

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Gladiola

"Some cats weren't meant to be happy."

@Pumpkin Spice

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Gladiola	Molly	Tempest	Resident

About

Name	-Gladiola
Name meaning	-Named after her soft coat, like a flower
Nicknames	-Gladdy (Nalani)
Gender	-Molly
Pronouns	-She/Her
Sex	-Female
Sexuality	-Bisexual
Age	-30 Months
Colony	-Tempest
Rank	-Resident

Appearance

Phenotype	-Black ticked ghost tabby molly with white and a manx tail
Scars	-Clawmarks on the Face Lip Slice Back Bite Side Scratch

Impairments	-/
Accessories	-/
Genotype	-Ll Bbl Dmdm Dd aa Mcmc SpSp Tata li Wbwb Ee Ccs wsw Mm

Personality

Gentle and soft-spoken, Gladiola is a cat many would say wouldn't hurt a fly. She's a very sweet cat, often volunteering to help out specialty ranks with what they need even if she isn't particularly good at it. She's a fast learner, and adapts easily to situations. She's hard to shake, even during terrible times, she's just usually acting as she usually does.

She can be pretty timid, though her intuition is generally right, and untrusting though. She doesn't really care to be around strangers too much, and much prefers to stay within the comfort of familiarity. She's very quiet, easy to talk over and ignore even if you really didn't mean to, and she never really corrects any of it despite this.

She can be brave when the situation calls for it however, she wouldn't let anything happen to her family. Of course, this means she throws herself in front of danger. She comes to expect hard times, which makes her struggle to enjoy the good ones but always prepared for the bad. She can be pretty clever too, she knows when she's right but struggles to speak up about it.

Family

Brutus • Father • NPC

Mauve ticked lynx point with high white // Apricot ticked lynx point with high white

Clover • Mother • NPC

Black silver shaded rosetted torbie molly with white and a manx tail

Seraphina • Sister • NPC

Red servalline molly with white and a manx tail

Ajax • Brother • NPC

Blue silver broken tabby tom with high white and a manx tail

Lucian • Sibling • Owned by @Pumpkin Spice

Gold amber cinnamon spotted tabby with white

Comet • Ex-Mate • NPC

Blue rosetted tom with celestial eyes

Basil • Son • Owned by @Pumpkin Spice

Blue ticked ghost tabby tom with a manx tail

History

Ghost Town

The first memories Gladiola ever had was of snow, gently drifting down to the ground. Three other little bodies curled up beside her, but no one else in sight.

A little kitten, she couldn't help but cry. She mewed, until a figure seemed to appear from the fog. Clover, her mother. She never got to know her father, Brutus. He was never part of their lives, and Clover never seemed to want to explain why. Gladiola always wondered though, was he out there?

While she was little, she experimented with healing herbs. She learned quickly, though never seemed interested in doing it as a sort of job. She thought it was a useful skill, but she couldn't imagine seeing everyone hurt.

They didn't get to stay at the warm den for very long, they had to keep moving. Prey was constantly moving, and Clover seemed worried about being found.

She was a young mother though, and raising four kits alone without the safety of a den was hard. She found most types of prey hard to catch, so the meal the kits had the most often was rabbit.

[CW: Eagle Attack, Kitten Injury]

Clover's back was turned one time, and that's all the time that was needed. Gladiola was poking at a nearby bush when she heard a shriek, whirling around to see her sister had been grabbed by a massive bird, an eagle.

Lucian and Ajax pressed close to her, she could hardly feel their shaking beneath her own though. Clover leapt for the bird, and screaming ensued.

In the end, Clover won and managed to rescue Seraphina. She was deeply wounded, and Gladiola rushed to help her. She and Clover managed to stabilize her, and she managed to pull through despite her injuries, but the scars would never leave her.

[CW: Eagle Attack, Kitten Injury END]

[Seraphina is attacked by an eagle, but Clover rescues her. Clover and Gladiola manage to patch her wounds, but they scar]

They never wandered as far, they constantly checked to make sure everyone was still there, they stayed pressed closer to Clover when possible. As spring faded into autumn, this stayed the same.

While the others seemed to appreciate the colors of the leaves, Gladiola worried about the illness that often came with autumn. She heard some strangers talking about it once, though she never got to ask more as her mother didn't like to bring them around other cats.

It was one day when she was picking flowers that a hiss from Clover caught her attention. She jolted, scampering close to her mother and looking up.

She let out a hushed hiss, '*Stay close, don't make a sound*', before nudging them forward, creeping away from... something. Lucian caught her eye, letting out scared whimpers. Gladiola licked his ears to comfort him, spotting the creature afterwards.

A horrifying, brown creature with massive claws. It was the biggest living thing she'd ever seen, she'd later find out it was called a bear.

As they snuck away, she could hear it roar in the distance. It made her fur stand on end, but they got away with everything mostly unharmed. The only thing injured was their pride.

Seraphina hissed, wishing she could take on the bear herself. Gladiola commented that she didn't think she could do that.

Autumn pressed on, the colors turning pale and snowy. It was cold, and there was little food. They were spared of sickness, but not in general.

