



# ROOTS-OF-LIFE

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✧ **Ustus** ✧

"Quote."

Played by @riftlore  
Last Updated: 12/18/2022

## ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
USTUS	GNC MALE	DAWN 🌅	MISTWALKER

## About

Name	Ustus
Name Meaning	✧ N/A
Nicknames	✧ N/A (feel free to give him some!)
Gender	Gender Non-Conforming (GNC) Male
Pronouns	✧ He/Him
Sex	✧ Male
Sexuality	Demi-Bisexual
Age	47 months
Colony	Dawn (formerly: Dusk, Wanderer)
Rank	✧ Mistwalker (formerly: Acolyte, N/A)

## Appearance

### Description

Ustus is a short-furred black cat with low white and blue eyes. He is of just under average height and has a elegant, lean build with a sleek and well-kept pelt. He usually has at least one braid in his fur at all times.

Scars	❖ N/A
Impairments	❖ N/A
Accessories	❖ N/A
Phenotype	Shorthaired black with low white
Genotype	LL BB XoY Dd aa McMc spsp tata wswg

## Personality

Ustus is a **dedicated, charismatic** cat. He takes great pride and joy in his work as an acolyte, doing his utmost to interpret the signs the colony receives. He has always garnered much self-worth from being able to interpret signs and the world as he does, and thinks himself quite wise for it. He spends much time **observing** the world and those around him, making him quite **keen**.

He is the kind of cat who many listen to when he speaks; his **silver tongue** is one that conveys eloquence, and he is fairly **showy** as well. In turn, he listens carefully to those who speak to him, being quite the **analytical** and smart sort. He greatly values the truth, and honor in kind, in other cats; those who lose his respect take much time and effort to earn it back.

A **religious** soul, he is as **devoted** as he is **stubborn**. He can be quite the preacher when there is something to preach, and is very set in his beliefs and assertive to boot; it often takes great effort to sway him. Despite his silver tongue, he has a fairly dry, **sarcastic** sense of humor, and can spit remarks with the best of them. He is a very **sly** fellow, and has a good sense of what to say and at what time to get the response needed – a skill that is great for conveying warnings or advice, but can be manipulative when it comes to personal affairs.

At the end of the day, though, he **finds it hard to connect with others** on a personal level, and prefers to be **secretive** when it comes to meaningful personal details. He is good at making small talk that feels robust, uplifting those who need to hear it, and advising others – but trying to get to know him personally will often leave him flustered or at a lack for proper words, if he does not shut down the conversation

outright. Finally, he is certainly **resourceful** and knows how to make the most of what he is given, but he is also the kind of cat where if you give him an inch, he will take a mile. He has no qualms with taking advantage of any situation, for selfless or selfish reasons.

He is **vain** and a bit narcissistic, and spends much time on appearances – both his visual appearance, and how others perceive him. Ustus has a **carnal need to be liked** and well-respected, and constantly **seeks to control** what others think of him; deep down, it is those who swear their fealty that make his ego. His search for belonging and need for control stems from his past, as well as his own mistakes that he hides. This past also means he tends to default to a view of **pessimism**, because of the **bitter** view of the world he has long held.

It is all of this combined that makes him quite **paranoid** – he is often looking over his shoulder, and is extremely **distrustful** of others. Truly, he is **insecure** and a worrywart despite his holier-than-thou, suave demeanor. This need to keep up appearances, to be what everyone thinks he is and ought to be, has worn on him greatly – attempting to stay two steps ahead of everyone else at all times is exhausting. His existence is one of a deep confusion about himself buried underneath a veneer of self-importance, which he upholds to the point where even he has *himself* convinced of his own unending greatness at some points.

