Stand By You

Lucyeth leaned back into the chair, slumped with exhaustion of the long day that passed with just the same day ahead. He sighed to himself as he sat aimlessly in his office. The stress was overbearing in his mind and it never ended. The house was sent to deal with a local rebel cell but he saw it as nothing more but a rule through fear. The Battlemaster felt like a bully when he was on the street, pushing people to the side and using unnecessary force on people that were simply “ Undesirable” as it was called. It only reminded him back in a time when he was on the other end of the issue that he and the house had dealt with.

Lucyeth strolled across the duracrete ground of the school by himself. A small boy only at the age of 5, he was quiet, shy, and was unfortunately not a boy that would be seen with people often. He was the weird one that was never included in activities not that he reached out to begin with. He was perfectly content with being just a simple boy that walked around or sat aimlessly on the side by himself. However it was not acceptable to some people and caused them to look at him differently about it. Lucyeth knew they despised him but the young boy didn’t care. He kept to his own thoughts alone but the teachers wanted to change that.

Lucyeth’s galactic studies teacher always looked after his student by bringing him board games outside to play a friendly round. The pair often laid out on the duracrete in a corner under the shade of a tree. It was always something to do and Lucyeth was grateful for the friendly gesture. Lucyeth never told the teacher that he was grateful but he felt other feelings of not caring as well. If he wasn’t playing a game he would of figured out how to pass time alone like he always did.

The following day was when things got bad when Lucyeth rode the bus to school. A kid named Tyl lived down the street from Lucyeth and he always enjoyed being a bully. Tyl saw the teacher with Lucyeth the other day which led to another round of hazing. Lucyeth braced for the usual.

“ Hey brown noser do you always kiss up?” yelled Tyl with a snicker as others on the bus joined in to the jeer. Lucyeth let it go right over his shoulder like he always would do.

This kid was a scum of the galaxy and he knew that he would die tragically some day. Failure would consume him although Lucyeth was not sure how he knew that but he just had that feeling in his head. Suddenly his backpack was ripped out of his lap and Tyl was opening the outer pocket. He shoved mud in the pocket, closed it and shook it. Lucyeth told himself he would not do anything but let it roll. He wanted to hit Tyl with raging fury but what good would it do. He could cry but that will make him look even softer than he already was in the situation that unfolded. He let it go as always and sat looking out the window with laughter in the background. Tyl would get it someday; Lucyeth knew it.

To be continued