

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Persimmon Application

"nothing in the world belongs to me but my love, mine, all mine"

@hawkthespork

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME
PERSIMMON

GENDER
FEMALE

COLONY
SPIRE

RANK
SAGE

About

Name	Persimmon
Name meaning	✧ <i>Named herself after the fruit trees</i>
Nicknames	✧ <i>Persie</i>
Gender	Female
Pronouns	✧ <i>She/her</i>
Sex	✧ <i>Male</i>
Sexuality	Unsure
Age	50 months
Colony	Spire
Rank	Sage

Appearance

Appearance	Light amber classic tabby molly with white
Scars	✧
Impairments	✧

Accessories

✧ *Ribbon around neck and various flower accessories*

Genotype

ll Bb dd Aa mcmc spsp tata Wbwb ee wsw

Personality

Persimmon is a gentle, careful soul. She's highly attuned to the feelings of others - good at reading expressions, gestures, and quirks to get to underlying emotions. This doesn't go over as effectively with strangers, but being close with Persimmon means it's **hard to keep a secret from her**. She'll be **patient and kind** about it though, never forcing anyone to open up and share something before they're ready to. She's a **peaceful, dependable** cat to rely on, always offering a listening ear or shoulder to cry on when someone needs her. Persimmon, although very good at advocating for others, **struggles to explain her own thoughts and feelings**. She stumbles for the quickest, cleanest explanation as she doesn't want to take up space. She **deeply worries** about letting her friends and family down, a nagging worry at the back of her mind that **she'll never be good enough**. Persimmon has the unfortunate habit of rolling through bad memories and times she messed up, convinced her mistakes mean something about her.

She loves to take care of others though, hosting a **deep love for other cats** that keeps her **community-centered and helpful**. She's somewhat of a mom friend, always doting on others and making sure they're okay. Although she does want to be liked, her desire to help is much more straightforward. Persimmon just wants to be of assistance and **keep everyone in good spirits**. Her joy and affection is contagious, even occasionally managing to make the grumpiest of cats soften. She can be quite **indecisive**, hesitant to make important decisions when it comes down to it.

Family

Harvest • Father • NPC

Blue gold classic tabby tom with white

Orchard • Mother • NPC

Chocolate amber classic tabby molly with white

Tangerine • Brother • NPC

Chocolate gold classic tabby bicolor

Peach • Sister • NPC

Blue amber classic tabby harlequin

Eucalyptus • Adoptive Son • @hawkthespork

Blue rosetted tabby tuxedo tom

History

Early Life

After having three kittens - Tangerine, Peach, and Pear - Harvest and Orchard, once young sweethearts, realized they were incompatible as a couple. Their kids were still young when they realized it, and agreed to co-parent amicably for the sake of the kits. Pear was pretty close with his dad, more so than Tangerine and Peach who seemed to take after Orchard.

When the kittens were a bit older, Harvest met another cat nearby. He introduced his children to her, explaining that this was his new mate, Pine. The three of them seemed to be equally confused - although their parents weren't together, they were too young to grasp the concept of it. Who was this new cat they'd never seen before? Orchard interrupted the meeting, looking angry. She took Harvest to the side away from their kids. While Peach and Tangerine played with Pine, Pear could still sort of hear his parents fight. He'd never heard them fight like that before - usually they were so civil.

Harvest came to Pear soon after that and told his son that him and his new mate were leaving the area, but he wanted Pear to come with him. Orchard was going to keep Tangerine and Peach with her. Pear was a little confused by it, but still excited to be chosen by his dad. He must be the favorite! He talked about it with Orchard, but she

looked resigned and dismissive, saying if Pear wanted to go, he could go. She promised she loved him though and would always be here if Harvest and his new mate didn't work out.

Pine was nice! She'd play games with Pear when they traveled, telling him stories and keeping him company while Harvest went out to hunt. And when Pear got old enough, Harvest took over with training - hunting, fighting, the survival basics to make sure he could last on his own. Pear didn't quite take to things like hunting and fighting though, instead finding delight in flowers and other flora, especially those with medicinal properties. Harvest wasn't so keen on those things, though.