Family

Corvus • Mother • Unknown • NPC

Shorthaired black cat with mitted white  
✧ (LL Bb XoXo DD aa McMc spsp tata wgwg)

Gaius • Father • Unknown • NPC

Shorthaired blue cat with low white  
✧ (LL BB XoY dd aa Mcmc spsp tata wsw)

Damian • Brother • Unknown • NPC

Shorthaired black cat with no white

✧ (LL Bb XoY Dd aa McMc spsp tata wwg)

**Aedinia • Sister • Unknown • NPC**

Shorthaired black cat with low white

✧ (LL BB XoXo Dd aa McMc spsp tata wsw)

**Maecius • Brother • Unknown • NPC**

Shorthaired black cat with low white

✧ (LL BB XoY Dd aa Mcmc spsp tata wswg)

**Name • Mate • Status • Owner**

Phenotype

✧ (Genotype)

**Name • Child • Status • Owner**

Phenotype

✧ (Genotype)

## History

Ustus was born in a rough area; he has only patchy memories of some of the places his family lived, but for much of his formative years he was a street-cat. His family were not very kind to each other. They – his parents, and a few siblings – fought often about where to find food or what to do about the encroaching rival groups. He himself was not a great fighter during his first months of life and was an even worse hunter, and his parents often remarked about how difficult that made things for them. His siblings also often teased and fought with him, pushing him physically and mentally under the guise of trying to train him out of his "laziness" by force.

As a result, he spent much of his time lounging wherever he could see the sky and the sights; where he could get away from the smog and his family's suffering. This genuinely angered them, who found his self-absorbed nature disrespectful and thought that he was ungrateful – another mouth to feed, and yet

he could barely pull his own weight in a city full of strife.

Eventually he started to push back in kind, and one day they all hit their breaking points. He ran away in the dead of night, resolving to never see them again.

It was... rough, living alone amidst scattered groups of other street cats and wanderers, at barely old enough to be considered an adult. He knew strife and sorrow well by that point, and had seen the suffering of many, who inflicted suffering upon him in turn in their own anger and sorrow. He was too young and naïve to find wisdom in what he faced, and grew more and more bitter instead.

At first he treated other, new cats with anger, and so they returned it tenfold, and out he was cast back on his own to fruitlessly fend for himself. With some time, he learned to steal when needed, learned how to fight, learned how to take a life when a particularly aggressive tom lept for him. He learned how to heal himself, when fighting didn't work out. He learned to lie through his teeth and gain pity for food and shelter, and then leave them in the dust. He could not trust them to let him stay without eventually turning on him.

It was in these years that he felt fortune and misfortune nipping at his heels wherever he walked, and where he learned to read the world around him. There he saw their faces: the boorish wolf Miseria, and the great swan Fortuna. They existed in the prey that ran, the flowers and leaves, the layout of the rocks and stones in front of his paws, and the ebb and flow of water and the clouds that cycled overhead. In them he learned to interpret their signs; a widowmaker splayed out in the wind meant a disaster to come that was not foreseen. The greenest leaf where it was not supposed to be meant both deception and lies were to follow, and afterwards the enduring of life.

It was this that eventually gave him purpose; in reading these signs he felt he had some control over the world that had long tossed him around in it, and that gave him something he had long, long been missing. When reading signs was not enough to feel in control of his own destiny, he started dabbling in other aspects; he dressed to impress, staying impeccably groomed. He learned to get others to do what he wanted or needed, by saying what they wanted to hear. He started to even see himself as better than them, able to wrap them around his paw with such ease. Such a view only made the nights alone after rejections a harder fall.

Eventually, he found that... whatever he was doing, it was working more than it was failing. He had started to gain a "following", if one could call it that. Others had started to enjoy his presence, and tolerate his bitterness. They listened to his signs, and in turn would thank him greatly for his advice. As his ego swelled, he decided that so long as he kept others at arm's length, and kept their belief in him unwavering, they... could be tolerated, and worked with. And helping them in this manner made them bring him gifts, or do favors.

Yes, he could get used to this.



From here he became a traveling mystic of sorts; he would look for whether Fortuna or Miseria grinned over the shoulders of those he met, and read signs that would occur around them and advise them. He learned to read people, and see into their hearts and understand their deepest secrets. He began to counsel them on their woes based on the signs he saw, and to... genuinely kind of care for some reason, at some points, though he denied such even to himself for many months.

