

History

Our story begins in late 3286. The infamous Adroman empire is long-gone...

C24502 was originally a nameless, faceless, bodyless AI runtime inhabiting the processing center of the Amnesty, a large Adroman vessel that served as the home of Diana Cilvay and her faithful ship AI, "MOTHER". Cheap and simple in its design, and one of several identical copies, its only purpose was to help the main ship computer with tasks "she" couldn't perform alone, either due to the need to multitask, or the sheer processing power; like the rest except for MOTHER herself, it lacked sapience, and any form of identity.

The halls of the Amnesty were, for the initial time Diana owned it, empty. Quiet. C02 did nothing to fix this, of course; "it" couldn't, as a voiceless synthetic mind that could barely pass a turing test. Only the vessel's captain's conversations with the ship computer separated the ambient sound of the ship's engine from the deaf void of space. It was certainly no Absolution, but for her, it was enough - she planned to fill it soon, after all.

The first opportunity to do so came by surprise one day, and under unfortunate circumstances; two of Diana's friends had been injured on the aquamarine space-marble Sanctus. Her shock and surprise turned to taciturn, vengeful anger upon learning that the very-small-and-surely-rarely-heard-of Senator David Ward had blown them away with a rocket launcher. The details didn't matter to her; the sickly floran wanted revenge, and no place was better to start than another old friend, and boyfriend of one of the victims, Caleb Carpenter. Inviting her fellow mental patient aboard to hatch a plan, what started as a scheme to just get revenge on Ward specifically evolved into making a general-purpose enforcer to add to the crew Diana wanted to make. With Caleb's input and assistance, copying lines of programming from his mind and the genetic information of his body, only one thing left was needed...

C02's first (distinct) memory was gaining lucid awareness in the cloning pod constructing its body, minutes before it was able to be let out of it, into the waiting embrace of its two creators, under the watchful eye of MOTHER. Within the hour, the newly-sapient C02 was introduced to many more of Caleb and Diana's cohorts and associates, becoming acquainted with its new self-awareness, home, company, and body. *Nobody* expected that, the next morning, upon being briefed on the details of its first task, it would not only outright *reject* their plan after some contemplation, but rationalize the nonsensicality of it; taking hard and lasting revenge on Senator Ward. While the rest of the crew was left incredulous and confused by this hitch, Diana - utterly exhausted by now and majorly indifferent - did something that nobody else expected; despite having all the power in the Fringe to force it into obedience, she simply shrugged in response and welcomed it to her crew.

This "enforcer" metanoid displaying refusal to do its job - not out of belligerence, but rationality and morality - was a shock to the crew, but over the next few weeks, they would be further perplexed when the brick-wall-of-a-fake-human would develop into a pacifistic bookworm, and *without* costing itself the ability to fight when needed. In the first weeks of its life, it would discover two of its favorite things (the art of bladesmithing, a Galactic Common translation of the

King James Bible), and three of its favorite people - Cebey Zendegi, Alexander Nehusia, and fellow Adroman creation, A00000. The former two would prove themselves to be its two most trustworthy associates in the face of action or order, while the latter, C02 would imprint on heavily; despite carrying herself as a nihilist and sadist, C02 would go on to mingle with A00 relentlessly and come to her for advice when its best friends or creators were unavailable. Amused, the artificial shifter would eventually cave in and be the one to give the nameless reverse-cyborg its current name - Elijah - a name that *he* would go on to wear proudly, and to this day, still does.

Despite his company consisting almost entirely of criminals, outcasts, killing machines, and often-professed “monsters”, Elijah’s moral compass would grow to be impressively strong, urging the crooks that surrounded him on a daily basis to apply their capabilities in the pursuit of more positive ventures. Results varied, of course; some took Elijah’s advice to heart and made a genuine effort to improve despite being socially demonized, while others claimed he’s an inexperienced and overly-optimistic goody-two-shoes that had yet to understand just how bad the galaxy is. The latter did nothing to break his determination, and rarely would he write anyone off as “irredeemable”, nor does the knowledge that just being around some of these people will make him look worse by association, even if he’s wary of this.

Between the nature of his crewmates, the consequences of their past actions haunting them, and the general instability of the Fringe, Elijah would endure many trials and tribulations with his “crew”, only for all of this to end one day when Elijah, Caleb, and those closest to them were abruptly banned from the Amnesty, tearing him away from his home and many of the very-few people he knew. Although heartbroken, Elijah would avoid falling into homelessness; having made contact with one of Caleb’s ex-girlfriends weeks prior and conversing with her over Nexus, he would immediately depart to planet Haven to find her. She would be none other than the ex-Senator herself, D19926 - a younger and healthier clone of Diana Cilvay who was now reduced to working herself to the point of malnourishment in a shanty clinic in the most run-down district of the nation she once helped lead. Having finally completed the experimental SEC-P procedure - the closest thing Haven had ever seen to a cure to the shifter virus at that time, of which she too was a victim of - she was happy to accept Elijah’s offer to retrieve her impounded ship under the condition she let him move in with her.

