

If it wasn't already clear enough with that intro...

I let everyone in my discord server go completely ham, with a few rules of course, and create our very first COMMUNITY MADE CLAN!!

With everyones submissions, this lovely group of cats came together as CreationClan to face their destiny. Submissions were open for less than two weeks and and boy let me tell you I thought id only get like.... Maybe 20 to 30 applications.. We got... 104

I completely underestimated EVERYTHING about this process, but here we are! CreationCLan! The rules were simple:

1. You have to submit your character through a designated google form!
2. Only one submission per person.
3. All roles will be chosen in a raffle style, so it's randomized and everyone gets equal opportunity.
4. There will only be 20 slots
5. Do not steal others art, ocs, or ideas
6. Do not argue with others
7. Do not use a pre-existing character!
8. Do not make your character buck-wild ... aka dont make a mary sue
9. Your character is subject to change along with the story
10. The 20 cats chosen will be featured on YouTube... which is this video!

The first part of this video is going to show everyone's roles as we build the allegiances! We're doing this spinny wheel style.

Alright so now that we have our Alleigances,
First we'll start off with the leader, Settingstar!

Settingstar, previously known as Settingsun, is a medium-furred red and orange she-cat with yellow eyes. Her name originates from her golden-hued fur that shines brightly like flames when resting in the sunlight. She was previously born to a group of rogues who functioned in a power-based structure. This group was purely based on survival, claiming to be the sole survivors from the fabled "Clans from long ago". Cats bearing injuries or carrying litters were seen as weak and would be fed last, if at all. This group often got into scuffles with neighboring cats and from a young age, Settingsun knew this wasn't right. She desperately wanted to become leader of this group and run it far more civilly. Others would laugh at her suggestions and crush her spirits. When she was old enough she set out on her own, thinking she did not need the company of others to survive. The timing was bad and leafbare took everything out of her, and she sheepishly returned with sunken cheeks and a defeated, pleading look in her eyes. They turned her down even after an offering of prey and loyalty, so she set out on her own once more to create a new group of cats on her own. She wandered for several days without rest, her paws seemingly being dragged in a certain direction until she came across a small ravine with water flowing through it. Even in the midst of leafbare this place was speckled with bright green and harbored a sweet smell. She felt at peace. Settingsun succumbed to her exhaustion and

collapsed, falling deep into sleep. She was gently jostled awake. In front of her stood an white, softly glowing cat, their apparition fading in and out in flashes. They merely whispered "The lives of many generations rest in your paws." After this, Settingsun felt a new sense of longing, finding a few other cats in similar situations who agreed to her preposition - they joined the group, which formed 'CreationClan', a safe place for cats to gather and feel secure.

Next up is the deputy, Deerdamsel!

Deerdamsel is a short-furred fluffy brown tabby she-cat with green eyes. She was originally just named Deer due to her fawn-like appearance and gentle nature. She was born into a rather unfortunate situation where their two-legs had far too many cats and used them solely for profit, seeing the cats as more of objects than living creatures. She felt unnoticed and set aside from everyone else there, leaning to be assertive to get her point across. In hopes of finding connection with another cat, she befriended a tom who soon became her means of happiness. The two of them had several litters together, all of which were taken out from underneath her without warning. The only explanation she ever got was that "this is how things work around here." Everyone around her felt cold and heartless, and they would often tell her that things were easier as she got older. After all, they were given shelter, food, and water without worrying about living out on the streets. She felt that their spirits were shattered. She was utterly heartbroken, longing to see her beloved kits again one day. In a desperate attempt at escape, she squeezed through a slightly cracked window and made a run for it, leaving her old life behind. For moons, she wandered around their neighborhood in a search for any of her kits, and in the process, stumbled across CavernClan! Her motherly nature, phenomenal sense of justice, and genuine care for the cats around her lead her to receive the role of deputy in her new Clan.

Moving onto the Clan's medicine cat,

Ghosthound is a pale-grey and white she-cat with short fur and green eyes. Ghosthound grew up as simply Ghost, a lone she-cat in the woods. Helping cats with illness and injury, she gained a reputation for being hospitable and impressively good at healing. Ghost didn't like the idea of a clan at first, but warms up to it as she gets validated for her skills, but *not necessarily* for any of the cats there. Her name originated from her Ghost-like appearance- not only in terms of looks, but also in fleeting personality. It would sometimes seem as if they were there one moment, and the next, gone... some even saying that she was a mere apparition. Ghosthound keeps to herself and isn't talkative by any means, but they are great at listening and watching their surroundings. Ghosthound has trouble with expressing empathy, and is rather unreadable. They like to watch, observe, and analyze more so than taking action. Ghosthound is hardly judgmental, what other cats do and how they act is none of her business, but others often mistake their body language as off putting.

