

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

« Tansy »

I won't just stand down and let cats fall if my paws can make it.
@doublemnt

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Tansy	Molly	Tempest	Medic

About

Name	Tansy
Name meaning	Named after the herb
Nicknames	Tan, Tanny
Gender	Female
Pronouns	She/her
Sex	Female
Sexuality	Androsexual
Age	38+ Months
Colony	Tempest
Rank	Medic

Appearance

Phenotype	Longhaired red classic tabby molly
Scars	/

Impairments	/
Accessories	Yellow flower on her ear
Genotype	ll Spfspf bb XOXO Dd Aa mcmc spsp tata WbwbSIB ww

Personality

Tansy is a rather easy molly to be around, she loves to talk with others. She wants to get to know the cats around her and understand them so she can help them. She holds an aura of charisma that makes others feel encouraged to talk to her and be comfortable expressing pain and struggles. She's true to her word, always answering a cat honestly, without fail. If it's a truth that hurts, she speaks softly and gently, preferring to wait for the right time but never for too long. She strongly believes that no matter that situation, the truth must always come out. She's got an eye for detail, not a lot misses her attention and she catches onto body language quickly. Her intelligence exceeds her physical strength, but rather than keeping her at a standstill, it makes her feel stronger. Knowledge is a superpower to her, knowing is understanding and being able to react to her best abilities.

With her best abilities comes a skill by the grace of her paws and only her paws. Her abilities are true to what she's taught since a kitten, holding her quick-witted and graceful in her actions. However skilled she may be with her actions, however, she can become quite socially awkward. She's so focused on cues and body language she actually forgets to act on them and return to a conversation. She doesn't struggle to speak or listen to cats, it's just not where her experience lies. She can become quite the clutz when she's in a situation she's unsure how to handle despite knowing what is going on, the scales tipping away from her favor. She's much too easygoing and soft as well, leaving opening after opening for cats to use her common laxness as an advantage. It's a guise for other cats to see a relaxed cat, and letting their own guards down to let themselves relax around her. It's her own little weapon, though it's effectiveness varies among cats.

Tansy is terrible with sentimentality. She clings to the past, dwelling on mistakes she has made and cats that have hurt her. She holds bottled grudges, never speaking of them and not allowing those around her to know, not wanting to ruin the face she has worked so hard to achieve. She's very emotional, often feeling vulnerable in intensive moments and snaps back when she's interrupted or taken advantage of. She doesn't look at the future, focusing on the past.. Which could give her valuable information of how to do things better presently, while also making her relive the bad things. It's a double edged sword that she's willing to handle, for the sake of others. She is very stubborn underneath the mask of a soft heart. She hates to let others control her and

tell her what to do, the only time she doesn't hold back in a response. To allow herself to be walked over is to ruin her hard work, and that just can't happen. She bottles a lot of her emotions, only to explode on a trusted cat later on. Always apologetic of her actions and outburst, but a habit she struggles to break. She hides any negativity she may have for the sake of others.

Family

Chamomile • Mother • NPC

Longhaired chocolate classic torbie molly with gloving

Yarrow • Father • NPC

Sparse-furred cream mackerel tabby tom

Coneflower • Sister • NPC

Sparse-furred black mackerel torbie molly

History

~Header~

Tansy and Coneflower were born to Chamomile and Yarrow. She was the larger, older sister, Coneflower much too small to even make anything out of what she'd grow into. Yarrow always seemed to be more attentive to Tansy than Coneflower, but both sisters were much too young to fully realize the lack of attention for one. They were extremely close, nevertheless, Cone becoming like Tansy's best friend and even her strength. While Tansy was the sweeter, tall but rather weak and simplistic, Coneflower was short and stout, very strong willed and inspiring from a young age.

The two were born on the outskirts of an old amusement park, and the moment they could go out on their own, they explored every nook and cranny of the area. When they weren't exploring, Chamomile was taking them outside the park, showing them the plants that grew in the area and what different ones did. They especially were shown their namesakes, Tansy honestly found her own flower quite pretty, but Chamomile warned her to never bite it, for fear of a stomach ache. Of course, Tansy would later learn it was much worse than a tummyache.

From the start, Tansy questioned why they were learning all of this. Chamomile explained that there were often cats in the park that needed their help. Not everyone had the knowledge their family held, or the boldness to leave the park's safety and gather plants. Yarrow also seemed to be very proud of their job, especially his as the main gatherer. They explained that the sisters would eventually take their place, and that cats would come to them instead for help. Honestly.. It made Tansy quite eager to keep learning.

Tansy and Coneflower had two favorite places to meet up and goof off. They loved to go out into the fields and forests surrounding the park, taking their own study time with the plants growing in the area. The Ferris Wheel was a popular climbing gym for the sisters, and even as they started to grow closer to adulthood, they'd still climb and mess around like kittens when they were there.

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While there were other cats in the amusement park, some often coming to Chamomile for some quick herbs or patching up, neither Tansy nor her sister really came forward to introduce themselves. They watched from afar, learned from their mother, and stuck close to each other. They liked their tight little family, though Tansy was just a slight more curious. She'd go up to the Ferris Wheel and watch from afar, realizing she could sometimes see other cats in the park, and observe without having to try and be- well, social. She'd see cats younger than her sneaking out at night, while others seemed particularly shy about being around others. A particular golden fur often caught her eye, but the cat was always hanging out at the edge of a group, avoiding conversation. Some days she'd get closer, just to see, though there wasn't much fruition from the advances. It would've done well if she'd stayed to listen some days.

