

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Character Application

*You had your maps drawn
You had other plans
To hang your hopes on
Every road they led you down felt so wrong
So you found another way*

*You've got a big heart
The way you see the world
It got you this far
You might have some bruises
And a few scars
But you know you're gonna be okay*

*Even though you're scared
You're stronger than you know*

*If you're lost out where the lights are blinding
Caught and all the stars are hiding
That's when something wild calls you home, home*

*If you face the fear that keeps you frozen
Chase the sky into the ocean
That's when something wild calls you home, home*

[Something Wild - Lindsey Stirling \(feat. Andrew McMahon in the Wilderness\)](#)

@jynx5078

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Mistral	Male	Canyon	Ranger



About

Name	- Mistral
Name meaning	- Named after a strong, cold northwesterly wind
Nicknames	- Mist, Misty
Gender	- Male
Pronouns	- He/him
Sex	- Male
Sexuality	- Polyamorous Bisexual
Age	- 49 months
Colony	- Dawn Colony
Rank	- Wildrunner

Appearance

Appearance	- A longhaired midnight charcoal mackerel tom with white and glitter and one ice blue eye and one yellow
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Scars	- Back scar
Impairments	- N/A
Accessories	- N/A
Genotype	- ll glgl BB Dd Apba Mcmc spsp tata wsw

Personality

- Mistral wears a calm and cheerful attitude, underscored by shyness and a dash of bashfulness. He thinks he's just a regular person and sees everyone else as higher than him, no matter how much you convince him. He will go out of his way to compliment others and make them feel like they're worthy and validated, then turn away anyone who reaches out and reciprocates the compliments.
- He loves being out in the wilderness and working with teams, being excellent at following orders in duos or more. Mistral practices a variety of physical activities like den building and patrolling - he's curious and in awe of the inner world but is a bit of a meat head when it comes to art or intellect.
- Mistral fears more than anything else losing those that he loves again, and he responds to that fear with protectiveness and coddling almost. He still has a lot to learn about trusting others to handle themselves and leave responsibilities in other people's hands, because he sometimes picks up way too much work than he should to feel he is doing his part.
- He is also most known for his perseverance and determination - when this cat puts his mind to it, it seems like there's almost nothing that keeps him down. It unfortunately also means he feels the need to endure hardship alone without relying on others for support or even just telling them of his suffering.
- For someone of Mistral's prowess at fighting, he is not very boastful or arrogant about it. He keeps his skills to himself and only demonstrates them when the situation calls for it. Mistral feels embarrassed even when praised for it, or ashamed - he feels that for all his abilities they had not been enough to save those that mattered to him most when he was needed, so they are a sore point and not one of pride. He is quietly happy with being treated as average and not of significant talent, feeling comfort over being judged and needed only just as equally as everyone else.

Family

Blueblossom ‘Ceanothus’ • Father • NPC • *Deceased*

A blue mackerel tabby tom with white, glitter and one yellow eye and one blue eye.

Ophelia • Mother • NPC • *Deceased*

A longhaired black midnight charcoal classic tabby molly with yellow eyes.

Distance • Brother • NPC • *Deceased*

A longhaired black midnight charcoal classic tabby tom with yellow eyes.

Name • Mate • Owned by @

Appearance here

Name • Child • Owned by @

Appearance here

History

The Voyagers

- The Voyagers were the group of cats that Mistral found himself born into, the intermittent residents of ships and the docks they stopped at. His father was named Blueblossom after the coastal flower but was known to the community as Ceanothus as an alternative translation of the word. His mother was Ophelia, and his brother was called Distance, the latter of whom he was deeply bonded to from birth and onwards. Ophelia was only in their lives briefly, eventually being lost to them in a drowning out at sea.
- At the time of his birth there was a single leader, Froth, a white tom with an iron-clawed rule. Punishments for disobedience were metered out unfairly based on favoritism, and so was the distribution of resources - Mistral's family were particularly on their bad side and thus were on the bottom of the list when it came to receiving prey and shelter from the storms and tides of the coast. This stirred unrest among the family of three and all those similarly treated, pooling together a common interest in taking down the present administration. Ceanothus took it upon himself to be the face of the rebellion and a figure for them to believe in, and he fanned the flames of revolution - but not too much, he told his audience. He reassured them there would be days yet to come where they would have their turn ruling the seas and shipyards, but it would have to wait until they were ready and the time was right to strike. Planning took time, and they needed to catch Froth and his protective grunts off-guard after all.

The Gladiatorship

- A favorite pastime of Froth was witnessing spars and gladiatorship was much rewarded. So much so that they chose to host annual fighting games at an abandoned shipyard that wanderers would flock to in order to participate and show off their strength, as well as make connections. Ceanothus participated in these games until joint pains disabled him from continuing, so before the disability overcame his capacity to fight completely he made sure to train his sons in everything he knew in battle. Mistral and Distance sought to make their father proud, seeing that they would one day need to be ready for the great battle he envisioned they would win to take over The Voyagers for good.
- The twin brothers had a fighting style that became popular among the gladiators, one that heavily involved teamwork and reliance on one another to watch the other's back, so much so they were nicknamed 'The Thunder and Lightning'. The duo became proficient fighters both on their own and in synchronicity.
- Distance, for all his charm and charisma, was the talk of the town, while his shyer brother trailed along more modestly. Mistral's eyes were set on the dreamy, butterfly-chasing daughter of Froth, Lily. Her kindness and soft words lulled his anxious heart to a sense of security, even if they only briefly brushed against each other in encounters. She always afforded him with kindness despite her father's opinion on Ceanothus and his brood. Still, he didn't have the courage to pursue her so that was all that was of it. Fear of Froth drove him away from starting anything.
- On the other hand, it wasn't long until Distance found love in the shape of the golden molly Sunshine, who lit up his life, and the life of Mistral's kin as well. She was an orphan and had known little family in her time alive, so upon being accepted among them, both parties were all the happier for it. They almost couldn't have been

happier until she announced she was bearing Distance's kittens, giving everyone motivation to be better selves and make a better world for the children-to-be.

