

Fier was one of the first cats born in the Fairwood Glen. It wasn't even a true colony, then, just a collection of a few families in the woods who were vaguely aware of one another. If she had to think about it, Fier would suppose that those early days were what shaped the colony into what it is today, considering it hasn't changed too much other than the families growing larger.

Her own family was... difficult. Fier has outlived them all, as far as she's aware.

Her mother was beautiful, with fur as dark as a rose tipped with white like delicate frost. She was a Plant storkie, as were Fier's two brothers. Their father was the Fire storkie who gave Fier her magic. He didn't want to be tied down, and after months of verbal abuse Fier's father abandoned his family before his children were a year old. Truth be told, she barely remembers those days anymore, and is only vaguely aware of how she felt when it happened. The hurt isn't fresh anymore, more a fact of her life than anything else. What she *does* remember is what happened after, the *results* of it.

Fire is a difficult magic. Many think it is unstable, tied heavily to one's emotions in a dangerous way. However, Fire magic is not more unstable than any other, gaining its stability from its user.

And for years, Fier was anything but.

Fier had no mentor to help guide her magic as it developed. The cats of the Fairwood Glen at the time hardly knew each other, and would rarely go out of the way to help one another, meaning that there was none that Fier's mother could rely on to help train her child. Even if there were, Fier suspects her mother wouldn't have done so. In her youth, Fier always suspected her mother hated her for the magic and pelt color she shared with her father. Instead of attempting to train Fier and her magic, her mother told her to suppress her magic. That it was dangerous, ugly, and if she tried to utilize it she would only hurt those around her.

Astonishingly, this worked poorly.

Even from a young age, Fier's magic was too strong to suppress. She tried at first, hoping to finally gain her mother's approval, but tried in vain. Between the neglect and abuse she received from both of her parents, Fier grew to be an angry, self-critical cat, with rage quick to spark. And with it, sparks of flame would burst from her paws or mouth, only earning her further scorn from her mother.

This came to a head one day, when during her adolescence, Fier lashed out at her younger brother. It was something so stupid - he was only being loud, but he was getting on her nerves, and she had *told* him to stop but he didn't and she turned to him, and-

She blinded him.

She had turned to him, just to shout and tell him to shut up, but a burst of flame came from her mouth instead.

It all happened so fast.

Her brother screamed. Fier wanted to, but she didn't know if more flames would come out if she tried to speak again. She backed away, her eyes wide as her brother stumbled around and cried. Their mother was on them in a second, demanding to know what had happened and why her brother was crying. When she saw the burns across his face, she was quick to turn against Fier. She spat and swiped at her daughter, calling her a monster, a failure, saying that this is what she had told Fier was going to happen. Screaming at her to leave.

Fier ran. She ran, even though she couldn't see the forest around her through her tears. Even though her breath tasted of smoke.

Fier saw every member of her family after that, at one point or another. She eldest brother had tried to speak to her. Fier had ignored him. Her mother simply turned up her head and walked away - most of the time. Her younger brother was easy to slip away from, and just as easy to shadow if Fier were curious. When she saw her father, the resulting fight scorched an entire clearing.

Despite this, she managed to reconnect with her eldest brother before he passed. He told her when their mother had died, and she told him about how she had kicked their father's tail. He had smiled at that.

Of her family, Fier only attended his funeral.

When he was still alive, he had told her that her younger brother had become quite magically skilled, and had moved out of the colony years prior. She would have liked to have spoken with him, apologized, anything, but... he would have found her if he wanted any of that. She hopes he was happy, wherever he ended up.