Coneflower approached Tansy one day, admitting to her that the lessons Chamomile taught her and Tansy didn't appeal to her anymore. They were all grown up, Cone wanted to find a different calling than just knowing plants. Tansy couldn't really grasp in her mind the idea, she loved having knowledge of plants. Their mother always promised that one day the knowledge would always be useful, for one day.. There could be injuries. Injuries that Tansy would know how to help. Nevertheless, Tansy had no hard feelings for her sister's choice, until of course, Coneflower expressed that she wanted to leave the park and find somewhere else to stay.

Tansy was.. Not at all pleased to hear this. She asked Coneflower if their parents knew yet, only to get the answer that Cone wasn't going to tell them. She once again didn't understand her sister, her head hurting as she tried to process.

She stepped forward, trying to calmly ask why Coneflower wouldn't take the time to tell their parents, her sister explaining that.. Yarrow wouldn't approve. And she didn't want to break Chamomile's heart either.

"So you want to break it by disappearing one day and never returning?"

Coneflower tried to console Tansy, grabbing the nearest flower and trying to give it to Tansy, to show her they'd still be close. Just. At a distance. Tansy refused to take the flower, backing away with a look of disappointment and distress on her face. She felt betrayed. Had they actually been close? Was she even reacting correctly? She had to back away before she said something she'd regret. But Coneflower insisted on trying to leave on good terms.

"Then stay. One more night. Tell them you're leaving. But I'm not going to back you up."

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The conversation never happened. A storm broke out the next day, bringing in a great flood that overwhelmed the cats of the park. Tansy had woken up, almost drowning in her den. Coneflower and her parents were gone, she could only assume they were caught in the flood, but she still went out to search for them. She called out for them, her voice lost in the storm, drowned out by the thunder and moving water. She had to find them, risking her own life and following the moving water, chasing the direction it was flowing. If they were anywhere, they had to be where the water ended. If she was fast enough she could-

Darkness fell over her, and the next thing she knew, she was trapped between the fast-moving water and a piece of debris from one of the park rides. While she managed to get free, quickly inspecting herself and finding only bruises, the water had overtaken her. She was trapped underneath the debris, the water overwhelming her and soaking her to the bone. She couldn't escape, or dig her way out, and the little cavity she was stuck in was filling up fast with the flooding water.

This is it. All Tansy could think of wasn't her own future, but the last conversation she had with Coneflower. She was stuck in her thoughts, regretting it by the second. She was snapped out of it before she could fall into a deeper state of despair, golden fur catching her eyes as a cat started to dig her out. It was strenuous, a task that should've just been abandoned, Tansy was sure she was doomed. But the cat succeeded in getting her free from the debris, a molly that Tansy recognised from her observations in the past. She didn't really have time to think about the molly, who seemed in a rush to find someone else.

They parted ways, though Tansy knew it was going to be brief. She quickly ran to safety, forced to stop her advances in searching for her family. With a heavy heart, she knew she likely wasn't going to see them again.

As the climax of the flood was finally over, the storm and waters were calming down, Tansy was able to regroup with the molly that saved her and give her thanks. She introduced herself as Kalina, to which Tansy quickly asked if she could stick with her. She didn't want to be alone, especially while her mind was still wrecked by the thoughts of her lost family. Not to mention... she didn't know where to go.

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Fortunately, alongside Kalina and other cats they met along the way, the survivors all regrouped in one spot. Tansy knew she couldn't be the same as she always was, she had to put herself forward, wanting to survive alongside these

cats and remain in the safety of a group.

The survivors found solace in the rescue efforts of two cats going by Calliope and Damselfly. She vaguely remembered seeing these cats, though they were always in groups with other cats.. Something she wished she could've related to. The group of cats began to discuss what was to become of the remaining cats in the park as the floodwaters started to disperse.

She helped where she could, if there were cats with bruises or scratches, she offered to soothe them. She was glad that the was only slightly known thanks to Chamomile and Yarrow, but it was a bittersweet memory now.

Damselfly spoke of the Colonies that were nearby, something Tansy didn't know much about and never tried to explore. Those cats were further away, her parents always said, the park was their home, uninvolved with the Colonies in the closing distance. She listened to Damselfly's words, the idea of joining the colonies as one of their own catching her ears. She didn't dislike the idea, and was among the cats that agreed to stay with the group if such decision was made.

Damselfly went with the name Tempest for the Colony, in honor of the storm they survived. They named Calliope as their second-in-command, and Tansy was approached with an offer. An offer to use the knowledge of plants she had, and take on the role of a Medic. She accepted with the founding of the Colony, taking a moment to step aside and find a flower, one to adorn in memory of her sister. She promised that she would be a new self, be more like her sister and herself, creating a cat that could be dependable.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ - Birdwatching
- ♥ - Flowers
- ♥ -
- ✕ - Water
- ✕ - Conflict
- ✕ -

Beliefs

- -
- -
- -
- -

Other

- ★ - voice claim is [zoeunlimited](#)
- ★ - favorite colors are silver and orange
- ★ - Has a thinner build, rather tall with longer legs. Not a lot of muscle, mostly just lean, long and lanky
- ★ - writing her made me realize she might become the colony therapist
- ★ -

★ Application base created by @peeperonipip ★

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