



# ROOTS-OF-LIFE

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## **Dagger Application**

The prisoner with no parole; they locked me up and took my soul.  
@peeperonipip

# ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME  
DAGGER

GENDER  
MALE

COLONY  
FLYTRAP

RANK  
WARRIOR



## About

Name	Dagger
Name meaning	One of the fierce names given by his late mother; for his longer claws at birth
Nicknames	Dags
Gender	Male
Pronouns	He/him
Sex	Male
Sexuality	Unsure
Age	17 months
Colony	Flytrap Colony
Rank	Warrior

## Appearance

Appearance	Small blue silver rosetted tabby tom
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Scars	None
Impairments	None
Accessories	None
Genotype	Ll Bb dd Aa Bmbm Mcmc SpSp tata li WbwbSIB

## Personality

Dagger has a quiet and reserved nature. He keeps his head held low, avoids making eye contact with others, and speaks only when spoken to. He carries out every duty he's been given no matter how difficult it is. However, he proves himself unreliable when it comes to personal favors. Due to his belief that he's easy to manipulate, he is reluctant to help others and distrusts others' intentions. Dagger either sees others as having ulterior motives or being inclined to involve him in conflicts he has no interest in. He has rigid boundaries but fails to communicate them, seeing no point in maintaining his relationships with others.

Dagger is the opposite of a thrill seeker, trying to keep every situation calm and controlled. He heavily dislikes overly aggressive personalities but maintains a cool exterior and can even effectively collaborate with them. Dagger is a sly cat, able to determine the other cat's strength (social or physical) and adapt accordingly. The only issue with this is that Dagger often overestimates the abilities of others, ending in him submitting to most cats. He is frustrated by cats who can't efficiently fulfill the "stronger ones" orders, urging slow and vulnerable cats to work harder and faster to keep the peace. He believes those who stand out ought to become more reserved because, to him, it can easily feel like a situation is spiraling out of control whenever they say or do something unwise.

Dagger strives to do right by others but, in the end, always prioritizes his own survival. He's doubly frustrated by "weaker" cats because he feels torn between a desire to protect them and a need to prioritize himself. He views any of the protection he lends others as giving them a second chance. He may view this as himself being easily taken advantage of, though another part of him longs for connection and a chance to prove his worthiness. Dagger finds his own weaknesses to be unpleasant and unsightly, especially hiding the fact that he is a slow learner. He compensates for this by working hard and being resourceful.

Dagger does great under pressure but he's unsure of what to do with himself when there's time to kill. His hobbies tend to revolve around working, and when he doesn't have the energy for that, he can usually be

seen just staring at a wall. He believes that enjoyment is a weakness that can be exploited. After all, when you have something you hold dear, it places you in a position where you can't take risks, lest your love be taken away. Dagger desires freedom and power over others, so he keeps himself a little bland. He can come across as charmingly odd in interactions, being blunt and amusingly devoid of humor.

