

# Homesick

home·sick  
adjective

experiencing a longing for one's home during a period of absence from it.

“After a year in space, Lance was homesick.”

Synonyms: longing to be home, longing for home, yearning for home.

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Like any other day in the Castle of Lions, Lance was feeling homesick. It had almost been a year in space, and he was sick of it. Sick of all the planets, sick of all the galaxies, sick of the fighting, just sick of everything. He had thought of Earth, and how he had missed the smell of rain. How he had missed his mom's cooking. How he had missed his brothers and sisters annoying and constant babbling. Now he's alone. Sitting on the bed. Sobbing.

Of course, he had a job to do. He was a paladin of Voltron, the most powerful protector in the universe. He had to stay strong for everyone in the universe, but all he wanted to do was go home. He isn't as brave as everyone thinks he is. He just wants to see his family again.

He sat on the bed until

“Hey Lance,” Hunk said on the other side of the door, “breakfast is done.”

“I'll be there in a second,” Lance sighed, getting off his bed. He heard Hunk's footsteps slowly fading away from Lance's door. He got up, stretched, and changed into his only pair of clothing.

Slowly walking to the bathroom, Lance heard Keith grunting. *Probably in the training deck*, Lance thought, as he kept walking. As Lance dragged his feet across the hard, metal floor, he reached the bathroom. He knocked first, not knowing if anyone was in there. Cautiously, he opened the door. Fortunately, no one was inside. He quickly stepped inside, locked the door, and grabbed his blush.

After Lance had done his skin care routine, he had walked out of the bathroom, feeling clean and fresh, but still feeling tired. Hopefully Hunk's magic cooking skills would cheer him up. Walking into the kitchen, he saw a tired Pidge sitting at the table, working on her laptop. Lance greeted her and asked, “Don't you ever get sleep?”

“Go away,” Pidge responded, her eyes still on the laptop, “I need to find my family.” She turned all her attention back towards the laptop. Lance walk over to the food, grabbed a plate, and sat down next to Pidge.

“Do you need any help?” Lance asked, shoving food into his mouth. Pidge slightly glanced at Lance, and sneered, “Even if I said yes, you wouldn’t understand it. Move away before I make you, Lance.”

Lance stopped chewing. “Oh, ok.” He mumbled, picking up his plate and moved over two spots. As he sat down, all the other paladins hurried in.

“We need to be ready for Zarkon’s next attack,” Shiro said, walking into the kitchen with Keith, “I want to see everyone at the training deck after breakfast. We will be working on some team-building exercises.” Lance groaned. Zarkon was a cruel beast that wanted to destroy planets, but Lance didn’t like training. He also didn’t like the thought of training after breakfast, but he went with it anyway.

As Hunk came into view, everyone was situated at the table, except the two Altean aliens, Allura and Coran.

Coran and Allura came into view a few minutes later, or as the Alteans would say, dobashes. She had came in, saying the same thing Shiro had said. “We need to be ready for Zarkon’s next attack.”

“Shiro said the same thing,” Keith pointed out.

“Is that so?” Allura said, turning away quickly to hide her embarrassment, “Well, I shall see you all later in the training deck.” She walked away from the kitchen. Coran grabbed two plates of space food goo and left without a word.

It was silent. All anyone heard was the clanging of the metal spoons.

“So uh,” Hunk tried to start a conversation, “what kind of training are we doing?”

“We are doing some team-bonding training,” Shiro explained, “It includes look into our memories so us paladins can connect with each other deeper.”

“Ah,” Hunk remarked, and went back to eating. Pidge set down her utensils and said, “If anyone needs me, I’ll be in my room for now.” There were a few ‘ok’s and she left.

Gradually, everyone left the kitchen and Lance was eventually alone. He was always the last one nowadays. He didn’t seem to care, though.

As he got up, he remembered how on Earth, the last one to finish eating had to do the dishes. He remembered how everyone would make a big fuss about who was last, and who had to clean. He really missed everyone.

*You have a job to do*, Lance reminded himself, *you can’t spend time thinking about family*. He walked away from the kitchen, heading to his room to prepare for training.