[CW: Starvation]

Clover struggled to get them food, feeding them even berries at times to hold them over. However, Lucian was struggling the worst. He dropped to the ground, too weak to carry on.

Gladiola curled around him, soon joined by Seraphina and Ajax. The three of them tried desperately to keep their weak brother safe...

Clover told them to stay, and disappeared for a while. It felt like forever, the cold sinking into their pelts, but soon she'd return.

It was then he'd suddenly stand up, while they were alone. He smelt food, and he desperately wanted to go for it. She stabilized him on one side, Ajax on the other, while Seraphina marked where they went.

His nose led them to a trash can, and inside was glorious smells of chicken and the like. It took some effort to get it, but he looked a thousand times better after having eaten it.

When they got back, Clover had managed to find more food for the litter, and they managed to persist through their first Winter.

[CW: Starvation END]

[Food is scarce and Lucian nearly starves to death, but he manages to pull through and the kittens make it through their first winter]

Springtime came, flowers blooming. The prey had returned, but the predators had as well... but the kittens were much bigger than they used to be.

Their first encounter was with a fox, but Clover had chased it away with ease by clawing it across the face. It was a deep mark, and what Gladiola knew about healing told her that it'd scar.

They were officially a year old now, they had gotten so big- yet they were going back to their home den. Gladiola was surprised to see how small it'd been, remembering how huge it felt when she was small.

The four looked at each other, reminded of their age. They couldn't follow her forever, they needed to carve their own lives.

They needed to go out on their own.

Bloom

Summer passed, and then autumn. They had all spent the warm months practicing for their lives outdoors. Gladiola had even managed to catch a snake, though it bit her lip and left a scar on it.

Still, it wasn't poisonous, so she was fine. The scar didn't bother her much, mostly just felt weird when she went to lick her paw. She was proud of the catch regardless, considering she was not much of a hunter.

One day, when the family was talking to her, the kits had decided it was time. They explained their desires for freedom, and that they loved her and each other and would come back to visit. Clover was clearly devastated, but supported their wants to leave. They cuddled close to each other and closed their eyes for a while before, finally, they split off.

Gladiola had never been alone before, and it was pretty scary. She had to get better at hunting and fast, wishing she spent more of Summer hunting rather than learning to fight.

Clover could no longer scare off threats, she had to do it on her own. It was during one of these that she encountered a tom, he had blue fur with beautiful rosettes and striking blue eyes. She'd never seen a cat like him before.

He offered to teach her how to hunt, his voice low and charming. She had starry eyes from the moment they met, his voice made her fur stand on end.

[CW: Fox Attack, Descriptions of Blood]

She agreed to meet with him again, but she wouldn't get to before trouble arose. She heard the screams of a cat, and the stink of blood reached her nose.

She followed the scent, and found an incredibly injured Lucian being faced with the fox her mother had scarred before? Was it back for revenge? Did foxes even hold grudges like that? *How come you keep getting into trouble?!*

She launched at the fox, and the two got into a tussle. While she was a poor hunter, she'd grown to be a great fighter despite her gentle heart. The fox didn't leave without a fight, though.

It was hard for her to chase it away, and she was left with searing wounds on her back and side. It hurt, but her heart hurt more for her brother. Before she could chase it away, it even managed to scratch up her face... she was lucky to get out with both eyes intact!

She scolded him for just standing there and taking the attack, her heart felt like it was in her throat from fear. She began to treat his wounds regardless, her heart breaking every time she saw how torn up he was.

[CW: Fox Attack, Descriptions of Blood END]

[Gladiola saves Lucian from a fox, and they both end up scarred from it]

Once he'd recovered enough to sit up, they began to talk. She didn't know how they got there, but she somehow got

to talking about the kind tom she'd met.

She could tell from the look in his eyes though, he didn't trust it. He even said as much, but she dismissed it. He seemed genuine to her! It'd be fine.

Lucian seemed to understand, but she'd never see him again after that. She missed him dearly, and still does.

Her meetings with the blue tom, she later learned his name was Comet, continued. He was so gentle and caring towards her, he always made her feel cared and loved.

It was so early, yet he asked her to be his mate. She happily agreed, ignoring the feeling in her gut asking why he couldn't have waited.

Things were great for a while, he made her feel like a princess. He spoiled her, she didn't have to do anything. She got used to the lifestyle, and admittedly took advantage of not having to hunt anymore. It was her worst skill anyway, so the fact he was eager to do it for her?

It was nice.

[CW: Spousal Abandonment]

She was surprised she was pregnant soon after, certainly not ready for a litter so young. She told Comet, and he comforted her. He promised her everything would be okay, and that their kits would be wonderful.

She trusted him, and soon began to calm down. For the first few days, she felt better knowing he'd be around to take care of her...

But then he disappeared.

He wasn't taken or attacked, she knew that. She followed his scent out far, his pawprints seemed calm as ever. He just... left. He left her there alone.

She didn't know what to do, and she had gone far beyond her mother's territory with no idea how to get back. She decided to try and follow him, see if she could find him and get an answer.

