

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Hawkweed

@eclecticsky

Last Updated: date

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NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Hawthweed	♂	Orchard	Traveler

About

Name	Hawkweed
Name meaning	After the plant/flower
Nicknames	Hawk, Weed (Mittens only)
Gender	Tom
Pronouns	He/him
Sex	Male
Sexuality	Straight
Age	14 months [date]
Colony	Orchard
Rank	Traveler

Appearance

Phenotype	Short-haired chocolate ticked tabby // cream classic tabby chimera tom with high white and extra toes (five toes and a "thumb" upon each paw)
Scars	A large slash across his face

Impairments	N/A
Accessories	A human-made "backpack" with two pouches, one on either side, in which he stores his treasures
Genotype	1: LL bb XoY Dd AA mcmc SpSp Tata wsws PdPd <i>short-haired / chocolate / non-orange male / non-dilute carrying dilute / tabby / classic tabby / broken tabby / ticked tabby carrying non-ticked / high (50-100%) white / polydactyl</i> 2: LL bb XOY dd Aa mcmc spSp tata wsws PdPd <i>short-haired carrying long-haired / chocolate / orange male / dilute / tabby carrying solid / classic tabby / non-spotted tabby / non-ticked tabby / high (50-100%) white / polydactyl carrying non-polydactyl</i>

Personality

Hawkweed has a storage pack for a reason: he loves collecting treasures! He hoards them incessantly, creating little piles in his den that rival the size of his denmates. He's quite curious, and loves to use his rank to his advantage to travel to other Colonies and bring back unique trinkets. He is extremely possessive of not just his collections, but cats, too; he feels that his friends are *his* friends, and feels jealous if he sees them interacting with others, possibly even intervening to ward off the other cat, or at least be sure they are worthy of his friend. Hawkweed tends to think of himself before others. To him, it's *his* friends, *his* things, *his* world, and he will do what *he* wants to do; sharing is not a concept in his mind unless he benefits, too. He has a cunning nature that allows him to get what he wants by evading questions or lying to them, or just finding a way to escape trouble entirely. He is quite childish, prone to being silly in inappropriate situations or reacting immaturely to what he is presented with. Hawkweed is, at least, obedient to orders, and (generally) willing to do what is asked of him, even if he would rather do what he likes. He is an independent cat, quite happy to organize his day as he wishes and disappear for all of daylight before returning for sleep. He can appear outgoing to some, but only because he is so bold and confident as to step up and shove himself at any cat he wants to be his friend. As much as he loves his friends, Hawkweed accepts no help, and is confident that he can do everything on his own.

Family

Flower • Mother • NPC

Short-haired lilac ticked tabby torbie molly with high white and extra toes

Skip • Father • NPC

Short-haired chocolate classic tabby tom with high white and extra toes

Strawberry • Sister • NPC

Short-haired chocolate classic torbie molly with high white

Thistle • Brother • NPC

Short-haired lilac ticked tabby tom with high white and extra toes

Bracken • Brother • NPC

Short-haired red classic tabby tom with high white

Buttercup • Sister • NPC

Short-haired lilac broken tabby torbie with high white and extra toes

History

Early Life

By a bubbling little stream, Hawkweed was born alongside his four siblings: Strawberry, Thistle, Bracken, and Buttercup. He was an odd-looking kit, with an inordinate pelt, but nobody seemed to care much. His parents, Flower and Skip, loved him just the same, as did his siblings. Growing up in his very tight-knit family, Hawkweed became very possessive of them, and hated whenever another cat appeared and joined them for a few nights. He felt afraid that the stranger was going to take his family away. And with so many siblings, the young tom had to be careful with his collection of trinkets, too.

