

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Chrys Application

Pretty, vain thing.
@hawkthespork

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Chrys	Female	Meadow	Butterfly

About

Name	Chrysanthemum
Name meaning	Named after the purple flowers
Nicknames	Chrys (almost exclusively), Chryssy
Gender	Female
Pronouns	She/her
Sex	Female
Sexuality	Unsure
Age	21 months
Colony	Meadow
Rank	Butterfly

Appearance

Appearance	Chrys is a pretty lilac barred ticked tabby molly with vitiligo.
Scars	-
Impairments	-

Accessories	-
Genotype	ll bbl dd AA mcmc spsp Ti+ti wsw

Personality

On the surface, Chrys is charming and vain. She's used to attention and has come to expect it from others, especially when its concerning her appearance. She prides herself in her appearance especially, and will take great care to make sure she's clean and sleek. Chrys is self-interested in most matters. She's not afraid to step on others to get ahead, nor is she afraid to drag others down with her. It's wise to be careful sharing secrets around her. With the right information in her paws, Chrys will weigh her options and always exact what will be most beneficial for her. She's efficient and strong-willed. Others are always self-interested, and there's no such thing as a purely "selfless" act - or so she believes.

Chrys is not necessarily apathetic towards others - she's sympathetic when her friends are upset, and does hold some close to her. If someone she genuinely cares about gets hurt, then she'll work to make sure whoever hurt them pays. She's charming, even pleasant to talk to at times. But at the end of the day, Chrys will also adamantly put herself first because others cannot be trusted, not even family.

Family

Amaranth • Mother • NPC

Lilac classic tabby with amber eyes

Crescent • Father • NPC

Black barred ticked tabby with green eyes

Hickory • Paternal Grandfather • NPC

Black classic tabby tom

Dryad • Sibling • @hawkthespork

Big black barred ticked tabby cat with extra toes

History

Early Life

From near birth, Chrysanthemum was used to garnering attention due to her appearance. She was born to Amaranth and Crescent, and was apart of a close-knit circle of cats with many beliefs. One of those was that vitiligo was a sign of good blessings from their gods. They told her it was as if their ancestors were decorating her fur with stars themselves. Because she was born with vitiligo, her family was delighted and fawned over her often. Chrysanthemum always loved this attention. Although she was the only kit in her litter, her parents had had another litter a few months prior to her birth - thus, she had an older brother named Dryad.

According to her parents, the circumstances around Dryad's birth had also been taken as a kind signal from their gods. Hickory, her paternal grandfather, was a highly respected member of their circle. He acted as a sort of medium between the gods and the living cats and would enact their word. Because Dryad and Chrysanthemum had their own sort of blessings, Hickory told them that the gods were pleased with them. This was enthralling at first. Chosen by their gods - what a high honor! Dryad also seemed to enjoy the popularity it garnered. The two of them spent a lot of time together. Chrysanthemum loved her brother, of course, and he enjoyed her company as well. He would often babysit her or make up games to play with her. They grew up as a unit against the high standards Hickory expected.

When it came time for their training, Hickory decided to pick one of them to follow in his footsteps. He said that he would receive a sign from their gods that would designate one of them as the next god-caller, but Chrysanthemum wasn't entirely sure if he was telling the truth. There was something about the way he examined them that made her think that he wasn't consulting the gods at all, but was picking himself. In the end, he ended up choosing Dryad. He seemed to believe that his grandson was "chosen" by the gods and therefore was the best choice. Chrysanthemum was slightly disappointed at first. There was something about the act of choosing one over the other and dubbing Dryad the better of them that made her feel awful. But, no, she couldn't think like that. She wasn't the inadequate one. Why would Chrysanthemum want to be in some boring position anyway? She could be popular all by herself! She got attention from her appearance without having to do any work.

Dryad seemed to be very excited about his new duties. Though, when he was first chosen, he approached his sister to make sure that she was okay with him taking this position. She was puzzled why he would even ask her; if he was excited about the role, why would he care what she thought? Chrysanthemum just breezily told him that she didn't care, and they would still be siblings.

While Dryad was off learning his new duties and consumed by Hickory's training, she would be off doing her own thing. Slowly, Chrysanthemum started to notice that cats would treat her a little differently than Dryad. She couldn't place the emotion, but she knew it made her pelt crawl. Some would refer to her as "Dryad's sister" which was a first for her. The attention she gained as a kid due to her vitiligo was rapidly disappearing and she panicked at the thought of becoming obsolete. So Chrysanthemum decided to bound back, and refused to let others see that it bothered her. She decided to go by Chrys instead to shake her parent's touch off of her. She started to branch out and make friends with cats her own age. It was easy for her to integrate into any social groups with charm and a bit of vanity. Other mollies were happy to accompany her. *These* cats didn't care that she didn't have some stupid god-calling role and was looked over in favor of her sibling.

