

Snapshot of Cloudbank

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Snapshots of Cloudbank

by [anotherfirename](#)

Summary

Descriptions of a selection of photos taken by a photographer living in Cloudbank.

Red and an unknown man walk arm in arm near Highrise. Framed by a bright orange sky, Red looks back over her shoulder and smiles coyly at the camera.

At a press conference someone has just suggested that Lillian Platt is too young to head the OVC. The photo is of Lillian less than a second before she answers. She is standing so the photo looks upwards at her as she leans across the table. Her hands are planted firmly and her eyes are sharp with anger.

Niola Chein is literally up to her elbows in paperwork. The photo is taken late in the evening at her public office. The room is poorly lit by a single desk lamp. Niola leans her head against one hand, her elbow propped up on her desk. She smiles for the camera and it is an earnest smile, but underlying it is an inescapable weariness.

The photo looks planned even though it wasn't. Wave Tennegan is perfectly posed with a straight back and a winning smile. He had barely a second to register the photographer standing behind him on the bridge, but for Wave that second was more than enough.

Most people are familiar of photos of Preston Moyle posing with one of his hand-built motorbikes. This photo shows him smeared with grease and with sleeves pushed up to his elbows. Parts litter the garage and his latest project is only starting to take shape. He is laughing as he twirls a wrench in one hand and beckons to the photographer with the other.

Shomar Shasberg checks his parachute on a rooftop in the dead of night. He is barely visible, the majority of Cloudbank's ambient light far below him. Clipped to his belt is an elaborate contraption made of pulleys and ropes. He seems both surprised and amused to meet someone in such an unlikely place.

Henter Jallaforde raises a lighter to the cigarette in his mouth. The photo is taken at night in a rarely-visited part of Cloudbank. Henter stands off of the main path and seems at ease among the shadows clinging to the buildings. He is turned away from the camera but watches the photographer out of the corner of his eye.

The photo is taken on an uncovered overpass stretching between two major buildings that are no longer present. Farrah Yon-Dale stands at the railing, her back to the camera and one hand raised to the sky as if to touch it.

Maximilian Darzi leans against the wall by the change rooms. He stares blankly at the poster across the hallway and doesn't seem to notice the photographer next to him. His hands are shaking and his body is rigid from an otherwise secret frustration.

In the cramped depths of the archives Bailey Gilande spares enough attention from her work to give the photographer a deeply displeased look.

Olmarq stands in the middle of the field and laughs heartily as he holds a trophy above his head. His teammates are running to join him and a blurry figure obfuscates the right edge of the photo. Confetti rains down from above and some of it is captured as colourful blurs.

Amelia Garber sits at a small table in the crowded press area at one of the biggest events of the year. She frowns in concentration as she scrawls notes into her notebook. There is a spare pen tucked behind her ear and a now cold bowl of soup pushed to the side. The photo is taken from the seat opposite her.

Sybil Reisz shows off a new red and white dress during Fashion Week. Her ever-present parasol rests on her shoulder and she smiles cheerfully into the camera. The photo catches her mid-spin with the skirt of the dress billowing out around her.

Asher Kendrell sits at a table by the window of a small café. A half-empty mug of coffee sits in front of him and his eyes are redder than usual, courtesy of deadlines. The angle of the photo is slightly skewed as it was taken as the photographer leaned back in the chair opposite Asher. He is trying his best not to laugh.

Grant Kendrell, newlywed and sharply dressed, holds up a glass of champagne as he calls for a toast. His charisma is obvious and in the background several guests respond to his call with easy grins. The photo is paired with a second one taken later that evening when Grant thought no one was looking. He rests against a wall and watches someone out of frame. He is calmer and more relaxed in the second photo, his expression one of quiet awe and joy.

Royce Bracket stands on a normally closed-off balcony at Bracket Towers. The photo is taken at night with Cloudbank's countless lights at his back. He holds a cigarette in one hand, and with the other he taps out an irregular beat on the balcony railing. Royce seems to stare, intensely and curiously, through the camera and at the photographer herself.

The photographer is rarely on the other side of the lens. There is one photo, however, of her in the press area of a sports event with an ice-pack held to her head. She laughs sheepishly as she reaches out to take her camera back.

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