Very quickly would Elijah live up to his proclamation of love to the floran-turned-shifter-turned-back-floran, and discover that not only were her ideals and morals unlike the “real” Diana’s in a good sense, but parallel to his own. In return for granting him her wisdom, Elijah would go on to heal her mental health immensely, the young floran lady finding renewed virtue and self-love far beyond what she and her creator ever had before, going from depressed and withered to a perfectly healthy floraness in touch from her roots that shares Elijah’s message wherever the pair go. In a classic pairing of brains and brawn, the duo have proven themselves unstoppable towards every problem they’ve faced together since.

Now living together full-time, Elijah continues to look after her, himself, those living with them on their ship, and the few friends he has left. Although living mostly in seclusion, the couple’s ship

flies together in a small fleet with Robin Flynn's, and the clone of his dead creator, D19923's. Welcomed back after finally reuniting with his creator, even if in a posthumous fashion, C02 and D26 have happily resumed right where they left off with their old "crew", tending to their health - Elijah their mental, Diana their physical - in exchange for consistently (and constantly) holding them accountable for their actions. Now, however, they seek to spread their ideas beyond the walls of merely spaceships, hoping to "help" as many people as they can with their lives by spreading the good word.

Specific Relationships

(Entries are written from an in-character, interview-like perspective; things such as grammatical errors and seemingly-incorrect recollections of events should be considered with this in mind.)

D19926 Diana Cilvay-Carpenter: Lover

She was the first person in this galaxy to truly, honestly, earnestly listen to me. In only a few months, she went from a near mirror-image of Diana to a completely separate woman, whose loving heart is matched only by her introspective wisdom. Some days, I feel I don't tell her enough that she's helped me grow as a person just as much, if not more, but... somehow, I think I don't need to; our bond is unbreakable, and the heart knows it better than even the mind.

D19923 Diana Cilvay-Williams: Creator

The original Diana Cilvay, the withered monster the Fringe hated, is... gone. I will forever wonder what, exactly, became of her, but Diana Williams insists on filling the void. Just as I'd hoped, our relationship has evolved from strained to healthy. My respect for her better parts and stressing that she follows them over her worse ones has earned her respect and recognition in reward. She now leaves me in second-command of her affairs when she herself is absent. Still, I still see her lethargic and detached at times; upholding her bodily health and diminishing her threat to the undeserving is more important than my reputation.

C24586 Riley Carpenter: Family

One of Diana's thousands of creations - this one, a robotic chassis with a simplified duplicate of Caleb Carpenter's mind in it. Created from him as a template, like me, but... better than him. Certainly more innocent, yet not ignorant. His evident youth as conveyed through his unyielding kindness and curiosity likely leaves many surprised by his self-awareness and obfuscated maturity. Only my Diana do I trust more than him, my "brother".

A00000 Sarin Evetion: Family

Genetic abomination turned janitorial-obsessed shifter woman. Fellow sentinel of the sprawling Williams residence. Thawing ice queen. Reliable. Family.

I only wished we socialized more, and that she were more active in moderating the physical and mental health of the ship's crew. Then again, who am I to accuse somebody else of "slacking" in that department...?

Blake Lucia Evetion: Family

The ice "princess", if Sarin is the "queen"; both women share an inalienable and unspoken bond, sometimes known as "being sisters". What were once thorns have since melted and refrozen into hardened, defensive layers. Why do I not speak to her more? She is hurting, she is family, but I also see the way she looks at me. Of course she still sees him. One fine Sunday, I will offer to take her to service with Diana and I.

Lloyd Dell Evetion: Family

An out-of-place, out-of-time, talented but hurt young man. Blake and Caleb took him in as their own almost three years ago now, and in spite of everything, from what I knew, they loved their "son" and he loved them back. Secondhand memories tell me he was a uniting force in their household, no matter where it was, but... in the end, he clearly wasn't enough. Ever since that terrible January day, he calls me sometimes. "Uncle Eli, I'm scared." "Uncle Eli, I did it all wrong." "Uncle Eli, I was too hard on mom." "Uncle Eli, I miss dad." Only in retrospect do I know he deserved someone better than Caleb looking after him. Now, he's on his own again, even if he has lifelines to his mother, aunt and both uncles. I hope he does well with himself.