He just went further and further, until she couldn't track him anymore. She was heart-broken, and kicking herself. She shouldn't have trusted him, she should've listened to Lucian... no, she should've listened to herself.

[CW: Spousal Abandonment END]

[Gladiola falls pregnant and, after a few days, Comet leaves her. She confirms he wasn't kidnapped or hurt, and left of his own volition]

She couldn't do this alone, she decided to find somewhere safe to stay. She wouldn't make it there before she ended up having her kits.

Three kits, but only one survived past the first day. She named him Basil, her lovely little one. She hadn't realized how

small newborn kittens were until that day, and she thought back to how big her home den used to be. It made sense.

She took her son and began travelling, pushing herself harder than she really should've. She just knew she needed to find a place for them to stay and grow. This place was not safe enough.

Storming

It was one day when she stumbled on an abandoned amusement park- well, abandoned by its creators.

A bunch of cats lived there now, residents of a community. She stumbled into camp, battered and exhausted while holding Basil.

Cats surrounded her, wanting to make sure she was okay. She asked if she could stay, and she was allowed to stay amongst the safety of the camp. During her Welcoming, she met a red molly.

Her name was Nalani, and she seemed to radiate confidence and strength. It was hard to believe they were even the same species of cat, but yet they were. She offered to care for Basil if she ever needed a break, and told her she had a son around the same age.

Gladiola had never had a friend before, besides her siblings of course, but Nalani was different. She understood her in a way deeper than anyone else had ever before, she cared for her.

She fell asleep on her shoulder sometimes, though she was always embarrassed about it. The red molly never seemed to mind though, and it really touched her.

The kits grew older, and thus bigger. Basil had grown into such a proper young tom, he was always a bit more nervous and aware of his surroundings than Noa, Nalani's son, who loved to crash straight into adventure.

Noa had been born paralyzed, and Basil often helped him out whenever he needed it. Most importantly though, the two relied on each other so much. They told each other everything, and they cared for each other when they didn't want anyone else around.

As the kits grew older, she could tell Nalani grew more nervous. It was odd, seeing the confident molly fret so much. She reassured her, and decided to open up to her to help her realize how safe of a place they truly were in.

She told her everything... the struggles Clover had gone through, her trusting nature, Comet, how he left her and finding herself alone. The molly's eyes seemed to water, and she bunted into her side.

Life was just like that, nothing she could do about it.

[CW: Natural Disaster(Flood), Minor Descriptions of Blood]

The safety didn't last.

It was the day before Noa and Basil's Little Ceremony. The water began to rise, but it didn't stop. She felt her heart

racing, where was her boy?

Nalani told her that Noa and Basil had been out exploring again, and they decided to split up to look for them.

It felt like she looked everywhere, but she couldn't find them... until she heard a scream ring out. She rushed atop the rooftops of the Amusement Park's rides, until she found them.

Noa was being held up by Basil, both gasping and sputtering in the fast water. There was a trail of blood in the water, but she couldn't tell who it was from.

She launched into the water, first pulling Noa to safety. Once he was safe and she knew he was okay, she went after Basil next. He'd managed to cling onto something so she could come and get him. It was so hard to move in the water, it was full of debris.

Once on land, she realized it was Basil who was bleeding. He'd been struck in the face by a sharp branch while trying to rescue Noa, and he was lucky to still have his sight. Turns out, that kind of luck seemed to run in the family... she thought of her own scar.

Once the boys were safe, she brought them back towards Nalani. Basil explained what'd happened to Nalani, before she hugged him and messed up the top of his head. She couldn't feel more proud when she thanked him, her boy had been so amazingly brave.

A head count was done, but Gladiola knew her loved ones were okay. However, she was saddened to hear of the disappearance of Nalani's parents. They had been good, from what little she knew of them.

[CW: Natural Disaster(Flood), Minor Descriptions of Blood END]

[The group floods. Gladiola rescues Noa and Basil. Basil gets a scar similar to hers, and she's proud of him for his heroics since he tried to rescue Noa himself]

The group of cats decided to band together as a Colony, and Gladiola hesitated. The flood had been so unsafe, what if it happened again? Yet, Basil clearly wanted to stay... and she couldn't leave what little she had behind.

So, she decided to join the Tempest Colony as a Resident.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ -Safety
- ♥ -Summer
- ♥ -Healing
- ✕ -Whirlwind Romances
- ✕ -Foxes
- ✕ -Winter

Beliefs

- -"Be careful with who you love."
- -"Hold what you have close, you have no idea what happens next."
- -"Even if you're scared, sometimes you have to just push forward."
- -"Life can be really cruel, but what can you do about that?"

Other

- -Her favorite color is pink
- -Physically based off of a lynx
- -She has a very strong floral scent
- -A talented healer, but only really uses her skills when she has to
- -Her favorite prey isn't really prey at all, she loves the taste of chicken
- -Gladiola's voiceclaim is [Zella Day](#)
- -Uninterested in love, at the moment
- -Wonders about her father often, and if he'd be interested in knowing her or if he was like Comet
- -Gladiola's story is inspired by a game of Shelter 2 I'd played
- -Fully related to Lucian and Ajax, but Seraphina comes from their father's apricot genotype

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