But if the cats who had started to confide in him about their own sins, who had *hope* unlike he did, saw the shadows of his past harmful actions in his pawprints? If they even for a moment started to see his motivations for what they were – selfish and self-serving, as all creatures are by nature? Everything he had worked for would be gone. So he buried his past so far away that even he would not have to face it, and ignored its existence; he lurked in the world he was crafting for himself instead, hanging onto the bitterness and fear that he was used to more than anything else.

As he wandered, he eventually made it past the mountains and into the desert. There in the fall, a vicious flood swept through, and Miseria screamed and howled in the sky. She had never been so angry that he had seen, and the wind whipped around him, rain driving into his fur. He had thought himself a goner in the flood; there was no way he could fight the weather, and it was cold and he was growing more worn-down by the minute. It was then that he swore Fortuna swooped down, and led him to another, who was calling through the storm for her mother, a brother she had lost track of, and a leader she could no longer find. She ended up leading him to a hollow she had spotted, and the two sheltered there until the storm let up.

He learned during that time that her name was Harley, and she had come from places far beyond; first a group by the sea, and then a group in some distant mountains. A blizzard had swept through and separated all of them, and she had been calling to their spirits to save her, on the off chance they had perished but continued to watch over her. Ustus found it... odd, to venerate one's ancestors and loved ones like that, but he was not one to openly judge the spiritual practices of others. They talked for a while, and regaled each other with their stories; eventually, the storm passed.

Leaving the hollow, they ended up making their way through the territory a while. She was a bit too nice for his tastes, but she professed to be a good hunter, and kept both of them fed for the first couple of days after the storm. It was then that he saw signs in the water-tracks in the rocky sand, which led him to the tracks of cats, and eventually they came upon the Dusk Colony. Having nowhere to stay and missing the family structure he'd once had, Harley decided fairly quickly to stay; Ustus was not so convinced, and was fully prepared to leave until he overheard the other cats talking of signs. Oh? Well, he could not help himself but to interject into their conversation. There he found himself delighted to see others who believed in similar signs as he.

Well... perhaps, as they professed of a warm bed and food, he could try staying for a bit. It would ease

his burgeoning loneliness, if nothing else.

## Trivia

### Likes / Dislikes

- ♥ - He enjoys nothing more than curling up in a soft, plush, warm nest at the end of the day. **Soft things** of all kinds are his favorites.
- ♥ - **Being well-groomed** is important to him, and he enjoys finding new ways to make himself look pretty.
- ♥ - He is a big advocate for having time off and personal space to decompress. **Quiet spaces** are something he actively curates.
- ♥ - Ustus adores the color purple; his favorite variant is **merlot purple**. He likes **stormy blue** as well.

- ✖ - Ustus is absolutely **not a morning cat**. Those who dare wake him up at the crack of dawn shall have to deal with him being especially snarky for the rest of the day.
- ✖ - He finds **naivety** infuriating and dangerous.
- ✖ - Ustus hates having to do heavy **physical labor**, and finds himself not very fit for it. This usually leads to him complaining the ear off of whoever he has to work with.

### Beliefs / Skills

- - Ustus believes strongly in the **influence of various deific concepts** over the rule of the land. The most notable two are **Fortuna (the Swan)** and **Miseria (the Wolf)**. A list of all the deities he believes in is [here](#) [link tbd].
- - He believes that **all cats are evil** at base, and that those who are 'good' must actively work or be controlled to stay such.
- - He believes that **he has been blessed** by the two most major deities he worships. Whether this is a good or a bad thing is debatable.
- - Though he is notably bad at hunting, he is a **good fighter**.
- - He finds much kinship in pessimists, and thus **specializes in seeing omens** more than blessings, though he is **good at interpreting** both.
- - He is notably good at **giving advice**.
- - He knows a bit about **healing wounds**.

### Other

- - His love language is **gift-giving**.
- - His usual fear response is **flight**.
- - He has a habit of using pet names and nicknames on literally everyone he meets. If he calls you "dear" or "darling", don't take it personally.

*Application Base ✧ @peeperonipip*  
*Character Art ✧ @riftlore*  
*Character Design ✧ @furbert, with edits by @riftlore*  
*Written Bio ✧ @riftlore*