

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Gazelle

"A little more than what meets the eye."

@Pumpkin Spice

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Gazelle	Non-Binary	Cloud	Commoner

About

Name	-Gazelle
Name meaning	-Named after their owner's favorite book series
Nicknames	-Zelle(Close friends)
Gender	-Non-Binary
Pronouns	-They/Them
Sex	-Female
Sexuality	-Unsure(Leaning Bi)
Age	-24 Months
Colony	-Cloud
Rank	-Commoner

Appearance

Appearance	-Taupe mackerel cryptic torbie with high white
Scars	-/

Impairments	-/
Accessories	-Multi-colored christmas bow with a bell
Genotype	-ll Rere bbl XOXo dd Dmdm AA Mcmc spsp tata wsws

Personality

Gazelle portrays herself as a quiet but ordinary cat, just another cat you'd smile and walk by. However, it really is just an act. They're calculating, cold and don't really care for the Colony at all. A few cats in it have gained their respect, but that's really it. They're patient, and do help provide for the Colony, but in the end they truly wouldn't care if the Colony was harmed or not. They mostly stick around for the fun of it, and are very disloyal to the Colony, but they have no truly ill-intent... yet. They are, however, quite loyal to a pair of cats they've been growing close to. When they do find something they enjoy, they can become quite obsessive, not wanting to let it go, and not wanting anyone else to take it. They can grow to respect cats, however, and will show that by bringing them occasional gifts, which they do tend to make themselves with sticks and flowers, and by leaving them alone when looking for someone to mess with. They're also quite the skilled guard-type cat, easily able to stay up for hours and good at staying alert for any sort of danger. Its one of the things they really do enjoy.

Family

Spark • Parent • NPC

Long, wavy-furred fawn caramel mackerel tabby with high white

Mask • Father • NPC

Long-furred chocolate classic torbie with high white spotting

History

Hoof Down

Gazelle's first memory goes all the way back, though it's not of their parents. A human kid, taking her out of a box, her little bow tie jingling as the child screamed with happiness, that was her first memory. She never liked being a house-cat, it was boring. She couldn't go outside, she simply wasn't allowed to, so she simply watched the outside from the window. Some part of her deep inside felt insecure about this place, how repetitive every single day, she couldn't stand the child's loud shrieks or crying either. Every time she threatened to retaliate, the older humans just seemed to 'aww' at her frustrations, and take her away to somewhere more safe.

The second Gazelle got the chance, she leapt out of the house through a window whose screen had been broken. She never looked back, finding a small group of cats to stay with. She didn't much care for them, but they offered her shelter, and taught her how to fight and hunt. Doing so might've been the worst decision they'd ever made. She ended up falling for a tom around her age, and she did everything to get his attention, no matter what it took. A cat confronted her on how obsessive she was, so Gazelle decided the best course of action was to knock the cat off of a nearby cliff.

The cat she liked saw this and attacked her, and she ended up killing him as well. She realized she might have a problem after this, and ended up leaving before the group found out about what she'd done. Not because she particularly felt bad, other than her love having to die, but mostly because she didn't really want to hear their reactions to it. She was bitter about the cat who'd confronted her, he'd taken away the only thing she really had! She couldn't let it happen again with another thing.

Overtime, she started to go by they, though they continued to travel alone. They avoided other cats as much as they could, until they started staying near a small town. They started to become almost a neighborhood bully, kind to some but cruel to others. They found it truly amusing, seeing the cats fight over whether they were a good cat or not. They realized that they wanted to do this again, but this time, on a larger scale. So, they left the town, some cats hissing good riddance, others bidding them a farewell, and began to head in a direction where a bunch of cats had grouped together, the Colonies.

Dangerous Trails

They knew other cats saw them as a bad person, it was pretty obvious to them. They didn't care. Ultimately, every cat fought for themselves, in their mind. They're just the only one who'd admit to it, that every cat was important up until they'd used up their use. Their interactions with various loners had gone negatively due to this belief, only one cat seemed to actually be kind to her, a gray tabby named Goshawk. They found his moreso calm and mature mannerisms soothing, and though they wouldn't admit it, they kinda enjoyed his stories.

He seemed nice enough, and they traveled together for a little bit, but soon they separated. They never told him their name, and from the sounds of it, he'd met many other loners. They seemed to calm down a little bit after meeting him, however, and ultimately.. They started to pretend to be nicer, if only to get what they want. They started to understand why other cats hid their true intentions and, as they got older, they only got better and better at it, and closer to the territories. Though, they couldn't help but wonder where Goshawk had gone, and hoped he'd reached whatever destination he was traveling for.

They'd noticed a pattern, every wandering cat never seemed fully settled in what they were doing. They always had a motivation, a goal, thus they started to use that to get their way. Promising help in order to figure out the way towards the territories, only to partially do it and leave.. And sometimes, not at all. This kind but quiet act they put on helped them out a ton, and it wouldn't be long before they were staring the territories down with their own two eyes. They'd made it. Now, to find a new home.

They'd contemplated heading to one of the other Colonies, but something struck them about the Cloud Colony in particular. A place of rejuvenation, growth, the truth, that sounded like the perfect place to mess with. So, once they faced a cat from the Colony, they lied. They pretended to just be a small and weak cat, lost from their owners and unable to return home. And, after the death of their 'only love', they needed a place to heal. They were welcomed in, confident in their abilities to keep up the act... though, two other cats caught their eye.

It seemed that they weren't the only liar around here.

Trivia

Interests	Beliefs
<div><div>♥ -Fun</div><div>♥ -Scaring others</div><div>♥ -Manipulation</div><div>✖ -Boring Things</div><div>✖ -Losing Things</div><div>✖ -Humans</div></div>	<div><div>• -"If I wasn't supposed to do this, then why is it fun?"</div><div>• -"If they're given to me then they're meant to be mine, I don't care what I have to do to make sure of it."</div><div>• -"In the end, it's every cat for themselves."</div><div>• -"All wanderers are searching for something, even if they don't know it."</div></div>

Other

- -They cannot stand younger kids and, other than possibly being a surrogate for someone or adopting an older litter, have no desires of having any of their own.
- -What Gazelle desires the most is a true connection

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