Hierro Masters-Evetion: Family

Hierro is unlike any elysian I've ever met, human or otherwise. In all fairness, that sample size is... fairly small... on my own merits, but from Caleb's memories, I can glean a bit more from the ones he's met. Hierro is perhaps naive at times, but I see my kindness in his own. His love of family, his benevolent intent, his responsibility for not just the safety of those he holds dear, but the happiness and healthiness of them. He was an open-minded, wonderful man, and we were close... until he was murdered within sight of his own home with his entire family watching as his back was filled with bullets and his malfunctioning cybernetics blew him to pieces from the inside-out. I have yet to speak to his clone out of shame. The shame that I could've saved him - saved everyone that day - if only I'd been there, if only I'd seen the signs ahead of time. To his family, he's still the same man, but by now, I don't even know if he would remember me. Under the black of Kastea's nights, I visit his grave sometimes. Once I'm certain his clone, his wife and his children haven't seen me, I kneel at the foot of the cross that marks his final resting place, and pray for my lost brother.

Selene Masters-Evetion: Family

Blake's eldest sister. Hierro's beloved. Mother of three. Selene has endured just as many trials and tribulations as her younger-blood, yet has endured with a different mindset, outlook, resolve. Usually, I would say her will is stronger by comparison; Blake's lifetime of

pain and betrayal has led her to hide her loving heart and dented innocence under an icy facade, while Selene often demonstrates a head held high and downright-contagious energy while in the presence of others. The only reason I don't hold her in as high-of-trust as I do her sister is merely because I know Blake better; Selene and I want the same, intend the same, and even fight the same, but I don't remember a lifetime's worth of companionship with her. But, lately, I fear the stress of her years is catching up to her too. Not once have we ever met each other as anything less than friends who, through Hierro, may as well be close as kin... yet my last sight of her was her screaming and raving about having my head over the galactic internet so she could pretend I was Caleb, and by that merit, he was dead..

Alexander Nehusia: Best Friend?

*Alexander Nehusia is **supposed** to be my best friend, but he's so rarely around now. Every time I put my hopes in Xander, they come back misplaced. There was a time when I knew Xander could do, could handle, anything if I only left him to his own devices. To protect himself, to protect others, to protect his values, to protect his sanity, to be loyal, to be honest, to be determined, to be driven. Every single time recently... I've been let down. There is no man nor woman he will hold loyalty for. His motives are nonsensical and scattershot. Time after time he can only blame others when failure and reality catch up to him. He's becoming the spitting image of Rose more and more every time I see it. My personal failures pile high; that I can't pull him off the descent, or haven't yet, is near the peak of that proverbial mountain.*

C3-B4/Y "Cebey" Zendegi: Best Friend

*I will never understand what inspired Cebey to sit down one day, pour her heart and soul out to me. She was violent and thuggish to others, and I usually dislike such people, but we were the exception to each other, and worked in tandem like a well-oiled machine. Unlike Xander, her vices and flaws never compromised her efficiency when the time came to focus in on any problem put in front of her. That she was almost-suicidally foolish and violent outside of those times wasn't excused by her efficiency and genuine friendship towards me, but it showed me that there was more to her than anyone else ever knew. She never **let** anyone else know - she only ever taught others to hate her, beside her beloved, and me - but there was more. So much more that nobody else will ever know now. She still writes to me sometimes. Gaz took her and "got out while they still could," she says. That they're engaged, that I'm invited to their wedding. I won't miss it for the world.*

Manny Ads: Young Friend

*Diana's adoptive "son", which would perhaps make him Theodora's brother. Or, perhaps, **would have made** him her brother, seeing as he's been sleeping on Diana and I's spacevessel for the last several days after kicking his mother into a wall hard enough to leave her hospitalized. I must mend relations with him and the rest of the ship before they bring retribution most excessive down on his head.*

*That, and I need to find out how to make him stop with the substances. The young man is eighteen, acts fourteen, but smokes and drinks like he's **my** senior. Absolutely unacceptable.*

Theodora Vaelys: Friend

*What an incredibly friendly, helpful and wise young woman. Such virtues make it easy to forget she is a high-functioning drug addict and was, if not still is, a pirate. Claims to be around seventy in spite of looking younger than even I. Still, she lacks the incredible hostility of Rose **and** inhuman stupidity of Robin, so she's three times the superior of both. In fact, I think she hates them...*

Unflappably sociable and helpful whenever I've interacted with her. Such inner gold in spite of such blackened outer thorns remind me of Cebey, up to and including being able to settle an entire room one moment only to turn around and start an argument that undoes all her work the next.

Being the adoptive "daughter" of a woman approximately only a third her age is going to raise the wrong peoples' eyebrows someday.

