

There Beneath

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There Beneath

by [iclashwitheverything](#)

Summary

They all had stories of their own, once.

Notes

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

Farrah Yon-Dale's parents wanted her to become an Administrator. Farrah defied them at every turn, took every chance to go into art, chemistry, physics, anything to bring her closer to the intersection between arts and weather sciences. After a while, her parents gave up on trying to steer their headstrong child towards what they considered a more respectable career and allowed her to do as she pleased. When Farrah graduated with her selections and began to dazzle the people of Cloudbank with her stunning displays of sky painting even they had to admit she had done well for herself.

Wave Tennegan's career as a radio broadcaster began when he decided that his previous career as a faith leader had grown stale. He was still a devout man, it would be nigh impossible to shake his faith, but his love for new topics and information called for a new way to talk to the people he loved. And Wave loved everyone. He was a true, honest believer in the idea that everyone has good in them, no matter what they do or who they are. This sparked debates between him and those who believed in ultimate evil, which Wave believed simply did not exist, not one individual can be purely evil for even the worst individuals have a spark for redemption in them. At any rate, theological discussions had been, for him, done to death and it was time for a change. His energy and his smooth, pleasant voice quickly earned him an audience just as it had done when he was a vicar, and Wave settled happily into his new life in which there were new things to talk about every single day.

Lillian Platt's passion for technology began as a desire to understand things. She had always, for as long as she could remember, been nigh obsessed with a desire to understand how and why anything worked and how to fix and improve things when they break. Her desire to streamline anything she could get her hands on lead to her quickly becoming the rising star of her university, and later she climbed the ladder at the OVC faster than anyone in recorded history. Shortly before she resigned, her coworkers noticed an alarming slip in her efficiency, a sure sign that something was very, very wrong in her life.

Preston Moyle's love for adrenaline and speed was something he reported having from a very young age. His love for bikes is one he has had for just as long. At first he rode custom made pedal bikes built to let him execute nearly any manoeuver he chose with relative ease, though the first bikes he built were absolute disasters that landed him in need of medical care on

several occasions. At the age of fourteen Preston rode his very first motor bike, an old noisy beaten up machine owned by one of his cousins that rattled and roared its way down the road, and he fell in love immediately. At the age of 16 he got his license the day after his birthday, and began searching for a bike to act as a basis on which he would create his first custom built monster. Afterwards he says that the first time he rode that first finished custom job was the very moment he tasted freedom for the first time.

Many people assume that Bailey Gilande lacks social graces due to the succinct, blunt way she speaks, but that's simply not true, she just had never been given a reason to care about them or see them as anything other than a waste of time. Growing up, Bailey was never much of a social butterfly, she preferred to watch and wait for something to capture her interest and then she would zone in on it with a focus that was nearly frightening for a young child to have. She refused to spend time on anything that did not interest her, burying herself in books whenever she could find nothing else to focus on. History captivated her and she could often be seen among older individuals, asking them question after question about their childhoods, events they had taken part in and witnessed, any little tidbit that brought more and more of the past into light. Of course most never took her seriously and brushed off her questions as adults so often do to children, and so Bailey took it upon herself never to waste any time when asking questions because she knew those she spoke to would likely move their attention away from her before she got anything of note from them if she didn't hurry. As she got older, her studies of the past and the patterns buried within it only drove the point home. Time is precious and Bailey Gilande refuses to waste any of it.

Henter Jallafood's sense of justice and uncanny ability to read people and understand what they would do even before they would do it puzzled his proud family to no end when he was growing up. He would hand objects to people before they asked for them, answer questions not yet spoken, and otherwise assist people before anyone thought to ask him for help. In school he was known for settling disputes and assisting in standing against bullies no matter how outmatched he seemed to be. When he went on to become an officer of the law and a forecaster, no one who had known him was shocked. He had always said it was what he was going to do.

Shomar Shasberg had been known as an amusing but well behaved child by his relatives when he was younger. Knowledge of his pranks and stunts was reserved for him and a select

group of other children that he trusted not to tell his overly protective family. He worked very hard to keep his activities a secret until he was able to move away to school for his selections. When his family discovered that he had gone in for comedy and trickery they were shocked, and Shomar happily decided that he had played his biggest prank yet on them all. All he could do now was try to top the joke that had taken eighteen years to come to fruition.

Growing up with parents whom were both very active amongst the Goldwalk community, Niola Chien's desire to help improve her community could be said to have been naturally inherited. In truth, Niola quickly grew to believe in the cause even more fervently than the two of them combined. By the time she was sixteen she was already a very active part in the community, taking part in drives and demonstrations and petitions on the regular. Her friends, when asked, would talk about how she was almost never without some sort of badge or petition or a new cause to talk about in length. For Niola, activism and community improvement was in her blood, it was the air she breathed, and up until the Goldwalk Channel fiasco, she would have said it was what made her feel alive.

Olmarq's family often fretted over his recklessness and dramatics, none of them able to understand why he constantly put himself, and sometimes those few friends who could keep up with him, at risk so regularly. The answers he gave them about living life to the fullest did nothing to assuage their concerns, but when he began to find an outlet for his reckless energy in sports, they breathed a sigh of relief because at least here was a way for him to satiate his desire for risk within a regulated environment.

Maximilias Darzi was a quiet artistic child. His family indulged his interest in functional arts, particularly fashion. On weekends he would often attend shows and events that were open to the public with one of his older relatives, and in later years with his friends. He met Lillian Platt at the age of ten when she stepped in to stop some kids that had him cornered in a hallway and were attempting to snatch and shred his sketchbook. The two bonded quickly and became the best of friends, with both of them more than happy to take part in the others favourite activities. When they both left to attend separate universities that were quite a distance from each other, they vowed to meet up every weekend possible and to communicate nigh constantly via terminals. Separated from those closest to him and thrust into a high stress environment, Darzi fell into bad habits, including using the drugs that he

would later grow to depend upon for the inspiration that had previously been provided by his dear Lillian.

Amelia Garbur grew up as the child that new adults constantly underestimated due to her size and her silence. In truth Amelia was only quiet until she found a good time to speak up, and then she would astound anyone who heard her with the insightfulness and knowledge she possessed. She was observant, intelligent, and passionate, and unafraid to speak up on things that she cared about. And she cared deeply for many, many things, very few things weren't interesting to her and she devoured any information she could get her hands on with an appetite that surprised anyone who did not know her. All those who did know her simply shrugged and said that was her way of doing things, wholeheartedly and without reservation. Age tempered her somewhat, but from her desire to learn anything she could came a desire to record things as objectively as possible as they happened to allow her and others to glean further information from it later on. Amelia Garbur was one of the OVC's top reporters, and her drive and dedication lasted from the first day she set foot into her office to the day she and the rest of Cloudbank passed into the Country

End Notes

Transistor Week Day 7
After/anyone

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