Adulthood

Content Warning: Parent-child arguments, death of a parent

Pine was sweet, but she didn't last long. Pear watched her leave one day after saying goodbye, confused on what went wrong between her and Harvest. In fact, though, many of Harvest's future relationships didn't last long as the seasons turned and changed. Pear watched them come and go, learning not to get too attached to any of them. He was never unkind to them, but was perhaps a little dismissive sometimes and prone to eye rolls.

Harvest and Pear bickered over this sometimes. Pear found the arguments vapid and unfair, given he was never mean to any of Harvest's mate - he was just wary to bond with them if they'd leave in a few months. The two of them began to fight more often, which was frustrating for Pear. No matter how kind and unobtrusive he planned on being with his father, there was something about the two of them that brought out anger in the other.

Maybe a little bit, Pear resented Harvest for taking him from Orchard and his siblings when he was too young to understand the choice. Harvest was a strong, stern father who loved his son, but Pear missed his mother. He was lonely without siblings. Often his only company was his father and the many failed relationships that passed through. And it made Pear a little bit sad too. He used to be so close with his father. Now he hardly felt a connection to him.

Around this time, Pear felt a disconnection with his body and identity as well. He loved how differently each molly he saw present. He dressed himself in flower petals and quietly tried to think about other ways he could be called. Harvest didn't quite understand it. He asked his son if it's because Pear didn't know his mother, or grow up with a steady molly in his life. Pear would shrug. Maybe there was a truth to it, that he wanted to feel closer how he remembered Orchard, feel closer to this part of his life he would never get to know. But he also knew it was more than that. He didn't talk about it often - although Harvest met it with confused support, Pear preferred to settle with himself.

Pear must have been a couple of years old when he had another fight with Harvest. In anger, Harvest said if he knew Pear would be so obstinate, he might've chosen Tangerine or Peach to take instead. He saw the immediate effect the words had and took them back as soon as he said it, apologizing. Pear shook it off and said it was fine, knowing Harvest didn't mean it. Still, words said in anger were still said, and Pear had a hard time shaking it. Would he really only ever let his dad down?

They heard of a sickness going around effecting cats, and Harvest caught it next. Pear did what he could to treat him from what he knew and had learned, but it was no good, and Harvest ended up passing away. Head bowed, Pear gave a small eulogy where he buried his dad.

Content Warning End: Pear and Harvest get into frequent arguments and say things they don't mean. Harvest

catches a sickness and passes away.

Truly, Truly

It would be a new time for Pear - for self-discovery and starting anew as the snow softened the seeds and made room for new flowers to grow. Decorating himself in flowers and finally pleased with his reflected appearance, he changed his name to Persimmon and started going by molly terms. The ache of losing her father was not so easily dismissed as the snow sloughed off bare branches, but every day it got a little bit easier to breathe.

When Persimmon left the area, she met Caiman, a tom around her age who had been newly injured by some sort of predator. He was accompanied by a molly, Carnosa, who was sick with worry over her friend. Persimmon offered her assistance, privately worried she'd be unable to help him (given she had failed to save her father, something that was still hard to shake) but to her surprise, treating the wounds went well and they healed with no issues. Caiman and Carnosa were giddy with relief. They thanked her profusely and asked if she wanted to travel with them.

Traveling with them was fun - the loneliness she had felt as a young cat lessened in their company. They were bright, funny, witty cats that made for good friends. She traveled with them for a few months or so before they ended up going opposite ways - Carnosa and Caiman staying together while Persimmon headed in another direction.

It would be many seasons before she met Caiman again. He had a child this time, a daughter named Eucalyptus, but Carnosa was no where to be seen. Apparently, she had passed away while having Eucalyptus. When Caiman quietly told Persimmon what had happened, they sat together with their head bowed remembering the bright molly, and sharing the deep ache of her loss. Eucalyptus was over a year old and helped take care of her father, who was growing weak from a sickness in his chest he caught in their old home.

