

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

✧ Yarrow ✧

" we live by the images of those we decide are heroes and gods. "



Played by @scooter
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ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME
Yarrow

GENDER
Male

COLONY
Wanderer

RANK

About

Name	- Yarrow
Name meaning	- Follows the flower-naming theme of his litter
Nicknames	- Row (<i>Pronounced Roe</i>)
Gender	- Male
Pronouns	- He/him
Sex	- Male
Sexuality	- Questioning
Age	- 18+ Months
Colony	- Meadow
Rank	- Caterpillar

Appearance

Appearance	- Longhaired grey ticked tabby tom
Scars	- None

Impairments	- None
Accessories	- A white flower tucked beside his ear
Genotype	- ll Bbl dd AA mcmc spsp TaTa ◇ longhaired / black fur carrying cinnamon / dilute / ticked tabby

Personality

Yarrow is an introspective tom, if a bit too withdrawn from the world around him. He's not shy by any means, it just seems he'd rather be doing anything other than socialising. He doesn't say much when caught in conversation, electing instead to draw in the dirt silently. However, Yarrow is a keen observer, more so than others may realise. While he doesn't give much about himself away, he knows a lot about the goings-on of those around him. He prefers to listen more than he speaks, thinking words are pretty useless. If Yarrow really wanted to show something, he'd do so through action. It's way too easy to go back on your word, but once you've gone through with something, you can't pull back from it. He doesn't spare much thought for the stares and whispers about him and his family—he has those he *knows* he can trust, his mothers and siblings, and that's good enough. In this way, he's much more inward-directed than outward.

Yarrow focuses on what he deems important and throws whatever isn't away. His devotion to those he trusts is absolute. Because of his disregard for anyone outside of his family, he can sometimes be cruel, like not helping one of his colony mates in a dire situation due to his lack of trust and sympathy for them. But at least it leaves no room for hurt, and he may as well betray them before they stab him in the back. He won't let them close enough to get the chance. The same cats who look to him with judgment and hate—why shouldn't he treat them the same? And he'll do it with a cold detachment in his eyes. Yarrow is pensive and reflective, carefully considering things before acting or speaking, taking the time to turn ideas over in his head. Even if this can be turned on its head by him, utilising it as the best way to get back at those who've turned their backs on him.

He's rarely sentimental, and he'd have left Meadow Colony in a heartbeat if his family weren't there. There wasn't much else tying him down. He doesn't feel the need to prove anyone wrong or stay to prove a point. But if his loved ones do, then he won't try and argue otherwise. Perhaps because of that, he's fickle and noncommittal. At the first sign of conflict, he turns into himself, having trouble asserting himself even when he's uncomfortable. He would much rather let others deal with the more complicated stuff. Nonetheless, he's good at analysing things and cats, and making do with what he's got in any situation. He weighs the pros and

cons of things easily, even if his opinion can at times be swayed by emotion, especially with his loved ones. He's not heartless, after all. But he sticks to his whole 'won't speak unless spoken to', even getting surprised when others ask his opinion on things.

Family

Chrysanthemum • Mother • @hawkthespork



Longhaired pretty lilac ticked tabby molly with vitiligo

Sunburst • Mother • @sn0wspark



Longhaired red ticked tabby molly

Hyssop • Brother • @Pumpkin Spice



Longhaired black ticked tabby tom with white

Fireglow • Sister • @sn0wspark



Longhaired black ticked torbie molly

Laurel • Sister • @novadrawsthings



Longhaired cryptic black ticked torbie molly with white

Pickwick • Sister • @Jaykobell



Longhaired grey ticked torbie molly with white

Amaryllis • Sister • @hawkthespork



Longhaired black ticked torbie molly with white

Dryad • Maternal Uncle • @hawkthespork



Longhaired big black ticked tabby cat with extra toes

Amaranth • Maternal Grandmother • NPC



Lilac classic tabby

Crescent • Maternal Grandfather • NPC



Black ticked tabby

Rufus • Paternal Grandfather • NPC



Black ticked tabby tom

Dusk • Paternal Grandmother • @scooterkickflip



Black ticked torbie molly

Hickory • Maternal Great-grandfather • NPC



Black classic tabby tom

History

❖ Chapter Zero ❖ 0-2m.

content warning: religious trauma

Right from the beginning, there were eyes on Yarrow and his family. Born to Chrysanthemum and Sunburst, he had five other siblings—Hyssop, Fireglow, Laurel, Pickwick, and Amaryllis. His mothers weren't mates, something highly frowned upon in the Meadow Colony. However, they had no intention of being anything more than friends, ignoring the significance the colony placed on the Heart-Joining Ceremony. Yarrow's litter was named after flowers, to make a statement that they belonged in the colony as much as any other. After all, flowers are something associated with the Great Pathmaker... seems their point had gotten lost in translation in regards to the Guide, Honeysuckle, however; seeing their naming theme as a way to 'atone' to the Great Pathmaker instead.