The family lived quite close to a cabin, and they didn't mind. The people were always kind to them, even feeding them. Sometimes, the humans would go on long walks into the wilderness, and Hawkweed and his littermates would join them, scrambling down rocks and over trees alongside the hikers. In return, the humans gave the cats food and water, pets, and other things, too; most of all, one gave Hawkweed a little backpack. The human seemed to enjoy packing Hawkweed's treats in his pack, and taking them out for him when they rested. Eventually, the cunning cat figured out how to reach it, too, and started using the backpack on his own.

content warning: bird attack, blood

It was on one of these hikes that Hawkweed had a nasty encounter. Wandering away from the humans while they rested, he kept an eye on the ground, searching for something to add to his collection. Suddenly, his big ears picked up just the softest *whoosh* of air, and Hawkweed whipped around to face a great big owl. Flapping its wings furiously, it tried to grasp at his face with its talons. The tom clawed back, pushing it away just long enough to flee. He could feel a warm ooze upon his face, almost blinding him, but he kept running until he found the humans once more. His favorite scooped him into its arms, calming him and cleaning him up. It wasn't a horrible wound—his eyes had been spared, luckily—but the skin of his face was soft and tender, and would be forever scarred. Hawkweed cried for a bit, but soon enough, the pain went away and he was a cheerful, curious cat again, undeterred by the experience—except for a new determination to never need help again.

END content warning

summary: Hawkweed is attacked by an owl, injuring his face. He runs until he finds humans to help him.

It was some many months after the owl's attack that Hawkweed decided, on a whim, that he wanted to go somewhere new. He had been on many, many hikes now, and had neither seen nor experienced anything new. It was a painful parting from his family, as he loved them very much and wished they would come with him, but they had their lives and he had his. And so Hawkweed left the home he had always known and went on his way alone.

Two Paths

Not far into his journey, Hawkweed was simply hunting down a rabbit for dinner when a strange black-and-white cat approached him, just as he was ready to begin to pick at his meal. The thick-set tom demanded that Hawkweed hand over the rabbit—but he was not about to give up what he had earned himself. The young tom bolted, using his thin frame to his advantage to slip between rocks and trees. But before he knew it, he came to a barrier he could not avoid, and the pursuer had him cornered. Hawkweed held his rabbit in his jaws while he took a defensive stance; he would never give up, no matter how much he feared that this could be his end.

content warning: violence/fighting, injury/death, blood

Just then, *another* cat arrived, one even larger than the attacker. The white-footed stranger growled to announce his presence, and the cat whipped around to snarl that he should stay out of his business. But the new cat did not hesitate to step forward and shove the tom away, telling him to pick on his own size instead. In a split-second the agitated cat lunged for the larger, who dodged it; the blotchy cat quickly gained his breath back and once again began to charge, while the other attempted to reason with him and only dodge the blows. Hawkweed, no longer cornered, only crouched for a moment, his body frozen and his eyes glued to the action while his mind tried to sort between contradicting thoughts. He wanted to see what would happen, but he wanted to make a run for it with his rabbit, too.

When the short-furred attacker charged once more, Hawkweed felt another jolt of fear, enough this time to get him off his belly. He bolted for the nearby bushes, rabbit still in his jaws. He couldn't run any further than that then, but he felt safer hidden from view. Hiding there, he took the rabbit and stuffed it into his pack, though its head with its long ears still dangled over the edge.

It was a minute before the wrestling sounds stopped, and another one or two before Hawkweed ventured to leave his hiding place. In the clearing was the body of the black-and-white tom, blood pooling around his head. From the flattened grass around him and the injuries the other cat sustained, it seemed like they had gone at it for a while before this one hit his head upon a rock—the same one Hawkweed had been trapped by—and died instantly.

END content warning

summary: Another, larger cat appears, and tries to stop the attacker. It is of no avail, and while Hawkweed runs and hides, the two wrestle until the smaller cat hits his head on a rock and dies. Hawkweed does not see the events, but guesses them when he comes out of hiding.