Chrys' new friends often accentuated the more negative parts of her personality. But she didn't mind, because that meant that she was being looked at for herself, not something outside of her. Dryad was becoming a thorn in her side as well. They would want to hang out with her and her friends, which Chrys resented because they already had their own friend groups. She didn't want them to take hers. They were already wildly popular around camp, if not for their position then for their reliable and happy-to-help attitude. Honestly, Chrys started to dislike that about Dryad. She noticed that Hickory would act the same way, and it would come across so ... manufactured. Were they really turning into their grandfather? She started to become paranoid that Dryad was trying to deliberately take her friends, spread rumors about her, and turn her into another extension of them. Chrys put up with them hanging out with her and her friends, but would ask them not to talk about their duties or tell stories about them when they were kids.

Adulthood

As Dryad's popularity rose, Chrys started to avoid them. She dodged them when they passed each other, and turned down invitations to join in with their "duties." She started to resent them for these invitations - did they think she *needed* some boost in popularity? Couldn't they see that she was doing just fine on her own? She had tons of friends, there were toms that flirted with her, more than she could ask for. She never needed that stupid role or Hickory's approval.

Hickory approached her one day while she was with a couple friends and asked her if she wanted some position like Dryad. He continued to ask if she thought she wasn't important enough. Chrys was really confused by this - it seemed so out of the blue and he rarely talked to her before. She denied these claims hotly, very aware of the pricking gazes of her friends on them. Hickory then went onto explain that he was approached by Dryad, who talked her up to him in front of some other cats and they concluded that she had put her sibling up to it since it was out of the blue. They thought she was just jealous.

This upset Chrys a lot, moreso when her friends started to snicker when she denied ever even talking to Dryad about it. It hurt her that all the work she put into being separate from Dryad and wanting nothing to do with them was seemingly all for nothing, because all they had to do was say a few words and now she looked like a desperate, pathetic attention-seeker.

When Chrys was hanging out with some other friends a bit later, Dryad caught her. They pulled her to the side, attempting to broach the subject of why they didn't hang out with each other anymore. Chrys was frankly disgusted that they were playing stupid - did they have no clue about the weight of their actions? When they started to apologize that Hickory favored them and was "chosen" and that must have been really weird and upsetting for Chrys,

she got visibly angry. She spat that she was upset that other cats saw her as only an extension of them. The “big gestures” that Dryad tried to do were more beneficial for them than for her. Talking her up in front of the circle, inviting her on their sign-interpreting duties, etc., only made them seem more favorable in the circle’s eyes. And while it was solidifying their status as an important, generous cat, it was making her seem pathetic and as though she *needed* Dryad’s charity. Chrys didn’t want to be “Dryad’s sister,” she wanted to be her own cat. Her sibling tried to apologize again, but she couldn’t bear to hear anymore of them. She stalked away.

Chrys lived her life entirely separate from Dryad after that, other than the fact that they lived in the same circle. Any attempts to approach her were met with silence. And after a bit, thankfully Dryad stopped trying. She tried to ignore any whisperings and rumors about their fallout. It felt overwhelming at some point. It was as if every cat was against her, waiting for the moment she would slip up and they could get their claws into her. It became very clear to her that she would never obtain a future she wanted in her circle. She needed to be around cats that were like her. One day she just had her breaking point, and she left. Chrys didn’t say goodbye to a single cat, apart from having a little bit of contact with Dryad.

She walked until her paws started to hurt, and by chance met a housecat who pointed her towards the a nearby colony. It was on a meadow, she was told, and both the territory and the inhabitants were beautiful. Chrys was intrigued and headed towards it, until she met one of the residents. It was called the Meadow Colony. After speaking with the Guide, Chrys decided to join as a Butterfly.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ - Flower pressing
- ♥ - High places
- ♥ - Honesty
- ✖ - Uncleanliness
- ✖ - Weakness
- ✖ - Spirituality

Beliefs

- - To be self-interested is to be smart
- - Other cats will always try to tear you down the first chance they get, so protect yourself first
- -
- -

Other

- - Dislikes dreaming
- - Would walk in the middle of any pathway, regardless of those around her
- - Her favorite flower is heather and daffodils
- - Doesn't actually talk about anything meaningful regarding herself; only ever shares superficial information
- -

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