

“Waarrrahhh harrgaa!”

“No, medical. Medical facility.”

“Grrraaaha wraaa ahhh grrraahh!”

“Okay fine, it will have to do. This way!”

A line of Arconan’s and Odanite’s that had come along moved through the Wookiee rope bridges as briskly as possible. Shouts and voices intermingled with Wookiee shouts and growls.

“MAKE A PATH”

“Wrraaagg rrrraah?”

“WRRAGG-g-get out of the way!”

It was happening. He had sensed a disturbance in the Force, and thought it had to do with the relations between Odan-Urr and Arcona. But he had been wrong.

The moment he’d been ~~dreading~~ *karkarkark* preparing ~~waiting~~ for was finally upon them. Wyn del walked as if in a haze as he processed the scene unfolding around him. The confidence he wore like armor refused to encircle him with its power. At that moment, he was just a regular old human. A regular man with no powers or abilities or wits.

Then Socorra let out a wail of pain and agony that sent a shiver down Wyn’s spine. The scream, of course, was followed by a string of Mando’a and Socorran swear words. While Wyn didn’t know what they meant *exactly*, he *felt* the vehemence in them. And yet, despite the thin veil of glitter that clung to her dark skin and the sweat matting her raven hair and brow, Socorra still somehow looked like the perfect woman. No, the perfect warrior as she bore her teeth and sneered at her own body’s apparent mortality. The battle she was entering, of course, was Wyn’s fault, in a way, and it wasn’t something the Mandalorian could punch or headbutt...in theory.

Ahead, Wyn saw his brother Marick’s brow furrowed in determination as he levitated a flat piece of wood that had once been the door to a Wookiee hut. Now, it was being used as a makeshift mag-stretcher guided by the Master Arcanist’s unbreakable focus and command of the Force.

Socorra of course was on said floating stretcher—the mother of his soon to be child. She had gone into labor, it seemed, and they were going to have to make due with whatever passed for a hospital on Kashyyyk.

In front of the stretcher-procession, Zig and the others cleared a path. It was nice to see Revs again—good kid—working in time with their other resident blind kid—Kaled—to clear a path

through the winding rope bridges of the very confused Wookiee village. There was a joke in there somewhere but as it was mentioned earlier, his wit wasn't exactly working.

"This way!"

Wyn couldn't honestly pinpoint whose voice was saying what. He could make out Qyreia...or was that Aura? *Spacist, not all Zeltrons look alike...wait hey there's one with a pixie-cut...definitely not Aura or Q...*

Atyiru had gone to fetch her supplies, and was telepathically assaulting everyone with *ssh SSHH sshh SHHH it will be okay, everything will be okay, just hold a bit longer, I'm waddling as fast as I can waddle.*

Wyn shook his head. He needed to get into character. While he still wasn't sure he was ready to be a father, he *could* become a doctor. Yes...he just needed a hat...

He couldn't find a hat. He guessed Wookiee's didn't really wear them. But he did find a medical mask and slipped it over his face. Yes...this would do. **Now** he felt like a doctor. He could do this.

"There's no time, we have to use this hut here!" Wyn's voice boomed over the rabble of other voices with all the power of his stage training.

The hut was, blessedly, empty. Marick remained laser-focused, and Wyndell and the other Force Users around joined in, as they telekinetically guided Socorra into the bed of this not-in-use Wookiee home. She fit, and almost looked small considering the size of Wookiee beds. He had never honestly thought about the size of Wookiee beds until that very moment but—*dammit Wyn focus.*

Once down on the bed, Wyndell finally stepped up and pushed aside the others. He looked down at Socorra and found a basin of water. He stuck his hands into it and washed vigorously. Just like he'd seen doctors do on the holovid dramas.

"You!" Wyn pointed randomly at the first closest person. Maybe it was Kaled? Maybe Revs? He didn't have time to discern between blind people. "Go fetch a cloth and keep a cold compress applied to the lady's forehead."

Kaled jumped, stuttered, but moved to find a cloth.

"You! Bring me a scalpel, some tongs, and a towel," he said, pointing at his brother.

Marick blinked a few times but then left the hut to go do hopefully not what Wyn had invented on the spot. He was smart enough not to listen to Wyn...right?

“**RRAAAHHHHHHHH**,” Socorra screamed, and it was better and bolder than any Wookiee yell he’d heard all day.

“Move aside!” Wyn shooed away the last few stragglers while he put a blanket over the Socorran. Apparently people trusted him and actually cleared out. What was wrong with them?

Then Wyn moved to position himself at the foot of the bed, and placed his hands on Socorra’s knees to spread them slightly. He looked down at her, grinned beneath his mask so his eyes crinkled a bit and his eyebrows danced.

“Now, trust me love, I’m a doct—”

“**GET REAL DOCTOR NOW**,” Socorra bellowed with the fury of twin suns.

Wyn squeaked and then wilted a bit and skittered away from her.

Fortunately, Marick came in, now wearing a mask of his own, flanked by suddenly serious looking Atyiryu. Both of them were actually medically trained outside of the Force.

“Sshh shh, we’re going to do this,” Atyiru murmured as she set up her actual medical tools from the kit Marick had opened. The duo moved with the precision of people who had worked in clinics for years and saved many lives. There was a methodical approach that Wyn could only watch numbly as he pressed his back against the huts wall.

Time moved slowly and quickly. Time became meaningless. And then it happened. Socorra screamed, she gripped tight to Marick’s arm, and Atyiru said something along the lines of “*one more push...*”

“Her vitals are spiking...leveling them now”

“...one more push...there we go! Aww, look at you littlun...it’s okay, shh”

“...Lungs are definitely developed...listen to that scream.

Wyn stared mutely as the child—his child, . He was a father now. The one role he had never anticipated playing. The one role he feared more than anything, for fear of somehow becoming like his father had.

“A name...he’s going to need a name”

Socorra was holding him, smiling while others came in to cheer and applaud and offer congratulations. Finally, after what was either a minute or thirty years, Marick came towards him holding a swaddled little bundle in his arms.

“Wyn...here, do you want to hold him?”

Wyn’s eyes flitted over to Socorra who was sitting up now in the bed. She smiled at him, her dark cheeks flushed and her lone icy eye studying him with an emotion he hadn’t quite figured out yet. But there was permission.

Marick offered the baby again, but as Wyn reached out his hands, he immediately fainted and collapsed on the floor.

Somewhere in the corner of his sleeping mind he hoped that when it came time to tell Turhaya the story of his birth, they would leave this part out.