

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Laurel

*And it's the same the whole world 'round
The hurt I see helps to compound
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Is just somebody's unholy hoax
And if you're up there, you'll perceive
That my heart's here upon my sleeve
If there's one thing I don't believe in
It's you*

*(Dear God - XTC)
@novadrawsthings*

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME	GENDER	COLONY	RANK
Laurel	Demi-molly	—	Wanderer

About

Name	Laurel
Name meaning	Named after the laurel flower, which symbolizes ambition and success
Nicknames	Lore
Gender	Demi-Molly
Pronouns	She/Her, They/Them
Sex	Female
Sexuality	Lesbian
Age	19 Months
Colony	Wanderer
Rank	N/A

Appearance

Phenotype	Long-haired black ticked cryptic torbie molly with low white
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Scars	Small scratches on her left shoulder (from a small scuffle with Wishbone)
Impairments	-
Accessories	-
Genotype	ll XOxO Bbl Dd AA mcmc spsp TaTa wsw

Personality

Laurel is whip-smart, and everyone knows it. Though she may not use this skill for good all the time, no one can deny that Laurel is a quick-thinker, and that she will never back down from a challenge. Laurel prides herself on being brave, and on noticing things others may not. She's very perceptive, especially when it comes to listening to rumors. It's almost like she's hyper-aware of the circumstances that seem to surround her.

Laurel has a sharp tongue, and she isn't afraid to let others know it. She's smart in more ways than one, and can often come off as sarcastic, with the way she snaps back at something she deems as hurtful, both to herself and to her siblings. She's a creative sort, always coming up with new ideas for things to do, but this is not always a good thing, and will get her in trouble on multiple occasions. Laurel will never give up once she's dedicated herself to something, a persistent nature that can both help and hurt depending on circumstance.

Laurel holds grudges. It's something that has always been, and always will be true about her. She hates the situation around her, and will always remember those who stand against her family. While her siblings all cope with the hand they've been given in different ways, Laurel thinks that if they're going to think she's trouble, she'll be trouble. She's very mischievous and disobedient, often stirring up trouble to give the cats around her interesting stories to tell, since they seem so interested in talking about her anyway.

Family

Sunburst • Mother • Owned by @Sn0wspark

Red ticked tabby molly

Chrysanthemum • Mother • Owned by @hawkthespork

Pretty lilac ticked tabby molly with vitiligo

Hysop • Brother • Owned by @Pumpkin Spice

Black ticked tabby tom with low white

Fireglow • Sister • Owned by @Sn0wspark

Black ticked torbie molly

Yarrow • Brother • Owned by @scooter

Grey ticked tabby tom

Pickwick • Sister • Owned by @jaykobell

Grey ticked torbie molly with low white

Amaryllis • Sister • Owned by @hawkthespork

Black ticked torbie molly with white

Amaranth • Maternal Grandmother • NPC

Lilac classic tabby with amber eyes

Crescent • Maternal Grandfather • NPC

Black ticked tabby with green eyes

Rufus • Paternal Grandfather • NPC

Black ticked tabby tom

Dusk • Paternal Grandmother • NPC

Black ticked torbie molly

Hickory • Maternal Great-grandfather • NPC

Black classic tabby tom

Name • Mate • Owned by @

Appearance here

Name • Child • Owned by @

Appearance here

History

A Child Of Controversy

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Laurel and her siblings, Hyssop, Fireglow, Yarrow, Pickwick, and Amaryllis, were born into the Meadow Colony, the result of a fling between Sunburst and Chrysanthemum, two cats who were not mates, and did not intend to be. Immediately, they were the subject of controversy; though the kittens were named after flowers, to prove to the rest of the colony that they belonged here just as much as anyone else. Still, there were plenty of eyes upon Laurel and her littermates, waiting to see what would happen next.

Laurel's early life was filled with strife. One of her earliest memories is of chaos erupting around her as the colony was attacked, though all she could really remember is loud noises and a lot of moving around. The chaos eventually dissipated, and cats seemed to have other things to whisper about that weren't Laurel and her siblings, though as she grew bigger, she still noticed cats looking at her weird.

It didn't take long for her to notice these looks. As she became aware of the way cats whispered about her, Laurel

grew to resent her colony more and more. Her family was the most important to her, and this oh so 'great' Pathmaker was a fool, if he existed at all. Laurel began to lash out at those outside of her family, openly boasting about practicing fighting despite the pacifist tendencies of the colony. She especially loved practice-fighting with Hyssop, her brother, who claimed that one day he would fight the Pathmaker personally. She openly encouraged this, even saying that, if this deity was real at all, she'd help her brother take him down a few pegs.

Growing Anarchy

As Laurel grew, so too did her rebellious nature. She openly argued against every move Honeysuckle made as leader, hating her for the simple fact that she blamed her for the judgment her family faced every day. She wasn't quiet about how she hated her leader, hated how soft she was, hated that she'd chosen her own *mate* as successor, instead of a cat who could do better than her. She thought she was so great, but she was just a big, soft pushover who bent over backwards for some old story and ran away at the first sign of danger. The only reason Laurel even put up with the colony was because her family was here - if it was up to her, she'd run, and never look back. But she didn't want to leave her siblings.

The tentative peace Laurel had known was shattered one day. In the middle of play-fighting with her littermates, she heard a cat yowl, and learned that the colony was under attack by those weird cats that called themselves the Lignite Colony. Hyssop suggested going to help fight them, that they could totally take them, and Laurel was quick to agree. These mouse-brains would have to recognize their greatness when they saved their stupid tails, right? Pickwick, though she didn't seem so sure, promised to protect them if she had to.