## Family

Aloe • Parent • @pumpkin\_spices

Lilac bimetallic marbled tabby with white

D'Arcy • Mother • @jaykobell

Blue and black chimera molly with white and heterochromia

Herb • Foster mother • @pumpkin\_spices

Lilac ticked torbie molly with white

Fang • Brother • @pumpkin\_spices

Blue silver rosetted tabby tom

Cleaver • Brother • @jaykobell

Blue silver rosetted midnight charcoal tabby tom with white

Berry • Paternal grandfather • NPC

Short-furred chocolate silver ocelloid tabby with high white

Wren • Paternal grandmother • NPC

Long-furred blue charcoal sunshine marbled tabby with white

Lynx • Paternal uncle • @lucense

Bimetallic rosetted tabby with white

Treepie • Maternal grandmother • NPC

Long-furred black molly with white

Dilip • Maternal grandfather • NPC

Grey silver spotted tabby tom with white

Teacup • Maternal adoptive grandmother • NPC

Hairless grey tortoiseshell colorpoint molly

Moishe • Maternal uncle • @jaykobell

Grey silver spotted tabby bicolor tom

Chai • Maternal adoptive cousin • @pumpkin\_spices

Hairless grey calico molly

Rooibos • Maternal adoptive cousin • @doublemnt

Hairless grey calico molly

Matcha • Maternal adoptive cousin • @sn0wspark

Black tortoiseshell molly with white

Oolong • Maternal adoptive cousin • @jaykobell

Hairless white tom with black patches

## History

### Early Life

Dagger, along with his brothers Fang and Cleaver, was born to D'Arcy in the Flytrap Colony. D'Arcy tragically passed away during childbirth, and these complications initially left Dagger in a weak condition. Dagger, Fang, and Cleaver were swiftly put under the care of Herb, as she was still producing enough milk to wetnurse the three. This created a push and pull between Herb, the foster parent of the litter and a Wilted One, and Foxglove, the leader of the Flytrap Colony who'd taken a special interest in them. Dagger had been born weak but he was starting to turn around—*show resilience*.

Dagger was often overwhelmed as a child. He would transition between the guarded, crowded basement, where the Wilted Ones resided, and the company of Foxglove. He was unsure of what cats outside of Herb and Foxglove thought of him and his brothers. Overstimulated and afraid of the others, Dagger typically responded with irritability when faced with others, expressing fatigue, physically lashing out, or raising his voice.

Dagger caught little whispers that sometimes seemed to imply he wasn't truly Herb's. Indeed, he thought she favored Cassia, Thistle, and Nimble. Truly, it was just difficult for Dagger to see unconditional love in a situation full of complicated circumstances and divided opinions and desires. He eventually found that even his name was an indication that he didn't belong. It was a name given to him by his mom, before she "left." And his parent, Aloe, who seemed to have been close to Foxglove in some way, left them too.

Dagger read Foxglove and Herb's personality changes in much the same ways, failing to spot the differences in their values and relationship with him. He only recognized that Foxglove was in a better position than Herb, and he believed that if he followed what Herb told him instead of Foxglove, he would be forever trapped in the basement as she had been. He wanted to be free and make his own decisions, which Foxglove would give him the strength to do. He would try to get Fang and Cleaver in a better situation alongside him, but it would come down to their own decisions too, so he decided he'd have to prioritize his survival even if it meant leaving them behind.

The Wilted Ones' kittens weren't given the same opportunities that D'Arcy and Aloe's children had. As Foxglove allowed Dagger, Cleaver, and Fang to spend time in camp, Dagger realized that his connection to her may truly have influenced his rights. He saw guilt in Fang's eyes whenever they returned to the basement, and some of the Wilted Ones even began to treat them differently in subtle ways, but Dagger stuck to his guns. Frankly, he didn't always like spending time in camp, but even as a young kitten, he could recognize that his connections to the Flytrap Colony cats would help him. Those cats really knew him now, so they saw his potential—treated him like he could've been one of them someday.

**(CW start: implied murder and grief, heavy mentions of death; Rho and Snapdragon are taken away and are implied to have been killed.)**

Dagger got his first taste of the Wilted Ones' realities when, one day, two Flytrap Colony cats dragged Rho and Snapdragon out of the basement. He froze in the chaos, his heart racing wildly; it was unlike anything he'd



experienced before—true panic—and then he was left with that fizzling adrenaline as the prisoners realized there was nothing they could do. Days passed without any word of what had happened to them, and Dagger grew curious, trying to sate the uneasiness inside of him. But nobody was willing to honestly tell him what happened.

Dagger figured that whatever had happened to Rho and Snapdragon had probably happened to D'Arcy and Aloe as well. Cats "like that" never came back. He overheard a conversation between the prisoners, cats broken down into restrained sobs, that those young cats could be lying dead somewhere. That moment, Dagger realized two things: what death was and what it meant, and that the Flytrap Colony was the dealer of it. It suddenly made sense why he'd felt the urge to walk on eggshells with Foxglove lately—tensions had been building after all. He'd fussed with Herb and the Wilted Ones up until that point, but now he was quiet and despondent, seeming to question a lot but never having the right words to explain it to the adults around him. He wasn't sure they cared anyway.

