

Flesh and Bone

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/6875569) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/6875569>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Categories:	Gen , M/M
Fandom:	Transistor (Video Game)
Relationship:	Asher Kendrell/Grant Kendrell
Characters:	Grant Kendrell , Royce Braket (mentioned) , Asher Kendrell (Mentioned) , Sybil Reisz (Mentioned)
Additional Tags:	the Camerata , Grant-centric
Language:	English
Series:	Part 3 of Transistor Week 2016
Stats:	Published: 2016-05-16 Words: 590 Chapters: 1/1

Flesh and Bone

by [iclashwitheverything](#)

Summary

They had flown too close to the sun and now, due to their pride, even the people they had been trying to save paid the price.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

He had always had his sights on civil service, ever since he was old enough to really get a grasp on what that means he'd wanted to serve his city and all those in it as best he could. No one, not his friends nor his family, was surprised when he became an Administrator. He worked hard to get there, and once he was in his place he worked even harder, finally feeling like he could make a difference and improve lives. For decades he laboured harder and harder than anyone, attending events and meetings daily, never avoiding the hands on approach nor shying away from hard work and responsibility. Under the leadership of Grant Kendrell, who was fast becoming known as one of the hardest working and most just administrator in the history of Cloudbank, his city flourished and met the demands of the people more smoothly than ever.

And yet, over time, his own feelings for the post changed. Outwardly his behaviors stayed much the same, he did not slack off and continued to meet the demands placed upon him with a single mindedness that was astonishing for his growing age. But inside and in private he betrayed his growing frustrations with how the city worked. Nothing was permanent, any good that was done by the administrators was wiped out in a period of weeks or months, if they were lucky a project would stick for a year or so. He met up with a young architect who felt much the same way, that the lack of permanence in Cloudbank, the fickleness of the people, it would never lead anywhere. They were stuck in stasis, no moving forward, no moving back, stuck in a cycle of endless and meaningless impermanence. Grant Kendrell's pride in the marvels of the city he had always lived in and loved, his pride in the brilliance of those that live there and all they could accomplish if given a good chance to make things stick, well he couldn't allow the constant shifting changes to continue to uproot anything good before it had a chance to really mean anything.

He and his young friend, the architect, both dissatisfied, vowed to change things for the better, give those who can really make a change for the better a solid chance to improve Cloudbank forever. They came up with a single, simple creed to explain their mission. *If everything changes, nothing changes.*

It went well, for a very long time. They found two more members, a journalist frustrated with the holes in Cloudbank's history, and a socialite and event planner annoyed with the fickleness of the people that surround her, and in one of them Grant found his husband. From the ether they pulled the tool that could change everything, give their little group a shot at achieving their goals. They picked their marks, a little sacrifice for the long term good of so, so many, Grant could justify their hubris with the thoughts of how much Cloudbank would improve in the end.

In one night, with one small error in judgment (He's an administrator he isn't supposed to make errors his job is to fix them!) everything turned to the worst. The Transistor was gone, the Process had gone wild, and the Camerata scattered about the city to try and fix things. For the last few hours of his life, Grant looked at his past, at his dying, beloved city, and found he could come up with only one thought.

How could I have failed?

End Notes

Transistor Week Day 3
Pride/Grant

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