

# Basics

## Name

**True Name:** Goose  
**Meaning:** ---  
**Kit Name:** Honk/Fluorite  
**Nickname(s):** Flo, Little Crocodile

## Birth

**Sex:** Male  
**Age:** 18 moons  
**D.O.B:** December 20th 2019 (Fall 106)  
**Zodiac:** Saggitarius



## Identification

**Gender:** Male  
**Sexual Orientation:** ---  
**Romantic Orientation:** ---

## Tribe

**Tribe:** Earth-Tribe  
**Past Tribes:** Shadow-Tribe, Womb  
**Tattoo:** Primary

**Profession:** Ranger

**Mentor:**

*Previous:* ---

**Hobby:** Collecting | Novice

*Your character likes to collect a certain kind of object.*

**Stats:**

Strength: 2  
Intelligence: 1  
Stealth: 6  
Charisma: 5  
Speed: 6  
Arcane: 15  
Toughness: 20

**Skill Tree:** 19/20

**Soulbond:** ---

**Soulbond Skills:** ---

## Appearance

**Breed:** Turkish Angora, Maine Coon, Russian Blue, Oriental, Moggy, Javanese, Somali

**Notable Features:** Bat Ears | Long Snoot | Fangs | Spots | Mane

**Brief Description:** Akin to dark, stormy clouds rolling over what would have been a clear day, Fluorite's pelt begins with a light off-white tint, which is soon covered by various shades of gray along his backside. Like rain, his pelt is freckled with various dots, the freckles of white coating him like fresh morning dew. Bengal spots decorate his shoulder, rump, and neck, and he has a similar mane to his mother Noctis which spreads down to his lower back area. Also similar to Noctis, Fluorite's ears are large and bat like, with a crocodile-like muzzle to match. His fur is rather soft, but still has a somewhat rough feel to it, and his body itself is long and lanky, almost making him snake-like with how wiggly he appears to be. And to top it all off, Fluorite's eyes are a brilliant shade of blue, to complete the little storm bundled up in his fur with captivating rains.



**Equipment:** ---

**Cosmetics:** ---

**Scars:** ---

**Scent:** Sea salt | Mud

The combination of the scents of the ocean water and smells of the mud when he rolls in flowers, the scent that Chirp carries tends to be quite an earthy one, which isn't that bad per se-

though it is definitely a failed attempt at forcing the scents of flowers to cling to his pelt. All those flowers are probably squashed now too, unfortunately. Poor flowers.

**Height:** 12” at adulthood

**Build:** Skinny and Lanky.

## Health

**Physical Health:** 100%

**Description:** Fluorite is perfectly fit and happy!

**Mental Health:** 100%

**Description:** Fluorite is currently happy and cheerful!

### **Disabilities:**

Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder - A chronic condition including attention difficulty, hyperactivity, and impulsiveness.

Fluorite has very high amounts of energy and can't seem to really burn it. He gets excited far too easily, gets distracted by nearly anything that moves which can cause him to jump from topic to topic, always having trouble focusing on one thing and one thing only unless in a state of hyper-focus, where he will have moments of deep concentration that will fully absorb his attention. His main problem is the ability to regulate focus, which can make it difficult for him in social situations. Additionally, he has trouble regulating what senses he takes in and has difficulty when it comes to tuning other things out. He can get easily overwhelmed and experience sensory overload, which can stress him out immensely.

**Scars:** ---

**Allergies:** ---

## Personality

**Personality type :** Campaigner [ENFP-A]

*78% Extroverted*

*52% Intuitive*

68% *Feeling*

75% *Prospecting*

72% *Assertive*

Positive: Goofy | Friendly | Adventurous | Excitable | Helpful

Neutral: Determined | Emotional | Observant | Curious

Negative: Doltish | Short Attention Span | Loud | Gullible | Forgetful

Fluorite is... Definitely quite the handful. He's practically bouncing off the walls constantly, easily excited by everything and always having a ton of energy and a strong desire to play, play, play! He's got a heart full of gold and adores making friends, even if social cues are a little hard for him. He's friendly and helpful to nearly everyone around him, and will always be there to lend a hand in case anyone needs it, even if they don't know him very well- or if he's even much help at all. Though despite being incredibly folksy, Fluorite isn't one to use his words very well, since his mother Noctis barely uses hers either. He prefers to use sound, though will pick up on words that he hears from others and repeat it back, or speak in broken sentences.