Each time Dagger left the basement, he pieced together more connections about the Flytrap Colony, feeling a deep unease about their colony's focus on death, yet finding it strangely ordinary. What other life could he compare this one to? Someday he'd fall into the ranks that hunted and killed cats; was that the cost of power? He couldn't mourn the lives lost to his colony, but that feeling of impermanence in every face he looked at began to worm its way deep into his mind. The only exception was Foxglove. The cat behind every action of the Flytrap Colony, it was impossible to ignore her legacy—her influence didn't depend upon her living. He could see pieces of her in every Flytrap Colony cat he talked to, replicating her.

(CW end.)

News came that Yew was expecting kittens with a cat outside of the colony. Fang and Cleaver asked questions about them, and though Dagger was hesitant to do the same, the news made him wonder about a few things. Was he celebrated by Herb or Foxglove? Would he have been appreciated more or less if D'Arcy and Aloe were still around? The Life Festival felt like such a phony celebration to him, considering the lack of love during life, then death to follow—what was all the excitement for? At least Yew's kittens were unlikely to have one for themselves, living outside of the Flytrap Colony. And Dagger wouldn't have to look at them. He felt like he had had enough of weak cats with Fang as his brother—he hated that his instinct was to worry about him when he should've been focused on leading his own life.

### **One Path**

Dagger grew out of his role as a Smallest, leaving his clawmark on the base of the Flytrap Colony's center tree, as was customary. Now a Novice, he grew more and more distant from the Wilted Ones, though he'd still occasionally visit whenever there was downtime from his training. He was already beginning to set his sights on someday becoming a Champion, though it'd likely take a long time to prove himself. Gaining enough strength for the role would be the hardest part, Dagger thought, as he wouldn't be reaching the same growth spurts others did. He'd have to find a way around it, and fortunately, he was repulsed by the idea of acting like a brute anyway.

Dagger would have to gain Foxglove's trust and respect if he wished to ever become a Champion, too. Intrigued by figuring out the Flytrap Colony's politics, he spent the time he managed to get with Foxglove very wisely. She was careful and strategic even in her interactions, though Dagger still found value in talking to her. Most personal to him

was the subtle switch in Foxglove's tone whenever she talked about his parents. It led him to believe that D'Arcy and Aloe weren't the best of cats, but what did that mean in a place like the Flytrap Colony? His mother's immaturity and his parents' aggression were both potential upsets to the status quo—something Dagger could agree on disliking. So, it seemed he wouldn't have enjoyed a life with his parents after all, a thought that was only further confirmed the more he gauged others' reactions.

Dagger's careful questioning extended to the Wilted Ones and Flytrap Colony cats, though he was met with skepticism from both sides and had to fill in the blanks with many of their vague answers. It was clear that Foxglove had a fixation with the Flower Colony and a familiarity with the cat who'd repeatedly attempted to free the Wilted Ones, but the exact connections... It wasn't wise to be upfront with his curiosity, as he didn't want Foxglove to hear he was digging for information about her. Cats also grew frustrated with him when they realized he was trying to spark those types of conversations with them.

(CW start: murder, violence, and grief; Cassia and Cleaver go missing and Dagger turns the energy of his grief toward his training. During it, the Flytrap Colony begins to kill and chase off more colony cats. A number of colonies launch an attack against the Flytrap Colony and Dagger is badly wounded in his fight against Felicity. He spends time recovering from his injuries and grieving his involvement in the war.)

He was left wondering about his own colony's history and why the Wilted Ones had to suffer as they did. The more he scrutinized Foxglove's words, the more he realized the work of convincing was mostly in the speaker's tone and the justifications one told themselves in a drought of information. There was an itch in his paws as the Flytrap Colony began to terrorize colony cats, wondering what he could do amidst the laughter of his colonymates. And at the same time, Cassia and Cleaver went missing within a short period of time. Was the universe trying to find justice—punish him for being complicit? For wanting to become a Champion?

