Mediation

It was the only thing that he could do aboard the Grey Wolf ship, Huntsman, that he could do to unwind before sleep. Simply clear his mind and relax his soul.

Sitting on his heels in the seiza position, Levathan took a deep breath and slowly let it out as he connected his awareness to the flow of the Force within and without him.

Levathan slammed into the bulkhead so hard it knocked all the air out of him. He was struggling to take a breath while coughing. Pain radiated in waves from his back and broken ribs. Then hands were upon him.

“Sir! Are you alright sir? Get the Doc up here, the captain’s hurt!” someone said in a Corellian drawl.

Head spinning Levathan looked around, seeing the bridge of a ship with crew members in military uniform at the consoles and controls.

Struggling with his breath, “status report,” he managed to croak out.

It seemed like the right thing to say.

“Stabilizers offline, injuries in decks 3, 5 and 6. Hyperdrive and sublight offline, reactors scrammed and damage control teams have been dispatched. No fatalities.”

“Good, what was that?” wincing as he took his first decent breath in what felt like an eternity.

“You tell me sir, if you hadn’t taken the helm and moved us out of the way, that energy blast would have disintegrated us.”

Recognizing the speaker’s uniform as belonging to a New Republic Fleet Commander’s, Levathan realized this must be his first officer.

He was helped into a seat as medical staff arrived and began tending to his injuries, the pain slowly dissipating as they did their work.

“I don’t know,” looking at his commander standing behind the medical staff. “I just felt this overwhelming need to move.”

“Maybe it was the Force, sirs.” A junior bridge officer said as he stepped up and saluted and handed the commander a datapad.

“The Force disappeared when master Skywalker did…” the commander said absently as he realized what he was reading. Looking at the junior officer as his face paled, “this is accurate?”

The junior officer could only somberly nod.

Turning back to Levathan, “Sir, the Hosnian system, Hosnian Prime… the Republic Senate… it’s all gone.”

“Sirs, we’re also getting reports from across the Fleet of heavy damage, several battle groups are already confirmed destroyed.”

Pushing away the medical staff as he stood, Levathan felt shaken to the core, yet he didn’t understand why. Hosnian system? Republic Senate? They we’re an enemy… then why was he wearing a Republic Captain’s uniform? Why did he feel such dread?

A sharp pain tugged at his core, he felt as though screams were clawing at his mind as he fell backwards, his mind retreated to darkness.

Jolting awake, breathing heavily and looking around wildly. He saw the familiar confines of his private cabin. Was this right?

Looking down at himself he instantly felt more comfortable, as he saw his Robes. Yet it was wrong, it felt alien as though he were used to a different, tighter outfit. Uniform?

Shaking his head in an attempt to clear his head he stood and placed a hand on the cool bulkhead, reaching through it with the Force. Huntsman, Grey Wolf, Grey Jedi, home, family. He felt himself become more grounded as the minutes ticked by.

Altheseus Levathan (4954)