As Lance was putting his armor on, he thought about his sister, Veronica. What would she think of him at this very moment? Would she be proud? Surely Veronica would miss Lance. After all, they are galaxies apart. He finished putting the last of his gear on, and sat on his bed.

“Stop thinking about family,” Lance reminded himself, “you have a job to do, Lance. You can’t waste time think about one family.” But he couldn’t. Everything reminded him of home.

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“Alright paladins,” Allura bellowed, unaware of how loud she was, “today you will be connecting with your fellow teammates. You will be seeing some of their fears and memories o strengthen that bond that you all have. Any questions?”

“U-uh, princess?” Pidge stammered, “Can we skip this one?”

The Altean princess shook her head, “No, you cannot. Remember, this is for the sake of the universe!”

“Can we control what they see?” Lance added.

“Yes, actually, you can.” Allura answered, “All you have to do is think of some different fear or memories.” *That doesn’t sound too hard*, Lance thought.

“Now,” Allura beamed and clasped her hands together, “who wants to go first?”

No one said word for a moment.

“I will,” Hunk stated, “I-I mean, I don’t have anything bad. Really, just some food breakouts, but I think that was it.”

“Now Hunk,” She started, “all you have to do is stay still. Your fears will project onto this screen,” she pointed to a white wall, “and we will be able to see them. This might hurt you in the beginning, but the pain will go away soon after. Ready?”

“U-uh, maybe I should just—” Hunk winced.

*Hunk was sitting down on the floor of the kitchen. Earlier, he attempted to eat some food goo, but the tube that squirts the food goo out malfunctioned, and now he’s sitting hopelessly on the floor while the tube is going wild.*

*“Oh goodness, help.” He squeaked. Just then, Pidge was passing by and saw this mess.*

*“Hunk!” She exclaimed while looking around. “What happened in here?” He pointed to the goo dispenser.*

*“Ah!” The goo had hit Pidge in the face. “Ok, it’s on!” Pidge grabbed a plate from the dishwasher and blocked the goo from her face. Hunk saw what she did, and did the same.*

*“Ok, what do we do now?” Hunk asked.*

*“We gotta turn that machine off somehow,” Pidge replied. She started walking forward.*

*When she got to the goo dispenser, she pressed the off button, but it didn’t shut off.*

*“Uh, Hunk,” She started, “it’s not shutting off!” Hunk glanced around, see what he could do to help his friend.*

*“Pidge, tie a knot!” Hunk suggested. That’ll keep the goo off for now.” Pidge did was he said and tied a knot. Finally, the room was calm.*

“Seriously, Hunk?” Lance said, the sarcasm dripping from his words. “That was your nightmare? Are you sure?”

“Hey, that was the scariest thing that’s ever happened to me. I’ve told you before.” Hunk crossed his arms.

“More like fun adventure.” Lance mumbled.

“Oh yeah? Well, if you were attacked by a killer machine that shoots food at you, what would you do?” Hunk shot back.

“Alright, alright. Calm down you two.” Shiro said.

“Er, Shiro, would you be fine going next?” Allura asked, nodding her head to the side.

"Of course, princess." Shiro responded, taking a step forward.

"Right. Now, stay still. I'm going to put this on your head."

"Okay," Shiro nodded. As Allura put the gadget on Shiro's forehead, he closed his eyes and winced.

*"Stop it! Stop! Listen to me!" Shiro was back in the Galra escape pod. He was pin down onto some lab bed, struggling to get out.*

*"Sir, it appears that his arm was replaced with a prosthetic arm." The data assistant stated. "We need to run some test on him."*

*"NO! Let me GO!" Shiro screamed, his eyes filled with fear. "All of you are in danger! There are aliens, purple aliens! They're looking for a weapon located on Earth, and would kill to get it!"*

*"He's gone mad," one of the scientists said, "he's been gone for way too long." Another scientist gasped.*

*"Sir, the readings on his arm goes off the chart! He might be dangerous."*

*"LISTEN TO ME!" Shiro screamed, his fear taking control of him. "We are wasting time. The aliens are coming for the weapon. Who knows when they'll get here? We need to be ready for an attack!"*

*"What do we do, sir?" The scientist furrowed his brows.*

*"Knock him out," He commanded.*

*"Wait no! You need me!" Shiro pleaded, his voice growing weak as they injected a needle.*

Everything went black on the screen. *That was the first time I met Shiro*, Lance thought. *He looked so scared.*

"That was the first time we actually were together," Hunk pointed out.

