader of some sort turned her down, saying she was brave for asking but they didn't help *firebugs* - a strange term for cats who attracted trouble.

Phoebe couldn't accept that. She hatched a plan to steal the medicine for Zodiac. It was too much for her to bear to see her mother fading fast. She couldn't let her and her sister lose another parent. The mission was successful - in some manner. Phoebe managed to steal an assortment of medicines under their noses by the skin of her teeth. She brought it back and Daphne was very upset with her for her scheme, saying she could have ended up like dad, or worse. Phoebe insisted it would be fine - but it wasn't fine. It wasn't enough. She watched her mother slowly fade away, and Daphne wasn't getting much better.

She managed to convince Daphne to go to a human household in desperation, saying that they could heal her. Daphne reluctantly agreed (she hadn't wanted to leave her sister in the wake of their mother's death, but knew she didn't have much of a choice). She became a housecat, but Phoebe couldn't stay.

Crash and Burn

For the first time in her life, truly, Phoebe had been very alone. She wandered the streets a bit pathetically, head low. One of the cats she had stole from in that community found her, addressing her as Firebug. She snapped at them, saying their lousy medicine hadn't worked anyway and she had ended up losing her mother. The other cat apologized but pointed out that it wasn't their fault the medicine hadn't worked.

When Phoebe struck out on her own, leaving the city for good, she realized she didn't quite feel...comfortable using feminine terms to describe herself. That cat she had run into from the community, they had used neutral pronouns. That felt right for them, too. Maybe they could try masculine terms too. And they wanted to change their name; no more Phoebe.

She thought about Firebug. In fact, if they thought back hard enough, he thought that he remembered Caraway at some point affectionately calling him Firebug too after he got into trouble. If he had been a Firebug for his father,

and trying to help his mother made him a Firebug too, then he'd just take on the name altogether. He thought the term was cute, anyway.

Firebug traveled for some time before coming across the colonies - and the Moor Colony caught his eye. They spoke to the cats there and decided to join as a grazer.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ Games
- ♥ Investigative storytelling
- ♥ Stealing
- ✕ Libel
- ✕ Blizzards
- ✕ Pointless drama

Beliefs

- Self-improvement is possible if you look at yourself critically and work hard every day
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Other

- Prefers neutral & masc terms
- Sensitive about his height even though they're considerably average, even a little bit taller
- Surprisingly patient and will persevere for days to master a skill
- Doesn't mind being considered a "class clown"
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Application base created by @peeperonipip

Art drawn by @hawkthespork
Written by @hawkthespork
Character design by @melontine