Nevertheless... from his earliest memories, he felt the prickling weight of his colonymates stares. Ears full of whispers about how he and his siblings shouldn't have been born, disrupting their very values and religion—the blasphemy his mothers committed to their Pathmaker. Just a month before he and his litter were born, Honeysuckle

had kittens of her own with Squirrel. While some of his siblings would happily play with the other kittens—Yarrow stuck close to his family, watching the gradual shift as his siblings realised the difference in how they and Honeysuckle's kittens were treated. Resentment curled in his chest whenever he saw it, resolving that only his family were good.

Yarrow doesn't show such feelings outwardly, but it's easy for those close to him to see the coldness in his gaze towards others. While his rejection of the world was how he coped, his siblings each had their own reactions. Hyssop and Laurel were rebellious; the former always blatantly challenged the Pathmaker's legitimacy, and the latter decided to *give* their colonymates a reason to hate them. He didn't exactly see the point in either approach, especially Laurel's. On the opposite end, his sister, Fireglow, attempted to make sense of their confusing kittenhood by turning to the colony's religion with reverence. She seemed to take her role as the eldest sister seriously; attempting to guide Yarrow and his siblings to see His light.

He couldn't make sense of how she could bow her head to a being like that. Why does the responsibility of 'atoning' for the circumstances of their birth fall on their shoulders? He doesn't care to be *good* or beg for forgiveness. All that mattered was his family. Just as he did all his other siblings, despite her confusing attitude towards things, he loved his sister. Even if it felt like a small betrayal, seeing her hang around the Guide's kittens—her lone attempts to assimilate unlike the rest earning more of Honeysuckle's favour. Yarrow's fur bristled seeing the other litter praised so heavily, while judgment fell onto *him*.

He remembers when they just began to walk—a normally joyous occasion for the colony for them all to meet the new kittens. Instead, it felt awkward and stilted; Yarrow felt all too small under their gazes. Such unfairness made him wonder why Chrys and Sunburst didn't just leave. Why was the 'Great' Pathmaker's love conditional? It felt like the world was against him and his family. But his cold anger soon faded, giving way to apathy towards his colonymates. If others looked at them and only saw a stain on the Pathmaker's name, then that was their problem. The contradiction that a colony of peace held so much hate for anyone who didn't conform readily to their rules gave him enough satisfaction.

His strong opinions went unvoiced; which led him to fall around the same area Amaryllis did between Hyssop and Laurel, as well as Fireglow. Despite this, he could sense she was more unsure about things than he was. Yarrow's feelings on their situation solidified whenever Chrys would sit them down—telling them the Meadow Colony was never on their side, and never to let them all think they'd won.

❖ Chapter One ❖

2-12m.

Yarrow and his siblings were still so small when strange cats invaded their camp. He'd been watching his siblings play when Honeysuckle had ordered everyone to retreat and abandon the camp—even with her orders, many wanted to stay and fight for their home. He was surprised to see some of his siblings fit into this group. He thought Honeysuckle and those retreating were cowardly, but he wouldn't stay and fight for a colony he had no care for, either, so why did they? Chrys fought to gather them all, to get the kittens to safety. Along with another tom named Dodger, the colony's Mediator. His high ranking in the colony didn't earn Yarrow's favour—though even he had stayed to fight.

Seeing his mother look out for someone else in the colony brought about feelings of uncertainty for Yarrow. Wasn't she the very same one who'd tell them the colony as a whole didn't care for them? He didn't have time to think much about it until everything settled and the strangers were gone. But in the aftermath, he could hear talk from his

mothers about a traitor—Flame, who was killed in the battle and acted as a spy for the ambushers. Yarrow felt increasingly unimpressed with what was supposed to be his home. Eventually, the Lignite Colony came back in revenge for Flame's death. In it, a molly named Snowdrop is killed, and Honeysuckle orders the colony to retreat. *Again*. And just like last time, multiple cats stayed behind to fight.