Fang tried to cling to Dagger after Cleaver's disappearance, but Dagger refused his attempts for connection, finding no room in his life for mourning. He pushed the bubbling emotions inside him further down and steeled himself for the road ahead. He couldn't let anything like this distract him from pursuing his future, so he took to training, half desiring to do something with his life and half needing something to exhaust the fire inside of him. He had to work much harder than his colonymates to achieve the same results as them—he was small and weaker than average, but when he practiced day in and day out, his instincts, wit, and agility began to carry him.

More colony cats had been chased off or killed by the Flytrap Colony, and once again, Dagger felt that itch in his paws. But he was as trapped as the Wilted Ones were. With a colony run by a clever strategist and her fighters and assassins, it was obvious he wouldn't be safe within the colonies, but would he even be safe outside of them? What was the world like outside of the Flytrap Colony? Ignoring his gut feeling that the Flytrap Colony would chase after him, he didn't trust the rest of the world either—not enough to ever sleep with both eyes closed.

Cats from a number of colonies launched an attack against the Flytrap Colony. This first fight was a thrill for Dagger and one he'd never forget as he learned what it was like to always be one mistake away from death. His training prepared his instincts, but it didn't prepare him for the overwhelming adrenaline, and he found he'd overestimated his body's capabilities on his second match. His second match was with a cat named Felicity, the one organizing this attack, and she'd left him with wounds that he didn't feel until the battle came to a sudden end. Foxglove had made an example out of one of the cats, killing them and capturing their son to keep as a new

prisoner. That moment spared Dagger as he got a good look at his blood loss—a little longer with Felicity and the tunnel vision his adrenaline gave him would've been the death of him.

Dagger acted tough as others bandaged his wounds, certain he couldn't show the Flytrap Colony his weakness without some kind of consequence. As soon as he didn't have to put on a strong face anymore, Dagger cried harder than he ever had before. The adrenaline of the fight felt good when he was in the thick of it; months of practice, the excitement and fear, and his anger deep inside, all let out on someone who "deserved it." But then it wore off and he was left with these raw feelings—the bruises, sprains, and scars, the heaviness in his body, a spiraling head, and the regret of hurting someone.

He hated himself for even briefly understanding the cats who used their aggression against others... he hated what war had made of him. It was difficult to hold onto his ambitions as he spent the next few days tending to his wounds, wincing each time without the adrenaline acting as a painkiller. But he had a feeling he'd miss the rush of that battle as soon as the pain was over, and he was left with the gaping void that was his daily life. Each training session after the attack only fed the constant wait for something thrilling to come ruin his life again. In that readiness to fight, he'd sometimes meet the gaze of the new stranger whose parent's life had been taken. With a crushing unease, he thought to himself that they were far from the end of the Flytrap Colony's reign.

(CW end.)

Spice and Babe's Joining of Roses marked the start of autumn. Though Dagger wouldn't complain out loud, he was disgusted that they thought this was an appropriate time in the Flytrap Colony's history to become mates—they didn't deserve happiness or the thought of starting a family together. It only served as a reminder to Dagger of his own family and upbringing, something he'd grown increasingly embittered by. Though he'd never admit it, he was afraid of the path Fang was taking by hesitating to separate himself from the Wilted Ones. In his brief interactions with the Wilted Ones, Dagger would listen to cats like Reindeer wax poetic about the importance of family. It was clear to Dagger that none of his Wilted Ones peers understood him or his circumstances, though he couldn't blame them for it. It was strange to see someone as similar to him as Reindeer in such a different position simply due to the circumstances of their birth.