"I think it was," Shiro grins.

"You certainly look stronger on the outside," Allura complimented, "Although, I did not know you had a scary memory." Then, they all heard Coran clear his throat.

"I think we've seen enough of Shiro's." He confirmed, "Who wants to go next?" This time, Keith raised his hand.

"I-I'll go," Keith mumbled, his voice barely above a whisper. Allura smiled.

"Wonderful!" She exclaimed. "I will help you out on the gadget." She motioned for Keith to come forth from the group of paladins. Stepping out, he grit his teeth. Allura placed the gadget on Keith's head.

*Keith was outside, just walking around the Galaxy Garrison, the space school. He stopped, as he saw a figure standing to his left.*

*"Hey," The figure said. "I'm Takashi Shirogane, but you can call me Shiro." Shiro smiled. "I was the guest at your school today." Keith ignored him and kept walking.*

*Shiro frowned. "Do you want to know what I think of you?" Keith gritted his teeth.*

*Then, the screen began to shift. Keith was now standing in front of a small cabin in the middle of nowhere. He stepped inside.*

*"Hello?" Keith called out. Looking around, he saw a picture with three people inside. A Galra woman, a human man, and a baby.*

*“Is that me?” Keith asked himself. He looked around some more. There, he saw his dad and mom, very happily looking at the camera. Keith smiled.*

“Ok, that’s enough of that,” Coran said, stepping in front of the screen and interrupting the video. Keith scowled and threw the gadget across the room.

“Keith!” Coran exclaimed, running to the other side of the room to retrieve the gadget. “Don’t throw that!”

“I’m sorry, Coran.” Keith apologized. “I don’t know what came over me.”

“It’s quite alright,” Coran said, bending down to pick up the gadget. “Everyone has those moments. Yours is a touch, er, personal.” He stood up, and walked back towards the paladins. “I believe you’ll tell us when you’re ready.” Keith nodded.

“I believe we should pick a new paladin, right?” Allura asked. This time, Pidge willingly stepped forward.

“I-I can go,” Pidge, the smallest one stuttered, “I just want to get this over with.” With that, she put the gadget on herself.

*“Mom?” She called. Looking around, she was at the Galaxy Garrison. She was back in the girl dorms.*

*“Katie!” A woman’s voice cried. “Katie, you’re here!” Pidge turned around and saw her mom in tears.*

*“Mom!” Pidge cried. “Mom! I’m back.” She ran into her mom’s arms.*

*“Oh, Katie...” she sobbed. “I’m never leaving you again.” Just then, something huge flew by the Galaxy Garrison. Pidge looked up and her eyes widened. The ion cannon on the ship was charging up.*

*“Mom, get out of here.” She commanded.*

*“Katie, I told you I’d never leave you again.” Her mom said fiercely.*

*“Mom, NOW!” Pidge screamed as more and more ships flew to Earth. Pidge got out of her moms grip and flew over to the side.*

*“You’re leaving me now?” She said. “After all I’ve been through, you’re leaving me again?” Pidge held her breath as she rammed into her mother, causing her to stumble back.*

*“I’m sorry.”*

Pidge gasped.

“Hey,” Hunk tried to comfort Pidge. “It’s going to be okay.” Hunk tried to wrap his arms around her, but she pushed him away and stood up.

“No. It’s not going to be okay.” Pidge said, anger striking her voice. “My Mom is on Earth and she thinks I’m dead. I don’t know if anything happened to her. We’re galaxies away, for goodness sakes!”

No one said a word.

“I-I’m sorry.” She apologized, her voice getting softer.