The medicine cat apprentice is,

Rosepaw is a short-furred tortoiseshell she-cat with green eyes. Rosepaw was born with the name Rose as a single kit, no brothers or sisters. Her parents sort of raised her, but they weren't exactly nurturing. She was taught from a young age that kittypets, for the most part, were not allowed to have families, and that their two-legs will most likely send them away to a new home where they will have a loving new family. They knew she'd have to get adopted out eventually

and tried desperately to not to get attached. Rosepaw felt awfully lonely in her home, and felt it would even be worse to go to a new home, so she decided it was best to leave. Her parents were distant and her owners only provided her with the bare essentials. Food and shelter. She didn't have any friends to play with nor anyone else that could keep her company. She would even watch a group of neighborhood kits play games with one another outside the windows. So, she left her home in search of friendship! One group lead to another, and she was eventually spotted by a newly forming group of cats. Fighting was never really her thing, so she vowed to take on the role of medicine cat one day and learn to love every cat as if they were her family.

Next well be moving onto the warriors!

Owldusk, previously just called Owl, is a long-furred diluted torbie she-cat with a white underbelly, paws, and muzzle, and amber eyes. She was born in a hollowed-out tree on an abandoned farm. She was the biggest and heftiest in a litter of three, with her sisters Dove and Magpie. The three grew up to be a tight knit bunch, often playing pranks on older cats or roughhousing in the hay. Their parents would often indulge them in wild tales of cats that lived deep in the foliage of the outside world. The kits were often amazed by the stories their parents would tell, especially Owl. She dreamed of one day meeting a wild cat and learning more about them. It was fun to imagine how these cats lived their lives. But as the seasons changed so did their situation, it was leaf fall when misfortune struck. A strong storm blew through the area, causing their barn to shake, part of it collapsing in the process. In the chaos the small family was separated, and Owl was now stranded alone in the wild. Owl cried and searched for her parents desperately with no luck. As moons passed during their travels, Owl one day came across the clan and was taken in. She was utterly ecstatic, finding this new life exciting and fulfilling, and a rightful distraction from the loss of her family. As time went on Owl flourished into a fierce and passionate warrior, finding peace in this life, eventually becoming Owldusk. But even now she still hopes to reunite with her family once more.

Iceclaw, previously called Icicle or Icee, is a short-furred white tom with brown tabby patches and pale blue eyes. Iceclaw is a former kittypet who wandered a little too far from his twoleg nest one day and got lost. The cozy indoor life never particularly sat right with him. Deep down he felt a longing for adventure and to dip his paws into danger. After a while of long contemplation, he went out in search of a new group of cats to befriend. He wasn't well versed in the means of survival and ended up living in an abandoned badger's den. One day a new group of cats stumbled across him and invited him to join their clan after talking to him for a bit and getting to know him better. His goofy, caring, child-like personality makes the apprentices favor playing with him. They often come up with fun games and he watches the camp while their mentors go out and do things. He spends most of his time with the apprentices as he always wanted kits but never met the right cat to start a family with. In leafbare he can often be found attempting to eat icicles, much like he used to do as a kittypet, which gained him his name.

Jaggedfang is a medium-furred lilac lynx-point she-cat with several scars and bright green eyes. Jaggedfang, earlier known as Owl, was born as an only kit to her parents, Flake and Storm. She grew up learning to fight and defend herself as soon as she could stand steady enough to swipe a paw, as her parents knew the wilderness could be dangerous. After the loss

of her parents due to the harsh, brutal reality of living alone in the wilderness, she grew empty and cold, constantly in fight or flight mode. Her go-to method of surviving was to challenge anything and everything in her way. Countless unfriendly encounters left her with several deep scars that are mostly hidden by long fur, one of these fights even resulting in the loss of a tooth. She quickly learned that sometimes, fighting her way out of situations was not the first answer. Taking it to heart, she switched tactics to be more civil with strangers, which is what eventually led her to meeting and joining the clan, where she was renamed Jaggedfang, a name she is proud to have. Her strong personality, prideful nature, and fighting skills make her an excellent warrior.

Cinderspot is a dark grey spotted tabby she-cat with long fur and blue-green eyes. She was a Kittypet named Pepper, who lived a lavish life and was very loud, obnoxious, and snobby to mask her insecurities. After being passed between houses, she ran away, giving up on two legs entirely. She ended up in an old abandoned house and decided to stay there with other rogues and loners. Her arrogant attitude eventually landed her in a good pawful of fights. This behavior didn't get any better until a friend of hers named Lakota changed her perspective on things and taught her how to be more respectful. This gave Lakota power over her, as he was the only reason she had friends, and he knew he was changing her to fit his ideologies. After catching unreciprocated feelings for her friend, and a harsh denial for affection, Pepper was left feeling betrayed and heartbroken, falling back into her own ways. This resulted in continuous bullying until she had enough. Lakota left the house and so did she. After moons of aimlessly taking on mates, only to find out they wanted kits, she fled from each one. Finally, one day she was wandering, and she came upon a group of cats, and saw this as her chance at a new, fresh start.