The Wilted Ones were careful around Dagger, but there were exceptions, such as Beaver. He tried to nudge him toward the "right path"—staying by the Wilted Ones' sides and rejecting the Flytrap Colony for the atrocities they'd committed. All for the sake of being brave... The Wilted Ones' inability to do anything about their situation led them to put faith in the wrong cats and foolishly believe that they themselves would eventually find their moment to be brave. Brave cats had already tried acting on those opportunities—and they'd died for it.

Dagger wouldn't make the same mistake as those brave cats, and so his conviction to do the opposite of the Wilted Ones grew stronger. It wasn't the right path toward freedom and power, and even if this one scarred him, it was the only way. It was survival.

## **Adulthood**

(CW start: murder and violence; more colony cats attempt to free the prisoners and are killed. Darkmoon and Swainson are also killed in the fight. Later, when the Mysterywood cats join the Flytrap Colony, the Flytrap Colony

initiates patrol fights. Dagger loses his battle but Flytrap wins overall. Dagger tries to confide in Swan but pulls back.)

Dagger was now a Warrior. Despite everything that had happened in the first year of his life, nothing had shaken him from his desire to become a Champion, and he continued to prove himself as he fought in another raid against the Flytrap Colony. When the fight was over, he reflected that it had gone much better than last time, only to realize again the role of luck as he caught sight of a dead Darkmoon and Swainson. Only one of the cats who'd raided them escaped alive.

A million questions ran through Dagger's head when two "clans" of cats decided to join the Flytrap Colony, until they all fizzled out in his exhaustion. What point was there in learning about these cats when they were just giving more power to the Flytrap Colony? With the extra aid, Foxglove began to plan larger-scale attacks against the colonies, and she acted fast. Dagger was assigned to one of those patrols—the one against the Cloud Colony.

Dagger fought with all of his fury, just as he'd always practiced, but he wasn't enough to turn the tide of battle and was quickly overwhelmed. He was initially frustrated by his teammates' failed efforts until he saw one of the Cloud Colony cats wounded and heavily limping from the fight. His mind raced with thoughts about that cat's fate as he made his way back home, struggling to turn his thoughts toward an apology for Foxglove. There was no need for an apology in the end, as Foxglove seemed satisfied with the overall results.

After learning the Flytrap Colony had continued to come out victorious, Dagger's fears about the permanence of his colony began to set in—nobody could match them. It was in that moment that Dagger subtly confided in one of the newest additions, Swan, who seemed sensible enough and was new to all of this. As soon as words of doubt slipped from his mouth, though, he realized the danger of it and quickly reeled them back, especially after seeing Swan's neutral expression.

Nobody seemed to understand Dagger, but he tried to reassure himself about his future. He was still in good standing with Foxglove, which meant he could continue his goal to become a Champion and influence his colony.

(CW end.)

## Trivia

## Interests

- ♥ Work
- ♥ Control
- ♥ Exercise

- ✘ ... Everyone
- ✘ Thrills
- ✘ Heavy snow

## Beliefs

- Your weaknesses will be exploited if you show them
- You can learn a lot if you listen to what others say
- Causing trouble will only hurt yourself and others
- Predictable hard work is the best way to pass the time
- Being "good" is a privilege
- Nobody is that funny

## Other

- Used to fantasize about his Life Festival as a kitten
- Was a pretty cute kitten
- Aspires to be a Champion in the Flytrap Colony
- Separated himself from the Wilted Ones almost entirely in the pursuit to gain power and improve their circumstances
- Not at all "book smart" and is embarrassed about that
- His claws grow very fast
- Curious about his family but doesn't trust any of them, Fang being the only exception. He believes his extended family is no good if they contributed to D'Arcy and Aloe's personalities
- Has some destructive habits. Tears things apart, so long as it isn't anything anyone else cares about
- Never talks about his favorite things or shows his biases
- Knows little about the "outside world" and fears it. The Flytrap Colony is the enemy he knows
- Eyes tend to dart around, especially when he's nervous

- Makes himself smaller when attention isn't on him

*Application base created by @peeperonipip  
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