

Time To Go

The ship shook a little as it passed through the station's magfield and into the void of space, showing its age. In the captain's chair a Bith chittered away at his copilot, who their fuzzy little passenger was pretty sure was the man's wife from the slow and calming way she spoke to him as his own volume rose. Not that the young Ryn had any idea what the two were saying but he'd witnessed enough conversations between his own parents to catch the flow. He pushed that thought down into the pit that was his stomach, thinking of his family now would just make things worse.

Hosk station was visible for a few moments as the ship banked and turned before accelerating out towards the edge of the system to escape the local gravity wells. For Kordath Bleu it was like watching the world crumble. His clan was on the station, and he was leaving them behind without a word. The captain of Hosk had gotten him passage on this tramp freighter and told him not to worry about his family, that he'd let them know the young Ryn was at least safe. How much else he'd tell Kord's parents he hadn't said.

One of the last things Bleu saw before boarding this ship was his parents fiercely hugging his little sisters who'd been missing. Kordath had found them caged by slavers in a dilapidated part of the station and...saved them. The boy still didn't understand what he'd done, but he'd seen his sister's faces when everything had calmed. They'd been terrified of him; the slavers lay dead and smoking before them. He hoped they'd be okay, they were strong. Still he'd wished he'd been able to say goodbye to his brother and to...to Gwen. He had always felt like an idiot around her and was only just now figuring out why when he was forced to run away like a coward.

It felt like something was being torn out of his chest the further the freighter got from the station, from his clan. The two Bith were still bickering at one another while he huddled in upon himself in the chair they'd kindly allowed him. The Ryn wasn't used to riding 'in style'; most crews just shoved Ryn into the cargo hold with a blanket. He looked up as the captain stated something firmly and loudly to his co pilot and/or wife. A pale hand reached down and gripped a set of levers, pulling them back. Kordath went wide eyed, almost forgetting his current predicament as the stars before him lengthed and warped before a blue and black tunnel seemed to suck them in.

It was the first time he'd been allowed to see hyperspace first hand, and it was awe inspiring to the young Ryn. This lasted mere moments before he cried out and clutched his chest, nearly falling from to the deck as pain bloomed. He knew, somehow a part of his brain remaining rational, that the pain was probably all in his head. An effect of leaving the clan behind that was just causing him phantom pains. It still hurt, either way. Cold, soft hands were trying to get him up off the floor with gentle words being spoken as the co pilot kneeled beside him. Kordath

huddled into a ball, tail tucked in between his legs and clutching at his midsection as he felt himself lose *something* that made up a part of himself.

When the Bith finally got him up off the floor she hugged him and stroked his hair, making more gentle sounds while the pilot watched from his chair shaking his head. They'd agreed to take the young Ryn off the station as a way to pay off a debt to the captain of Hosk, they only intended to take him as far as their next stop. It wouldn't do to get attached. The pilot turned away to stare out the front, at the swirl of hyperspace. The turning away set a tone for Bleu's future, though he didn't know it then.

What he did know was that he'd truly left home, which seemed like a ludicrous idea to the nomadic Ryn. Up until it happened. Something was lost, something he wouldn't likely ever be able to regain. It hurt.

He hoped it wouldn't always hurt.