Pebblestream is a medium-furred silver spotted she-cat with bright green eyes. Pebblestream was born as Pebble to a pair of loners alongside her sister, Stream. Both of her parents claimed to both be descended from some type of clan, but Pebble grew up thinking this was just something they said to entertain their kits. Pebble and Stream were inseparable and always wound up in trouble together, with Pebble taking the blame most times. She was super chatty and never gave a moment of quiet, and in turn could talk her way out of getting in trouble. Luckily enough they were never harmed despite their insanely wild antics. This luck, unfortunately, ran out one day during a snowstorm. In an attempt to gather herbs for their ill parents, the two got caught in a blinding snowstorm. The winds were horribly strong and neither cat could see more than a tail-length in front of them. Stream offered the idea of finding shelter and waiting out the storm, but out of worry for their elderly parents, pressed forward without hesitation. In a tragic flash, Stream was hit by a monster. They didn't even notice they had wandered onto a thunderpath. Pebble was devastated and dragged her lifeless sibling to a nearby cave and defeatedly waited out the storm. She would continue to mourn her sister's passing for moons on end, nearly until the end of leaf bare. She believed it was her own wrong-doing. The harshness of leaf-bare wore thin on her parents, resulting in their passing a few moons later. She then set out in hopes to honor them and her sister, and upon joining CreationClan, took on the name Pebblestream as a final memorial.

Faithdream is a short-furred calico she-cat with green eyes. She was born as Faith to a litter of one. Her mother, Honey, talked a lot about her father and the love that comes along with having a family. Faith grew attached to the idea of one day having a family of her own. Her mother's love was a warm, happy, comforting feeling that she sought to share with others moons down the road. Unfortunately, her mother one day caught an illness and passed away when Faith was merely 7 moons old. Instead of being riddled with sadness and regret, she held on dearly to the memory of her caring tone and kind words and swore to be happy for her sake. One of the local housefolk brought her in after the event. At first this was fine, but as time went on, it felt progressively more like being trapped with no means of escape. The stories she was told about outside life lingered on her mind. However, she was hesitant due to the fear of uncertainty. Here she was safe, who knew what was out there? One night she heard scratching from outside a window. Investigating cautiously, she spotted a black and white tom on the windowsill, sitting in a crouched position. She followed his gaze over to a blackbird in the yard- and watching in utter amazement as he effortlessly caught his prey and ate it. She ended up yelping with anticipation. In a surprise, he whipped around and met eyes with Faith. From then on, they talked through this slightly cracked window for moons and moons, staying up chatting with one another. This continued on for a long time until one night, Patch didn't show up. Faith saw this as a sign to leave and find him. On her search for Patch, she stumbled across a new group of cats and asked to join them in hopes of being able to fulfill the dream of raising kits of her own.

Koispring, previously just called Koi, is a long-furred calico she-cat with amber eyes. Koi wasn't raised by her birth parents; instead she was brought up by an older kitty pet that never revealed her true name. Koi simply knew her as "Mother". In every aspect, this she-cat was the motherly figure in her life, and Koi didn't even know the difference until many moons later down the road. She looked up to her for guidance. This she-cat was also the one who gave Koi her name, which she always loved dearly. When Koi questioned the meaning, the elderly cat smirked and playfully gave a vague explanation that "it's just a fish". A time came when "Mother" never returned home, leaving Koi to have to wander out on her own. When clan life came around, Koispring would gain her suffix for her lively and uplifting personality; she never failed to put a smile on other's faces. She always has a spring in her step and hoped to spread that same energy to others. When talking to others in the Clan about her past, Koispring would seem to shut down and change the topic. She never got closure as to what really happened to "Mother", but feels deep down that she may be out there somewhere.

Wanderingriver, otherwise known as Wandering, is a large medium-furred silver tom with a reddish orange tail, cream colored underbelly/tail tip, and deep blue eyes. He was originally born in the dark alleyways of a city to a litter of four siblings, one of which did not survive birth. His mother had been city born, and his father came from the farms but was brought into the city by two legs. He was given his name after having 'wandered away' from his mother when he was born. He would always slip out of her sight and would scare her half to death looking for him. He always had a longing for exploration and traveling to new places; something he was taught from an early age to fear. He had always been much larger than his siblings as well, having to grow up being more gentle with his playmates. Wandering learned from early on just

how strong he was. This taught him patience and compassion, as well as self awareness. This would be in his favor later on! As he grew up into a strong willed cat, Wandering eventually found that the city life did not suit him. He wanted to explore and find another land and find new friends. His mother was immediately concerned for his safety, but admits he was a bit too curious of what was out there- even as a kit. He swore to his mother that somehow he'd take her with him on his journeys, even if it meant in spirit. Upon joining CreationClan, he became a father figure to most cats- especially the apprentices! He became the most caring tom in the clan who was always more than willing to take cats under his wing and guide them along their way.

Don't worry guys! This isnt all of CreationClan! In part two I'll be going over the next few ranks of apprentices, queens, kits and elders!