The Shipwreck

- Life was stable for The Voyagers until the day of a disastrous shipwreck. Many lives were lost, both human and cat, but Mistral was thankful to whatever gods were out there that his whole family made it to shore alive and still breathing, albeit in ragged shape. The place of the crash (which was much closer to the colonies than they had ever been) was scarce in resources, worrisomely so. Froth sent out orders to round up all the prey that the hunters would collect and forward it to his high officials to be sorted and personally distributed by authorities. Anyone's prey could be picked up and taken by Froth and his favorite cats, even from those most in need, and that included Sunshine, a pregnant molly, and from kits even. The storm shelters that were haphazardly found and built were also for Froth and his troupe only. Soon, Mistral's family had had enough. They had to protect their own and the well-being especially of Sunshine and her future kittens. The time was right.
- Ceanothus led the charge, and soon as storm clouds rolled across the sky and darkened the atmosphere the beach exploded into a battlefield of warring silhouettes. Mistral and Distance fought together until in the struggle they were torn apart, leaving Mistral alone to scabble against a white molly - Lily, he realized, and his heart dropped. He had her by the scruff, and she begged him to let her go. Not being able to bear laying a claw on her he did, and scrambled to find his brother. Instead, he bore witness to a sight that chilled his bones.
- It was a white cat with jaws sunk into the throat of his father Ceanothus, who fell to their fangs. Running closer to jump in and avenge him, Mistral was stopped by even more horror to see up close that the killer was Lily. Soon the rebels were quick to pick up on the fact that their leader was no more, and they retreated, scattering into the wilds. In tears Mistral ran with the only thought on his mind to be finding his family. Battered by rain, there was one thing that he caught on the wind - bloodcurdling howls, and as he drew closer to the familiar voice he could confirm it was of grief. His brother Distance was hunched over the body of Sunshine, another loss in the great battle. Mistral mourned for her with him, but ushered him on the move lest they be caught by Froth and his armada.

The Trek

- From the coastline to a snowy tundra encased in winter's fury, the two brothers carried on, burdened with the loss of their two family members. Here the weather treated them no less kindly than where they came from, and turning up prey and shelter was a difficulty that was almost too hard to bear. Distance especially was taking the whole thing quite badly, being slow to move forward and only kept afloat by his brother's encouragement. Mistral, as terrified and alone as he felt without his community, had a lion's resolve to keep them both alive and persevere, for long enough to find help.
- Just as when the colonies were on the horizon, and both cats were asleep in a den smelling of a strange animal they did not know the identity of, they were both awoken to the snuffling and thundering footsteps of an impossibly large beast. Peering out, what they saw frightened them beyond belief - it was what the colonies called a bear, and it was returning home to its abode. Sensing the intruders, time seemed to slow down as it

made its attack - in that moment, Distance threw himself between the bear and Mistral, screaming at his brother to run, run and not to look back. To live, for him. In the last brief glimpse that Mistral had of Distance's eyes, he saw the fire roaring back to life in them, the fire that kept him going in every fight and every rough patch he had ever known from him. Distance started running, and the bear, seeing that it was the first creature that moved among the two, pursued. Mistral ran in the opposite direction, heart aching. He would have to make his brother's sacrifice worth it.

- Mistral's travels eventually came to an end when he entered Dawn Colony lands and spoke with a patrol, who offered him a place to stay. New beginnings, new beginnings he told himself. With the memory of all the people he loved stored in his heart, he hoped to open it up to more, and find purpose.

The Move

- Mistral would sneak off to spend his days running alongside and wrestling with a Canyon Colony molly, Striker. They considered each other equals in strength, which made their competitive tussling all the more enjoyable. One day, months into knowing one another, in the light of the sunset Mistral confessed to Striker of his feelings for her - it had taken him a long while to realize these feelings had been building up the longer they spent time together. He had never been as happy as he was knowing and being with her. In that, he pushed forward with unabashed courage to admit his realization. Striker laughed - for a heartbeat, Mistral presumed rejection. With dozens of scenarios running through his head that he hadn't considered, he immediately apologized.
- This apology was not necessary, as Striker jumped Mistral and pushed him down, and with a toothy grin said that she had known far longer than he did that they both liked each other. She had been waiting to see how long it took for him to notice, and she found it hilarious that it took this long.
- Embarrassed, Mistral simply smiled and they tussled like they always did, until day became night. Mistral had been informed by Striker of the trials one had to go through to enter Canyon Colony - that evening, he made up his mind to join, no matter what it took. He would go into the trials with earnesty and sincerity, and being the strong and enduring cat he was, he prepared with eagerness for the trials as he and Striker stepped on Canyon Colony territory to begin a new life, with Mistral bidding goodbye to the Colony that had sheltered and taken him in - Dawn Colony. With all the might he could muster, Striker introduced him formally to the cats of the Colony, and his trials began.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ -
- ♥ -
- ♥ -

- ✕ -
- ✕ -
- ✕ -

Beliefs

- -
- -
- -
- -

Other

- -
- - [Spotify playlist](#)

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