“I know my crew like a glove,” Shiro said, “they are a tough bunch. They will survive.”

“Y-yeah,” Lance added, “You are strong, which proves that you come from a strong family. That just proves it even more.” Pidge hopefully looked up at Lance, jumping into his arms.

“Thank you, Lance.” She smiled and looked around, “Thank you, everyone.” She jumped out of Lance’s arms and back into the crowd of paladins.

“Pidge, we will find your family,” Coran said, looking at her, “I promise.”

“Lance, you’re the only one left. Come over here so I can put this gadget on you.” Allura motioned for Lance to step on forward. He silently walked forward and sighed.

*“Hey, Lance!” One of the children called. “Lance, over here!” The child laughed.*

*“Alright, I’m coming!” Lance laughed with the child. He ran over to the child, but when he got there, the child was on the ground, bleeding.*

*“Lance,” the child cried. “Lance, help.” As Lance’s face showed shock, the screen shifted.*

*“Lance, hurry up!” Pidge was fighting off some Galra sentries.*

*“Coming!” Lance said, in a flashy tone. As he went over to help Pidge, he noticed that Keith was having trouble with some sentries. As Keith was eliminating the sentries in front of him, he didn’t see the ones behind him. Just as something was about to attack him from behind, Lance shot at it. Keith looked back at Lance and gave him a thumbs up.*

*“Lance! Where are you?” Pidge yell into the coms. Oh shoot, Lance thought. He hurried over to Pidge, who looked slightly angry at Lance.*

*“Sorry, Pidgeon.” He apologized. Pidge sighed and said, “I know.”*

*The room shifted again.*

*“Stop goofing off, Lance!” Allura shouted. Lance was shocked at the tone of her voice. “We need to focus.”*

*“Alright, alright.” Lance said. He was in the training deck with all the paladins.*

*“If we’re going to defeat Zarkon, we need to work together.” Allura looked at Lance, “try to keep up, Lance.” Again, the room shifted. This time, Lance was in his room.*

*“Veronica,” Lance called, “Veronica, I miss you. I know you can’t hear me, but—” He sighed, as his voice cracked, “I just want to go home. Here, I am called the goofball, but I do try my hardest. You would love me even if I don’t try. Maybe—” He looked up, “Maybe, I was just a coincidence. Maybe I wasn’t supposed to be here.” He sighed, again. “I wish you were here.”*

Lance threw the gadget and left. He ran to his room and locked the door as he heard the voices of all the other paladins.

“Lance! Lance, what happened?” Shiro yells.

“Lance, open the door!” Keith shouts.

“Lance!”

“LANCE!”

“You weren’t supposed to see that.” Lance said, fear taking over him. “I never wanted to show you. You weren’t supposed to see that.”

“Lance, please, let us in.” Hunk whispered. Lance thought for a moment. *What do I do*, Lance asked himself, *what do I do?* Finally, after several minutes, Lance made up his mind.

“Only Hunk,” He said. “Only Hunk can come in.” He heard murmuring outside his door.

“Alright, bud.” Hunk said, sympathy coming from his voice, “I’m outside your door now.” Lance had no idea if they were lying, but he had to put his trust in them, so he opened the door. Everyone backed away. Lance was still behind the door, only peeking out slightly. Hunk stood in front of the door.

“Hey, I’m sorry about that,” Hunk said, while closing the door.

“S’fine,” Lance replied.

“Do you...want to talk about it?” Hunk asked. Lance sighed.

“I just...miss home.” Lance said, “I-I want to know if they’re all okay. I’m worried they’re gone. Plus, we have a huge part in the universe. I-I don’t know if I can handle the stress.”

“Oh, Lance...” Hunk said. “We’re all here for you. Forever. We are your space family. Of course, we all have those moments, but you don’t have to deal with it alone.” Hunk put his hands on Lance’s shoulders, “We’re here for you now.” Lance smiled through his tears.

“Thank you, Hunk. Lance wrapped his arms around Hunk and pulled him closer.

“You don’t need to thank me,” Hunk smiled, “we’re family now.”

Just then, he finally realized—he could confide in them for any situation.