When interacting with others, he'll sometimes get a bit riled up, and will get very- and I mean *very* loud. He'll yell and honk and laugh with almost no volume control, and can get far too worked up. He loves making jokes and messing with others- laughing makes him happy after all, so as long as it's funny, it's good! If he gets too overworked though, he'll become exhausted, and will probably zonk out somewhere to take a quick power nap to recharge that battery of his.

He's a very curious individual, always inquisitive and asking, in his own way, about everything around him. Most of the time things might fly over his head though, and things might not stick with him very well as he'll easily lose focus and move right back to something else or an entirely new topic or focus altogether.

Sometime's he'll even forget what he's in the middle of doing, or what he just did 5 minutes ago. He gets absentminded so easily that keeping track of things he had previously done is quite difficult for him. Yet, despite the hurdles he faces when trying to keep up with his attention span, he's very determined and will try to eventually finish projects or work, even if he may have trouble finding his focus. But when he finally does find his focus, he'll be incredibly invested for hours on

end, even if- oh. Oh. He's just... Staring at a butterfly now. Hello? Hello??  
Fluorite???

If Fluorite gets overwhelmed, which can be from overstimulation/sensory overload or stress, he will try first to curl up in a tiny ball with his hands over his ears and eyes to try and block out the world around him. If it doesn't help, he'll try finding a way to escape to a place he can run off and hide- but if he cannot escape the situation, most of the time he will break down out of stress into a sobbing, tearful mess. He also might break down over witnessing someone step on a spider, or will just cry because someone else was crying. He's very emotional, and doesn't know how to properly react to certain situations.

Thanks to his difficulty when it comes to reading social situations or cues, he might sometimes stumble into something serious and reply with an accidentally rude joke or insensitive comment, or even just interruptive noises, without realizing what he was doing was wrong. He might go too far when interacting with somebody, whether that be invading someone's personal space or not realizing when someone's upset. Not to mention he might just come off as plain creepy or odd, staring at people intently when observing their behavior or getting up in their face to talk, or even standing over somebody while they're sleeping because he's just!! Curious as to why they're laying down in a certain position or why they're mumbling funny things in their sleep!

Overall despite his troubles when it comes to interaction and socialization, Fluorite loves to make friends and is as kind as he can be to everybody around him. He may be gullible and a little dense, but that doesn't mean he doesn't have enough love to spread around to everybody around him, mean cats included!

## History

It all started with a single goal. A single thought;

To carry on their royal bloodline in the form of a singular kitten.

Noctis had searched, scoured each and every choice until deciding that the Silver-Shadow would be a perfect choice. And after her attempts of courting, she eventually succeeded in getting him to agree to give her offspring. Yes, just one- a perfect, singular spawn.

But of course, luck doesn't always land on what you want, and she ended up with not one, but *six*. Six little heirs that, while Noctis had wished for less, adored nonetheless. The six included; Rumble (Jasper), Churr (Basalt), Peep (Moonstone), Chitter (Spinel), Whistle (Pyrite), and finally, Chirp (Fluorite).

It was quite an odd family; with a mother who definitely didn't fit in with the stereotypical behavior a normal might have, who all communicated not with words, but through sound and body language. Because of this, Fluorite mainly grew up to be nonverbal along with his other siblings, though after the first two weeks of them all staying with Noctis before emerging into camp, the mannerisms of his tribemates began to rub off on the kitten. He would pick up on words, starting off small and gradually stitching said words into Frankenstein sentences.

Around the first moon was when he began showing symptoms of his ADHD. He was much more rambunctious than his siblings, and couldn't ever focus on just one thing. After all, EVERYTHING was exciting! He wanted to experience it all at once, to take in everything, to jump from thing to thing and enjoy everything! However, as he kept wandering off to go see each new thing, he found it somewhat frustrating for the things he truly wanted to stay and focus on. Not to mention he would constantly fiddle with his paws, fidgeting to and fro as he found it hard to sit still.

In his early kithood, he found it somewhat hard to talk to others his age. He was slow to interact with the other kittens, only remaining next to his siblings and Noc as he fidgeted nervously and kept to himself. But eventually, after he got his tattoo, he slowly began to open up, becoming much more friendly as he began to climb out of his shell. The self consciousness slowly ebbed away, and soon enough he was able to interact with those around him without a care in the world, even though he was still getting used to himself.

...

