

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Rosa Application

Put your character's name up ^ there, and maybe a little quote here!
@SnOwO

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Rosa	Female	Lake	Commoner

About

Name	Rosa
Name meaning	Was given the name to reflect her red coat and the petal like markings on her fur
Nicknames	Rose, Rosie
Gender	Molly
Pronouns	She/her
Sex	Female
Sexuality	Aroflux Bisexual
Age	95+ months
Colony	Lake
Rank	Commoner

Appearance

Appearance	Pretty black tortoiseshell molly
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Scars	- Nicked ear - Slash over left eye - Claw marks on throat - Claw marks on back
Impairments	-
Accessories	-
Genotype	ll XoXO BB Dd aa McMc SpSp titi Ccb

Personality

Rosa is a very sly molly with a dry wit. She's quite sarcastic with a sharp tongue, and she can be very sneaky and slippery. She gives an impression of being very street smart, which is a very accurate assessment. She is a tad too independent however, always wanting to take things into her own paws. Despite how harsh and abrasive she often comes off, she has a hidden maternal side and likes teaching and nurturing kittens and young cats.

Family

Jack • Father • NPC

Black tom

Lightning • Mother • NPC

Red broken tabby molly

Shadow • Sister • NPC

Tortoiseshell molly

Coral • Mate • Owned by @SnOwO

Vibrant red classic tabby molly with white

Bat • Queerplatonic Partner • Owned by @SnOwO

Large, fluffy black smoke cat with white

Pike • Metamour • Owned by @SnOwO

Scruffy black mackerel tabby tom

Parsley • Metamour • Owned by @SnOwO

Lilac mackerel tabby and white cat with an oriental face

Hollyhock • Adoptive Daughter • Owned by @SnOwO

Black molly with white

Fawn • Adoptive Son • Owned by @SnOwO

Fawn mackerel tabby tom with white

Bramble • Adoptive Daughter • Owned by @SnOwO

Black classic torbie with white

Thyme • Daughter • Owned by @SnOwO

Grey broken tabby bicolour with an oriental face

Darter • Son • Owned by @StrawberryRuby

Red silver broken tabby tom with white

Carolina • Adoptive Daughter • Owned by @SnOwO

Grey classic torbie molly

Minnow • Adoptive Daughter • @peeperonipip

Black silver ticked torbie molly

Kelp • Stepdaughter • Owned by @SnOwO

White molly with a dash of red on her face, and an oriental face

Nettle • Stepson • @SnOwO

Red mackerel tabby bicolour tom

Yarrow • Stepson • Owned by @melontine

Cream mackerel tabby bicolour tom

Cilantro • Stepchild • Owned by @peeperonipip

Red mackerel tabby cat

Lily • Stepdaughter • Owned by @Snorlax Jax • *Deceased*

Black mackerel torbie with white

Hazel • Adoptive Nephew • Owned by @SnOwO

Chocolate barred ticked tabby tom with white

Shimmer • Adoptive Nephew • Owned by @peeperonipip

Lilac barred ticked tabby tom with classic breakthrough and white

Prancer • Adoptive Niece • Owned by @peeperonipip

Chocolate barred ticked tabby molly

History

Early Life

Rosa was born to Jack and Lightning in the alleys of a human town, along with her sister, Shadow. From day one, life was tough for Rosa and her family. Not only was hunting meager pickings in the alleys especially for a nursing mother, Jack and Lightning were a part of a gang called the Thunderstorm, and the fights in the alleys, especially with their rival gang, the Snakes, could get real dangerous and real vicious. Not to mention the brutality of their own leader, Obsidian, when someone pissed him off.

Rosa and Shadow grew up well aware of how important it was for them to learn to fight and hunt, and be good at both of them if they wanted to survive. This was brought into brutal focus when Lightning and Jack were both injured in a gang fight and later died of infections. From that moment on Rosa and Shadow were on their own.

At first, the sisters vowed to stay together, but when Shadow was young, she found a tom she was absolutely enamored with and started hanging more around him. Rosa started finding new friends, then. A lean golden tabby tom named Sting and a large white tom named Bone. The two of them made a good team, she quickly learned- Bone was physically intimidating but it was Sting that was the strategist and ultimately the more skilled fighter. At first, the two of them fought a little over trying to court Rosa, but she shut that down real quick and was an easy fit for the little group after that. Later on, they were joined by a scrappy abandoned house cat named Griffin. Rosa wasn't sure what to make of him at first, but she quickly warmed up to him when she realized that she really had nothing to prove to the black and white tom, and that he was actually trying to prove himself to her and her friends.

