

ROOTS-OF-LIFE

Alder

"Wanna see my newest trick? I promise you'll enjoy it!"
@lucense

ROOTS-OF-LIFE



NAME

Alder

GENDER

they / them

COLONY

Lignite

RANK

Soldier

About

Name	Alder
Name meaning	Named after a tree
Nicknames	-
Gender	non-binary
Pronouns	they / them
Sex	male
Sexuality	Bisexual
Age	32 months
Colony	Lignite
Rank	Soldier

Appearance

Appearance	Long-furred cinnamon spotted tabby
Scars	-

Impairments	-
Accessories	-
Genotype	ll blbl Dd Aa McMc SpSp tata

Personality

Alder is one of the most chaotic and talkative cats one could ever meet. They are super social and can and often will ramble about the simplest of things, boring out everyone around them. They adore showing off their agility skills, be it picking more difficult routes on a journey or simply doing stunts to anyone who shows even the faintest bit of interest. As a result of them thinking of many of their tricks themselves, Alder is rather creative when it comes to fighting and, though they're not very good at it, they have a plethora of tricks to use whenever situations get a little more than heated.

Family

Pine • Mother • NPC

Long-furred chocolate broken tabby

Deer • Father • NPC

Short-furred fawn solid

Minnow • Sibling • NPC

Long-furred lilac broken tabby

Thunder • Brother • NPC

Long-furred cinnamon spotted tabby

Cedar • Sister • NPC

Short-furred chocolate mackerel tabby

History

Rising Showman

Born with his siblings deep in a forest, even from his early days Alder showed his chattiness. He was constantly bugging his siblings, especially his twin Thunder, and getting a slap in the face for it. Not that it deterred him in any way, he kept trying to get them to entertain his endless flow of words and was increasingly met with silence. He tried to not think too much into it, but he definitely didn't enjoy it.

When it came time for the siblings to learn basic survival like hunting and fighting, Alder took a liking to fighting especially. Every time he learnt a new move he would try to add his own flair into it whilst still keeping the same functionality of the move and perfecting it to show to everyone later. He eventually became more focused on the flair than the move itself, and his general skill deteriorated.

They were forced to move when a storm ravaged their old den, almost taking them with it. In the frantic scuttle of claws and fur Alder lost sight of their family, to their eyes swallowed by the wind and dancing leaves that enveloped them. They ran away and hid in a ditch under a bush, waiting for the storm above to pass. Once it did, Alder crawled back to the remnants of the den but found no trace of where they'd gone, anything washed away by the rain. It didn't seem like they were injured though, and Alder only hoped they were okay as they turned around and left.

Backline

Alder's travels brought them quite far from their birth woods. They met several cats along the way, all of whom chose quite quickly to avoid them, their insatiable need for company proving to be quite draining. These cats proved to not be particularly helpful with the lay of the land, though some slipped up word of some groups - something about Knights and some lord's group, or something like that. Alder was, of course, intrigued.

They didn't realise how quickly they'd learn more. In their travels Alder was getting closer to the territory and one day whilst on the hunt for food, they stumbled upon Warlord. Though not the friendliest of greetings, they eventually learnt of his group and were given an invitation that they accepted without a second thought. Finally - company! They'd felt so alone for so long and the idea of a group excited them.

Things ended up a little different than Alder had anticipated. They had company, yes, but also they were suddenly

dragged into a plan as violent as the storm that forced them here. Colonies? More cats? Cats they apparently wanted to get rid of? Alder was not sure as to why this was all necessary, but decided to not question it *too* much. They didn't want to travel again. Though maybe... no. They were part of Warlord's Group. They were a fighter! They would fight. Maybe...

One day, Warlord left with a group of cats from his group, and Alder was not one of them. They were a little confused as to why they couldn't follow but didn't dare question his motives and simply stayed behind to care - and annoy - whoever was left. Though, when Warlord returned some months later looking for reinforcements, Alder was more than ready to go with them, curious also of this new Colony business they'd get wrapped into. After all, it sounded quite exciting, and definitely more fun than staying behind and doing nothing.

Trivia

Interests

- ♥ - socialising
- ♥ - showing off
- ♥ -
- ✕ - solitude
- ✕ - storms
- ✕ -

Beliefs

- - You gotta show them the very best so they remember what you can do!
- -
- -
- -

Other

- -
- -

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