[ Present ]

## Family

**Noc (mom):** Noctis | Orange-Shadow | Alive

**Sire:** Gilgamesh | Silver-Shadow | Alive

**Sister(s):** Peep (Moonstone) | White-Shadow | Alive

**Brother(s):** Whistle (Pyrite) | White-Shadow | Alive

Churr (Basalt) | White-Shadow | Alive

Rumble (Jasper) | White-Void | Alive

Chitter (Spinel) | White-Light | Alive

**Half-Brother(s):** Mordred | White-Shadow | Alive

Aragon | White-Air | Alive

**Half-Sister(s):**

Morrigan | White-Earth | Alive

Claude | White-Light | Alive

**Grandmother(s):** Di'alia | Orange-Shadow | Alive

Saoirse | No Tattoo | Deceased

**Grandfather(s):** Cenek | Silver-Shadow | Deceased

Fergus | No Tattoo | Deceased

**Mate:** ---

**Offspring:** ---

**Soulbond:** ---

**Crush(es):**

**Previous:** ---

## Trivia

Favorites :

- Location: Flower fields
- Food: Lizards!
- Game: Peek-A-Boo!
- Activity: Nipping at tails
- Time of Day: Morning
- Color: Orange

Likes :

- Rolling around in flowers

- Nibbling on ears
- Noc!
- Making friends
- Hugs and cuddles
- Pretty things
- Shiny things
- Butterflies!
- Bugs in general, actually

#### Dislikes :

- Sudden loud noises
- Experiencing a lot of different things at once
- Confinement
- Not understanding things

#### Fears :

- Large Crowds
- Losing Noc or his siblings
- Not making any friends
- Getting Lost

#### Fun Facts :

- [Pinterest Board](#)
- He likes to place his ears over his eyes and let them go so they flop back up
- Very noodly! Like snake
- He WILL nip at you! Chomp chomp beware!

## Roleplay

(🔴 = no 🟡 = maybe 🟢 = yes)

- 🔴 Notes : too messy
- 🔴 Forum : Maybe-I've tried forum roleplays before, and I typically cannot keep it lasting long on forums.
- 🔴 Chatroom : I'm not familiar with chatrooms and I'm not up for them.
- 🟡 Comments : Sure!

🟢 Discord : Most preferred!

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G/PG : Hell ye 🟢

PG13 : Sure 🟢

R : Gore and explicit death scenes are fine! I can handle a lot of gore. 🟡

M : Sexual/Mature scenes are a no go! Fade to black. 🔴

## Roleplay sample

*Excerpt taken from Rogue Plague with my character Kedric*

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It was a very nice day out. Beautiful on the eyes, comfortable temperature, a wonderful morning... Everything felt so peaceful. While on the outside, farther on the outskirts of pack territories and in the neutral lands, infecteds ran wild and savage, hungry to sink their teeth into the flesh of dogs that would serve to be easy food.

Kedric knew he ran the risk of getting tracked down by one and attacked each time he strayed into the neutral lands to take a breather, but he couldn't help but keep coming back. He observed a spider that sat comfortably in the center of its web, waiting patiently for another piece of prey to fall victim to the sticky trap it had spun. A small fly flew past the shiba's muzzle, flying just a tad too close to the web-close enough for it to be ensnared and caught. The spider scurried down the web to the fly, and quickly turned it over and over, tying it up to keep it still.

As he watched it happen, he made sure to focus on his hearing and smelling, keeping his guard out to prevent any risk of getting ambushed by an infected. He always wandered to the neutral lands to get away from the current events happening in Stonetower. Their leader was an unruly tyrant, their pack was succumbing to an illness, and to think that they'd stoop so low... Well, he couldn't blame them. He had to admit that even he himself had to eat as well, with prey being so scarce. It was hard finding anything else. Although Hapsephet was cruel and ruthless, he did understand that she wanted to make the pack better and stronger. And he had nothing to worry about. He was a Raider. Raiders were meant to be smart. He was smart and careful. He fit his role perfectly, and no way in hell would he step up against his leader unless he had to.

As his mind tossed and turned over the current events, one of his ears flicked as he heard a sound somewhere off behind him. He turned his head in the direction it came from and stood up quickly, looking around for the source. His eyes eventually rested on another dog, which caused the fur on his backside to rise in warning as a

growl rumbled in his throat. Whoever the dog was, he just hoped the mutt wasn't infected. He wasn't in the mood to get in a fight with one of those creatures. Then again, he could always run away, but that ran the risk of leading the creature back to camp accidentally. Last time he ran into one, he was lucky enough the mutt wasn't still sane enough to have a conversation with before running off.

Kedric watched the dog, and he eventually noticed they lacked the signature blackened eyes, growing mushrooms, and tar leaking from their mouths and nostrils. He let the fur settle down along his back, but still glared suspiciously, not letting his guard down.