Adulthood

They actually made a pretty good survival unit, and well, she liked Griffin, at the very least. Still, it wasn't a good day for anyone when Bone crossed Obsidian and was slaughtered by the large black tom. And then, after that Sting... left? She didn't know that was something a cat could do. Still, Rosa was annoyed at Sting for the betrayal, and she knew that she wouldn't leave her remaining friend when things got tough. It still stayed in the back of her mind, though, that leaving was an option and that there really was a life outside of the alleys.

One day, she and Griffin were doing their usual thing, hunting around for any stray rats they could find, straying just a little bit too close to Snake territory because they got cocky. The Snakes didn't like that, and the two of them were jumped by a group of three. Rosa was struck across the eye and given a severe throat wound and... Griffin just... left her for dead, after fending off the Snakes. She couldn't really blame him, it was the smart thing to do, but... she'd thought their friendship had meant more. She insists she doesn't remember all the time she spent bleeding out and in pain, alone in that alley, without her best friend to comfort her (she does). And Rosa would also insist that she doesn't recall a pet cat who strayed too close to the gangs finding her and taking her to a human den while she was fading in and out of consciousness (she still does). The next thing she remembered was waking up in a cage, with an odd contraption around her neck, preventing her from licking at her wounds. But she was... alive? Rosa hadn't heard

of anyone else surviving a neck wound like hers before. It must have been human magic, she surmised.

She spent the next few months recovering in the human cages and getting to know her rescuer, who was named Tilly. Tilly was a small white molly with a frilly pink collar, who seemed perfectly content with her pampered life, who had obviously never known what it was like to be hurt and hungry and scared. For the first couple weeks, all Rosa did was hiss at her whenever she got too close but... she got bored god damn it, and so she begrudgingly allowed the small pampered pet to talk her ear off about whatever had happened in her 'garden' (whatever that was?) on whatever morning Tilly bothered to come see her. In return, Rosa scared the pet with stories of gang fights and how she'd gotten her scars, giving the poor little thing toothy grins as she whispered rumours of some ferals who had killed house cats and eaten the bones. Slowly, Rosa got better, and when the human came to take her up to the cutting again, she snarled, giving him a vicious scratch and running out the window, which Tilly had graciously left open for her (she rather thought the poor little thing was just too scared of spending much more time with the tortoiseshell, which was fine with her).

At first, Rosa headed back to the gang, and the clout she got for her survival was damn incredible. But Griffin was gone. She'd heard he'd left to go live in the woods like a real feral. Even though she knew that he must have thought she died, she still felt betrayed that he'd just up and left like that. This gang was all she knew, all she had now that he was gone! The last straw for her was when the news finally got back to her that Shadow and her mate had been killed by Obsidian's cronies. She wasn't close to Shadow, but it really opened her eyes. Griffin and Sting had made the smart choice to leave- all that awaited her here was an early death.

She followed in Griffin's footsteps, leaving into the woods. She'd rather do that than live the pampered life as a housecat. That kinda thing just was not for her. In her travels, she quickly came across a young cat named Hollyhock. The black molly was all alone after her parents had died. This... struck a chord for Rosa. She remembered being young and scared when she lost her parents, but Rosa had had her sister to lean on. Hollyhock had no one. Now, make no mistake, Rosa was still the toughest molly the Thunderstorm had produced, the legend who had survived a throat wound and had the scars to prove it! It was only pity, really, not anything else at all, that prompted her to decide to help the young molly for a little bit, help her get back on her feet, all that. But god damn it, she got attached to Hollyhock's chattering, and she worried for the ditzy little thing, and she couldn't just leave her behind. So, her position as Hollyhock's mentor became a more permanent thing, and she started traveling together with her. Only a few months later, Rosa met Fawn, a young, pale brown tom around Holly's age. He too was alone, though he refused to tell her why. However, it was really clear that this kid was bad at hunting and wouldn't live the month on his own. So, begrudgingly, Rosa got a second protege. She promised herself she wouldn't get attached to this one, that she just wanted to make sure that he wouldn't starve. And then she got attached, and well, she supposed it would be good for Holly to have a friend her own age, so Rosa kept Fawn as her permanent second protege. She travelled with the two young cats, protecting them and making sure they were fed. But as time went by, Rosa began to miss having a community, and she knew that her proteges would be better off with a whole group of peers around them rather than just some scarred old molly. So, she followed the gossip of the wanderers around her to a small group of colonies to her west. There, she met Coral, the very obviously pregnant leader of the Lake Colony. Rosa shuddered at the idea of a pregnant molly being out and about like that, but Coral didn't seem worried, and neither did the young gray molly that was with her. Fawn and Hollyhock hit it off fast with Astrid, and at that point, Rosa really couldn't say no when Coral offered to let her little ragtag group stay.