Persimmon did everything she could to save him. She tried everything she knew. But he grew weaker as the days waned and refused food and water. He must have been already too far gone, and passed away some time after. Eucalyptus crawled close to Persimmon for comfort and wept about losing her father. She never blamed Persimmon for being unable to save him, instead thanking her for all of the attempted help. There was something in Eucalyptus Persimmon recognized in herself - a feeling of failing to be someone's child that would never be confronted or settled now that they had passed away.

Persimmon could tell Eucalyptus was beginning to see her as her mom, and in turn she saw Cal as her child. There was a worry in the back of her mind, exchanging parent-child sentiments - would she be a good parent? She didn't exactly have so much to take from. Would her relationship with Eucalyptus sour as her own relationship with Harvest did? She didn't want to let that happen.

Eucalyptus nervously shared with Persimmon one day that she was dissatisfied being a molly. Persimmon, of course, understood, telling Cal that before she herself was a molly, she had been a tom. She recalled the feeling in her gut pulling her towards a different identity, urging her to claim it for herself regardless of anyone else's confusion or questioning. So how did Cal want to present? She decided to go forward as a tom. Eucalyptus murmured it was a shame his father wouldn't be able to see it. He'd always talked about wanting a son and a big family.

Persimmon and Eucalyptus decided to go off and travel together, never staying one place for too long. They enjoyed the travel, to see new things and meet new cats. They were extraordinarily fond of each other, Persimmon puffing with pride whenever Eucalyptus successfully caught a particularly fast bird and Eucalyptus talking up her

healing abilities whenever he got the chance. Months passed, then seasons, and they found themselves finally coming across the colonies' land. They heard about the colonies from some wanderers, but didn't want to engage with them just yet. There was still a lot of tension in the air - *something about a flytrap and a foxglove?* - and they preferred to stay on their own for now. Wandering across the land, they found a rainforest. Eucalyptus and Persimmon thought it was beautiful - they both enjoyed staying in forests for their own reasons, but this was a different beast. They settled in the forest for the time being.

The two of them were exploring a little bit more when they encountered two young cats together. They said their names were Salamander and Sketch and explained they too had arrived to the forest not long ago. Persimmon noticed the little one, Salamander, seemed bothered by his tail, twisting around to lick or bite it. She asked what was bothering him and the little tortoiseshell explained that he lost it a few months back, and it was still hurting him even though it had healed. Persimmon brought Salamander aside while Eucalyptus talked to Sketch. She gave him some tips for taking care of his tail - making sure it was clean, being careful to save off infection, some mindfulness exercises he could partake in to help him get through phantom limb pain.

The two young cats joined Persimmon and Eucalyptus, and soon enough, a larger group of cats passed through the forest. They asked the group of four if this was their home, promising to leave if they were unwelcome. But Eucalyptus said they were just staying for the meantime. After talking more with the group, led by Piper and Dragonfly, they learned the history - they had once been the Colibri Colony, but the waterfall flooding dispatched and scattered them. Then another group of cats that would later call themselves the Cliffside Colony chased out and threatened the stragglers, which is why they were here now, together. They were looking for a new place to stay.

Eucalyptus, Persimmon, Salamander, and Sketch were invited to stay with them if they wanted, an invitation they accepted. When the Spire Colony was established, Persimmon joined them as a sage, their healer role.

Trivia

Interests	Beliefs
♥ Discovering flora and fauna ♥ Gardening ♥ Seashells ✕ High humidity ✕ Loud buzzy insects ✕ Horror stories	• All children deserve parents but not all parents deserve children • Home doesn't have to be a place • • •

Other

- Gardening helps her relax, her happy place
- Doesn't really participate in Spire competitions and sports, but is there to help out!
- Prone to rearranging things when worried
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-
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