Some had even created a landslide to force the invaders out. In it, the camp was buried, along with one of Honeysuckle's kittens—Chipmunk. And apparently, another one of her kittens had been kidnapped in the struggle, Chicklet. He couldn't really find it in himself to care—should he? Even with his more uncaring attitude in his way of coping, his resentment of the other litter never left. He felt affirmed in his beliefs, seeing the world as a whole as cruel. He was more than happy to extend the same back out. They were taken over and occupied by those cats—the Lignite Colony.

In the quiet of the caves, having been forced to relocate from their occupied camp—Yarrow suddenly felt a wrongness with him. His bitterness had turned him callous. Did any of his family feel this same emptiness within him? *He is still only so small*. From the beginning, his family has felt fragmented in a way. But how can he face the world without them all? So he holds steadfast; and later, Squirrel led a rescue for his daughter, Chicklet. It was successful—at least, in the main mission. A Lignite soldier found the tom, and they'd killed each other in battle. Something like that of course shook his mate, Honeysuckle, despite the fact Chicklet was returned safely with his efforts.

She retreated into her den, only allowing her own kittens to visit her. In her absence, the Lignite Colony would claim more and more of their territory. In the end, Lignite's leader was taken down by a tom named Renaissance Man, and the Meadow Colony had gotten their territory back. With this, Honeysuckle called the first meeting she'd have in months. It was to establish a Peace Code, hoping to prevent further inaction in the future. However, a tom named Merlin took a stand, splitting the colony and forming a group that would leave the colony behind. He extended the offer to anyone else who would wish to join—of course, Yarrow, along with his family were among those eager to accept.

It felt like a weight lifted off his shoulders, to finally leave the colony. The only reason he hadn't already was because... his family. They were the only ones he allowed to *know* him, and they accepted him, right? They were the thing he clung to, as Fireglow did to religion, or Laurel did to her rebellion. He'd believed as a kitten, he didn't care if he was good or not. Now... well, he'd have all the time in the world to sort his thoughts out, once he'd left the colony that'd only ever shamed him. However, Fireglow chose the Pathmaker over them all. She would stay with the colony, while the rest of his family left.

Amaryllis tried to convince her to leave with them, but Hyssop only scoffed and turned his back on Fireglow, "shame", he'd said. Fireglow seemed to think some of them hated her—and it felt odd not having his eldest sister around, even with her mutters of prayers and a begging for forgiveness that he'd always been put off by. He even suddenly realised that Hyssop wouldn't softly sing them all to sleep like he used to... maybe it was just because they weren't... kittens anymore. Adults—Fireglow had probably gone through her Emerging by now. Yarrow was startlingly unnerved by how unprepared he felt. They'd finally left, but his family felt more torn than ever.

Yarrow felt like his love wasn't something anybody could understand. He'd always been quiet—but he feels something tear at his chest, wishing for easier times that he'd never experienced. How is he supposed to break this

cycle he's found himself in? He'd only ever wanted his family—*Is it so selfish to want?*

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ - His loved ones
- ♥ - Secrets
- ♥ - Cloud formations
- ✕ - Conflict
- ✕ - Gossip
- ✕ - The Great Pathmaker

Beliefs

- - Don't let others get the chance to betray you
- - What point is there in trying to understand others if they don't want to understand you?
- - Words are nothing if you don't show them through action
- - Whatever his family does is okay, so long as they stay by his side

Other

- - Is of below average height
- - Has an average build
- - Voice claim would probably be Sho from Arrietty
- - Smells like dahlias

- - His flower is based on common yarrow
- - Baby (kitten) face for forever
- - Not expressive at all; though his family has an uncanny way of always knowing how he feels. He looks absolutely neutral and they're like 'Wow Yarrow looks really happy!'
- - Likes to climb trees and hide in them; also takes some pleasure in feeling above everybody else, as well as safely away from them
- - Has started pressing flowers like his mother, Chrys
- - Has a longing to belong somewhere, but is afraid this may mean leaving his family and is

reluctant to trust in a world he's rejected for so long

- - Afraid of being left behind

Toyhouse Link
Character Tracker

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