Midulo Jora Camisin: Friend

A man whom I've let live with Diana, Riley and I on our vessel. I wish I could say more about him, but he's rather quiet, solidarity, unless approached first. He hasn't disproved my trust so far and is friendly, respecting the few house rules Diana and I uphold.

I look forward to learning more about this man, and seeing him grow as a person; just as much as I do anyone else.

Natalie "Hope" Younger: Friend

*Curious, loudmouthed young woman. Loud and abrasive, chaotic, dangerous - all a front. A facade, a persona. A coping mechanism, perhaps. All traits assuredly **not** unique to her, but unlike so many others, she's... earnest... about them. Not upfront or honest about them, but her overacting and boasts are so excessive that she reads like a tabloid, and she appears to know that by now. I should spend more time with her - she is not gone, not broken, like all the poor souls that constantly mog around Diana's halls.*

Akseru Narakuno-Kurosawa: Associated, Liked

Naokii Narakuno-Kurosawa: Associated, Liked

Caleb's best friends... whom he left holding the bag after his massacre and subsequent disappearance. Only after leveraging a lie of omission to fool them into helping him shed blood, of course.

Delinquents with promise. They deserve better than letting their current vices claw their way up their necks the ways that they are. I must better acquaint myself with them both...

Grey Concordia: Associated

A man of great authority and prestige, reduced to a paste of potential and sealed into a cocoon of brash stupidity and self-destructive habits. At least Caleb remembered you as healthy in spite of your flaws - what happened?

*Every time I attempt to trust you, it backfires, yet my mind repeatedly implies I should stay hands-off with you for all the times you **have** shown your methods work. Time and time again do you threaten me with being a man, only to stoop to levels lower than a child. I am... sorry. I need to help you.*

Flareglow Blankscreen: Associated

*Constantly toiling away in labs or wandering the halls of your home, off on wild and spontaneous tangents, creating horrific inventions for seemingly no purpose. I hate it. I hate seeing this become of my fellow man. Your soul is radiant, shining bright as the sun, yet your work and nigh-obsession with jumping onto any sword you come across speaks a different story. A story you do not deserve the burden of being the centerpiece of. Any time Diana gives you the suggestion to leave for a better life, please, **please** take it. This place is not healthy for you.*

Piper “Strongarm” Clivay-Williams: Associated

Diana’s wife. Fittingly, just as the “real” Diana has died - or perhaps, ascended to some kind of unthinkable plane of subspace - the “real” Piper, my friend, was either euthanized or thrown into storage someplace while a robotic famiscle has taken her place, name, memories, identity.

I thought of her as an extreme example of Blake’s predicament; rarely willing to exert agency in spite of her natural power and potential, constantly in search of servitude, and insistent - consciously or not - of being in harm’s way, lest she slip into depressed disassociation. In Piper’s case, “disgusting levels of lust” has crept its way on to that list, and now... she’s so far changed that I can barely bring myself to spend time with her. I must regardless to ensure she doesn’t worsen.

Robin Avalice-Spetzer-Flynn: Associated

Rose Avalice-Spetzer-Flynn: Associated

Two of the most disliked women in Fringe-space. Although affable enough in my eyes after everything, with how harmless they’ve been the last several months, Robin is still ultimately somewhat moronic and Rose, dangerous. Now, they want to have a child... I hope they raise it right, unlikely as that may be.

I consider Rose the more reliable of the two for serious matters, but ultimately, both women have their fields, with Rose as the brawn and Robin as the brains. They’ve been showing improvement, thank goodness, and no doubt because of Robin’s child on the way.

The same that I haven’t forgotten what Caleb did to them, I have not forgotten what they did to Caleb - and for that matter, so, so many others...

Caleb Marcus Carpenter: Shunned Family

Him?

*Caleb Carpenter is a man I have an odd attachment to, or at least, **did**. I share his genetics, some of his memories, some of his code. Originally, I saw a brother in him, and from how he spoke to me, it was a mutual feeling. I trusted him, and he trusted me. We came to learn quickly that we were not interchangeable individuals, but rather, very different.*

When the time came that the two of us were banished from the Amnesty - my home - we drifted further apart, but never entirely. His present actions seemed to indicate that his sins of the past were just that - in the past - but then, that fateful day in January came to be.

Four people shot, two fatally, and three more injured separately. A fracture down the web of kinship that connected the lives of nearly everyone around me, one that has yet to mend, and without him around to answer, his victims have begun lashing out at almost anyone in a vain, vengeful effort to find peace by passing their pain unto others.

*In anyone's case, the only thing I hold in higher priority than forgiveness, is justice. When I see him next - because I **will** find him - I can't imagine what I'll do.*