

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Persephone Application

"Weep for yourself my man, you'll never be what is in your heart."
@SnOwO

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Persephone	Agender	Hidden	Seer

About

Name	Persephone
Name meaning	Her parents thought it sounded nice after hearing it from humans
Nicknames	Sephie, Pers, Persie
Gender	Agender
Pronouns	She/her
Sex	Female
Sexuality	Questioning
Age	47+ months
Colony	Hidden
Rank	Seer

Appearance

Appearance	Calico with a scarred leg
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Scars	Mangled front right leg, with two large, prominent scars
Impairments	Injured front leg (Disability Info)
Accessories	-
Genotype	ll XOXo BB Dd aa mcmc spsp titi wsws

Personality

Persephone is, first and foremost, a practical cat. She does what needs to be done, regardless of the consequences on herself or even those around her. She is an intensely logical cat, someone who sees the bright clear line from point A to point B, from problem to solution. She doesn't care about the casualties so long as what needs to happen happens. She's absolutely ruthless, though not necessarily in an overtly cruel way. She's a survivalist at heart and will do anything to ensure that she keeps on living, even if it means sacrifice. Persephone can be rather selfish, although not maliciously. She just takes care of herself before taking care of others. Persephone is also tough as nails. She can endure an absurd amount of both emotional and physical pain without so much as squeaking out a wince, though she is learning that sometimes it's not a bad thing to express her suffering.

She thrives in a crisis, but doesn't know what to do in times of peace and calm. When she's not enduring pain, she doesn't quite know what to do with herself, so she sometimes tends to seek out high-risk situations to feel the familiarity of her childhood. Persephone doesn't really care for the consequences of an unhealthy lifestyle, she just seeks out the feeling of perfect clarity she gets in a high tension situation. She's very much an adrenaline junkie, although for different reasons than most. She always wants to be go go go, so much so that she barely takes a second to breathe and reflect on anything going on in her life.

Persephone is extremely resourceful and intelligent. She can make the best of any bad situation. This is how she survives and keeps herself going. She prides herself on it, as well as her fierce independence. She would be loath to rely on anyone else for anything, and she applies those standards to others as well. She views cats who depend on others as being weak. Kindness is a confusing concept to her as she is extremely used to the kill or be killed mindset of her old group. Persephone keeps a food hoarding habit from it, hiding scavenged scraps of kills in spots all over her den in case of an emergency. She's always ultra prepared for something to go wrong and for cats to prove their true nature of viciousness and selfishness. She hates it,

but to her, that is just the way things work. Secretly, she hopes to be proven wrong.

Family

Brick • Mother • NPC

Red classic tabby molly with white

Nova • Father • NPC

Black and white tom

Snowflake • Sister • NPC

Mostly white grey calico molly

Hunter • Brother • NPC

Red classic tabby tom with white

History

Early Life

Persephone was born into an aggressive, rough and tumble stray group. Brick and Nova exemplified the group, not really caring for anyone other than themselves. Everyone fought and stole resources, and Persephone's parents were no exception. She quickly learned that it was every cat for themselves in this world. Her siblings, Snowflake and Hunter, struggled for food just as much as she did, but Persephone didn't have the time to try to feed weaklings. If they were worthy of this life at all, they'd survive.

Alas, Snowflake and Hunter perished, not able to withstand the harshness of their environment. Persephone, though? Persephone survived. She lived day to day, stealing food just to keep herself alive. If she didn't hide it, her parents would steal whatever meager scraps she had. At a few months old, Persephone had become a little slip of a kitten, thin and tiny, but alive.

She had always been rather distant from her parents, who aligned themselves wholeheartedly with the group. Persephone, on the other hand, didn't really care. The group, or gang more like, was called the Snakes, and they were led by a rough older molly called Viper. They had a rival gang called the Thunderstorm, and that was where a lot of deaths in the group came from. Persephone didn't really give a rat's tail about any of that, though. She just cared about surviving. She wasn't going to stick her neck out for anyone else.

And so, life went on for young Persephone. She got more and more daring with her stealing as food got scarcer in the wintertime. Unfortunately, she got a little bit too daring. She was caught. By Nova. Her father accused her publicly, making a whole spectacle of it, while Brick stood to the side. Persephone begged for her family's forgiveness, not wanting to be exiled to the unknown in the middle of a brutal snowstorm. Her parents stood by impassively, casting her aside, as always. Persephone skittered on out, going out into a dark forest.

Adulthood

The first few days were absolutely miserable. Any prey was scarce in the ongoing blizzard, and it was very, very cold. It was by pure luck that she survived, but Persephone had always had lady luck on her side when it came to survival.

She remembers very well what it was like to have her first wild meal. Sneaking around learnt itself well to hunting, and Persephone had managed to snatch a squirrel passing by. She crouched down to enjoy her kill, and was shocked by the starburst of rich flavour. The sinewy shreds of rats and human scraps back at home just didn't compare. Maybe it was a good thing she'd left. Clearly, her group had only been holding her back.

Her travels brought her near groups of cats that called themselves the "Colonies". How ridiculous. These cats could try to pretend all they want, but Persephone knew the truth. Cats cared about themselves and only themselves.

She'd planned to move on quickly, but something happened to prevent her from travelling forwards. She was attacked by a black bear. She tried her best to get out quickly, but her right front leg had been brutally caught by the black bear's jaws. She barely made it out alive after that, her leg painful and slick with dripping blood. She lost consciousness soon after that.

When she came to, she was surrounded by unknown cats. Immediately, Persephone was on edge. She knew she had to get out as soon as possible. Wordlessly, she tried to get to her feet and leave these strange cats behind, only to be

sent sprawling on the floor by a sharp pain in her leg. She began to panic as the others around her pressed in closer, mewling their concerns. She had to leave. Again, Persephone tried to rise to her paws, but found it hard to balance on only three paws. She realized then, that she wasn't actually sure how to get around while unable to use one of her limbs. She had been stuck with a bad leg. She could barely comprehend the horror of it. She had always been so tough, and now... Cats like her didn't survive for very long. Persephone's days were now rather shortly numbered. Maybe, if the cats surrounding her had a small amount of kindness, they'd kill her now and make it quick. She didn't really fancy starvation.

That wasn't exactly what happened, though. Instead, she was eased back off her feet and given food and water. Persephone stared disbelievingly at her... captors? Rescuers? It was starting to get a bit muddled. After being urged to eat, she did. If it was poisoned, well, at least it wasn't starvation.

It wasn't poisoned. Persephone continued to live, and residents of what she learned was the Hidden Colony kept taking care of her. For a long time, the residents thought Persephone was mute, as she refused to talk to any of them. Instead, she spent most of her time laying her nest, sad and despondent. She didn't understand why these cats bothered wasting their precious resources on her.

But a week into her predicament, another cat, who called herself Estelle, started ushering her out of the den. Persephone realized, with a start, that she had walked to the exit of the den. Sure, she wasn't as quick as she used to be, but it was something. Perhaps this snooty, upstart cat had a point. Persephone spoke her first words in a while, to thank the resident. She wanted to leave immediately, but the thought of what would happen to her in literally any situation where she'd have to fight something off stopped her. Begrudgingly, she stayed.

Eventually, it got to the point where it would start being suspicious if Persephone took advantage of these strangers' kindness for much longer without becoming an official resident. So, that's what she did.

Trivia

Interests

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♡ -

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Beliefs

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Other

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Application base created by @peeperonipip
Art drawn by @SnOwO
Character designed by @peeperonipip
Written by @SnOwO