But before the young cats could leap into the fray, one of the bigger cats, Dodger, jumped in to stop them. Laurel argued immediately, insisting that they weren't little kits anymore. She was big enough to fight! She wanted to fight, to show everyone what she could do! Dodger tried to insist that he just wanted to protect them, but Laurel wasn't buying it.

When Pickwick bit Dodger's paw in an attempt to escape, Laurel was quick to run alongside her, to get past him and leap into the fray. She was tired of sitting by and doing nothing - she wanted to fight! It was then that, once again, their path was cut off... this time by Chrysanthemum. Her mother. This time, it was a cat she respected, someone whose feelings she actually valued.

Chrys insisted that this, fighting for cats who didn't care about them, wasn't the act of rebellion that she thought it was. That Fireglow and Amaryllis needed protection more than these cats. Laurel flattened her ears, but... she liked the idea of finding and protecting her siblings a lot more than she liked the idea of getting hurt for no reason. Hyssop seemed to like the idea of finding and protecting their other siblings, too.

But not Pickwick. She bolted past the group and dove into the fray, with Dodger hot on her tail. As much as Laurel wanted to go after her, she knew that she had backup. And she needed to make sure all her siblings were safe. So, she stuck with Hyssop and Yarrow for the rest of the battle, making sure they were safe and trying to ensure the safety of their two other siblings as well.

When everything calmed down, Laurel would learn that the battle was not without its casualties. Cats died, and Honeysuckle's own kits were badly hurt in a rock collapse that was started by the cats who were trying to defend their home. One of them was in a coma, and the other was gone, taken captive by the Lignite cats. She watched with cold eyes as Honeysuckle apologized for not defending her colony, not saying a word. Laurel didn't have anything to say, really. She could have snapped, but she was just tired. The cats in the colony stayed in the spare dens while they fixed up their camp, and Laurel stuck close to her family, trying to make sure they were all okay. She didn't spare her colonymates a glance, after everything that had happened.

Squirrel and Simon crept off to get Chicklet back from those Lignite cats, and though the young cat escaped alongside a Lignite defect, things didn't go well. Laurel learned that Squirrel was killed in a fight with Gwyndolin, a high-ranking Lignite cat who also died in the struggle. In the wake of her mate's death, Honeysuckle seemed to retreat in on herself, leaving Simon to deal with most of the happenings in the colony. Laurel couldn't find it in her to really feel bad for the leader, but she stayed quiet, lacking the energy that would be needed to make things worse.

A couple months passed, and Laurel's resentment for her colony only festered as this time passed her by. She was truly getting big enough to be almost called an adult now, and she had begun to set her eye on the horizon, thinking about what she was going to do. Apart from her siblings, there wasn't much for her here, and Fireglow had been pulling away in her insistence in following the 'great' Pathmaker.

The opportunity to escape this place came when Lignite changed leaders, a series of losses within their ranks causing their new leader to pull his cats out of the Meadow Colony's territory entirely. Honeysuckle called a meeting with the colony to declare changes, to announce that she would be forming a code to follow during times of strife. Laurel narrowed her eyes, often one to oppose every move made by her so-called leader, when Merlin spoke up about splitting off to form a new colony, somewhere else. One that would fight together, to protect each other. Anyone was welcome to join them.

Laurel and several of her siblings agreed to leave. This was it, what she was waiting for - a way out. And she wouldn't have to abandon her family, wouldn't have to go terribly far. She and most of her family chose to join Merlin in leaving Meadow, to a new home in an abandoned orchard. Perhaps there, she would feel at home, and not like she was an intruder in her own colony.

Before the group left, though, chaos erupted across the land. Cats vanished from their homes, seemingly taken captive by the Flytrap Colony. Laurel had heard that name before - they had been allied with Lignite. Laurel felt her fur bristle, watching as colonies all over the place declared war against Flytrap. Whatever - not like it was really her problem. She wouldn't hesitate to fight if Flytrap messed with anyone she loved, but she also wasn't about to stick her nose into business she had no reasonable part of.

Greener Pastures

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The day came, and all who had chosen to leave Meadow were to depart. As Laurel turned to leave, accompanied by her family, she belatedly realized... Fireglow wasn't coming. She knew Fireglow had dove into the whole Pathmaker

thing, but she didn't understand. Didn't she hate it here? Didn't she want a way out, to get away from everyone who had judged them since the moment they were born? Laurel felt betrayal stir beneath her fur, when Fireglow chose to stay behind in Meadow. But whatever. Who needed her, anyway? Laurel had those who mattered.

She left the Meadow Colony, leaving one of her siblings. And she didn't look back. Though she was still with a group, Laurel took easily to the freedom that being a wanderer came with. Even if it was temporary, Laurel felt like she could breathe easier, away from Meadow and its restrictions.

Along the way, Laurel did some thinking. While there was no doubt they were still a molly, they didn't feel like that was *all* she was. So she started going by she/they, saying that she was mostly feminine, but not quite. A demi-molly, she called it. They took pride in this change in identity, feeling more comfortable in their skin.

Adulthood came before she knew it, and Laurel felt more at ease. Their time as a wanderer wasn't without risk, though - one day, a cat from the Canyon Colony, Wishbone, came looking for a fight. Laurel fought back without hesitation, though they did suffer some scratches from the encounter. She sent her attacker fleeing with a nicked ear, hoping that he would learn his lesson about picking fights with strangers.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ - Flowers
- ♥ - Adventure
- ♥ -
- ✖ - Rumors
- ✖ - Being judged
- ✖ -

Beliefs

- - "No one should be judged for things out of their control."
- - "Treat others as they treat you."
- -
- -

Other

- - Her shoulder scars are vaguely stylized to look like wings because I thought it'd be ironic

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*Application base created by @peeperonipip
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Character designed by @Sn0wspark
Written by @novadrawsthings*