A twig snapped underneath Hawkweed's paw, and the victor turned, catching sight of him. He towered above the skinny tom, but nevertheless, a surge of fury hit Hawkweed, and he let it rip upon the stranger. *How* could he intervene?! He had had it handled! If he'd just given him a few more moments...but the other countered that if he had not stepped in, there was more than a good chance that *Hawkweed* would have been the one to hit his head and die. This annoyed Hawkweed, but he couldn't argue that. As confident as he was, he knew that if he had tried to take matters into his own paws, his life likely would have ended there.

Hawkweed didn't want to take the matter any further, instead offering up his name. The stranger replied that he was Mittens, and Hawkweed swiftly explained to him what had occurred just before Mittens had arrived on the scene. Neither of them had any clue who the black-and-white cat was, or why he had so intent on taking the rabbit that he risked his life. When the young tom finished his story—never returning to the topic of Mittens saving his life, and especially not offering a "thank you" for it—he was ready to return to his business and leave the other to his when he found that his paws did not want to go anywhere. He felt a strange tug towards Mittens, as though now that they had shared such an experience, they'd be connected forever. They were a part of the same life now, and Hawkweed actually felt a little glad to have a friend now.

Tugged This Way and That

He asked Mittens what he was doing out here, and if he had a place to sleep, given that the sun was already setting. That night they slept in the same cave, one that Hawkweed had been keeping as his temporary home for a few days already. He kept the rabbit to himself, taking his time with removing the fur and picking at its bones, and left Mittens to tend to his own wounds and catch his own meal. On the way to the cave, Mittens had told the other how he had recently left his home to find a new one—and most excitedly, Hawkweed told him the same. It seemed their paths were one, truly.

But to Hawkweed’s surprise, Mittens did not appear to have the same tug in his heart saying that they would be best friend forever. He awoke in the middle of the night to see Mittens stepping out of the cave, and rose his voice to call out to him and ask where he was going. Before the large tom could say no, Hawkweed was running to pack his trinkets into his pouches so he could accompany him.

Through the days and nights Hawkweed began to attach to Mittens, claiming him as a friend and protector despite his initial quibble. His sleeping place slowly became closer and closer to Mittens until they slept side-by-side, and after a couple weeks, he even became willing to share his food, however hard it was for him (he preferred when Mittens shared *his*).

Finally their journey came to an end. They encountered several cats calling themselves “Colonies”, with no feeling that this was what they desired, before meeting a group of cats who were not yet even a Colony. They simply called themselves Merlin’s Group then, but expressed their determination to soon form a Colony of their own. Mittens enjoyed their small community, and Hawkweed agreed. They accepted Merlin’s invitation to join them, and after just a bit of waiting on their part, Hawkweed was one of the first Travelers of the Orchard Colony.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ Collecting trinkets
- ♥ Tulips
- ♥ Trees
- ✕ Clearings
- ✕ Birds
- ✕ Mud

Beliefs

- My things are *mine* and my friends are *mine*, and nobody else’s.
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Other

- Height is 28 cm at the shoulder (tall-ish)
- Began at 14 months old on (date)
- Good friends with Mittens, Boots, and Apple. Mittens is his first and favorite; Hawkweed is drawn to him like a moth to a light, for no known reason. He just loves being up in Mittens' business, no matter what the larger tom desires. Boots he took a moment to get used to, as she was Mittens's friend first, and he felt jealous; however, eventually he accepted her as his friend and denmate, too, and now loves to play games with Boots that she doesn't even know are taking place (such as placing bugs in her path and seeing how many he can get her to crush) or traveling to other Colonies with her. Finally, Apple allows him to take as many orchard apples as he desires, and even helps him take bits and bobs from the Gardens while Cabbage Patch isn't looking, which puts her plenty into his good graces.
- Resides in a den alongside Mittens and Boots. He usually sleeps beside Mittens, separated from Boots, because if he were to lie beside her, he would likely be crushed in his sleep when the oblivious oaf rolls over.

[Toyhouse Link](#)
[Character Tracker](#)

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Character designed by unknown artist :(

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