And... it was nice. Much nicer than she'd been secretly worried it would be. A part of her had never believed that real good existed in the world, just evil, survivors and those who'd yet to see the world for what it was. But this colony... Hollyhock and Fawn weren't getting a brutal reality check. They were getting friends, a real community that wouldn't turn its back on them. They would always have someone to look after them even after Rosa had passed. That thought was incredibly comforting, and, quite honestly, Rosa hadn't been expecting to live all that long. By gang standards, staying alive to see four of each season was practically unheard of. Where she was from, cats lived fast and died just as quick. But Coral was Rosa's age and just having her first litter! And it was seen as normal! It was the first time in Rosa's entire life that she ever felt like she was even somewhat safe. She settled in well, and became great friends with Coral. It was... really nice.

Life was calm, at the Colonies. Eventually, it was to very mixed feelings that she found out that her old friend, Griffin, was alive and staying at the Fire Colony. She didn't know whether she should be happy to see him again or furious that he'd left her or something else entirely. In the end, it was a bit of everything, but she was willing to at least try to rekindle a friendship with him.

A while later, Rosa was out with Hollyhock and Fawn when she came across a black smoke cat. This cat was remarkable and interesting to her right on sight. They had the same kind of haunted look in their eyes that Rosa and Griffin shared, that wasn't really seen in anyone else hailing from the Lake Colony. Instantly, she felt a connection to this cat, who she found out was named Bat. Immediately, she was determined to get them into the Lake Colony. It had improved her life and maybe it would improve this traveller's. She tried and even left them an open invitation, but they did not come, much to her disappointment.

But, a few days later, she was pleasantly surprised! Bat came after all. The two of them became fast friends and sparring partners. Rosa had to admit, it was really fun to practice her battle skills in a completely safe environment. She hadn't realized how much she liked the adrenaline and the rush when she successfully pulled off a move. But before, it was for survival, and this? This was just fun! She was overjoyed when Bat decided to stay with the Lake Colony.

The two of them continued bonding and slowly began opening up to each other. Bat was from some kind of insane cult, and Rosa was from some kind of insane gang. Quite a pair they made, really. But moreso, Rosa loved Bat's fun, carefree energy, and they were just as independent as she was. She loved Bat in a strongly platonic way, and they felt similarly! They both knew they wanted a committed relationship, but they preferred to not yet define what they were to each other. Something more than friends, sure, but it wasn't quite romantic either, and Rosa was kind of okay with that.

Bat then came out as asexual. It was a bit of a surprise, but she was pretty open to that at this point in her life. She'd wanted a romantic relationship in her youth but as she got older, she didn't put that much stock into it. She didn't particularly care if she had a romantic relationship or didn't, and what she had going with Bat was pretty good. Too good to ruin over something like that. Besides, she'd had a fairly similar arrangement with Griffin back in the day, and it wasn't like that was bad.

And that led to Rosa questioning her own romantic identity. She felt romantic attraction sometimes. Pretty rarely, the days where she had it were often few and far between. Mostly, she didn't care. Looking at other cats' relationships, she figured that was pretty different. It was really Bat's confession that made her start to think about it- so annoying.

Eventually, she settled on being aroflux and told Bat, who was, of course, happy for her.

Trivia

Interests

- ♡ -
- ♡ -
- ♡ -
- ✕ -
- ✕ -
- ✕ -

Beliefs

- -
- -
- -
- -

Other

- -
- -

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