

Timothy Aveni, born on the fifteenth of February nineteen ninety-eight, is a young male who has found himself in an interesting position. He is respected by those around him, though he is not a particularly kind fellow. He prefers to avoid interacting with others when he can, with the exception of a few close friends who do their best to keep him sane. Still, Timothy finds himself content when he is alone, and is willing to spend as much time as is necessary to gather his thoughts away from others.

In his spare time, he programs. He loves lots of different sorts of programming, so he is never bored. He frequently explores new programming concepts, professing their greatness (or lack thereof) to anyone who will listen. His interest lies in computer science, and he interests himself specifically in the construction and population of neural networks.

He greatly enjoys playing, singing, and creating music, no matter what mood he is in. He plays his trumpet in the wind ensemble, though he enjoys playing his flute just as much. He is not a particularly good singer (don't tell him, though), but he will loudly sing whatever song is in his head without shame.

His lack of reluctance to make himself look silly is what brings success forth to him. In eighth grade French class, when tasked with presenting a poem in front of the class, he fitted a tune to the poem and sang the entire thing. He is not obsessed with identifying as an outcast, but he will violate convention when it does not suit him. He prefers to think through his actions before executing them, and occasionally finds himself in opposition to those around him. He doesn't really mind. He just kind of does whatever he wants.

Timothy is a pretty happy guy.