

North Stars and Unspoken Prayers

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by [InterstellarSiren](#)

Summary

Cleveland Booker's identity has always been so wrapped up in his homeworld. Now he has a new home that he cannot wait to get back to, and a very different North Star that will guide his way there.

Notes

Couldn't sleep and needed a break from National Novel Writing Month when I originally wrote this, so here's a little something for the Book and Burnham shippers like me. May eventually have a part II from Michael Burnham's perspective if my muse allows. Dedicated and given as a gift to those who liked "A Future Unwritten", my previous fic for this ship.

Cleveland Booker closed his eyes and tried not to focus on the ship arriving on the horizon. He had never expected his self imposed exile to end quite this soon. Calling it 'self-imposed' might have been a stretch of the imagination. It was true that Booker had ended up in a mess entirely of his own making that had caused him to be sent here. He hated the idea of all of this.

The dark matter anomaly had changed everything for so many worlds and people. His own home planet no longer existed. He'd long since rejected his old name, Tareckx — the name that had been given to him by the monster of a father whom he no longer claimed — but it would never be enough. He had left home, a home that now was nothing more than a memory, and attempted to change his destiny.

That choice had led him into so many dangerous situations. He'd believed that he'd been born into his family as a balance. But if that was true, why? Why had his life been so complicated and painful? Most of it, perhaps, was because he was no better in most ways than his namesake. He certainly disagreed with most of Tareckx's actions, and that was the reason he'd rejected his father's name. But he also knew that he was happy for the things his father had done wrong. They had taught him to be a better man. For that he would always be thankful. His father had created a compassionate survivor who spent his life helping others.

He'd gone about it in unconventional ways, but that was because he felt he had no other choice. When backed into a corner, Cleveland Booker would come out swinging. He'd land on his own two feet, and make the tough choices that no one else would dare to make. Those decisions were a big part of what Book loved so much about the people he had surrounded himself with in the last few years. Yes, he had risked his life over and over for the sake of the woman he loved. Yes, he had lost everything and been left broken, empty and feeling abandoned by the Federation on what to him may as well have been a prison planet.

Much of his impulsive action had been caused by the loss of his home world, Kweijan. He longed to go back to simpler times. If he had the power, he would bring back his brother, Leto and his nephew Kyheem. They had been innocent bystanders caught in the crossfire. Book still blamed himself for that, and likely would carry that pain like a millstone around his neck until the day he joined them.

In spite of it all, he said prayers every night to whatever God he believed would hear him. He was still thankful for the woman who had become his home. Michael had believed in him when everyone else ran away. He may not have dared to speak the words, but he would find a way to let her know just how important she was to him the moment he was back in her arms. She would be the guiding light that brought him back to himself when he lost his way— the one who helped him reach home even in the chaos.

Now, all he had to do was find a way to show her how much it meant to him. The sooner he paid his dues, the sooner that would become an option.

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